LIBRARY
THE MUSEUM
OF MODERN ART
Received:

Scanned from the collection of
The Museum of Modern Art Library

Coordinated by the
Media History Digital Library
www.mediahistoryproject.org

Funded by a donation from
David Sorochty

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2013

http://archive.org/details/pictureplay4143stre

TS COPYRIGHTED 1934

STREET & SMITH'S

PICTURE PLAY

JANUARY

5
NTS
ENGLAND

DAVID COPPERFIELD

ONE OF THE GREAT!

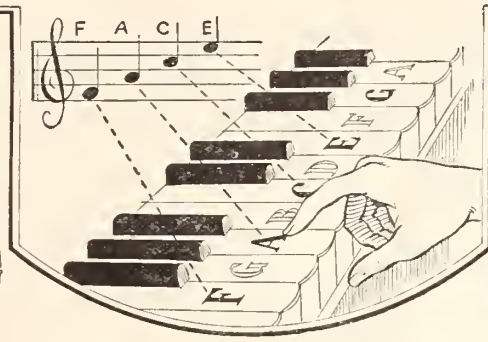
You have heard so much about it. The world's eagerness to see this beloved Charles Dickens novel on the screen will be amply repaid. The two years of waiting are at an end. Never before has any motion picture company undertaken the gigantic task of bringing an adored book to life with such thrilling realism. 65 great screen personalities are in this pageant of humanity, adapted to the screen by the famed Hugh Walpole. The original scenes, the vivid characters, the imperishable story . . . they live again!

METRO · Goldwyn · MAYER

Directed by GEORGE CUKOR
Produced by DAVID O. SELZNICK

Half a Million People

have learned music this easy way



You, too, Can Learn to Play Your Favorite Instrument Without a Teacher

Easy as A-B-C

YES, over 700,000 delighted men and women all over the world have learned music this quick, easy way.

Seven hundred thousand—what a gigantic orchestra they would make! Some are playing on the stage, others in orchestras, and many thousands are daily enjoying the pleasure and popularity of being able to play some instrument.

Surely this is convincing proof of the success of the *new, modern method* perfected by the U. S. School of Music! And what these people have done, YOU, too, can do!

Many of these 700,000 didn't know one note from another—others had never touched an instrument—yet in half the usual time they learned to play their favorite instrument. Best of all, they found learning music *amazingly* easy. No monotonous hours of exercises—no tedious scales—no expensive teachers. This simplified method made learning music as easy as A-B-C!

It is like a fascinating game. From the very start you are playing *real* tunes, perfectly, by *note*. You simply can't go wrong, for every step, from beginning to end, is right before your eyes in print and picture. First you are *told* how to do a thing, then a picture *shows* you how, then you do it yourself and *hear* it. And almost before you know it, you are playing your favorite pieces—jazz, ballads, classics. No private teacher could make it clearer. Little theory—plenty of accomplishment. That's why students of the U. S. School of Music get ahead *twice as fast—three times as fast* as those who study old-fashioned plodding methods.

You don't need any special "talent." Many of the 700,000 who have already become accomplished players never dreamed they possessed musical ability. They only wanted to play some instrument—just like you—and they found they could quickly learn how this easy way. Just a little of your spare time each day is needed—and you enjoy every minute of it. The cost is surprisingly low—averaging only a few cents a day—and the price is the same for whatever instrument you choose. And remember you are studying right in your own home—without paying big fees to private teachers.

What Instrument For You?

Piano	Piccolo
Organ	Guitar
Violin	Hawaiian Steel Guitar
Banjo (Plectrum, 5-String or Tenor)	Drums and Traps
Clarinet	Mandolin
Flute	Ukulele
Harp	Trombone
Cornet	Saxophone
	'Cello

Trumpet
Sight Singing
Voice and Speech Culture
Harmony and Composition
Automatic Finger Control
Piano Accordion
Italian and German Accordion
Juniors' Piano Course

Don't miss any more good times, learn now to play your favorite instrument and surprise all your friends! Change from a wallflower to the center of attraction. Music is the best thing to offer at a party—musicians are invited everywhere. Enjoy the popularity you have been missing. Get your share of the Musician's pleasure and profit! Start Now!

Free Booklet and Demonstration Lesson

If you are in earnest about wanting to join the crowd of entertainers and be a "big hit" at any party—if you really *do* want to play your favorite instrument, to become a performer whose services will be in demand—fill out and mail the convenient coupon asking for our Free Booklet and Free Demonstration Lesson. These explain our wonderful method fully and show you how easily and quickly you can learn to play at little expense. The booklet will also tell you all about the amazing new *Automatic Finger Control.* U. S. School of Music, 531 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

Thirty-sixth Year (Established 1898)

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC
531 Brunswick Bldg., New York City

Please send me your free book, "How You Can Master Music in Your Own Home," with inspiring message by Dr. Frank Crane, Free Demonstration Lesson, and particulars of your easy payment plan. I am interested in the following course:

..... Have you Instrument .....

Name .....
(Please Write Plainly)

Address .....

City ..... State .....

Volume XLI MONTHLY Number 5

STREET & SMITH'S

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION $1.50

PICTURE PLAY

SINGLE COPIES, 15 CENTS

CONTENTS FOR JANUARY, 1935

The entire contents of this magazine are protected by copyright, and must not be reprinted without the publishers' consent.

FRONTISPIECE:

The Glamour of Worldliness—*William Powell and Myrna Loy* . . . 11

SPECIAL ARTICLES:

Fifty Beauties—More or Less—*Classifying Hollywood's Pulchritude* Madeline Glass . . . 12

Why Does Raft Brood?—*George's Inner Self Troubles Him* Helen Louise Walker . . 14

That Fabulous Town—*As Seen by a Sophisticated Reporter* Malcolm H. Oettinger . 16

Luck of the Irish—*Phil Regan* . . Harry N. Blair . . . 18

Ready to Soar—*Betty Furness* . . . Malcolm H. Oettinger . 27

His Motto Is Money—*Douglass Montgomery* Laura Benham . . . 30

That Gibson Girl—*Wynne Gibson* . . Louise Williams . . . 31

Miss Josephine Surrenders—*Josephine Hutchinson* E. R. Moak 32

Gowns by Adrian—*Gilbert Adrian* . . Dena Reed 36

In Spite of Himself—*Frank Lawton* . Frederick Russell . . 37

Traits That Betray—*Tell-tale Mannerisms* Samuel Richard Mook . 40

Queenie Is No Meanie—*Sara Haden* . Molly Lewin . . . 42

"Darling, How Does It Feel To Be Great?"—*Edward Arnold* Dudley Early . . . 43

Mr. Zincke Played Safe—*Donald Woods* William H. McKegg . . 44

Their Little Lies—*Stars Contradict Themselves* Judith Field . . . 46

A Very Young Lover—*Dickie Moore* . Whitney Williams . . 52

Mark the Perfect Man!—*Otto Kruger* . Maude Lathem . . . 58

DEPARTMENTS:

What the Fans Think—*Opinions of Readers* 6

Information, Please—*Correct Answers to Fans' Queries* The Oracle 8

They Say in New York—*Gossip of Manhattan* Karen Hollis . . . 28

Hollywood High Lights—*The News of Cinematown* Edwin and Elza Schallert . 34

The Screen in Review—*Critical Truths About Films* Norbert Lusk . . . 48

Addresses of Players—*Where to Send That Letter* 82

ART GALLERY:

Favorites of the Fans—*Shirley Temple, Hazel Forbes, Martha Sleeper, Fay Wray, Margaret Lindsay, Dolores del Rio, Madge Evans, Betty Furness, Otto Kruger* 19

FASHIONS:

Miss Simplicity—*Stars Who Dress in Good Taste* 38

PREVIEWS:

Glimpses of Future Films—*"The White Parade," "The Little Minister," "Flirtation Walk," "Bordertown," "Biography of a Bachelor Girl," "Broadway Bill," "The Scarlet Pimpernel."* 60

Monthly publication issued by Street & Smith Publications, Inc., 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y. George C. Smith, Jr., President; Ormond V. Gould, Vice President and Treasurer; Artemas Holmes, Vice President and Secretary; Clarence C. Vernam, Vice President. Copyright, 1931, by Street & Smith Publications, Inc., New York. Copyright, 1934, by Street & Smith Publications, Inc., Great Britain. Entered as Second-class Matter, March 6, 1916, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Subscriptions to Cuba, Dom. Republic, Haiti, Spain, Central and South American Countries, except The Guianas and British Honduras, $1.75 per year. To all other Foreign Countries, including The Guianas and British Honduras, $2.25 per year.

We do not accept responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts. 16

To facilitate handling, the author should inclose a self-addressed envelope with the requisite postage attached.

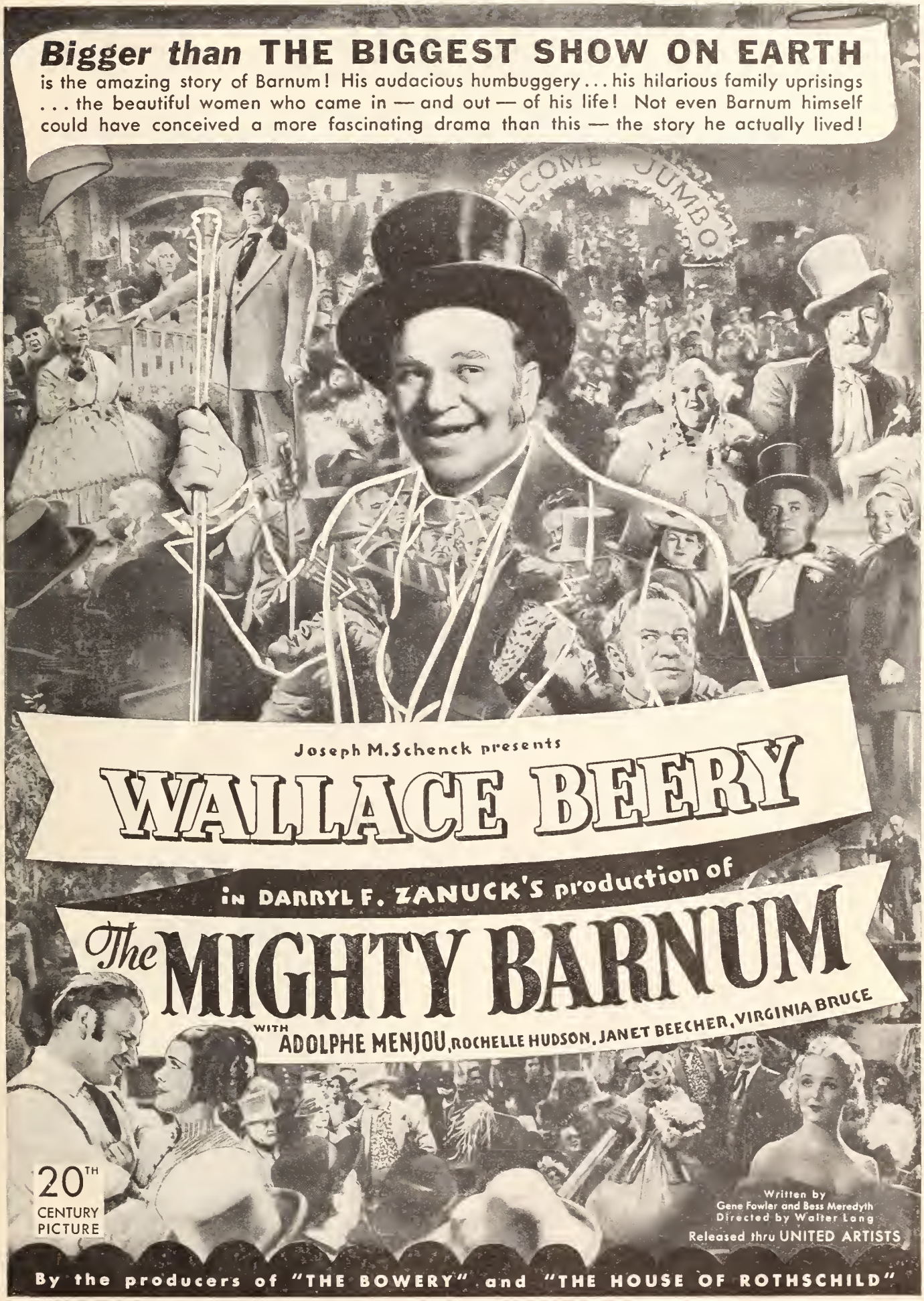
STREET & SMITH PUBLICATIONS, INC., 79 7th AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Hear Ye! Hear Ye! See Films—and Earn Money!

Did you ever hear anything to equal that? You know you haven't! It's Picture Play's surprise contest for readers of this old, reliable—and different—magazine. Like everything else between its covers, the first contest ever to be sponsored by Picture Play in the nineteen years of its existence is honest and on the level. And it is a challenge to the intelligence of readers and their ability to express opinions rather than doing kindergarten work—cutting out and pasting together pictures and what not.

Richard Cromwell gets his best chance in a long time in "Lives of a Bengal Lancer," and he's as happy about it as his fans are.

February Picture Play will give full particulars. Prizes of real money will be offered to real people at real addresses. You can compete as freely as your friend. All you have to do is to see films, write what you think of certain stars and, if your eye and mind are keen, earn money. Don't fail to get Picture Play for February.


Bigger than THE BIGGEST SHOW ON EARTH
is the amazing story of Barnum! His audacious humbuggery . . . his hilarious family uprisings . . . the beautiful women who came in — and out — of his life! Not even Barnum himself could have conceived a more fascinating drama than this — the story he actually lived!
Joseph M. Schenck presents
WALLACE BEERY
in DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S production of
The MIGHTY BARNUM
WITH
ADOLPHE MENJOU, ROCHELLE HUDSON, JANET BEECHER, VIRGINIA BRUCE
20TH CENTURY PICTURE
Written by
Gene Fowler and Bess Meredyth
Directed by Walter Lang
Released thru UNITED ARTISTS
By the producers of "THE BOWERY" and "THE HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD"

WHAT THE FANS THINK

A Voice From Across the Sea.

I READ an article in October Picture Play in which Laura Benham states that there are no real men stars, and I am wondering just exactly what she means by that.

Denying that there are no men who can carry a picture unaided by a feminine star, E. Wilson says that Robert Montgomery is an exception in England.

Personally, I disagree with her. I can name quite a few men who carry a picture on their own shoulders. I have seen Robert Montgomery's "Hide-out," and I enjoyed it immensely. I say that he needs no glamorous star to assist him.

On the other hand, even Norma Shearer never makes

K. J. Caffrey enters a spirited defense for Katharine Hepburn in answer to Marjorie Payn.

a picture without making sure of two big names to help her. Bob is very popular in England—his name alone fills any theater.

He is usually billed first, no matter who the lady may be, except in the case of Norma Shearer, and then he shares honors. We, in England, don't think very much of lady stars; they are so artificial, even their eyelashes. They are elaborately dressed and photographed and publicized, but except for an occasional fit of hysterics, few of them know how to act.

I can assure you that "The Mystery of Mr. X" did more for Elizabeth Allan than any other picture. Although she is English, many people here had never seen her before. I saw that one three times. They put only

Continued on page 10

Jean Harlow's eyebrows are championed by Hannah Shepard who explains their "incredible arch" and rebukes Charles D. Bonsted.

Pictures will always maintain the highest standard of decency when Helen Hayes appears, says Alfred R. Parr.

TWO BRILLIANT STARS IN A HEAVENLY PICTURE!

"ONE NIGHT OF LOVE" charmed you! "LADY FOR A DAY" won your acclaim! "IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT" gave you happiness! The same producers now give you the charm and joyousness of all in this grand and glorious romantic comedy!

WARNER BAXTER MYRNA LOY

IN

"Broadway Bill"

A FRANK CAPRA Production

By ROBERT RISKIN Based on the story by MARK HELLINGER

with WALTER CONNOLLY—HELEN VINSON

A COLUMBIA PICTURE

COLUMBIA PICTURES

Ask at your favorite theatre when this picture will be shown

ARBUN ANDREWS.—Nils Asther comes from Malmo, Sweden. That is his right name. He is in England at present making "Abdul Hamid." Franchot Tone will be twenty-nine on February 27th.

BETTE.—Edna May Oliver is five feet ten, and Aline MacMahon, five feet eight. Dorothy Gish seems to be the only actress whose birthdate is March 11th. Clark Gable was born in Cadiz, Ohio, February 1, 1901. Mary Carlisle is five feet one; Elissa Landi, five feet five; Kay Francis, Thelma Todd, Pert Kelton, Elizabeth Allan, five feet six; Patricia Ellis and the late Lilyan Tashman, five feet seven.

M. M.—Lanny Ross began his singing at the age of six in the choir of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York City. Enrolled in the Taft School for Boys at Watertown, Connecticut, when fourteen. From there he went to Yale, and after graduation entered Columbia University Law School. Although he received his degree and was admitted to the bar, he preferred a musical career. He has been on the air since 1926. Has made a number of "shorts," but his first full-length film was "Melody in Spring," followed by "College Rhythm."

B. MOAN.—Evelyn Venable is nineteen, and Cincinnati, Ohio, is her birthplace. Her first film was "Cradle Song." For her photo, address her at Paramount Studio. For one of Robert Young, Metro-Goldwyn Studio.

JEANNE RUSSO.—You might address your inquiry about "Managed Money" to the Publicity Department, Fox Film Corp., 444 West 56th Street, New York City.

GERRY.—Frankie Darro recently completed the serial, "The Wolf Dog," for Mascot Pictures. He was born in Chicago, Illinois, December 22, 1918, and has dark hair and eyes. Next is "Racing Luck."

NORMAN HILL.—Lilian Harvey began as a dancer in Viennese revues. Afterward appeared in German, Swedish, and British films. Some of her foreign films include "The Curse," "The Wild Lola," "One Night in London," "The Dark Point," "A Love Waltz," "The Virtuous Susanne, "Congress Dances," "The Blond Dream," "Heart Song."

JAMES LACEWELL.—Now that Ken Maynard has finished "In Old Santa Fe," he will start work on the serial, "The Phantom Empire," for Mascot Pictures, 4376 Sunset Drive, Hollywood, where you might write for his picture. That was Frank Rice as *Pinwheel* in "Wheels of Destiny." Mary Brian in "College Rhythm" and Nancy Carroll in "Spring 3100." Janet Gaynor is playing in "Servants' Entrance" and is to make "One More Spring."

P. C. G.—Harry Green was *Herman*, the tailor, in "This Day and Age." Jean Muir celebrates her birthday on February 13th. Shirley Temple in "Bright Eyes." Ginger Rogers is with RKO.

What the Fans Think

Continued from page 6

Bob's name up on the bills because they know he is the main attraction.

John Boles is another favorite in London, also Warner Baxter. I have never heard any one rave about Bing Crosby. Clark Gable is, I think, rather popular, but people have read so much about him that they think he is being pushed too much. E. WILSON.

London, England.

Neil Hamilton's Generosity.

RECENTLY I wrote to Neil Hamilton for a photograph (not inclosing a coin) and received one, accompanied by a very nice letter. Why is it we don't see more of him on the screen? He is a very good actor.

Now about Claudette Colbert. I wrote to her congratulating her upon her good work, at the same time asking for a photograph (not inclosing a coin). To my disappointment, I received a mere post card stating that her photographs were for sale at all prices.

Although I have always admired Miss Colbert, I consider it very impolite and abrupt of her to send out circulars to her public in that manner, since she depends upon us for publicity.

Recently my uncle finished a picture at the British Gaumont studio in London, so you see I have it on authority that English performers are only too pleased to send free photos as they consider it an honor to be sought after.

So let us give Mr. Hamilton a vote of thanks for showing the others the way to appreciate their admirers.

MARIE J. HUGHES.
403 West 48th Street,
New York City.

Journey's End.

I HAVE to drive at least sixteen miles to see a movie and often it is more, but I'd honestly travel a hundred miles to see Franchot Tone and Madeleine Carroll in more pictures like "The World Moves On."

The picture itself was so refreshing and *clean*—like lavender and old lace—that I literally walked on clouds for days and I drove the sixteen miles the very next day to see all over again the firm, understanding, loyal love and marriage of *Mary* and *Richard Girard*, which fooled us for once and did *not* end in the usual divorce court.

There was not one sordid or suggestive sequence in the whole picture; it was all fine and sweet and beautiful.

The gentlemanly, charming, and sensitive *Richard* was superbly portrayed by Franchot Tone and the sweet, sensitive, and strong character of *Mary Warburton* was magnificently enacted by Madeleine Carroll.

Surely, producers, you will give us more of this lovely, refreshing couple. Surely you realize now that *clean*, sweet pictures with worth-while plots and firm moralities are successful and are very acceptable to the fan public. FRANCES L. DOWLIN.

P. O. Box 65,
Frazer, Pennsylvania.

A Mixed Quartet.

I HAVE nothing but praise for two up-and-coming young players. One is widely known Richard Cromwell, the other is William Henry, not well known as yet. Richard is one of our typical American youths. Being the-boy-next-door type, his appeal is universal. His boyishness and wholesomeness are refreshing. He was at his best in "That's My Boy" and "Emma," in which he gave sincere and lovable portrayals.

William Henry, in "The Thin Man," is a comparative newcomer and has appeared in only a few films, yet his appearance has attracted attention, especially from feminine fans. Those who saw "Best of Enemies" will recall him—the young 'cello player who was so extraordinarily good-looking and fascinating. His features are angelic. His small part in "Coming Out Party" was outstanding, and his better rôle in "The Thin Man" proved his versatility. This part, however, suppressed his intrinsic masculine charm.

There are two other young men deserving of honorable mention—Buddy Rogers and Lanny Ross. I liked the latter in "Melody in Spring" tremendously, and hope to see more of him on the screen. His beautiful voice and appealing ways made the picture very enjoyable. I hope Paramount gives him the proper stories to insure his stay on the screen.

It is a shame that "America's Boy Friend" should become lost to the screen after such a brilliant and unforgetable performance in "Wings." I should like nothing better than to have him return to his first love, the screen. G. M. J.

11724 Kilbourne Avenue,
Detroit, Michigan.

Irene Dunne Off Screen.

BING CROSBY, a grand actor with a colorful personality! I have seen all Bing's pictures from "The Big Broadcast" to "She Loves Me Not," and I think his acting has improved tremendously. I went to see "We're Not Dressing" four times and I could still see it a hundred more. Carol and Bing made this picture successful, and I hope to see them together again.

I read Marjorie Payn's letter, "Brickbats, All Brickbats" in September Picture Play and I wonder why she ever goes to a movie if she criticizes so many beloved stars. I wonder if she heard how thousands of people crowded a New York theater to see the first showing of Ruby Keeler's "Dames." Ruby may look innocent, but she's a swell little trouper and one of the biggest drawing cards in the film colony. Here's hoping we see many more Keeler-Powell musicals.

If Irene Dunne and John Boles were co-starred in a musical production they would certainly make a hit. In my opinion, both voices are above average. Recently, when Irene appeared in person in San Francisco, I was so bent on seeing her that my mother let me stay out of school to go. I've heard people say she was even more beautiful off-screen than on and I wanted to see if it was really true. After seeing her, I quite agree with them. ALICE FOOTE.

229 North Hawthorne Avenue,
North Sacramento, California.

Hollywood's Gain.

TO Marjorie Payn: The acclaim you choose to describe "as all this fuss" Katharine Hepburn receives from her audience is justly awarded merit for her marvelous acting. Where such ignorance is bliss, perhaps 'tis folly to be wise about your disparaging criticism in September Picture Play. It conveys a complete lack of understanding of the characterizations portrayed by actors and actresses in their varying rôles, your strongest point of objection to them being their physical appearance on the screen.

"A Bill of Divorcement" and "Little Women" were not intended as fashion shows or beauty parades. Beauty is only skin deep; neither the features nor the clothes make the actor or the actress.

Katharine Hepburn's complete understanding in rendering her impersonation of *Jo March* was excellent. Her unaffected and extremely graceful walk and carriage are very admirable.

Hollywood stars may not know what they are missing, but I do know what they are gaining. K. J. CAFFREY.

San Mateo, California.

Not Fair At All.

MAY I say a few words in praise of that charming and unusual young actress, Ann Dvorak? Since returning from her honeymoon, she has displayed her versatility in a variety of rôles. She has beauty, sincerity, intelligence, and a captivating smile. In addition, she has real histrionic ability.

Nevertheless, she has received a series of stupid, insignificant rôles. Why, Ann's part in "Midnight Alibi" was merely incidental! If given good stories and parts that are worthy of her talent, she would be a knock-out.

Here's hoping we see a great deal more of Ann in the bigger and better rôles she so richly deserves. PATRICIA M.

New York.

Jean's Brows Distinctive.

I AM writing in answer to the letter by Charles D. Bonsted which was published in September Picture Play.

Mr. Bonsted, in your search for real eyebrows in Hollywood, you seem to have overlooked those of Ruby Keeler. Don't you realize that each star is a definite type or she wouldn't be a star? While the natural, unplucked brows are ideal for the sweetly innocent type of Miss Keeler, they would be as much out of place on Jean Harlow as a set of chin whiskers.

Jean never intended to give the impression of being just Johnnie Jones's girl friend. On the contrary, she makes one think of something too gorgeously beautiful to be real, and the "incredible arch" of her eyebrows merely helps to carry out this illusion.

You seem to be the only one who finds them repulsive and, although we have a right to our own opinions, I hardly think any of us are so perfect that we are privileged to find fault with the personal appearance of others, even if they are in the public eye. HANNAH SHEPARD.

5962 Hooper Avenue,
Los Angeles, California.

A Recipe for Clean Movies.

WITH all this "Clean Up the Movie" going on, I wish to stress my opinion that the movies are very wonderful on the whole—the way they have cultivated interest in all the finer things of life. They are an education in themselves. They have made the world a better place in which to live, and have lifted us out of a world of boredom into a world of beauty and romance. They stimulate our interest in literature, music, art, history, breeding, style, and correct English. Could anything be more elevating to the bourgeoisie and the canaille?

Pictures will always maintain the highest standard of decency with women such as Elissa Landi, Katharine Hepburn, Ann Harding, Margaret Sullavan, Norma Shearer, Helen Hayes, and Ruth Chatterton. These women can portray artistically any sex situation which mirrors life, no matter how startling. These women with their education and refinement, their intelligence and artistry can take all the smuttiness out of sex.

However, on the other hand, I think it only fair to stop in time certain types of ballyhoo. Women who are rapidly turning our movie houses into cheap burlesque shows. They are:

Joan Crawford—a brazen burlesque t[illegible] What a husky voice. Will she ever [illegible]tivate it?

Continued on page 80

STREET & SMITH'S

VOLUME XLI
NUMBER 5

PICTURE PLAY

JANUARY
1935

Photo by Russell Ball

MATCHING each other in smooth humor and intelligent sophistication, William Powell and Myrna Loy made a joyful success of "The Thin Man." So perfectly were they teamed to the satisfaction of every one, that they combined for "Evelyn Prentice" and made a celebration of that, and now they are in "The Casino Murder Case," with Mr. Powell again *Philo Vance*.

Gloria Stuart, Lupe Velez, Loretta Young, Irene Dunne, and Helen Vinson, —these are five who are actual beauties in the flesh.

FIFTY BEAUTIES—

By Madeline

Half a hundred of Hollywood's leading ladies divisions: pretty, picturesque, bizarre and dis- beautiful. What have

FREQUENTLY some one pops up with a list of the ten—why always ten?—most beautiful women in filmland, or in the United States, or in the world. Of course, any such list may logically be challenged since taste in beauty, as in other things, varies greatly. Still, there are certain fundamental standards in the matter of feminine pulchritude which cannot be ignored or disputed.

Very often it appears that the selector of such a list has chosen his examples, not from personal scrutiny, but from fine photographic poses. Only so can I account for the inclusion of Norma Shearer in a recent ten-most-beautiful list. I take issue with any one who asserts that Miss Shearer, whom I admire and respect, is a beauty. Certain definite defects of face and figure must, it seems to me, render her ineligible.

An actress who is a photographic beauty is not necessarily lovely in the flesh. Perfect make-up, skillful lighting, and expert photography will often transform a sunflower into an orchid. When I tell you that Mary Astor, who screens like an houri, is surprisingly plain in real life, and that the exotic beauty of Myrna Loy is a photographic illusion, please think twice before calling me a liar.

Having inspected Hollywood's romantic actresses in person as well as on the screen, I offer you my rating of fifty of them. Their cosmetic artifices make such an attempt hazardous at best, but I have tried to make such allowances in the matter as seem just.

As I see it, Hollywood's beauty brigade may be divided into five classes: pretty, picturesque, bizarre, distinguished, and beautiful. In this group of fifty I find that we have no less than twenty-six actresses of varying degrees of *prettiness,* sixteen of whom are blondes. These pretty blondes include:

Anita Page, the most dazzling of her class, a girl who just misses being a beauty. Nose not so good and eyebrows inartistically drawn.

Sally Eilers, who lessened her individuality by bleaching her hair.

Pat Paterson, a vivacious Britisher with a blooming complexion.

Marion Davies, a former beauty.

Una Merkel, trim, graceful, and intelligent.

Adrienne Ames, who made the mistake of bleaching her hair and darkening her skin.

Miriam Hopkins, with her lively, interesting face and curly hair.

Carol Lombard, who is entirely too artificial in appearance and self-satisfied in manner for her own good.

Toby Wing, whose eyes are unattractive and who is too consciously cute.

Alice White, with her fine Italian eyes and pleasing olive complexion. Her new Dietrich eyebrows are pretty terrible though.

Madge Evans, whose classical features very nearly put her in the beauty class. Her face lacks animation and her eyes are ordinary.

Joan Blondell, whose frank and wholesome grin is a little too much in evidence.

Bette Davis, a poster girl. Eyes too prominent and lips too heavily enameled.

Joan Bennett, with her lovely eyes and hair. Much more attractive than sister Constance.

Madeleine Carroll, Dolores del Rio, Frances Dee, Jeanette MacDonald, and Maureen O'Sullivan—these complete Miss Glass's only claimants to real beauty.

MORE OR LESS

Glass

undergo scrutiny and are separated into five tinguished, with only ten that are really you to say about this?

Lilian Harvey, dainty, fairylike, exquisite. Upper torso undeveloped, however.

Helen Twelvetrees, whose fine-featured but childish face lacks fire and forcefulness.

Five redheads adorn the pretty group:

Fay Wray, whose hair was originally dark, then yellow, now auburn. Fay's eyes are not large and they are a little too closely set. Her head seems too large for her undernourished body.

Janet Gaynor, once brown of hair. Originally rather plain, the dentist, beauty specialists, *et al*, transformed her into a vision of pictorial loveliness.

Barbara Stanwyck, merely pretty and not ambitious to be otherwise. With her talent, beauty is not so necessary.

Myrna Loy is an embarrassment. Surely that glorious person we see on the screen should not be dismissed as merely pretty! Well, in real life Myrna is a nice, sensible girl with sandy hair and freckles. Much could be done with her unusual face and heavy-lidded, green eyes, but Myrna doesn't bother with artifices other than lip rouge.

Joan Crawford is another reason why this article is not so easy to write as it seems. Originally a merely pretty girl with an ordinary figure, Joan has gone through so many physical transformations that classifying her is a problem. The color of her hair has been repeatedly changed, her figure has been reduced to classical perfection, and just about everything has been done to her face. Fundamentally, I suppose Joan is still in the pretty class, a girl who enjoys dramatizing herself.

Five of this group have retained, to date, their naturally dark hair. These are:

Jean Parker, whose eyes also are a little too close together, giving her a poor expression.

Sylvia Sidney, a luscious-looking girl whose full face does not measure up to her perfect profile. Womanly figure, tiny feet and hands.

Evelyn Venable, chubbily, healthily attractive. Fine shoulders.

Ruby Keeler, fresh-looking and attractive, with exquisite legs.

A fan wrote to ask me if I did not consider Mary Brian the most beautiful of all actresses. I'm sorry to disappoint Mary's admirer, but I don't feel that Mary quite makes the grade. Many fine points has Miss Brian, but her features are a little out of proportion.

Then we have five women whom I classify as being *picturesque*. Vividly suggestive of beauty and employing every known device of the fashionable world to accentuate their charms, there is not a real beauty among them. These include:

Constance Bennett, whose chief defects are a heavy, square jaw and a chilly expression which seldom dissolves.

Norma Shearer, a social diplomat, whose eyes, ears, and legs contradict her supposed beauty.

Jean Harlow, whose defective profile and eccentric eyebrows mar an otherwise sumptuously attractive actress.

Kay Francis, the two sides of whose face do not match. Still, Miss Francis has such warm coloring that she stands out as the most attractive of this group.

Marlene Dietrich, whose squarish face is much unlike that of the shadowy, ethereal enchantress whom we view

Continued on page 69

WHY DOES RAFT

Photo by Bredell

Impassive inscrutable Mr. Raft's character as well as his features lend themselves to convincing make-up for "Limehouse Blues."

Here, for the first time, the secret of George Raft is revealed. Tight-lipped, withdrawn, he is in Hollywood but not a part of it. He is the loneliest man in the gay colony, shy, naïve, sentimental—the greatest paradox of all contradictory stars.

THIS article, if you believe what it tells you, is going to puncture, destroy, a legend. Perhaps you will be disappointed. Personally, I think that the truth is much more interesting than the legend. That is why I tell it to you.

It has to do with George Raft.

You probably became acquainted with George, as did Hollywood, after "Scarface." You saw him silently tossing that coin, taking that frozen-faced walk after he had murdered a man.

You probably thought that no man with a face like that, a manner like that, could be anything but a dangerous character. There were stories that he was mixed up somehow with the underworld. He never rounded a corner, it was said, without first peeking cautiously. He had a bodyguard, a male companion who never left him, who assisted in the conduct of his growing affairs and who advised him about any major issues which might arise.

"A bodyguard!" said Hollywood. "Well, really!" And Hollywood loved the implication of excitement.

George mingled almost not at all with Hollywood's social set and the legend grew. Beauteous and famous ladies made elaborate efforts to insnare his attention.

George met them with politeness, took them to dinner, called upon them at the correct hours, wearing the correct clothes. And that was that. There was that quality of danger about him which fascinated them. But after they met him, most of them were puzzled and bewildered.

It never occurred to Hollywood that George was merely shy. It never occurred to any of us that the bodyguard was possibly a defense against loneliness, that the sinister, dangerous Raft was really homesick to a point of boyish pathos.

Despite his atmosphere of danger, despite the apparent threat in his countenance, George Raft is one of the loneliest persons in Hollywood. One of the most naïve and sentimental men you have ever met, and homesick as a college freshman.

The beautiful ladies made slight difference to him because George does not approve of most of the women he has met in Hollywood. He has the Latin dislike of fem-

His insistence on beauty, elegance and refinement in women finds answer in Virginia Pine, who is most often seen with him.

Photo by Wide World

BROOD

By
Helen Louise Walker

inine independence and most of the women he has met there are earning their own living and doing pretty well at it.

To George, all women are divided into two classes. Good women. And bad women. The good women are to be treated with an elaborate and distant and rather pained politeness. I don't know exactly how he deals with the bad ones. We didn't go into the subject.

I attended a cocktail party not long ago. A gay and successful cocktail party. It reached that stage when every one thought that every one else was extremely witty. Laughter grew louder and a beautiful haze of optimism enveloped the guests. Then George Raft made his entrance.

Some paused in the middle of a sentence to consider him. There is that arresting quality in the man. He greeted his hostess diffidently and looked about him. Then he seated himself—guess where! In a corner beside an elderly, invalid gentleman in a wheel chair. George shook his head as cocktails were proffered, he chatted a few moments with his chosen companion and then disappeared—almost melted—from sight.

"George is the *loneliest* man at a party!" remarked a blond thing pensively. "It practically breaks your heart just to look at him!"

Well, George is a lonely man anywhere in Hollywood. And this despite the fact that success seems to be coming to him faster than to almost any other young actor in our midst. He is bitterly unhappy, morose, suspicious, withdrawn. When I saw him last, he was desperately, seriously tired. That was just before he left for Europe.

He has made almost no friends in Hollywood and the ones he has made are, for the most part, not in pictures. He feels, rightly perhaps, that he doesn't belong there, that these circles are not for him. He has been aware of the gossip and the speculation about him. He is extremely sensitive and the awareness of

Continued on page 56

George Raft's hobby is clothes. He has a small fortune invested in wardrobe, adding to it earnestly and constantly, and never wearing a suit the second time without having it cleaned and pressed.

THAT FABULOUS

A new, up-to-date and highly sophisticated report of Hollywood.

No missionary work is needed to purify night life in the film belt. Hollywood is still in rompers when it comes to supper clubs and whoopee parlors.

NO matter how seriously you approach Hollywood you wind up with a slapstick in one hand and a bladder in the other. It's a mad place that still features such things as a Lov-é Brassier-é Shopp-é, a meat market run by Cashis King, and a beanery labeled Stopnsup.

It's a slightly deranged town, it always has been, and as long as it's the cinema capital it probably always will be. Pictures must be made by temperamental people, and all temperamental people are inclined to be screwy.

Purity is in the saddle, and has been there for months. "Sapolio" is the watchword. Every studio is watching its product carefully. The slightest *double-entendre* is squelched.

Dietrich is being photographed with a screen about her ankles, Harlow with a screen from the waist up. Only Will Rogers gets the same treatment he always got. There are no more "Gold Diggers"; they will become "Little Women." Cagney is wooing with rattles instead of brass knuckles. Only George Arliss, Jackie Cooper, and Janet Gaynor are unchanged.

No missionary work is needed to purify night life in the film belt. Hollywood is still in rompers when it comes to night clubs and whoopee parlors. Will Hays must feel very proud indeed when he makes his weekly tour of inspection. The town is another Oskaloosa, Iowa, for all around sobriety in public places.

The El Rey, for example, is a stuffy stall crowded with tables facing a bar. Gene Austin croons lugubrious tunes and you wonder how he became famous ten years ago chanting "My Blue Heaven." Time flies.

Helen Twelvetrees comes in, looking less than beautiful; Wheeler and Woolsey practice gags at the bar; Lilian Bond has a Howard on her arm, one of the directing Howards. You meet an Eastern orchestra leader without his orchestra; you miss the orchestra. Then a stringed trio starts to strum badly, you have another side-car, and your hosts suggest the Fifty-fifty Club.

This turns out to be another gaudily upholstered place hanging on the side of a hill. There is no crooner here, which is in its favor, but there are two dapper lads imitating Dwight Fiske. As a result the picture colony wonders why Fiske is so popular in New York.

The celebrities are more numerous here, and of higher caliber. On your left Bill Powell and Jean Harlow discuss Soviet Russia and the single-tax system. Across the room Madge Evans explains things to Lowell Sherman. Janet Gaynor slides in unobtrusively with Gene Raymond, looking singularly undistinguished. Marian Nixon shares an alcove with William Seiter, her new husband, while her ex-husband escorts Rochelle Hudson at another table.

The place is quiet. So is the Coconut Grove at the Ambassador, and the Bowl at the Biltmore. Occasionally a star shoots meteorlike across the room, but for the most part it is humdrum, mild, and unexciting. The stars don't go out much. That was the old-fashioned way.

After saving every possible nickel on production, finished quickies are launched at a press showing which is a masterpiece of open-handed extravagance.

Illustrated by Alfred Bendiner

TOWN

By
Malcolm H. Oettinger

It takes an occasional flight to the Coast to convince one how deceitful the camera can be once it focuses on feminine beauty. The most alluring screen personalities sometimes cause no second glance when caught in the uncompromising light of midday. Other merely pretty screen faces prove to be really beautiful, off stage.

If you met Genevieve Tobin, for example, or Ann Harding on the street you would never suspect them of picture importance. You would not look twice at gaunt, freckled Katie Hepburn in her dilapidated station wagon. Anita Louise and Jean Parker are fresh young beauties. And Jeanette MacDonald and Madge Evans are even lovelier off screen than on.

The men are equally deceiving. The two most unlike their screen personalities are Chevalier and Jim Cagney. The French star is glum, moody, diffident, and somber as soon as the camera stops grinding. He reserves his sparkle exclusively for the screen. Cagney is soft-spoken, modest, and charming, in direct contrast to the brassy, blatant young muggs he plays so well in pictures.

The men most like their screen selves are Bill Powell and Bob Montgomery. Both are smart, amusing, well-informed citizens taking their work seriously, but not to the exclusion of a timely laugh.

The best mind I encountered in Hollywood reposes in the picturesque skull of that superb English actor, Charles Laughton. He talks on any subject intelligently.

Hollywood has had its face lifted, geographically speaking. What used to be the smart residential sector, peopled by Mary Pickford, Dorothy Dalton, Chaplin, and other stars, is now devoted to business shops, with here and there an incipient skyscraper.

Beverly Hills is the tony spot at this writing, and all signs point to a further westward movement in the development of the swanky Bel Air district, along the coast. From there the next step is obvious: penthouses on the Pacific.

If you are looking for stars at lunch time, your best bet is the Brown Derby in Hollywood. The Russian Eagle, presided over by a genuine ex-Russian general, was lonely and forlorn, save for sad-looking Ivan Lebedeff. The modernistic Sardi's was not at all like its prototype in New York. It was thronged with an assemblage more Iowan than Thespian. Levy's Tavern boasted only small fry; assistant directors and winners of beauty contests.

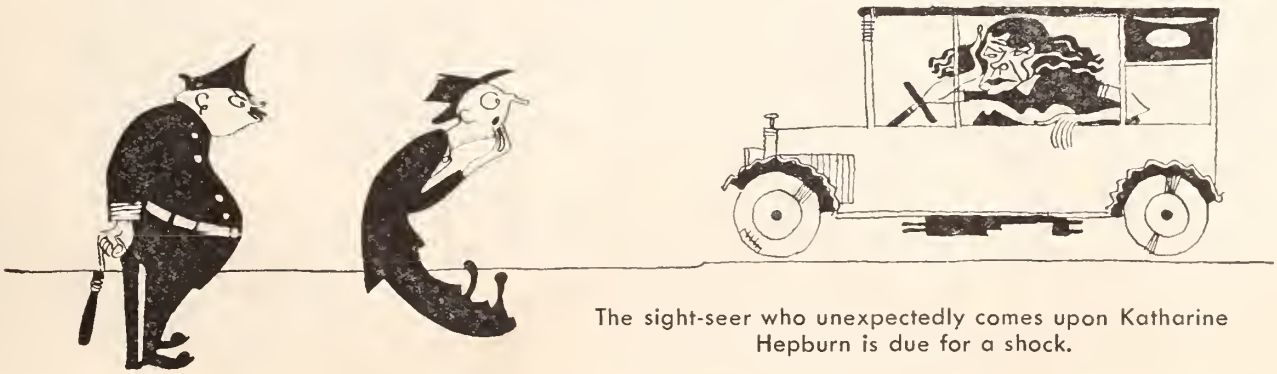
But at the Hollywood Brown Derby we saw Charlie Chaplin animatedly telling a story to Paulette Goddard, twisting his hands high over his head, laughing and grimacing; George Raft, wooden-faced and saturnine, with his bodyguard; W. C. Fields on crutches greeting every other table in the place; Ernst Lubitsch arguing heatedly with a fellow countryman over something; Carol Lombard lending color.

To console those who can't get into pictures, Mr. Oettinger points out that no one in them seems to be very happy because of jealousy, gossip and discontent.

Out on Wilshire Boulevard the Brown Derby attracts the dinner crowd in the evening. You may see, as we did, the Bennetts supping with their husbands, or escorts, Laura Hope Crews bubbling in with Eddie Goulding, Jimmie Durante giving a young admirer a ticket to his Sunday night broadcast, and Ned Sparks contemplating the menu with that same dead pan which trade-marks him in pictures.

Quickies, those amazing films produced on the proverbial shoestring, continue to serve as a haven for players who are no longer as popular as they once were. Many a competent actor is found in the casts of these independent productions. Louise Dresser, Mary Brian, Sally Blane, Aileen Pringle, Wallace Ford, Monroe Owsley,

Continued on page 77



The sight-seer who unexpectedly comes upon Katharine Hepburn is due for a shock.

Phil has no illusions about himself. He insists that he was just lucky.

LUCK OF THE IRISH

By Harry N. Blair

It wasn't until Phil Regan's ambition to be a policeman had been realized that his singing talent was discovered. Known first on the radio as "The Singing Cop," he is now launched on a successful film career. You'll see and hear him again in "Sweet Adeline."

IN one of the poorer sections of Brooklyn, New York, lived a boy with Irish-blue eyes and a flashing smile. Like most children in such surroundings, he had already given serious thought to the matter of making a living. Let others have their dreams. Little Phil Regan was certain of one thing. He was going to be a cop.

Across the street lived a pretty girl by the name of Ruby Stevens. Later that same little girl was to become famous as Barbara Stanwyck.

Phil never thought of the stage as a career. His private opinion was that all actors were sissies. Even now, he wonders how it all happened. He says it was just plain luck. The luck of the Irish.

After Phil completed his courses in St. Patrick's parochial school he set about getting work. Starting as an office boy, he went from one job to another, always for more pay. When the chance came for him to make a trip to Europe, he lost no time in getting ready. He's glad now that he did. He says that travel is the best education in the world for any young fellow.

Phil embarked for Europe on the maiden voyage of the *Bremen*. Fifteen glorious days in Paris gave him a taste of what it meant to be rich. The trip hadn't cost him a cent. All his expenses were paid by a wealthy friend who had sent him over to bring back a foreign car which he later engaged Phil to drive.

Most fellows would have been satisfied. Not Phil. He still had in mind his great yen to be a policeman. A chance to drive for Judge Martin looked like an opportunity and Phil grabbed it. His hunch had been correct. The kindly judge, hearing of Phil's ambition, arranged for him to enter the New York police force.

A much-elated young man joined a hundred other rookies in the training school at Pelham for the three months' course of training. Just twenty-nine days later, he was tipped off as to where a murderer, for whom

Continued on page 69

SHE'S a fairy? She's an elf?
Or is she just her own sweet self?
A baby sunbeam comes a-dancing,
With shining eyes and smile entrancing,
Bright ribbons threading hair so curly,
Screen's dearest gift, our little Shirley.

Photo by Gene Kornman

FAVORITES of the FANS

SHIRLEY TEMPLE

Photo by Robert W. Coburn

HAZEL FORBES

ONE of the most exotic-looking newcomers, Hazel Forbes is also one of the richest octresses in Hollywood, tooth poste having omossed millions for her but nature gave her the will to succeed. So she's beginning in a musicol short, "If This Isn't Love," with Wolter Woolf.

MARTHA SLEEPER

BECAUSE of her increasing skill as an actress and her ripe, dark beauty, Martha Sleeper, who has served a long apprenticeship in small rôles, is now promoted to a lead. She is Richard Dix's heroine in "West of the Pecos" and Picture Play is glad of it.

Photo by Russell Ball

FAY WRAY

THE time hos come when there is more to soy of Fay Wroy thon to proclaim her inexhaustible octivities which hove exceeded those of any other actress in Hollywood. Ever since she stapped long enough to give a brilliont performonce in "The Affoirs of Cellini," she's ace-high among the artists.

Photo by George Hurrell

MARGARET LINDSAY

THOUGH she passed as an English actress in making a successful Hollywood début, Morgoret Lindsay has stayed on and won a permanent ploce for herself by being Americon. She goes from one picture to the other, olways giving on excellent performance, gaining in looks and proficiency. Her next will be in "Devil Dogs of the Air," with James Cagney and Pot O'Brien.

Photo by Elmer Fryer

DOLORES DEL RIO

Photo by Elmer Fryer

THE beauty of Del Rio is truly patrician. You've often heard that, but it is proclaimed anew by Picture Play who considers her the outstanding aristocrat of Hollywood—poised, gracious yet reserved, with an intelligence so keen that she discusses her films impersonally when she mentions them at all.

MADGE EVANS

QUIETLY, surely Madge Evans is recruiting an army of fans so loyal and so fervid that their admiration—and activities—must surely warm and comfort her heart in the face of rôles that are often commonplace—and disheartening. Anyway, she is playing in "David Copperfield" and that must surely be a grand opportunity.

Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull

Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull

BETTY FURNESS

THE case of Betty Furness is another of the strangenesses of Hollywood. With everything to give and her ability already proved, she languishes while awaiting opportunity, with only her contract to console her. However, she's actually to appear in "Wicked Woman," with Mady Christians, and that may be the turn in the road of her crooked career.

READY TO SOAR

Betty Furness has everything it takes for screen success, including several excellent performances and a contract, too. But she spends her time in being "groomed." For what? Here is the story of Hollywood's newest forgotten girl.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

MY young sister came home from boarding school a couple of years ago with news of the school play. This time they had done "Alice in Wonderland." She said it was good.

"The most marvelous part about it was *Alice,*" she told us enthusiastically. Betty Furness played it and every one thought she was simply great. They swear she's good enough to be on the regular stage. I mean, they're sure she has genuine dramatic talent, and they are going to try to get her a chance on Broadway. And Betty's the sweetest thing you've ever seen, and I bet some day she'll be a big star like Ethel Barrymore or Helen Hayes. She's simply swell!"

My sister liked Betty Furness.

Between semesters Betty whiled away the time in New York by posing for the Powers Company, that highly specialized concern that furnishes lovely ankles, beautiful hands, shapely torsos and patrician necks, for the benefit of those who have wares to advertise and want them shown to the best possible advantage. Betty served not only as Girlish Youth, Pretty Feet, and Radiant Eyes; she was also Misses Size, Lustrous Hair, and Débutante. She advertised dresses, eyeglasses, perfume, and undies.

In other words, she had such a complete equipment that Mr. Powers, who has a pretty good eye himself, decided one day that Betty should have a screen test. RKO sent for her, shot scenes of her opening a letter, cooing at a canary, greeting a long-lost friend, and on the strength of what resulted, signed her.

When I arrived in Hollywood, Betty had progressed from RKO to Metro-Goldwyn, which is equivalent to moving from a flat on Thirty-second Street to an apartment overhanging the Park at Sixtieth East. She was looked upon as one of the more promising ingénues, a youngster with ability, charm, and enough of that certain element to send her far on the sound tracks.

She lives in a garish pink stucco house in the foothills of Beverly. There is a dog who barks but never bites, flowers in confusion, and a mother who did not appear, but who Betty assured me was her best friend and confidante.

As a matter of fact, mother had left a note with the Senegambian maid, for me. "Please excuse Betty's lateness," it said, "she is at the studio for another test. Make yourself comfortable in the patio, and pay no attention to the dog. He's harmless."

Inside, the house was lovely. Mrs. Furness is an interior decorator and her taste evidenced itself everywhere. The chairs were comfortable as well as contemporary; the walls, floor, and ceiling were done in flat, cool blue and ivory.

Betty came in looking like *Alice* in Hollywood. Her hair was golden and shoulder length, with a ribbon worn as *Alice* wore it. The Furness ankles are delicate and superbly fashioned, and her hands and feet quite the smallest imaginable. Betty is a very pretty girl who conveys at once good breeding without the slightest effort.

"I am *Alice,* really, you know," she laughed, when the resemblance was called to her attention. "And this is Wonderland, if you say it fast. I'm part of the wild pattern. On contract to Metro, I have yet to face a camera, learn a part, or steal a scene. I dash over to punch the clock every day, make up very conscientiously, stooge in tests, do tricks. Then I come home. And by the by, pay no attention to this frightful pink stucco.

Continued on page 75

Betty is a very pretty girl who conveys at once good breeding without the slightest effort. With her attributes, Furness should mean more than a steamship line. It should spell box office!

Photo by Wide World

They Say

Broadway's season is in full swing, with Hollywood stars flocking to town. Here are impressions of them you won't find elsewhere.

Photo by Acme

Constance Bennett, left, fled the Waldorf-Astoria via freight elevator.

William Gargan returned from London professing himself a refarmed character.

Erin-O'Brien Moare awaits the frank opinion of picture-goers before continuing in films.

GAUMONT-BRITISH pictures have invaded America in a large way. Having three important productions to show here, they brought over a cargo of stars, directors, and executives, and invited a few hundred people to meet them at luncheon.

Jack Hulbert, Britain's favorite comedian, bent his six feet four halfway to meet a microphone and offered amiable jokes about the British sense of humor. Robert Flaherty, who every few years comes back from the wilds with an unforgetable folk drama recorded on film, nodded his magnificent head.

For two years he has been filming "Man of Aran" among the struggling, starving islanders off the Irish coast and it must have made him slightly ill to see his hunger epic launched by feeding the already overfed representatives of the press. Then Nova Pilbeam was introduced and her first picture, "Little Friend," shown.

NEW YORK—

By Karen Hollis

The Awkward Age.—Nova Pilbeam at fourteen makes monkeys of all who prate of technique, experience, elocution, or the gangling, awkward 'teens. She is an instinctive actress. In so far as she resembles any one, she suggests a much younger and prettier Hepburn. She is an ingratiating child, simple and direct. Being dressed by that old master of simplicity, Schiaparelli, does her no harm naturally. But even in a home dressmaker's dream of dimity and ruffles she would be a lovely, candid child.

Benita Hume displayed her crystalline brilliance to the delight of jaded interviewers.

Photo by Acme

Nova Pilbeam, the English child star, disproved the theory that fourteen is an awkward age.

Photo © by Bachrach

Marian Nixon, honeymooning again, saw eight plays in ten days.

Photo by Hurrell

Another British Invasion.—Staging an American conquest all by herself, Benita Hume has come back again after appearing in "Power" and Douglas Fairbanks's "Private Life of Don Juan" in England. With engaging candor she dismisses her American films, particularly "The Worst Woman in Paris," as "simply too awful." As a dramatic actor rather than an athlete, Douglas Fairbanks is "simply too awful." New York is glittering and exciting from its taxi drivers who speak French to her, its judges who invite her to attend murder trials, to the agents who want her to come back to Hollywood and pictures and the Theater Guild that wants her to stay here for a play. There is a sort of crystalline brilliance about her that suggests Riviera villas and London drawing-rooms rather than grease paint.

In Person, Not a Moving Picture.—If film stars still persist in social climbing, they need not say they weren't warned. Look where Douglas

Continued on page 54

HIS MOTTO IS MONEY

Douglass Montgomery, whose every portrayal has been honest, sincere and sensitive, now turns his back on art and ideals and decides to work only for the cash he can make. Fame, he says, is an empty triumph and he tells why.

By Laura Benham

DOUGLASS MONTGOMERY has tasted the fleshpots and found them sweet and succulent. The rising star which so short a while ago illuminated the Hollywood firmament with the white light of lofty idealism has to-day been tainted by the lesser radiance of gold. By his own admission, Mr. Montgomery has altered his attitude, adjusted his ambitions, and sacrificed histrionics to economics.

"When I first started in pictures I was sincere in my lack of interest in movie salaries and the money I might possibly make if I were successful," he explained. "Perhaps I was unconsciously influenced by the fact that I had never needed money and therefore did not realize its importance. My family always had enough and I had never been forced to consider earning my own livelihood a necessity. If my own income were not sufficient for my needs I could always get additional funds from the family.

"I loved acting for its own sake and was ambitious. I wanted to accomplish something real and big, to become a great artist in the theater. I felt a little supercilious about the screen and made no secret of my opinion.

"It may be that unintentionally I confused the desire to achieve with the youthful vanity that seeks recognition and appreciation. Perhaps my burning desire to scale the theatrical heights was actuated not by pure love of my work, but by the wish to be praised and lauded.

"In any event, things are different now. I've grown older and more sensible, I hope, and I think I've acquired a better, a truer, sense of values.

"During the past three years I've made not only a number of pictures opposite important stars, but I've worked on the stage with noted players like Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne. As a result, I've had some personal success and I've been able to view the effects of success upon those with whom I've been associated. Both personally and vicariously I've known what it means to be famous, to have achieved something that satisfies one's ego and also wins public acclaim. And I know it is an empty triumph.

"It's simply that there isn't the satisfaction in accomplishment that I anticipated. So I will never again wear myself out working for fame, adulation, and art, for I have learned how little those things mean. [Continued on page 72]

Mr. Montgomery says that his real ambition is to marry and have children and to travel. Tut, tut, "Dubs," that line isn't worthy of you!

Miss Gibson does not go in for the petty evasions and showcase poses that are almost inevitable on the part of an actress. She is honest, direct, humorous and intensely sincere.

By Louise Williams

That GIBSON Girl

Wynne Gibson candidly faces the world, showing bad angles as well as good ones.

OBVIOUSLY Wynne Gibson does not read the publicity blurbs that studios send out about her. They maintain that she was born in 1907, but she holds forth brightly about shows of twelve and thirteen years ago in which she was a dancing and singing soubrette. Maybe she was a child prodigy, but if so, you will never get her to admit it.

She does not go in for the petty evasions and showcase poses that are an almost inevitable part of an actress. At a recent first night in New York, she was very smart, cosmopolitan, and inconspicuous in simple, dark clothes. The rest of the picture contingent fairly billowed with ermine and white fox.

"Maybe I am wrong," she remarked, as another Hollywoodite swished by in full sail, gleaming with diamonds, "but I'm doing as I please and enjoying life."

When she first went into pictures, some five years ago, she did all the usual things—bought a large, rambling house, went to premières with prominent people, dressed to proclaim financial success. One day she asked herself just whom she was trying to impress. Then she blithely gave the house to her parents and grandmother and moved to a small apartment, gave parties and first nights a wide berth in order to stay at home and model with clay, and started ordering clothes over the phone.

After she finished her part in "Gambling" at the Long Island studio, and before a plane whizzed her off to the Coast where RKO had a story ready for her, we lunched together at the Coq Rouge, where all New York was lunching that week.

In person she is tiny, has that strawlike blond hair that never seems quite natural, and probably isn't, and a face that reflects moods with lightninglike rapidity. All her motions are simple, direct, and wonderfully expressive. She may go where the crowd goes, but pays no attention to them when she gets there. When she is with you, she is with you intently. Men must love that.

Directors, I know, appreciate her complete concentration on the job in hand. "She keeps her head" they will tell you, adding, "and it's a swell one to keep."

MISS JOSEPHINE SURRENDERS

Resisting screen offers longer than any other stage actress, Josephine Hutchinson finally capitulates. Here is the story of her most remarkable career and talent.

Photo by Welbourne

A delicate, sensitive type, Miss Hutchinson has a voice like no other on the stage or screen. Thin and high, it still is musical, and when the ear becomes accustomed to its cadences they haunt the hearer.

By E. R. Moak

A NEW and brilliant personality has reared her lustrous red head above the cinematic horizon.

She is Josephine Hutchinson, Eva Le Gallienne's prize protégée, temporarily deserting the art theater to lend her exceptional histrionic ability to the movies.

She made her screen début opposite Dick Powell in "Happiness Ahead."

With only this one vehicle to her credit, Josephine is to-day one of the most talked about actresses in Hollywood, much to the discomfiture of reigning feminine satellites. And, let it be known, there is reason for their upset mental state. Josephine Hutchinson is "different."

Mervyn Le Roy, ace director, looked on with amazement as Josephine went through her initial scene. Never before in his many years on the celluloid lots had he seen a newcomer master silversheet technique as did this one.

After shouting to the camera and sound crews to "Cut!" he strode over to where she was seated, and extended his hand.

"My dear girl," exclaimed the normally uncommunicative Le Roy, "your niche in pictures is already carved and waiting for you. Within a year, you will be one of Hollywood's outstanding stars!"

But that wasn't the only thrill the fates had up their sleeves for the accomplished Josephine.

Director Le Roy had invited the two principals—Josephine and Dick—to dine in the studio restaurant that evening, and to view the day's "rushes" later that night. Jack Warner, production chief, and other company executives, were already gathered in the projection room when the trio arrived.

Josephine sat silent as the three sequences were flashed upon the drop, but not so the others in the tiny showhouse. They applauded, even cheered their latest find—most unusual deportment for hard-boiled film magnates.

As the lights went up after the unreeling of the final bit of footage, Jack Warner turned to Josephine.

"I realize this has been a long and trying day for you, Miss Hutchinson," he said, "but we would like to have you stop in the front office for a few minutes."

"What now?" she wondered.

When she departed for home an hour later, she carried a brand-new contract, the terms of which she had dictated herself—three pictures annually for three years, her salary automatically leaping with each production, and her working schedule so arranged that she can devote six out of every twelve months to the stage.

Her original pact with Warners had provided for a single vehicle.

Even a super-pessimist would have to admit that was fairly good progress for twenty-four hours of a new career.

No less a personage than Eva Le Gallienne, however, has tagged Josephine "the joint reincarnation of Bernhardt and Duse—the most talented actress behind the footlights."

Yet famous stage directors have shuddered at the thought of working with Josephine.

"She's psychic," they insisted. "Why, she can read any

director's mind, and put into action his instructions before he has an opportunity to give voice to them."

That, though, is not the real secret of *la* Hutchinson's success. Rather, the keys that opened fame's gates for her are her brilliant, artistic brain, her eagerness to learn and her diligent application to any task, whether it be large or small.

She is of the type that makes history, regardless of the line of endeavor. Josephine Hutchinson—that's her true cognomen, too—was born in Seattle, Washington, thirty years ago.

Her mother, Leona Roberts, had been an actress in roving repertoire troupes before she married Josephine's father, who was not of the stage.

A future on one of life's upper levels was the dream of the Hutchinsons for their only child from the moment of Josie's birth. They agreed to scrimp and save that she might have the training necessary to make her a great dancer.

When she was old enough to understand, Josie also became imbued with the idea.

Finishing the grades with honors and in less than the allotted time, Josie then attended Seattle High, where she majored in English and art.

As she emerged from her sophomore year into that of the junior, Josie's family tapped the savings account they had so long been building and enrolled her for a terpsichorean course in Cornish, Seattle's widely known academy of the arts.

Because Josie was advancing so rapidly with her toe dancing, Mrs. Hutchinson reëntered her for Cornish's summer session—a move that was destined to change the course of her offspring's future.

Cornish had imported Ellen van Volkenburg, founder of Chicago's Little Theater movement, and Maurice Brown, both noted dramatic tutors, to head the school's dramatic department during the extra semester.

A chance meeting stirred Miss van Volkenburg's interest in Josie.

"Your child has a remarkable intellect and an inbred flair for the dramatic," Miss van Volkenburg told Mrs. Hutchinson afterward. "I'd like to take her in hand this summer and do what I can to develop this talent. She has the makings of a great actress."

So Josie became a Van Volkenburg-Brown pupil.

Meanwhile, Robert Bell, young, handsome, and extremely rich grandson of the late Alexander Bell, founder of the Bell Telephone System, arrived in Seattle for the avowed purpose of studying under the same instructors. Acting, it seems, had intrigued him while he was in college, and now he was following amateur theatricals as a pastime.

It was a case of love at first sight for Josie and Robert. Incidentally, it was Josie's first and only romance.

When she returned to high school the following September for her senior year, Bell lingered on in Seattle.

Originally engaged for a single picture, *la* Hutchinson was given a three-year contract before her first film was completed. Her next will be "The Right to Live."

Josephine's greatest triumph in Eva Le Gallienne's troupe was "Alice in Wonderland." The eminent Le Gallienne calls her "the joint reincarnation of Bernhardt and Duse."

Photo by Fryer

They became engaged with the understanding that they would go to the altar immediately following Josie's graduation in June.

Josephine Hutchinson was only eighteen when she became Mrs. Robert Bell in the summer of 1922 and went to live on the estate of her bridegroom's parents on the outskirts of Washington, D. C.

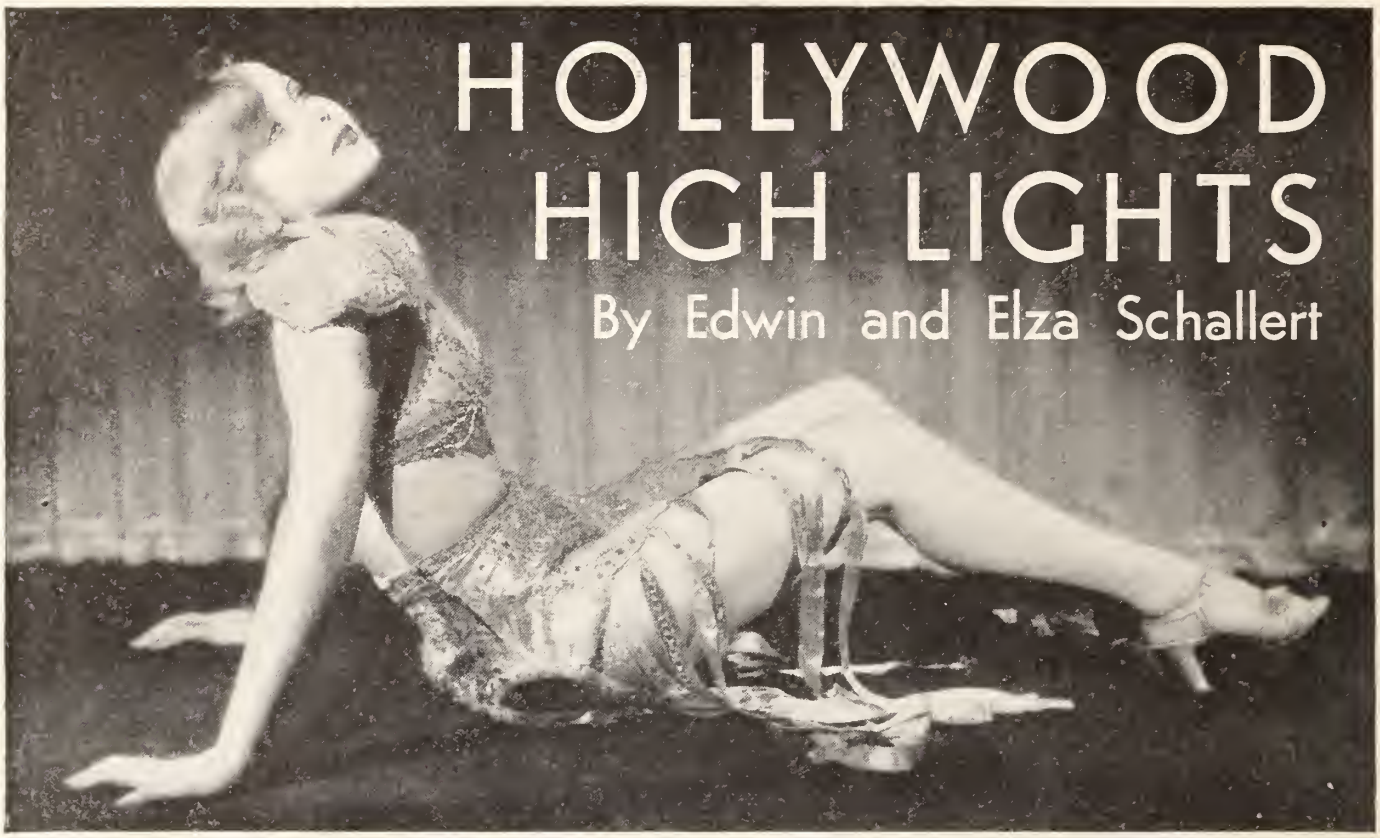
There she found waiting for her a completely equipped backyard theater, a surprise gift from the elder Bells.

Josie and Robert wired Leona Roberts to journey East for an indefinite stay and assist them in the productions

Continued on page 76

HOLLYWOOD HIGH LIGHTS

By Edwin and Elza Schallert



Ida Lupino, off on a vacation in her native London, pauses to leave a favorite photograph so you won't forget her.

Intimate titbits of news and gossip about the bright movie ensemble.

It's a workaday—though a smiling—world for Bing Crosby, Kitty Carlisle, and Lynne Overman as they trudge to toil across the Paramount lot. They're bound for that swell sequence in "Here Is My Heart."

Two solos and a couple of duets at a Hollywood party, the elegant conversationalists being Warner Baxter, Elizabeth Allan, Frank Lawton, Herbert Marshall, Gloria Swanson, and Evelyn Laye.

Photo by International

THE romance of Evelyn Venable and Hal Mohr, the cameraman, is scrapped. Hollywood broke it up. Evelyn told us so herself. "You simply can't keep on flying in the face of everybody in this place," she said. "It's too devastating. I've learned a lot about what Hollywood can do to a person in the past year. Happiness isn't a thing to be found here as you will and wish. There are too many horrible rules to observe."

And there's something to that.

We know that Evelyn really loved Hal, would perhaps have sacrificed her career for him. But the forces were fearfully arrayed against her, and a career isn't to be sacrificed just like that. The whispering campaign of opposition to the wedding won out. Hollywood is just as good a match-breaker as it is a match-maker.

The opposition was chiefly due to the fact that Evelyn is regarded as the supremely untarnished girl of the screen, and that Mohr had already been married. It must be a perfect youthful romance or nothing in her instance.

Mrs. Pat Whacks Screen.—Mrs. Pat Campbell is shooting daggers at pictures. She says they aren't art—"They have no continuity, no sequence. They're a little of this and a little of that.

"That's the reason George Bernard Shaw never could write for the screen. He couldn't put up with anything that moves so illogically." And Mrs. Campbell is by way of being a spokesman for George Bernard, since they were very, very good friends. And are yet.

Incidentally, Mrs. Pat doesn't like Shirley Temple.

Erin Go Bragh!—What a romance this is! True Irish! By descent, at least. John McCormick and Margaret Sullavan. They're seen here, there, and everywhere together, and everybody is saying that they both have at last found their true hearts. We wonder if John will eventually take a special interest in Margaret's career, as he did in Colleen Moore's. He used to be a producer of pictures, and really should be back in that game again. Miss Sullavan would be a perfect type for whom to build up great glamour and success, though she already has a goodly portion of these.

How Katie Has Changed!—Has Katharine Hepburn suddenly turned meek, humble, and mild? She wasn't that during any past stages of her Hollywoodsing, but a great change has come over the

Continued on page 67

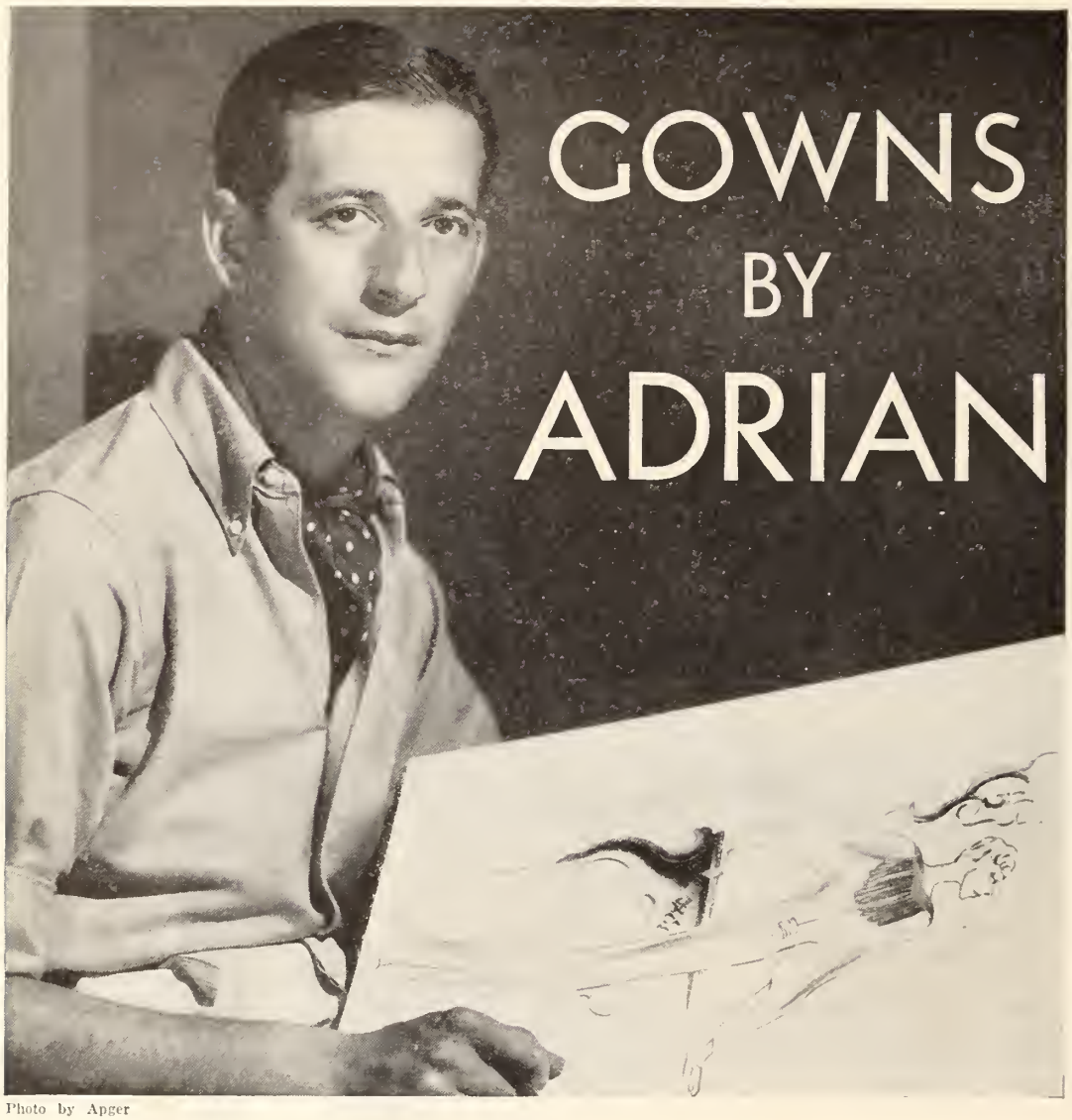
Housekeeping, especially bachelor housekeeping, would be one grand, sweet song with a maid like Toby Wing, now wouldn't it?

Bing Crosby's twins, Dennis Michael and Philip Lang, get their first taste of publicity and love it.

Photo by Wide World

Photo by Acme

Soberly, sadly, Ruth Chatterton receives her decree of divorce from George Brent.



GOWNS BY ADRIAN

By Dena Reed

With clothes, says Adrian, it is the mind of a woman that counts. If that is dull, the most exotic frock or the most simple will somehow look ridiculous.

Photo by Apger

Under the guidance of Adrian, such stars as Greta Garbo, Joan Crawford and Norma Shearer, have emerged as definite personalities. When you read how this ace designer creates such individual styles, no doubt you, too, will wish to follow his formula and thereby perhaps improve your appearance.

THIS is to introduce you to Adrian, the gentleman whose highly original clothes on Greta Garbo and Joan Crawford have been copied from one end of the land to the other.

I bet there's still a *Letty Lynton* dress or coat or pajama set in your wardrobe, and that you've implored your milliner to copy the funny little hats that Jeanette MacDonald wears in "The Merry Widow." If you have, let me beg you before I go any further, not to do it. If there's one thing Adrian, great designer of Hollywood, deplores more than anything else, it's the way clothes are copied by girls whom they do not suit.

But supposing you're the image of Crawford or Garbo or MacDonald? Still, it won't do. Not unless you *think* like her. For Adrian's clothes are designed primarily to suit the innermost thoughts of the star, not her looks. It is true that body lines cannot be ignored, but they are secondary in Adrian's "formula."

It was hard for this slim, dark young man with sympathetic eyes to give me a formula, for as any artist will tell you, it is next to impossible to explain how he gets ideas. But Adrian is so anxious for us all to look our best that he refused to give up until he had managed to convey abstract thoughts that could be written about.

Born in Naugatuck, Connecticut, thirty-one years ago, he dresses like any young man in the bond business. It is only his long artistic hands, understanding eyes, and the difficulty of expressing his ideas in words rather than drawing them, that tells you at first glance that he is *not* in the bond business.

At the age of three, Adrian began to spoil all his books by drawing in them. Both his mother and father had an interest in art but never took it up actively, so they looked favorably on the artistic inclinations of their son. When he was seven, his mother took him to an old artist so that he might prove his talent and begin drawing lessons. The old man took out two stuffed sparrows and bade the youngster convey them to paper.

To his mother's horror, Adrian looked at the birds in disgust, grabbed his hat and coat and ran out. Even now he cannot copy anything. When he attended the New York School of Fine and Applied Arts, the life classes did not interest him, yet he did such original and imagi-

Continued on page 73

IN SPITE of HIMSELF

Frank Lawton, after his hit in "Cavalcade," refused Hollywood's contracts as earnestly as others seek them. Here is a faithful pen portrait of a most retiring young man and his reasons for yielding to the lure of the studios at last.

By Frederick Russell

UNANNOUNCED, unheralded, and practically unknown on this side of the Atlantic, Frank Lawton arrived quietly one morning at the Fox studio to begin work on "Cavalcade." He had been brought from London to play the younger son, *Joe Marryot*. Although he already had established a reputation on the stage and screen in England, few people in Hollywood ever had heard of him.

I lunched with Lawton and Ursula Jeans on that first day. They were both like bewildered babes-in-the-wood. They were amazed by the vastness of California, terrified by the mechanical efficiency of Hollywood, frightened by the anxiety of "Now we're here, we've got to be good!"

In addition to all this, neither was publicity-conscious. In British studios, somebody may drop around casually one day at an actor's leisure to ask a few questions. They are not the sort of questions that Hollywood asks. I'm certain that neither of them enjoyed the order of lobster salad with me firing away.

I happened to be visiting a set several days later where both were working. Suddenly discovering a camera "dollying" toward me to take a panoramic view of Ursula dancing in a night club, I stepped back—and tripped over an outstretched foot. Lawton picked me up with profuse apologies and offered me a cigarette. We became friends from that moment on.

Quiet, incredibly modest, and preferring to talk about anything rather than himself, you have to meet Frank several times before you begin to crack through his natural reserve. The unusual circumstances of our second meeting accomplished this quickly. The third time we met on the set he greeted me as if we might have been old college friends.

Upon completing "Cavalcade," Frank departed as quietly as he had arrived. He didn't even wait for the preview. Studio executives, watching the daily "rushes," realized that they had made a real "discovery." They offered him a contract. But he quietly said "No, thank you." The entire film world was astonished—and regretful—when the picture was released and everybody saw what a fine job he had made of his rôle.

Back in London, he made two or three films and appeared in a revue with Beatrice Lillie. He was rushed from the theater to a hospital one night with an attack of appendicitis. During his convalescence in a nursing home, Hollywood still implored him to return. He continued to say "No."

Frank again crossed the Atlantic last winter, but it was to appear in an English play, "The Wind and the Rain." It was his first appearance on Broadway. Both critics and the audience on that first night joined in unstinted praise. Hollywood heard, wired, and begged, but the answer was still "No!"

I visited Frank in his dressing room several nights later. He was delighted over his success in New York and because people liked him. He always had wanted to play on Broadway. It was a new experience, a change.

Once you are received in London, that is that. People there are very loyal to their favorites. They will go to see them in every play, two or three times. After ten years of success, an actor is likely to let down a bit, to take it for granted that he is a success. In a new place, he must work harder.

"In London," he explained, "a first night is a social event. In New York, it is just another 'first night.' You stand or fall on your own merit."

Frank had attended every opening for three weeks before his own. He studied the plays and the reaction of the audience.

"I learned that the action in a play, as in pictures, is much quicker on Broadway than in London," he noted, "and I was jolly nervous. I was almost as frightened as on that first day when we lunched together at the studio.

"Broadway has done the same thing for me on the stage that Hollywood did in pictures," he said. "It has

Continued on page 79

Of course, the big news in Mr. Lawton's film career is that he was chosen to play *David Copperfield* after all England was combed for the ideal type.

Photo by Bull

MISS

The cowled neck of matching fringe gives this jade-green chiffon evening gown worn by Virginia Bruce a note of sheer loveliness.

Evelyn Venable's three-piece woolen sport suit is practical because of the variety of ways it may be worn.

A lilting brim gives a saucy mood to Kitty Carlisle's greenish-blue felt hat, trimmed with a cocarde of ribbon.

SIMPLICITY

Another smart three-piece suit is that of Marian Nixon's, left, of dark-green wool crêpe, with brief bolero jacket concealed under a three-quarter-length loose coat.

A jeweled belt of square emeralds lends a fillip of sparkle to Kitty Carlisle's silver cloth evening gown, the ultimate in lamé.

When June Knight, right, removes the white satin jacket, she displays a simple dinner dress.

In excellent taste is Evelyn Venable's semiformal evening dress of black crêpe with yoke and sleeves of net.

Robert Montgomery smiles with his lips tightly closed.

Richard Arlen grabs his collar in moments of screen stress.

Every star has a mannerism, a little trick of individuality that creates personality, distinction. Here is a check-up of traits noticed by a keen observer. Compare it with your own discoveries and see if any are missing.

TRAITS that

HAVE you ever paused to consider, as you sit in a theater watching your favorite star, and exclaiming to yourself or your companion on how natural said star is, that that "naturalness" is really nothing more than mannerisms such as you have seen friends of yours exhibit in real life?

No matter how good actors are, they all have their little bag of tricks. Ruth Chatterton once told me she never reads reviews of her plays or pictures because she is afraid some critic might comment on a characteristic of hers that particularly pleased him and she would unconsciously remember it and use it again and again until it became a mannerism, a habit.

Other players are not so careful, and many of them are known by their mannerisms.

Edna May Oliver, for instance, has pulled her mouth over to one side and sniffed until many people in Hollywood refer to her as "Sniff-sniff" Oliver.

When Joan Crawford is in conversation with two or more people she has a habit of always looking at the person who is speaking. There is never a gradual turning of her head from one person to another. As soon as one finishes talking, she jerks her head around to the next to hear what he is ready to say.

Clark Gable shoves his hands into his pockets at every opportunity. Close-ups frequently prevent the audience from noticing this, but it is quite apparent in long shots. Clark always gives the impression that acting is a silly business for a man and that he never feels quite at ease when engaged in it. And when a man is ill at ease it's the most natural thing in the world for him to stick his hands in his pockets.

Spencer Tracy has the reputation of being the most natural actor on the screen. Yet, even he has two pronounced mannerisms to which I have often called his attention. When he is supposed to be thinking he will grab hold of his nose or upper lip and pull it. Another mannerism is sticking out his lower lip when he's puzzled.

Spencer Tracy pulls on his nose or upper lip.

Will Rogers grabs the back of his neck and hangs his head.

Loretta Young draws her chin in and arches her neck swanlike.

James Cagney does odd things with his restless hands.

Constance Bennett's mannerism consists largely of using her hands to excess. They have often been described as the most beautiful hands in pictures and, in the beginning, it is not unlikely she thought of ways and means of exploiting them. There is no one, however, so critical of her work and her good and bad points as herself. She has always maintained that she is far from beautiful and it is a source of wonderment to her that people like to see her on the screen. Feeling that her hands might possibly be one of her good points, it is quite probable she used to clasp them on every occasion in order to draw attention to them. Then she realized she was using that gesture to excess; that it had become a mannerism and that, instead of helping her convey emotions, it was acting as a drawback because it distracted attention from her face and also from other members of the cast when they were trying to get a scene across. Lately she has entirely overcome this.

Even Will Rogers, who is supposed to be a person-

By
Samuel Richard Mook

ality and not an actor, has a mannerism. When he wants to convey the impression of shyness or self-consciousness, particularly when he has some funny remark to make, he grabs the back of his neck and hangs his head.

And have you ever noticed how, in moments of great stress, Gloria Swanson calmly turns her back to the camera? Most players act the reverse and gaze straight into the lens so the audience will get the full benefit of their emoting. Gloria manages to express more feeling with her back than most actors with their faces.

BETRAY

Chester Morris flattens one eyebrow and raises the other.

Edna May Oliver twists her mouth and sniffs, sniffs.

When he was playing in "The Royal Family" and giving an excellent imitation of John Barrymore, Fredric March acquired the Barrymore walk. Rather, it is more of a lope than a walk, but it has stuck with him and to-day I'm not sure but what it is more characteristic of him than of John.

Whenever any one mentions Lewis Stone to me, I picture him, mentally, scratching his upper lip directly beneath the septum that divides his nostrils and then, with his forefinger, smoothing down his mustache—first on one side and then the other.

Many of you, I know, have noticed how William Powell twitches his mouth and sniffs when some one else is speaking. Maybe it's because Bill likes to act and is consumed with restlessness until his turn comes.

If you have ever watched Joan Bennett in an emotional scene you can't help but have observed how she pulls and tears at a handkerchief. "I know I do it," she said to me once, "but I think most girls do the same thing. It seems a natural mannerism to me and

Clive Brook wrinkles his brow and looks bored.

John Barrymore works one eyebrow up and down.

I've got to the point where I feel more sure of myself when I have a handkerchief in my hands. It gives me an outlet for nervous energy and enables me to put my mind on the scene."

Jimmie Cagney is a hand-waver, although I never noticed it until he called my attention to it. But he uses his hands for an entirely different reason from Constance Bennett. When Jimmie forgets his lines he starts gesticulating with his hands in order to distract attention from his face. In other words, he stalls with his hands until his mind starts working again and he remembers what he's supposed to say.

Quick now, what's Joe E. Brown's mannerism? Right! Go to the head of the class. That trap of his and the way he opens and closes it without making a sound. In bygone days he used to yelp, no less. A yelp that sounded something like the bark of a seal. But it became associated with him in the minds of the public. Joe got tired of it, though, and for about three years he refused to yelp. It got so that if directors wanted a yelp in their films they had to hire a yelper to do it and then "dub" the sound in. Joe E. is back in form again in "Six-day Bike Rider" and if you don't think yelping pays, get him to show you his salary check some day and you'll goggle at the size of it.

A *Lady Vere de Vere* like Loretta Young is not supposed to have any mannerisms, but she has. It's a

Continued on page 54

Clark Gable thrusts one or both hands in his pockets.

Gloria Swanson never fails to turn her back to the camera.

Sara is the daughter of Charlotte Walker and is nicknamed "Queenie" by her husband.

QUEENIE IS NO MEANIE

Sara Haden, who impressed with the remarkable range of her acting in "Spitfire" and "The Fountain," is really neither half-witted nor unkind, but is simply a clever actress.

By Molly Lewin

SARA HADEN is a trifle apologetic—that is, toward the public. She'd like people to know that she isn't quite as mean as she appears to be in "The Fountain" nor nearly so half-witted as she seemed in "Spitfire." Not that she has a hard time convincing you. Just a few minutes with her leaves the emphatic impression that she is gracious, well-poised and, above all, courageous.

Courageous because she dares not to be beautiful. Because she eagerly plays character rôles that do not rely on superficial pleasantness for their appeal, but demand genuine talent to enact. Because she is one of the few *young* women in Hollywood who succeeds on the basis of ability rather than good looks.

Usually an actress is the last woman in the world to admit she is no longer young. Hollywood is too familiar with the pathetic sight of the past-forty-and-plump woman clinging frantically to the right to play an ingénue. Sara Haden reverses this procedure. Winsome, charming, graceful, she willingly dons the guise of maturity, ugliness, even simple-mindedness in the interest of the rôle she is playing.

After a year in Hollywood—and a very successful, busy year—she still has an air of "Speak softly; this may be a dream and I don't want to awaken."

"Hollywood and pictures were things I had never counted on," she explained. Not that acting was new to her, for she comes from a theatrical family, her mother being Charlotte Walker, a David Belasco star.

"But I had been on the stage for ten years, doing the usual routine things—Shakespearean repertoire, stock, road companies of New York successes—and it seemed silly even to think of pictures. Almost every one on the stage was trying to get a screen test, but I thought mine was a hopeless case. I was neither beautiful nor did I have a sensational part in a great stage success. And yet—here I am"—and she spread her hand as if to grasp the California sunshine streaming through the window of her home.

"If I didn't have another part in another picture, I'd still think it had been a grand year." Not that there's much danger of idleness

Continued on page 74

Her amazingly lifelike acting in "Spitfire" was her first on the screen and was encouraged by Katharine Hepburn, who sympathized with Sara's nervousness.

"DARLING, HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE GREAT?"

That is what generous Joan Crawford asked Edward Arnold after he had stolen honors from her in "Sadie McKee." This is the story of the man behind the actor.

Mr. Arnold at forty-four, and after thirty years on the stage, finds himself admitted into Hollywood's inner circle of celebrities.

By Dudley Early

HOLLYWOOD is buzzing again with a new topic of conversation. You hear them talking about it in cafés, at parties, and on the Boulevard. Not scandal, not only the censorship problem. Hollywood is excited about the sudden rise to prominence of one of their own—Edward Arnold.

"Sadie McKee" did it. He was the drunken husband of Joan Crawford, you remember. Although he did not touch a drop of liquor during the making of the picture, he says he still has a hangover; and on the last day of production, the troupe solemnly presented him with a bottle of bromo-seltzer.

"It was just one of those breaks that come once in a lifetime," he said to me, speaking of that part. "Every actor dreams of that break, and I got mine."

True enough. Every actor does dream of such a break, but not every actor has the ability to take advantage of it when it comes. It was simply a case of the right man for the right part in this instance, and when such a combination of circumstances occurs, the result is a quick rise to fame.

Had Edward Arnold not been cast in that part, he would have rocked along as he had done for two-and-a-half years, appearing in picture after picture, doing bits and small parts, waiting for the big chance, like hundreds of others in Hollywood. But his chance came, and he was ready for it. You can't beat that combination.

He first came to California in 1931, with the touring company of "Whistling in the Dark." Los Angeles was the end of the tour, so, liking California instantly, he decided to stay a while, until the Eastern producer who had an option on his services for the next season should send for him. A good actor likes to act, so he thought he'd try his hand at picture work, and landed a part in "O. K., America," which Universal was producing.

He portrayed a gangster with a passion for Dickens, and when this picture was released, Metro-Goldwyn sent for him to do the priest in "Rasputin and the Empress." Although his part did not run clear through the picture, so much time was spent in production that when he received the expected call to return to New York for a show, the studio was not finished with him. They decided that it would be cheaper to buy up his contract than to replace him. So they bought the contract, just like that! He's very glad now that they did.

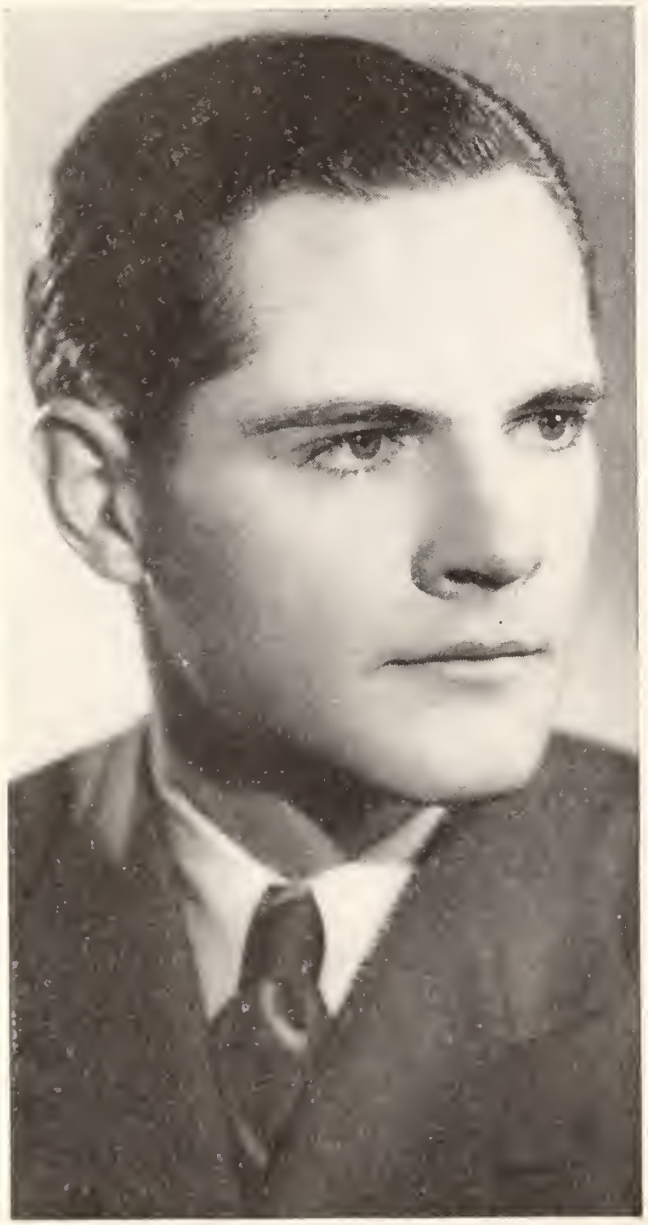
Next he did the *Emperor* in "Roman Scandals," then was called back to MGM for the part of another priest

Continued on page 57

MR. ZINCKE PLAYED SAFE

By William H. McKegg

Fearing that he might not make a favorable impression with his first screen portrayal in "As the Earth Turns," Donald Woods signed a contract with a stock company. But Hollywood *did* recognize his ability and Don is now a permanent fixture.



WARNER BROTHERS has been called a man's studio. But times change, I'm glad to report. One man goes here, another there. Dick Barthelmess came East when his contract expired. Bill Powell slid over to Metro-Goldwyn to reap fresh honors in "The Thin Man." Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., left for London, after his separation from Joan, his erstwhile soul mate.

But Warners put out "As the Earth Turns," and two new personalities were instantly spotted—Jean Muir and Donald Woods. Since this is to be Don's story, we must reluctantly leave Miss Muir, and her Mother Earth aura, where she already is, in the front rank of new discoveries.

You may have missed Mr. Woods for several months after this picture was shown. He had to go to Denver, Colorado, to play in stock at Elitch's Gardens. Elitch's has been famous for over forty years, giving Hollywood many players. Six years ago, Fredric March. To-day, Donald Woods.

His brief appearance and disappearance did not go unnoticed. Hollywood wondered.

When Hollywood wonders about a player, let that player thank the gods!

The town eventually caught a glimpse of the young actor's whereabouts. A picture of domestic bliss appeared in the local papers. Don Woods and Josephine, his wife, with their two-year-old son and heir standing dramatically between them.

"I didn't know, when I came to work in my first picture, whether I'd be a success or a failure," Don explained, intentionally for my enlightenment, at the same time unconsciously revealing his dominating trait. He likes to play safe!

"I signed a contract to play again in Denver last summer. I thought it much better to have something to go back to, rather than to leap blindly at Hollywood and find myself out of work after a brief flash in movies."

To be prepared for his Hollywood début, Don was full from tip to toe with acting experience. In fact, he did quite a lot of things before he landed, fair and square, in the film market. I learned this when I paid that eventful visit all newcomers hope to get—an interview.

Mr. Woods would see me, I was informed by Bernie Williams, Warners' aid-de-publicity.

"Don's a swell guy. You'll like him," Bernie added, quite without any enticement.

Like him I did. Though this was not caused suddenly by my arrival. I had seen his work on the screen. In "She Was a Lady," for which he was lent to Fox, he revealed a rare sense of humor and naturalness. Even though it may sway and bend *la* Twelvetrees's fans, I insist that Don was the best in the picture.

The front door of his modest Beverly Hills home was open. I always make a habit of walking through open doorways, so I found myself in the living room.

Since great minds recognize one another immediately, Mrs. Woods got up from her chair, tying the infant's shoes, and greeted me. Then Don stepped in and, without any introductions forthcoming, we all met and started to talk—but not at once, you understand.

That's the kind of meeting I enjoy. Let's have no nonsense, no ceremony!

The room was as bright and as sparkling as the people in it. Though it was not yet dark, the curtains were drawn. The lamps glowed beneath their white shades,

Continued on page 81

Don's motto is "have something to offer if you want to succeed." You'll have a chance to know what that means when you see his "Sweet Adeline."

Photo by Fryer

DIVIDED BY THREE

"Forsaking All Others" has a trio of stars to challenge, compel and captivate you. They are Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, and Robert Montgomery who promise to dazzle and delight their fans in a worldly comedy of wit and witlessness.

Miss Crawford is a petulant Park Avenue heroine who is jilted at the very altar by Mr. Montgomery while Mr. Gable stands by to counsel and console. His wife bought off, Mr. Montgomery again prepares to marry Miss Crawford. Capriciously she jilts him this time and sails away as the wife of Mr. Gable.

Undoubtedly the most popular couple in pictures, Miss Crawford and Mr. Gable have glamorous rôles here and Mr. Montgomery has opportunity for his glib and flippant comedy.

Photo by Dyar

THEIR

By Judith Field

A GRAIN of salt should be taken with everything you hear about the stars, even if the words do come from the lips of the favorites themselves. They change their minds too often! But have you already heard that inconsistency is their middle name?

Naturally, it is a name that belongs to most of us, but we're able to speak our little inconsistencies in peace and private. It's different with the picture people. When they express an opinion on one occasion, then turn around to talk or act to the contrary in another instance, they are liable to exposure for their contradictions.

These conflicting effects are decidedly confusing to fans, and sometimes stir up writers to such an extent that they wail right out in public, "Why can't stars be frank?"

As if there would be any good copy left if they were! The championship cases of Velez and Hepburn proved this.

Then there is the milder example of Helen Hayes. Now don't be shocked—read on! When Helen was queening it before enraptured audiences in the theater as *Mary of Scotland*, she was the subject of many interviews which meant being treated to repetitions of the inevitable query, "Did she prefer playing on the stage or the screen?"

Several sources quoted her as declaring that the stage was her first love and her last, and success in the theater meant infinitely more to her than success in pictures.

Just as the idea registered completely all around, a story appeared in which Miss Hayes admitted, "I'm the one actress in captivity who is much happier working for the screen than in the theater." Another time it was, "I find the movies a more joyous medium for my own artistic expression."

Lilian Harvey avows periodically that she wants to have a baby, but she still denies she is married.

Rumors that he and his wife might part were silly, said Spencer Tracy, yet their separation followed.

Photo by Autrey

Photo by Bachrach

Katharine Hepburn refuses interviews to some yet gives them to others.

LITTLE LIES

Because the stars persist in offering conflicting opinions, we have come to regard them as not dependable for the absolute truth. We wouldn't have them otherwise, but sometimes it is a little annoying. Let's quote a few instances.

Even Helen Hayes contradicted when queried whether she preferred the stage or screen.
Photo by Bull

And she was described as confiding that she would renounce the stage for the screen any time if she were compelled to choose between them. What do you make of that? I give up and leave you to select for yourself Helen's more favored medium of expression. Don't be too sure about it, either, or she may again exercise her feminine prerogative.

That's what little Lilian Harvey must have done. When she first arrived in Hollywood two years ago, she quietly announced, "I want to have a baby and I want to have it within the next two years."

She has been making the same avowal periodically, but she still denies she is married, and there doesn't seem to be a chee-ild, as yet. However, any girl has a right to contradict herself, so they say.

After becoming adjusted to the circumstances, you aren't surprised to find that Glenda Farrell suggests dissenting ideas to different scribes. Thereby being the pivotal point in stories whose themes are not coincidental. In the beginning, articles told of Glenda's unhappy marriage, when very young and idealistic, which left her embittered and "afraid of love."

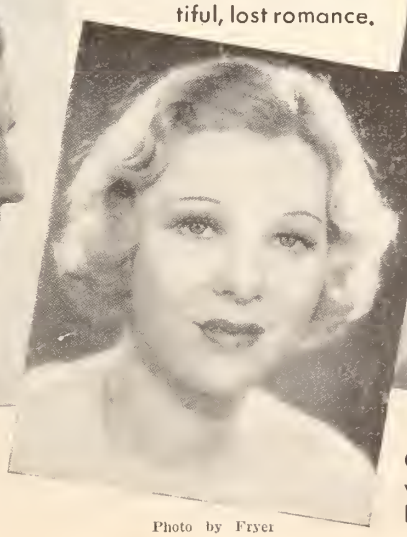
It was an episode which she didn't like to discuss, preferring to talk about her cherished son, Tommy, instead. That is, until recently, when the past was taken out of the closet, dressed up and called a beautiful, lost romance. Her ex-sailor husband was described openly, not as a genuine rogue as formerly hinted, but as an irresponsible romanticist. It was even written that Glenda's face went softly aglow when she spoke of the old love.

No collaboration there. But did I infer that Miss Farrell was entirely to blame? If so, it's all a mistake.

The masculine practice of reversing a decision has never been as widely touted as the feminine custom, but it is in just as good usage. Among its followers is Clark Gable. While visiting New York last winter, he affirmed, in answer to my puerile question, that he was glad to get back to the big city. He also went on to say that back there in Hollywood he always felt as if he was missing something.

Then, bless my soul—pardon me, but New York is Dickens-conscious these days—if he didn't confide to a newspaper reporter that he wasn't especially anxious to return to New York. [Continued on page 70]

Warner Baxter was sacrificing all for an invalid wife, whereas she is normal, healthy and happy.



An early marriage left Glenda Farrell embittered. Now, it's a beautiful, lost romance.
Photo by Fryer

Clark Gable was glad he visited Manhattan, then he reversed his opinion.

Leslie Howard isn't sure whether he prefers America or his native England.
Photo by Coburn

THE SCREEN

"WE LIVE AGAIN."

Tolstoy's "Resurrection" has been modernized, vivified and glorified as never before by the superb performances of Anna Sten, and Fredric March, and the marvelous resources of Samuel Goldwyn's organization. Even more than "Nana" it proclaims Miss Sten an actress of remarkable power and understanding and does even more for Mr. March, whose acting is nothing short of dazzling. Familiar though the story and characters are, they acquire new depth and meaning because the present adaptation is more than the usual tale of a peasant girl seduced by an officer, and his remorse and atonement. Instead, we have a vivid, glowing picture of the conflict of social orders in Russia under the czarist régime and an early sowing of the germs of revolution. In this way the story becomes more than a romance although it is heartbreakingly romantic, too. Naturally, the character of *Katusha* is ideally suited to the Russian star whose beauty seems to have sprung from the soil and whose intelligence is that of the instinctive artist and earnest student of life. A shining example of her rare, poignant talent occurs when *Prince Dmitri* gives her money and she is bewildered first, then hurt to tears. And you have never seen the depth of Mr. March's earnestness until you hear his prayer for guidance in righting the wrong done to the innocently yielding *Katusha*. C. Aubrey Smith, Jessie Ralph, Ethel Griffies, Gwendolyn Logan, and Sam Jaffe are only a few of the names in a perfectly distinguished cast.

"WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS."

One expects Helen Hayes to work a miracle of acting when she brings one of her great stage portrayals to the screen, and she does here and now, but Brian Aherne is the dynamite in this picture. Brilliantly he steps from leading man to costar, which was more than Richard Bennett and Kenneth MacKenna did when they played the same rôle on the stage. From now on you may as well place the British actor high on your list. He's headed for the heights. The picture is a quietly charming slice of Scottish life warmed by Barrie's whimsicality of phrase and understanding of human nature. The mouselike wife is the power behind her husband's success and he thinks he did it all himself. You have heard this theme before and that is the trouble with the present revival. It has been accomplished with perfect taste and admirable restraint, but it is not positive enough to rate as high in entertainment values as the splendid acting entitles it to. Miss Hayes will break your heart, though, and Madge Evans will surprise as a husband-snatcher in paradise plumes.

"MADAME DU BARRY."

A sumptuously beautiful rewrite of the familiar affair between *Du Barry* and *Louis XV* is a feast for the eye and rather lean fare for the mind. It lacks form and decisiveness, particularly in the moods and dimensions of the central character. The spectator neither sympathizes with nor resents the power of *Du Barry* over the king, but finds entertainment in watching her excesses and admiring the beautiful figure that Dolores del Rio presents. Never has she looked more ravishing nor indulged in more spirited tantrums. It isn't a real character, though, but a lithograph swept by a bold brush. This version of the historical affair begins when *Jeannette Vaubernier*, the milliner, has already become *Madame Du Barry* and is ready for a rich conquest. Presented to the king by a discerning courtier, she is installed in the royal palace and at once becomes the terror of the court and the delight of the doting sovereign, triumphing over her enemies and flouting convention until *Louis's* death causes her banishment. The piece is capitally acted, but when Hollywood plays at kings and queens the result always is hollow, because it is thrown out of balance by pomp and pageantry.

IN REVIEW

BY NORBERT LUSK

PICTURE PLAY'S HONOR LIST

The honorable drama reaches its finest estate in "We Live Again."
The holiday spirit is captured by Eddie Cantor's "Kid Millions," the most entertaining musical of the month.
Compelling performances are given by Fredric March and Anna Sten, in "We Live Again," and by Brian Aherne, in "What Every Woman Knows."
Josephine Hutchinson, Nova Pilbeam, and Pauline Lord are most significant newcomers.

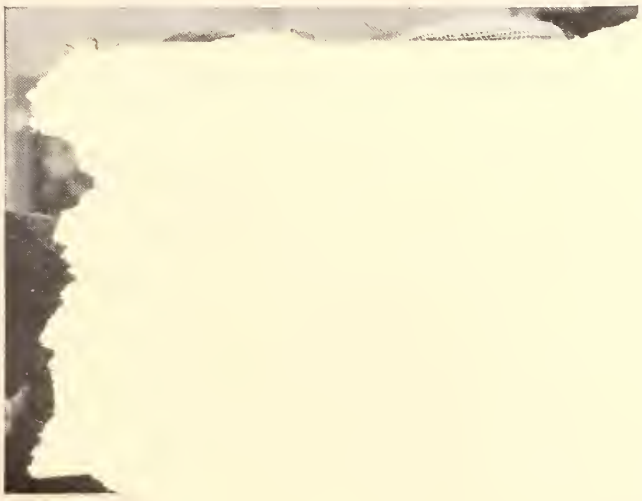
"THE MERRY WIDOW."

Lehar's gay, seductive melodies and his character names are still intact, but a new version and a new viewpoint have been applied to them. In short, the famous old operetta has been modernized to the point of almost disguising the original. Why this should be, I do not know. Anyway, the star now is Ernst Lubitsch, the director who mocks the proceedings in a succession of "Lubitsch touches" at the expense of characters. It is all very smart, even though tufted-satin beds serving maids who wink knowingly are hardly subtle and certainly no novelty in these Continental close-ups of sex in elegant upholste The chief trouble, though, is that the picture isn't romantic and tha what, of all things, "The Merry Widow" should be. Erich von St heim's silent version also rewrote the original libretto, but it was da ing, captivating romance as well as a dance poem. Here the fam waltz is almost reduced to parody by Maurice Chevalier's clumsir although Jeanette MacDonald, always exquisite, does as much as can to uphold tradition. She is a beautiful picture in Adrian's inc parable costumes of 1880 and her singing is pure enchantment, but lieve it or not, she is subordinated! *Sonia* herself is a puppet at wl Mr. Lubitsch aims his darts of satire. The new show is gorge sumptuous and melodious, but it is "The Merry Widow" in name o

Hail Jo
stage, she
Charm, individuality, and a haunting voice are only part of her equipment. Best of all, she can act, but unlike many others trained in the same tradition, she does not overdo her free expression. She is sensitive, intuitive, but none the less sure and understandable. And the picture chosen for her début is calculated to dispel any notion of artiness. It is light, informal and popular, telling the story of a rich girl who is tired of it all and goes in search of adventure among the crowd of New Year celebrants. There she finds Dick Powell as manager of a window-washing concern with some of his workaday pals. What happens is hardly surprising, but it is worked out brightly, interestingly, and Mr. Powell has never sung more spontaneously. Watch Miss Hutchinson listen to him sing "Pop Goes Your Heart" and you will appreciate the artistry of that moment.

"KID MILLIONS."

Each Eddie Cantor picture seems better than the last as his strength as an institution increases. He is a messenger of joyousness, an exemplar of carefree youth, the incarnation of the holiday spirit in such a film as this. It sends one away in a glow of optimism. But don't think it is a *Pollyanna* picture. Broadway appeal is skillfully combined with what is required for family trade, with enough music, fantasy and beautiful girls to make it a spectacle, ending in a climax so beguiling that it wins new applause for Walt Disney, who devised it, as well as those who participate in the harmonious riot of Technicolor. It is an ice-cream factory of a child's dream where sodas in glasses twelve feet high are free and where Warren Hymer, in baby blue, shoots cherries out of his machine gun into the frozen sweets. But before this, Eddie begins on a Brooklyn barge, inherits millions, goes to Egypt, and returns in a plane which magically spans the desert and the island of Manhattan and deposits him back in Brooklyn to dispense ice cream in a big way.



THE SCREEN IN REVIEW

"LADY BY CHOICE."

A companion piece to "Lady For a Day," this is a variation on the same theme and is equally effective. That is to say, it is a far-fetched story related with bold assurance minus subtlety or nuance. But it is entertaining because it moves swiftly and is played by likable performers who know how to ring all the changes and wring everything out of them. It has Carol Lombard a notorious fan dancer adopting for publicity purposes a gin-soaked hag of the streets as her mother, the latter becoming an abstemious grande dame when she clasps on May Robson's beaded choker. Then the derelict becomes the boss of her "daughter's" life, lovingly, shrewdly guiding her through pitfalls and excitements into a happy ending. Miss Robson is vigorous and sure in this showy part, making all the changes of mood as well as the transformation from matted hair into a permanent wave smoothly and sympathetically. Miss Lombard is equally successful as the distraught dancer. When both describe mature Roger Pryor as a "nice kid" you know how sentimental are their rôles.

"THE AGE OF INNOCENCE."

This grave, stately picture of New York society in the '80s interests on several scores though it excites on none. Faithfully it recaptures the period both in its physical aspect as well as its outmoded viewpoint and there is charm in it all, but it is doubtful if followers of the emancipated heroine of, let us say, "Rip Tide," will understand the conscience of the heroine played by Irene Dunne. You see, the American *Countess Olenska* refuses to divorce her brutal husband and marry her childhood love because it couldn't be done in those days without implied scandal. And so she bids a sad farewell to relatives and lover and returns to Europe to wander from place to place eating her heart out. The mournful ending is softened somewhat by an epilogue which has her graybeard sweetheart pointing to a lofty window in a modern apartment building though actual sight of the aged *Countess* is tactfully denied us. Fine acting, perfect settings and quaintly fashionable costumes as well as literary dialogue give life to all this, but the pulse beats slowly. Irene Dunne gives her best performance since "Cimarron." John Boles is romantic.

"LITTLE FRIEND."

Not a precocious child, but a sound actress, an artist. This is Nova Pilbeam, the fifteen-year-old English girl who makes an auspicious début in her first film to reach America. It is an excellent picture, too, a bit too harrowing for complete comfort, but good for pathos and tears. The happy ending, though necessary, I suppose, is the only false note about it. It seems to me that even the appeal of Miss Pilbeam couldn't bring together parents so completely severed as hers are in the picture. For this is a story of divorce and the effects of doubt, distrust, quarrels and separation upon a sensitive child whose attempts to unite her parents only drive them further apart. Finally, when she is forced to testify in court, the shock causes her to attempt suicide. Aside from Miss Pilbeam, the picture is interesting because of the curious brooding quality of the direction and because, too, it gives us insight into English life and the upbringing of a child of well-to-do parents. It is rather different from what our native screen describes just as the juvenile star is unlike any Hollywood player. She is a star that should be seen.

"THE GAY DIVORCEE."

A gorgeously staged dance festival, tasteful, infectious and joyously carefree, this should do much to enliven all who see it. The incomparable Fred Astaire dances with Ginger Rogers who, bless her trouper's heart, proves that she is no slouch in following the steps of the foremost ballroom dancer on the stage in "The Continental," the big number that dominates the show. Otherwise there is a tepidly polite drawing-room story back of the proceedings in which Miss Rogers is a pouting ingénue wife who wishes to rid herself of a vaguely "cruel" husband who is so unimportant that he isn't seen. You feel that her grounds for divorce must be that he wears bow ties or something like that. Anyway, a professional corespondent is hired and Mr. Astaire, who has been pursuing her with a lover's high-mindedness, is mistaken by Miss Ginger as the mere hireling. If you've seen this before, don't blame me. The story captivated stage audiences in New York and London. Erik Rhodes creates a little masterpiece of impersonation in this rôle, actually the most truly comic in the cast, and Alice Brady is a noisily futile nitwit.

"The Case of the Howling Dog."—Warners. This ingenious and unusual murder mystery entertains but does not come up to the standard of a well-knit picture. Certain details and relationships are hazy and there is far too much talk. But it is well acted and the plotty plot is new, with a baying dog actually starting things when the character who is annoyed by its howls consults a lawyer to stop the nuisance. The attorney is *Perry Mason,* well-known to readers of magazine stories featuring the character, and as played by Warren William it is not only one of the actor's better rôles but is a believable, engaging portrait of a sleuth who knows all the tricks of the law—and uses them to the advantage of his clients. So much so, indeed, that he causes the murderer to be acquitted and the most guilty-looking character in the long cast is found to be harmless. It is the acting, though, which atones for the shortcomings evident in the development of the story. Allen Jenkins is vastly helpful as a stupid detective sergeant, the part usually played by Eugene Pallette, and a new heroine, Helen Trenholme, has distinction and charm, with Mary Astor and Dorothy Tree nicely misleading the spectator. Last, but not least, there is Gordon Westcott who is vivid and compelling as the sinister complainant against the howling dog.

"Judge Priest."—Fox. This best of all Will Rogers's pictures is uncommonly appealing and is well worth seeing whether Mr. Rogers is your pet star or not. True, he offers a well-rounded and convincing portrait of a small-town Southern jurist, shrewd and amiable, but the picture provides more than Mr. Rogers's humorous observations and familiar tricks of shyness and sentimentality. For one thing, it recaptures the charm of the South a decade or so after the Civil War and the result is not cloying and faintly ludicrous as is usual when Hollywood attempts the task, but is legitimately charming and true. Then, too, the characters are much more interesting than the "feeders" that usually surround the homespun star, and the youthful sweethearts whose romance is abetted by *Judge Priest* are extremely likable as played by Tom Brown and Anita Louise. By no means the least virtue of the piece is the exceptional acting of every one in the large cast. Henry B. Walthall, in especial, continues to come back to the top rank of Hollywood's elect, and David Landau, Berton Churchill, and Stepin Fetchit are unusually effective. You will also applaud Rochelle Hudson's increasing beauty and skill and every exile from the South will grow homesick for the cooking of Hattie McDaniels when he sees her "sashaying" around her kitchen.

"Power."—Gaumont-British. This heavy, impressive picturization of the novel "Jew Suss" does not quite achieve utmost drama because of obscurities in setting forth the story, but it is a most unusual picture. Grim, sardonic, brooding, it projects images that are not soon forgotten as, for example, the execution of *Joseph Oppenheimer* while the mob clamors and snowflakes fall and swirl. Like "The House of Rothschild," it deals with a German Jew who rises from the obscurity of the ghetto to riches and power, only this time it is not through the accumulation of money, but by subtlety and guile combined with ruthless ambition. Young *Oppenheimer* attaches himself to the profligate *King of Wurtemberg* and becomes indispensable as his mental domination of the princeling increases. To further his ambition, he permits the king to take from him the woman he loves and when her father avenges his wrong by betraying the hiding place of *Oppenheimer's* daughter to the king, the Jew is still impassive rather than imperil his position at court. It is only when he discovers that he is not of Jewish birth that he realizes the futility and worthlessness of his ambition. He does not take the trouble to tell the truth and escape death, but goes silently and bitterly to the gallows. Conrad Veidt is magnificent in this rôle, proving that he is one of the great actors of to-day and the production further affords a splendid setting for the talents of Benita Hume, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Frank Vosper, the late Sir Gerald du Maurier, and Pamela Ostrer.

"Peck's Bad Boy."—Fox. This is a valuable and significant picture at the present time, for it not only is attracting crowds such as are rarely seen these days, but because fully half of the theatergoers are children accompanied by their parents. Broadway's reaction will be reflected wherever it is shown—whether parents chaperon the kiddies or not! They don't need to go along by any means, but they'll be entertained if they do. This is a quietly appealing, homy cross-section of family life brilliantly acted by Jackie Cooper, who has never done anything finer, and Jackie Searl, who may be the most disliked boy on the screen but who must find his reward in being recognized as a superb actor. Thomas Meighan is young Cooper's adopted father, Dorothy Peterson the disrupter of their friendship and understanding, and Gertrude Howard, the colored actress, is their all-important cook, with a beautiful performance by O. P. Heggie.

"Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch."—Paramount. Pauline Lord, one of the brilliant actresses of the stage and the original *Anna Christie* makes an interesting, highly individual film début in a quiet, pleasing picture. Miss Lord's performance is gently haunting and admirably restrained, so soft-spoken that at times it is inaudible, but there never is a moment when you are in doubt of what she is conveying, so completely has she made the character her own. *Mrs. Wiggs,* in case you have forgotten, is the desperately poor but incurably optimistic mother of a large brood and the family ekes out a miserable existence in shantytown. The slight, appealing story shows their struggles and their cheerfulness in the face of unbelievable privations and adversities. Their chronicle is both amusing and pathetic, but it is never stimulating. Finely acted by Miss Lord as well as W. C. Fields and Zasu Pitts, the cast also includes capital performances by a group of juveniles, Jimmy Butler, George Breakston, Edith Fellows, Carmencita Johnson, and Virginia Weidler, with Kent Taylor and Evelyn Venable supplying a new example of the havoc wrought by the demon rum. Mr. Taylor takes one sip of gin and water and Miss Venable, angered by his telltale breath some time afterward, breaks her engagement to marry him.

"The Lemon Drop Kid."—Paramount. Lee Tracy is a race track follower given to sharp practices in this ordinary tale of regeneration through the influence of a child, Baby LeRoy. The slang is pungent, the acting good and the incidents lively, but they do not blend into sufficient strength to make the picture more than routine. One feels that he has seen and heard the same characters go through their paces many times before, the slight novelty of Mr. Tracy's fondness for lemon-flavored confectionery counting for nothing in giving the character individuality. Mr. Tracy, too, refuses to go out of his way to supply it, continuing to play the fast-talking, gesticulating type from which he never has deviated. Anyway, he meets a nice, innocent small-town girl, marries her and reforms. Then he holds up his employer to get money to pay the doctor who attended his wife in her last illness, is sentenced to prison and eventually earns a parole after his five-year-old son is brought to see him. Helen Mack, William Frawley, Minna Gombell, Henry B. Walthall, and Robert McWade are some of the excellent players whose work fails to lift the picture into a higher rating.

"Man of Aran."—Gaumont-British. Robert Flaherty, whose "Nanook of the North" and "Moana" made cinematic history in their day, offers another unique picture to take its place beside his others. Without a formulated story and having neither hero nor villain in the usual sense, it is taut, dramatic and absorbing. But it is without Hollywood touches and is minus make-up, sex and love. This will cause it to be classed as a travelogue by those who demand entertainment according to rule while others will respond to the grandeur and truth of this stark revelation of life as it is lived on the Aran Islands off the west coast of Ireland. Bleakly beautiful, they are washed by seas so furious that on the wastes of rock there are neither trees nor soil. The picture shows the struggle for existence of the few inhabitants. Though primitive, they are unfettered by dependence on any phase of civilization. Their only master is the sea, sometimes their friend but more often their enemy. Two years went by in filming the picture and when you see it you will understand why.

Dickie Moore is thoroughly boy, to the core. He might be the next door neighbor's son.

A VERY

HOLLYWOOD need have no fear of the future. That, and its Great Lover, are already taken care of nicely. When Dickie Moore grows up, watch out, shades of Valentino and ye living heroes of the screen to-day!

Women throw themselves at his feet, great stars unashamedly admit, nay, proclaim it from the hilltops—their impassioned love for him. What is even more to the point, the men, without exception, think he's pretty swell.

And all the while young Mister Moore, aged seven, insists upon leading an even-tenored existence—with romance as many corners away as possible.

You've seen this Don Juan time and again with such stars as Dietrich, Stanwyck, Harding, and Sidney. And invariably a murmur of appreciation, a thrill of expectancy, runs through the theater as he makes his appearance. He can cast a spell over the hardest-boiled audience, inspire laughter or tears with equal facility, and mold the spectator to his mood.

To list the feminine stars with whom he has played in their most intimate moments would be like chronicling "Who's Who in Hollywood." Those mentioned in the preceding paragraph are only a very few of the famous personalities who have mothered him, showered him with their love and affection, devoted all their wiles to making him happy and contented.

Dickie, a born diplomat, is exceedingly cautious about his statements in regard to "his women." When asked his favorite, he replies that he likes 'em all, the while eying the interviewer with owl-like solemnity. He is always serious when writers ply him with questions.

Through underground channels, however, it comes to light that Barbara Stanwyck and Ann Harding head his preferred list. He played Miss Stanwyck's son, you will recall, in "So Big," and Miss Harding's long-lost boy in "Gallant Lady." Those, too, are his favorite pictures.

"Lila Lee is swell," says Dickie. "She doesn't hug a fellow and she knows lots of stories that she used to tell her boy."

About Ann Harding Dickie says, "We talked about hunting and fishing and baseball and a lot of other games most girls don't know anything about. She started me on my stamp collection, and say, you should see it."

"Miss Stanwyck writes me letters," he confided, while we were talking, man to man, on location. "After 'So Big,' she sent me a solid gold wrist watch with my name on the back and a swell inscription." He didn't even stutter over this three-syllabled word.

"She writes very nice letters, too, and she says she'd like to make another picture with me. Gee!" he exclaimed, with a sudden grin, "that'd be swell. I had a keen time when we were in the other picture together." His expressive eyes danced in happy recollection.

"I'd like to play with Miss Harding again, too. She talks to me as though I was her own little boy. We talk about hunting and fishing and baseball and a lot of other games most girls don't know anything about. Aren't girls funny?

"Miss Harding started me on my stamp collection, and say, you should see it. Dad told me it was worth five dollars—I could get that any time. But I'm not selling it now, though, and I won't, unless I need the money." Dickie's salary is several hundred dollars every week.

"Marlene Dietrich gave me a boat, when we finished 'Blonde Venus.' It's got a motor and can go twenty miles an hour. It could, prob'bly, but now it leaks. I've got it in my play room, along with the electric train Tallulah Bankhead gave me. I don't play with that, either, very much. Dad and some of his friends broke it.

"Miss Dietrich and Tallulah are all right, but they're always kissing and hugging a fellow. And a man can't stand that, you know, very long. Can you?"—and he gazed inquiringly, the very soul of earnestness, straight into my eyes. I agreed with him.

YOUNG *LOVER*

Dickie Moore, who is as well known on the screen as the greatest stars, has decided opinions of the famous ladies whose son he has been and whose hugs, kisses and presents he has won.

By Whitney Williams

"I like Lupe Velez," confesses Master Moore. "She makes lots of noise and it was pretty keen running around after her."

"A girl's all right as long as she doesn't bother you, but gosh, women are always making a fuss about you. They try to kiss you and they're always asking silly questions. When I grow up I'm going to be a lawyer, a corporation attorney. Dad says they make lots of money. I was going to be a crim'nal lawyer but I don't want to monkey around with crime. So, I'm going in for the other kind." Dickie is definitely set on this plan for his future—as set, that is, as much as a seven-year-old boy can be.

I asked him what age he liked his leading ladies. "About Miss Harding's," he replied, solemnly. "About thirty-four?" I insisted. " 'Bout," he parried, owlishly.

"I like Lupe Velez," he continued his discourse for my benefit. "She makes lots of noise and it was pretty keen running around after her. I was her little boy in 'The Squaw Man,' " he explained.

"She'll buy a fellow ice cream and candy and she was always bringing me things. Karen Morley's nice, too. She knows how to treat a fellow." He is fond of Lila Lee, too. He was her son in "In Love With Life." Suddenly he broke away, his professional reminiscences forgotten.

"C'mon, let's play ball. Know how many home runs I've made in six months? A hundred and forty-five!

Continued on page 74

Although Dickie Moore, at seven years, is as pictorial as a Christmas card, he is the leader of his gang, an inventor of odd contraptions and intends to be a corporation attorney when he grows up.

Traits that Betray

Continued from page 41

habit of straightening up and then drawing her chin in and her neck back like something or other—I can't think what. A swan, maybe.

Just how well posted are you fans on the subject of your favorites' mannerisms? What's Barthelmess's? *Uh-huh.* That twisted smile. It's as much a part of Dick as that off-center part in his hair. And I've never seen any one make a little smile express as much as Dick can.

How about Charlie Butterworth? His mannerism, I mean, and not his smile. You don't know? Shucks, that's *easy*. He puckers his lips and blinks his eyes in an astonished sort of way that makes you think he's dumb and doesn't know what it's all about. But don't kid yourselves. That baby has been places.

John Barrymore's you *must* know —unless there are some of you who, like me, are tired of him and his profile and who don't go to see his pictures any more. In that case, you may have forgotten, so I'll tell you. He works one eyebrow up and down like an elevator, to express everything from passion to boredom.

Chester Morris's is similar. He flattens out his right eyebrow and arches his left one into a perfect bow. But in Chester's case this only means one thing: he's mad—and look out! Carol Lombard uses both eyebrows for all they're worth. But, as she has attractive brows and is an all-around nice girl, anything she does is pretty much all right with me.

Do you know what Lew Ayres's is? It's pulling down both brows into a beetling line and looking out from under them at you. When he was making "All Quiet on the Western Front" the other boys in the cast used to kid him about it and call it his "John Gilbert expression." It may be that that's where he got it from, but it's much more effective with Lew than it is with John, so it's O. K. with me.

What about Scene-stealer Merkel? She giggles! Now a giggle sounds silly, doesn't it? But it's a part of Una and, somehow, when she giggles she gets you giggling, too, whether she does it on the screen or off. So it must be a good mannerism.

Norma Shearer used to do the same thing until every one began razzing her about her giggle, which she promptly stopped.

Richard Arlen has one I have never seen any other player use and, because it is a natural one, it is generally effective. In any strained situation he is pretty apt to put his finger inside his collar and run it around his neck as though his collar had suddenly become too tight. How often have you seen the boy friend do the same thing when you've caught him two-timing and called him to account?

Robert Montgomery has a mannerism peculiarly his own. He smiles—but he keeps his lips tightly closed while he's smiling so you rarely see his teeth.

Then there are the forehead crinklers—Adolphe Menjou and Clive Brook. If you're a close observer you must have noticed the quizzical quirk 'Dolphe gives his eyebrows and forehead. It expresses surprise, disbelief, or disinterest much better than anything else he could possibly do.

Clive Brook employs the same trick, but it is not always effective with him—possibly because he overworks it.

I could ramble on and on like this for hours. But you get the idea.

Next time you have a rainy afternoon on your hands and nothing to do, go to the theater and sit through three or four shows and see what new mannerism you can discover in your favorite that you haven't noticed before. It's *great* sport!

They Say in New York——

Continued from page 29

Fairbanks got with his mania for titled people. Into a British divorce case and the sweepstakes prize for poor sportsmanship. And Constance Bennett was lightly spattered from the mud-slinging of the Vanderbilt family when they waged a court battle over custody of Gloria Morgan Vanderbilt's child. Many other film celebrities had been guests at the Vanderbilt home, but it was Miss Bennett whom the servants remembered when testifying. When mingling with society, all wards of Will Hays are hereby warned to masquerade as Shirley Temple or Jackie Cooper.

Conflicting Emotions.—When Constance Bennett returned from Europe and learned that her name had been dragged into court, she professed willingness to stand by Gloria Morgan Vanderbilt in her fight to retain custody of her child. However, when she learned that the trial might be a long-drawn-out affair, she eluded service of legal papers, leaving the Waldorf-Astoria via freight elevator. Time means money to Miss Bennett. Also she had to consider her husband, the marquis, who was ill. She saw him safely on a westbound train, then took a plane herself.

Home Sweet Home Under Fire.—Even Mary Pickford's name got dragged into the Vanderbilt fracas for no reason except that Gloria Morgan Vanderbilt during the trial rented the apartment at the Sherry-Netherlands, formerly occupied by Mary. Possibly Mary does not even know her, although that seems unlikely as practically every one in Hollywood has met the glacially beautiful Morgan twins, now Lady Furness and Mrs. Vanderbilt. At various times during the past ten years they have visited Hollywood and listened in vain for enticing film offers.

Europe as a Cure-all.—Kay Francis has returned from a vacation on the Riviera, and William Gargan has come back from picture-making in England. Both seem greatly improved. Much more vivacious than when she left, Miss Francis has discarded her theatrical sleekness of dress. She seems more casual these days, more genuine.

William Gargan is voluble about his reform, says he was an insufferable, conceited pup in Hollywood and that he means to apologize to all the people he criticized. Furthermore, he is going into strenuous training—going to take dancing, singing, polo, and any other kind of lessons that any one suggests. He was a good actor when he went to Hollywood. Now he is going to be a good sport, too.

Swanson Took It Smiling.—Incidentally, this quondam apartment of Mary Pickford's has a private elevator, a fact which has caused practically no comment at all. Which proves that yesterday's giddy opulence is a mere trifle to-day. Only a few years ago when Gloria Swanson arranged for a private elevator at her hotel, there was a screaming furor over her snobbery. And all Gloria wanted was to protect her child from prying photographers. Now it is the formerly retiring Miss Pickford who sets the pace. She has introduced a new note in swank by changing costumes several times during a radio broadcast.

The Merry Director.—Jeanette MacDonald prolonged her visit to New York so as to be here for the première of "The Merry Widow." She really need not have bothered, as it is no personal triumph for her. That sly demon, Lubitsch, has reduced stars to figureheads, story to mere framework, and lovely music to

unobtrusive accompaniment while making "The Merry Widow" a *tour de force* of his inimitable wit. Mr. Lubitsch, when interviewed, delivers himself of the most trenchant exposition of the technique of directing. "It was fun," he chuckles.

The Mayfair Opens.—Rising film stars observe that it depresses them to go to New York's Mayfair dances for there they see so many girls who only a year or so ago were big attractions but are now lost in the shuffle. Conspicuous by their absence from the big, opening-of-the-year party were Miriam Hopkins, Kay Francis, Jeanette MacDonald, Helen Hayes, Zita Johann, Gladys George. Present were Lois Moran, Ruth Taylor, Colleen Moore, Raquel Torres, Linda Watkins, Marilyn Miller, Dorothy Mackaill, and Dorothy Burgess. Benita Hume, the English visitor, was there as part of her campaign to see all American sights, and thought it was a lovely party.

Hopkins Has a Protegé.—It was all Miriam Hopkins's idea that "The Richest Girl in the World" should be dressed by Bernard Neumann, who has long designed clothes for several of the world's most gilded heiresses. So well did he succeed in suggesting lavishness without going to DeMille extremes that RKO forthwith gave him a contract. And now Miriam is under contract to Sam Goldwyn, so maybe she did not do herself a good turn at all in getting her favorite designer tied up elsewhere. However, she can console herself. Sam has the enormously clever Omar Kiam designing clothes for his stars. Just wait until you see what he did for Anna Sten.

Out of the Fog.—Incidentally, Anna Sten is abandoning her aloof, mysterious rôle and is coming to New York for the première of "We Live Again" so as to give the press an opportunity to interview her. Which brings back that grandest of the late E. H. Sothern's reminiscences. At a children's party, a playmate suggested that he and Sothern hide in a closet so as to worry their little friends. "But suppose no one noticed," observed Sothern.

Manhattan Interlude.—Marian Nixon and her new husband, William Seiter, finally managed to tuck in a ten-day visit to New York between film commitments. Immediately afterward they left for a brief rest at Virginia Hot Springs. They saw eight plays in ten days, explored all the giddy new restaurants that used to be retiring speakeasies, shopped for house furnishings and clothes, and then just ran around exploring as excitedly as if they would never have a chance to see New York again.

Theater Magic.—Zita Johann, here from Hollywood, is rehearsing a play called "Waltz in Fire," and Douglass Montgomery has been hanging around the theater wistfully. Set to do another Universal picture on the Coast almost at once, he so longs to get back behind the footlights that he just can't stay away from New York.

Miriam Jordan is another who craves to do a play, and so is Marjorie Gateson. The radiantly pretty Mimi has bought herself a Ford and goes careening through Broadway traffic, parking in forbidden theater zones, arguing traffic officers out of giving her a summons, wheedling box-office men out of tickets already sold to some one else. With the most innocent, distrait air, she seems able to get anything she wants simply by assuming that the other person meant to give it to her all the time. I think some stage producer should give her a good part, even without those tactics.

There's to be another star around Christmas time. She's Baby Jane who is to carry "Straight From the Heart" on her three-year-old shoulders. But first you will see her in the cast of "Imitation of Life."

Marjorie Gateson left Hollywood because the rôles they gave her got more and more disagreeable. She would like to play a pleasant character for a change.

Awaiting the Verdict.—Erin-O'Brien Moore refused to sign a contract to make more pictures until "Dangerous Corner" is shown. She came to New York to await the verdict and possibly do a play before considering a year or two in the Hollywood factories. I won't attempt to describe Erin to you, because I know I would gush, and anyway I would need some new superlatives. So, I will just dismiss her casually as the most vibrantly young and beautiful, sensitive, candid, lilting-voiced, responsive, and humorous young person I have had the good fortune to meet. If she is not superlative in pictures, the camera is a liar, the director a fiend, and the cutter a vandal.

Paramount Bags Big Game.—At last Mary Ellis has signed a contract to make pictures, which will give Grace Moore, Jeanette MacDonald and all the other songbirds a good run for their money. Miss Ellis defies description. She is young, beautiful, and a dynamo of energy. She sang at the Metropolitan when very young, abandoned opera for the sensationally successful musical comedy "Rose Marie," walked out of that because she was tired of singing and wanted to go dramatic. For months she worked at a trifling salary with the Neighborhood Players in New York, winning acclaim in "Dybbuk." For the past few years she has been in London, now singing, now acting heavy dramatic rôles.

Some day I will tell you about the remarkable guide and practical philosopher, Alice Bentley, who has had such influence over Mary Ellis and others. By a special educational system of her own, she endows pupils with confidence in their ability. One naturally expects big things of Mary Ellis, but I wish that Paramount could give a better account of their stewardship over the film destinies of Kitty Carlisle before they acquire another lark.

The Stage Loses Two.—Weeks ago Dorothy Mackaill agreed to appear in a Broadway musical comedy, but since then the show has been rewritten until her part bears no slight resemblance to what it was. So, she has walked out, and is none too happy over it, either. She went to Helen Hayes's home at Dobbs Ferry for the week-end only to find that Helen had changed her mind about touring this season in "Mary of Scotland." Their nostalgia for the theater tucked away in mothballs, both girls are headed for Hollywood and more pictures.

The Unseen Picture Star.—Ketti Gallian, boomed the past year by the big guns of Fox as a great discovery, is sailing for a European vacation now that she has seen her first picture "Marie Galante." Maybe that is a form of criticism. The picture will be shown to the public after she has gone.

Why Does Raft Brood?

Continued from page 15

the suspicion has hurt him so deeply that he now hesitates to mingle with people at all.

George is meticulously formal as a man can be only when he has grown up in uncultured circles and has acquired "manners," painfully and carefully, after he was grown. I have seen him extremely upset and frankly troubled when a girl whom he was escorting has had a bit too much to drink.

"They get sloppy when they do that," he complains. "Their faces get loose and they sort of fall apart. They don't act like *ladies.*"

George, by the way, never says "a girl." He always says "a young lady." And he expects them to act like that. Merry, sun-tanned young things in slacks or bathing suits, sans make-up, induce in him a faint disgust. He likes women in sophisticated clothes; prefers a girl, sleek and groomed, wearing a single orchid to tea, to any number of beauties in revealing bathing suits romping on the beach.

"Who wants to see a woman all shiny with olive oil and covered with sand?" he growls. "And who wants to see a woman as brown as a life guard? Women should be dainty and should look like *women.*"

He was not always so bitter. Sally O'Neill, who has known him for a long, long while, told me of the time that she and her sister, Molly O'Day, were engaged to make a series of personal appearances throughout the East. When they arrived in New York there was no act ready for them, but they were told that they must open in Philadelphia on the following day.

"It was a terrible predicament," Sally said. "But George dropped in to see us. He wasn't working at the time and he offered to go with us—just for fun. He dances divinely, of course, and neither of us could do anything in particular. So Georgie danced and Molly and I looked as nice as we could and kissed our hands to the audience! The result was that we never did get an act.

"Georgie went with us on the entire six weeks' tour, did all the work and got none of the money. After each performance he would bring in huge portions of chocolate cake. I have never known any one with such a passion for chocolate cake.

"Once Georgie knows you and trusts you," she added, "he is one of the sweetest and kindest persons in the world. He doesn't trust many people."

George doesn't drink, which may explain his lonely expression at Hollywood parties. He has, he says, "a bad stummick." Besides, he saw a great deal of drinking and what it did to people when he was dancing in night clubs in New York. He is too ambitious to risk letting himself begin to slip that way.

Broadway is home to him. Broadway, where he stood as a pavement waif and envied the big shots. He is homesick for the adulation which came to him when he first began to be a big shot. Adulation which he understands, appreciation of his own people, couched in his own language. Not the appreciation of a million strangers, which comes to him now in letters which he never sees.

He is homesick for night life, for the excitement, the tempo of the times when he was a prize fighter, a dancer, a night-club entertainer, an habitué of the sophisticated spots, the bright spots, the crowded places where those in the know were wont to congregate.

Alice Faye had a good time, as usual, decking herself out in Chinese costume for "365 Nights in Hollywood," even if it did mean covering up her platinum hair.

Times when he was dancing in three places at once, changing clothes in a taxi as he rushed from one show to another. Times when he went to bed at dawn, breakfasted when other people were having their evening meal, set out for the beginning of his "day" as children were being put to bed.

He loiters about the Brown Derby these days, chatting with men friends. The Derby is the nearest thing Hollywood has to offer to Dave's Blue Room in New York.

He has a strapping son of his own now, motherless child of a very young marriage, and a second, estranged wife waits somewhere for a day when a quiet divorce will be feasible. Rumor couples George's name with that of pretty Virginia Pine, but I have a feeling that George's matrimonial intentions, just now, are pretty vague.

He is incurably sentimental. The two battles he has had with Paramount have been because of that ingrained characteristic. He was very meek about pictures, did what he was told to do in the most amiable fashion until they asked him to play in "The Story of Temple Drake." Then he amazed every one by running amuck.

For the first time Paramount had collided with George's idealism and astonished executives learned that he would sacrifice his salary—sacrifice, if necessary, his entire picture career—rather than betray his principles.

The second battle was brief and consisted of an argument over a line of dialogue, terminating with George's punching the supervisor in the nose with efficiency and dispatch. The line had to do with the grave of the mother of the character George was portraying and George refused, with fistic emphasis, to say it. That sentimentality again.

He wants so terribly to be liked. No matter how rich in acting opportunities a part may be, he will not enjoy it unless it is what he calls "sympathetic." He was very discontented over his rôle in "Bolero." "This guy was always loving girls and leaving them!" he complained. "Now, people won't like a fellow like that. Folks won't like me if they see me in parts like that!"

Clothes mean to him what yachts and power and social distinction mean to other ambitious people. He has suffered acutely in rôles which forced him to wear untidy outfits. Between you and me, I think that it was the fear of a "funny hair cut" and gay '90s' pants which caused him to duck the Mae West picture, much more than the fear that he would be overshadowed by the buxom star.

Complaining that the bullfighter's costumes in "The Trumpet Blows" weighed seventy-five pounds and that the trousers were so tight that he could not sit down in them, he added, with especial bitterness, "The hat was not only heavy but it was most unbecoming. How can you do good work in a get-up like that?"

When he told me how much he disliked Hollywood and that he stayed on only because of the "swell money" he was earning, I asked him what all this money would mean to him. What did he *want?*

He told me, in all seriousness, that he wanted "enough shirts." He meant it. He meant dozens and dozens of custom-made shirts. He never wears a suit the second time without having it cleaned and pressed, and he changes all his clothes several times a day.

He has a small fortune invested in

a beautiful wardrobe, and he adds to it constantly and earnestly, as other people sometimes collect antique furniture or stamps. He owns one of the largest assortment of elegant lounging robes in America.

He lives modestly and entertains almost not at all. He invests his money in his wardrobe, assists relatives and friends, and tucks away a bit for that rainy day. He is irritated by California's space and sun, the stretches of ocean and the vistas of tawny desert. The color and informality of the landscape annoy him.

He moves among us, carefully tailored and groomed, unresponsive to the first-name-at-first-meeting camaraderie of the colony, tight-lipped, withdrawn, dreadfully, dreadfully shy. Between his holidays in New York he barely and discontentedly exists.

The "dangerous and sinister Raft" is the loneliest man in Hollywood.

"Darling, How Does It Feel To Be Great?"

Continued from page 43

in "The White Sister." B. P. Schulberg saw him in this and placed him under a personal contract, using him immediately in three consecutive pictures. Then Metro-Goldwyn borrowed him for "Sadie McKee," and, ladies and gentlemen, B. P. Schulberg is the winnah!

Thar's gold in them thar heels—as long as Edward Arnold can stand on them. And that should be for a long, long time, for he's only forty-four, which, for a character actor, is young enough to allow long service.

He has been acting for thirty years, first appearing on the stage at the age of fourteen, as (this is how he said it, laughing) "Philistratemasterofrevelsinamidsummernightsdream."

"Mr. Arnold," I said hesitantly, "would you mind repeating that?"

He chuckled. "It's a mouthful, all right. But that's the way I said it at that time in all my youthful pride, when any one asked me what I was doing. Translated, it is, *Philistrate, Master of the Revels,* in 'A Midsummer Night's Dream.' "

Following this jaw-breaker, he went into the repertory company of the Shakespearean actor, Robert B. Mantell, where he stayed for a year; then with Ethel Barrymore and with Maxine Elliott, finally settling down into stock for eleven years. He was doing romantic leads in those days; character rôles were thrust upon him in this way:

He was playing the red-blooded, blue-shirted hero in "The Storm," a lickety-split melodrama which has twice been made into a picture. The Broadway run ending, he went on the road, and when the company returned to New York, he was informed by all producers that the day of the two-fisted, big-chested, basso-profundo hero was over.

Typed as such, he couldn't get a job, so he and the writer of "The Storm" condensed it into a dramatic skit, and Arnold took it into vaudeville, touring the country for two years. It soon got to be like beans for breakfast every day in the year, and, in desperation, he turned to character rôles. A variety of such parts finally brought him to Los Angeles.

He is married, and has three children, the eldest sixteen; the other two are fourteen and nine. He says he has been too busy providing for them to take up any hobbies. Most fathers will understand.

Virginia Bruce obliges the publicity department by wearing a coronet surmounted by her initials, but she doesn't promise to don it when she appears in public.

"They're trying to get me to take up horseback riding now, though," he said. "We ride two or three times a week."

He had remarked previously that he was trying to reduce, so I asked, "Won't that help to take off weight?"

"No," he said, then added, chuckling "it only seems to drive my stomach farther down into my lap!"

I asked him how he had liked working with Joan Crawford, knowing how little some stars like another of the cast stealing all the honors.

"I don't think I have ever enjoyed working with any one as much as I did with Joan," he said. "She did everything she could to help me."

But that, as every one knows, is typical of Joan Crawford.

"After the picture was previewed," he went on, "and I had begun to receive congratulations, I passed her on the lot. She stopped me and asked, '*Now,* darling, how does it feel to be great?' "

We fell to discussing studio politics and professional jealousies.

"It doesn't bother me," he said, "when any one tries to hog the camera. If the star insists that I show my back to the camera, it's all right. I believe that I can act well enough with my back to hold my own."

It is only the incompetent who is driven into a near-frenzy by one of such ability. His presence on a set will make those with talent rise to their own full heights in order to keep up. The result is sure to be a good picture, all other things being fairly equal.

He was working with Ann Harding in "Biography of a Bachelor Girl." They had just started, but up to that time he thought Miss Harding very nice to work with. His next assignment was for a part in "Wednesday's Child."

It came time for him to get back on the set. Maurice Chevalier walked into the studio restaurant and, seeing Arnold, came over to the table. He, too, complimented the newest Hollywood sensation on his performance in "Sadie McKee." When stars of Chevalier's magnitude go out of their way to extend such compliments, the recipient *must* be good!

The time, the place, the part—that's how stars are made. There's always room for a good character star. Perhaps Edward Arnold will be the next one.

CHOOSY

You may have your lovers rough,
With a hardened, twisted smile;
But I'll take one whose tender glance
Does quite my heart beguile.

If I could have my choice of beaus
From all the different poles,
I'd let you have your racketeers,
But I'd prefer John Boles.

JEAN DOUGLAS.

MARK the PERFECT MAN!

Photo by Ball

He is Otto Kruger whose wife can't find a fault in him after eight years, whose daughter adores him, whose servants lower their voices when they speak of the master, and whose critics have yet to find a flaw in his performances.

By Maude Lathem

Mrs. Kruger is extraordinary, too. She expects her husband to think he is in love with every actress he plays opposite. Daughter Ottilie says, "Dear, funny little old daddy"

IF I were not so completely under his spell, I should call Otto Kruger a fake.

I am taking it for granted that you are well up on Mr. Kruger; that you have read some of the startling interviews with him, in which he states that a man is only as old as his love, and that he has remained twenty-five years at heart by continually finding new romance

You will recall, too, how often he has said that no man has will power enough to resist the women of Hollywood, and that no wife who went to Hollywood unprepared could hope to weather the storm. Because of this, he began training his wife long before she reached there. Also, that he is always in love with his leading woman—some more than others, but always enamored.

Now, I find that these stories about his romances are figments of his imagination—rather, I should say, concocted on the inspiration of the moment, either to please the interviewer or to produce an effect on the reader. Often when reminded of something he has said previously, he laughingly remarks "Oh, did I say that?" while his eyes have a mischievous twinkle.

Notwithstanding all the interesting stories to the contrary, I bring you the fact that his home life is ideal; that his marriage is about as perfect as it has been my lot to see; that he is an adoring father, a splendid provider.

Actually he is the kind of man who, when playing on the stage, could be counted on to arrive home at exactly twenty minutes after the last curtain. And he is a one-woman man to the last fiber of his being.

I was so intrigued by all the electrifying statements made by this man who played three hundred rôles on the stage—at least ten years of which he spent in portraying the perfect lover—before he entered pictures, that I could hardly wait to meet Mrs. Kruger.

I have been meeting wives of famous stars for years, but rarely have I met one with the intelligence, sincerity, and humor of Otto Kruger's partner. She reminds me of the wife of a famous stage star who was once approached by another beautiful woman on the subject of divorcing her husband, "so he could have his happiness." Without batting an eye, the wife replied, "Why, my dear, you have taken him seriously! How tragic! He can't help making love to all his leading women." I know Sue Kruger would have answered just like that.

Not only has she never been jealous, but it was Otto who went through this dreadful period. You see, he married beautiful Sue MacManamy, well-known actress, who had been engaged to Richard Dix. Otto wouldn't have married a woman other men weren't crazy about, but he couldn't enjoy seeing men make love to her on the stage.

After the green-eyed monster had disturbed the couple for about a year, Sue said to Otto one day, "Let's sit down and talk this out, and have done with the thing. You're making me utterly miserable and I know you are wretched. Now, you're intelligent, and you know I love you better than any man in the world, or I wouldn't have married you. I know you feel the same about me. Can't we be sensible and remember this and never doubt again?"

That's just what they did, and from that day to this, there has been no more jealousy in the Kruger household.

I know you want to hear what she said about his saying he was in love with Madge Evans when they made a picture together.

"Certainly he was. He loves them all, but there's safety in numbers, you know," she explains. "I under-

Continued on page 78

OTTO KRUGER

OVERLOOKED after a studio had placed him under contract, Otto Kruger decided to publicize himself, and this was accomplished in such a clever way that by the time the studio recognized his ability, he was already considered one of the most appealing men on the screen and fans were excited. However, it is the description of Mr. Kruger's home life, opposite, that will endear him anew.

Photo by Grimes

"The White Parade" shows the interesting, human side of a training school for nurses, with a heroine so nobly bent on serving humanity that she refuses marriage with a rich polo player!

LORETTA YOUNG, the charming, idealistic heroine, is seen with John Boles, above. Muriel Kirkland is with her, left, and ot the bottom of the page the interesting line-up includes Astrid Allwyn, Elizabeth Young, Jane Darwell, Miss Kirkland, and Miss Young.

NOBLE NURSIE

DIVINE LADY

"The Little Minister" pro
Katharine Hepburn with h
awaited opportunity to
the success of "Little
The play might have be
for her by Barrie, th
spired by her. For L
is mercurial, whimsic
and tender, with flas
and fury, and it is Pict
opinion that Miss He
equal the beauty
Adams's portrayal
first seen in t is
rtown,"
s, whose
Human
echoes
dom. To-
g will reach
high.

NI THE GRAND

Forsaking *Vergie Winters* and her sacrificial love, Ann Harding gracefully steps into the world of sophisticated comedy in her new picture, "Biography of a Bachelor Girl," in the congenial company of Robert Montgomery, Una Merkel, Edward Arnold, and Edward Everett Horton.

THE goyly distinguished group af players is concerned with a rather notorious portrait painter with a reputation for using her chorm to induce celebrities to pose for her, the threatened publication of her outobiogrophy cousing oll sorts of trouble.

IN GAY BOHEMIA

When the star's horse is nosed out and fails to win—that's news, and the unusualness of it promises that "Broadway Bill" will smash conventions and win at the box office instead.

HERO'S HORSE LOSES!

CAST as a small-town girl instead of a sophisticate, Myrna Loy gets a new deal, too, and Warner Baxter is ideally cast. Frankie Darro, whose Picture Play admirers are many, is the jockey.

MERLE OBERON
LESLIE HOWARD

"THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL" offers Leslie Howard a dual rôle. In London he is *Sir Percy Blakeney*, in Paris he is nicknamed *The Scarlet Pimpernel*, leader of a band of fearless Englishmen bent on protecting aristocrats from the bloodthirsty Republican leaders. A highly dramatic and colorful subject, this famous story is bound to be exciting on the screen.

Continued from page 35

girl. Even to this extent—that an assistant director was heard berating her severely because she took too long for her luncheon.

Also, Laura Harding totes a special luncheon out to location for Katharine, whenever she is busy there, as she was during many scenes in "The Little Minister." We glimpsed Laura driving up in a fancily painted truck which she and Katharine have acquired, and in which they carry their "vittles" as well as their dogs. Only the dogs and the vittles don't ride at the same time.

Gelatinia's New Frenzies.—Hollywood is a place of fads. The latest are Sunday night vaudeville, and formal banquets revived after being abandoned for a term of years. The vaudeville is an entirely new divertissement, and packs in the stars. Even Marlene Dietrich attends, accompanied by Rouben Mamoulian. It seems that he is supplanting Josef von Sternberg, since the professional split-up of Dietrich and her discoverer has been announced.

The most pretentious banquet was the one given in honor of Emanuel Cohen, head of Paramount studio, and the star speakers were Mae West and Jack Oakie, both of whom received a huge hand. Mae occupied the place of honor right next to the big executive, too. Funny, Marlene Dietrich didn't show up, although Von Sternberg did.

Britishers to Battle.—Leslie Howard and Robert Donat are bound to be deadly rivals. How else can it be figured with both of them to play in picture versions of "Beau Brummel," which John Barrymore made some years ago? Two companies have been bargaining for the rights to this famous old subject, and both are determined to fight it out on the screen itself.

Donat is not as well known to fans as Howard, but he's in the very successful "Count of Monte Cristo," which everybody is seeing now. Maybe you even like him better than Leslie. It's possible.

Punch Causes Controversy.—Reverberations of the fight between John Monk Saunders and Herbert Marshall will never die down. The battle always seems to be the inspiration for big arguments that almost turn into fights on their own account. Some people strenuously object to the idea of Marshall being struck by anybody, because of his infirmity due to the loss of a leg during the war.

Saunders is upheld by others on the ground of sufficient provocation. Seems that Marshall used a word which he shouldn't have used without smiling, according to the best social traditions.

Anyway, Hollywood has written another battle into its books, and this one, of course, occurred during a very elaborate party given by Ernst Lubitsch, the director. Saunders is the husband of Fay Wray.

Eddie's Fine Thought.—Whether to retain Lilyan Tashman's clothes, hats, and other beautiful belongings seemed to be a puzzle for Eddie Lowe. He debated the matter for long before deciding what to do with them, but finally turned them over to the Assistance League, with the proviso that they be used to aid girls who were just getting a start in pictures. That was a happy thought on Eddie's part.

Jackie Coogan, once the greatest of all boy actors, is now a strapping fellow of more than 150 pounds. He's making a trial comeback in "Code of the West" while still going to college.

Eddie, who used to spend time between pictures motoring about the State, says that pleasure has lost all its kick for him since Lil died. They enjoyed those trips so much together. He *does* go to parties occasionally, however.

Astaire Turns Censor.—Fred Astaire, the dancing and musical star, recently settled in Hollywood, has got the interview-supervising yearn already. It appears that he didn't like some remarks once made about the ritziness of his sister's marriage to Lord Cavendish, also references to himself being of a hoity-toity social sort. He's really a very friendly chap after you get to know him, and just has that one peculiarity about publicity. He is also one of the few actors in Hollywood who has a good memory for faces.

"My Old Flame!"—Just when everybody thought that all was ended between Constance Bennett and Gilbert Roland, up pops the devil! Or is that the way to say it? Anyway, Connie and the Marquis de la Falaise returned from abroad. And then, just after she got back to town, Connie and Gilbert were again seen places together. *Tsk, tsk!*

Evelyn Laye's Swain.—We wondered and wondered, now that Evelyn Laye is free, who the gentleman might be who would seem to have the inside track with this lovely lady. Well, it looks like Frank Lawton, who plays *David Copperfield*. When she visited previously in Hollywood, Evelyn was still married to Sonnie Hale, or just about to become unmarried from him.

Subsequently he wed the English actress, Jessie Matthews. And there was a lot of hullabaloo about that, too.

Evelyn, by the way, admires Ramon Novarro most heartily and sincerely. She played with him in "The Night Is Young."

Game and Set for Loretta.—It was Loretta Young who captured the interest of the tennis champion, Fred Perry, and was there competition about that, too! We aren't considering this as a terribly serious romance, but then there's never any telling. The heartaches still go on concerning her break-up with Spencer Tracy, on Spencer's side anyway.

Approving a Sample.—Mary Boland now refers to herself as a first-class sample. Anyhow, she can. She, Katherine DeMille, and Frances Drake recently tripped to Mexico City by airplane to take part in the dedication of a magnificent memorial theater in the capital. The question came up of inviting movie stars to a certain function. Overtures of a preliminary character were made to Miss Boland by some of the dignitaries. They desired to meet her, really to look her over, before extending invitations to the group. "I was the sample," she said, "and apparently they liked the sample, because we were all invited." But aren't those Mexican folk choosy!

A Truce at Last!—One thing that Hollywood is being spared—and oh so happily, oh so happily—is the terrible bother over those fights between Lupe Velez and Johnny Weissmuller. Still the colony *does* have to

hear about them once in a while even by telegraph. However, a goodly distance now separates the couple from us, and so they can't battle except by proxy. Anyway, it's a rest.

The Shirley Drive.—It is estimated that ten thousand proud papas and mamas have stormed the gates of the studios with a "second Shirley Temple," since the little twinkling-eyed star made her success in the movies. And the countries abroad are still to be heard from in a big way. Shirley has recently made a hit in Paris, which should start the ball rolling.

A Disappointed Lady.—Fay Wray had a terrific time becoming an American citizen. She learned the answers to about one hundred and twenty-five questions, crammed like the dickens, and was terribly anxious to prove that she knew a lot about the Constitution and everything else. And then when she went up for her examination, like a young girl ambitious to get a collegiate degree, she was perfunctorily asked only ten very easy queries, and wasn't able to demonstrate even one-twentieth of what she knew. What a let-down!

Money for Mickey.—Mickey Rooney, who looks as if he might be the next youngster to arrive in a big way in pictures, is being paid $150 at the start of his contract with MGM and winds up at $1,000. Well, it's a tidy sum for a youngster, providing he stays with the company for the full time, seven years. The life of a child star is, however, generally somewhat shorter than this.

By the way, Mickey is to play *Puck* in the screen "Midsummer Night's Dream," which Max Reinhardt will produce. He made a great hit in the stage presentation of the Shakespeare play on the Coast.

Opera Tunes Scarce.—Producers are getting terribly worried about the musical-picture craze. The thing is that there aren't enough grand-opera selections to go round. Only about a dozen or so are sufficiently well known and attractive to be rendered in pictures, and Grace Moore used up about a third of these in "One Night of Love," and Elissa Landi an almost equal number in "Enter Madame," in which, of course, Madame Nina Koshetz sang her songs.

The old-fashioned Donizetti and Verdi operas are not regarded as very suitable for the screen. Puccini works are considered the best, but Miss Moore did the "Entrance Song" and "One Fine Day" from "Madame Butterfly" in "One Night of Love," and will probably sing *Musetta's* "Waltz" from "La Bôhème" in her next film, while "Vissi d'arte, Vissi D'amore" from "Tosca" was the outstanding selection in "Enter Madame." That just about cleans up the good and suitable Puccini offerings.

Warning His Friends.—Ross Alexander, seen in "Gentlemen Are Born," had to pay sixty dollars at one of Hollywood's more regal restaurants for himself and wife—just a dinner with Rhine wine. And he did the unheard of thing of asking for a receipt for the bill. The waiter and subsequently the headwaiter tried to demur, but Alexander insisted. And now he flaunts the receipt in front of everybody so that they may be forewarned of what may happen to them if they go to the same place. It's something new in picketing.

A boy in ten thousand is Freddie Bartholomew. That's how many MGM looked over in a maddening search for the right kid to play *David Copperfield* in childhood. Then Freddie was sighted and seized upon. He's English, of course.

Maybe 'Twas Mental Lapse, But—— Louis Calhern took a real whack at Constance Bennett at the première of "The Affairs of Cellini." He said in a speech that he appreciated working in the picture with such a group of "fine artists as Frank Morgan, Fay Wray, and Fredric March—and that's all," he concluded. Which didn't leave much to the imagination, since Miss Bennett was costarred in the feature.

Bing's Severest Critic.—Bing Crosby has a real sorrow. His son, Gary Evan, won't listen to him croon! Every time Bing starts to sing, the youngster gets a pained expression on his face. Bing has tried several times to overcome Gary's evident distaste for his warbling, but all to no avail. The youngster will listen to Dixie Lee, his mother, however.

Cary Roaming Lad.—Cary Grant isn't letting any dust gather on his shoes romantically since he separated from Virginia Cherrill. Within a few days after they announced their differences he was seen in company of Queenie Smith at a big party. And a few nights later danced and danced and danced with Gertrude Michael at a night club. At first it looked as if Cary had taken the break-up very much to heart, considering his trip to the hospital and everything, but his recovery was fairly rapid after the initial upset. The rift looks definite.

"No" May Mean "Yes."—Funny of Kay Francis to say she'll wed again "when I am doddering." We don't believe a word of it. Just watch if something doesn't happen between her and Maurice Chevalier in the next few months. The marriage chimes are ready to ring.

Jean Harlow's "Demise."—Jean Harlow is the latest star to get "killed." The rumor was all over town one afternoon and evening. Somebody in a radio station started it, and people kept calling up the newspapers and bothering the life out of city editors and the like, who investigated and discovered that Miss Harlow was enjoying herself at Marion Davies's big home-coming party. The Davies return from one of those European jaunts is, by the way, always triumphantly celebrated, and most of the colony manages to pay tribute, when duly induced.

Panther Girl's New Inning.—Kathleen Burke, the "panther woman," said good-by to a husband and hello to a contract on the same day. She was more or less out of the movies following her appearance in "The Isle of Lost Souls," but is thought to have a real future now.

Boyer Going Hollywood.—Charles Boyer, star of "Caravan," will have his revenge on Fox. He has been signed by Walter Wanger and will continue his American career. Boyer and Fox parted company with plenty of fireworks filling the air, and it was thought that the French luminary had turned his back completely on Hollywood. But that wasn't the case. He likes Hollywood and, besides, his wife, Pat Paterson, is bound to be kept busy there, and with the Fox organization, curiously enough.

Continued from page 13

on the screen. Her best points are her hair, mouth, teeth, and legs.

Now come four whom I can only classify as *bizarre*. Either by nature or design they do not fit into any definite beauty classification, yet each possesses individuality and challenges the attention of the masses.

Garbo, a unique combination of artistic beauty and peasant plainness. In this instance numerous physical imperfections seem but to spur the imagination and increase her phenomenal charm.

Katharine Hepburn, a brash, lean, ambitious girl whose gaunt face is in harmony with her feverish energy and rare talent. Her hair is not red, but medium brown.

Mae West, buxom, thick-waisted, flamboyant. In no sense a beauty, her wit, courage and voluptuousness have been her principal assets.

Gloria Swanson, with a dozen beauty liabilities, is a man-charmer of the first water. Here personality, shrewdness, and a spectacular clothes sense triumph over such defects as sharp features and an ill-proportioned body.

Another group of five I have labeled *distinguished*. In these, quality, refinement, and womanliness take precedence, in most instances, over beauty.

Grace Moore, a charming, good-natured prima donna who does not scorn to answer a studio employee's telephone for him if said employee has left the room.

Diana Wynyard, whom some one rightly called "a plain beauty."

Elissa Landi has many good points—to say nothing of curves—but on the whole she is not sufficiently outstanding to cause one to exclaim, "What a beautiful woman!"

Ann Harding, whose rare and vital screen beauty is not equaled in person. Lovely hair and complexion, but eyes, teeth, and nose could be better.

Claudette Colbert is another embarrassment, being too arresting to be classified as merely pretty, yet lacking the uniform loveliness of a real beauty. Forehead too low and cheek-bones too heavy.

Now we arrive at the place where we may introduce those whom I find, after exhaustive comparisons, to be more beautiful than their sisters. Imagine my chagrin when I have to admit that there are exactly ten of them. The list does not, incidentally, represent my favorite actress. None of these women is perfectly beautiful for the reason that there is no such thing as perfect beauty in human form. These ten do, however, have a higher percentage of points individually than have any of their competitors.

Madeleine Carroll carries off the honors for England. With her classically perfect features, rose-and-cream complexion, thick golden hair, flexible expressions and womanly figure she is about everything that a beauty should be.

Maureen O'Sullivan, with her fine, graceful figure, charming features, violet-blue eyes, fair complexion, and thick, dark hair is ideally suited to represent the Emerald Isle.

Dolores del Rio's dusky, patrician beauty is a credit to Mexico. Not the least of her attractions are her hands and legs.

Lupe Velez, although seldom referred to as such, is a real beauty, despite her inherent blatancy. Her eyes are finer than Miss Del Rio's. Good features, splendid teeth, and beautiful hair are among her winning points.

Six members of this group are Americans, which does not indicate national supremacy in the matter, but a preponderance of material from which to choose.

Irene Dunne is a stately beauty whose eyes, hair, complexion, and teeth are a joy to behold.

Frances Dee is what the typical American girl should be like. Her lovely features are glorified by a dewey freshness that I hope motherhood will not destroy.

Helen Vinson is another stately beauty with naturally curly hair, fine figure, and perfect hands.

Loretta Young has many excellent points—beautiful eyes, mouth, and complexion. Her beauty lacks what might be called soul, but that may develop in time.

Jeanette MacDonald is another who makes the innocent bystander forget what he is saying and stare. Intelligent, graceful femininity done in gold, carnation, and ivory.

Gloria Stuart completes the list. Excellent features, figure, and expression enable her to hold her own in any gathering of beautiful women.

Luck of the Irish

Continued from page 18

police were searching, was in hiding. Another lucky break. The tip had been born in the chance remark of a girl friend.

Phil hot-footed it to headquarters and was assigned to capture the fugitive. Within nine days he made the arrest, narrowly escaping death in the process. The result was that Phil received a citation and was immediately assigned to plain-clothes duty working out of headquarters.

For seven months he tracked down clews. At last he achieved his ambition. He was a full-fledged policeman. Surely there was no higher success to hope for. Yet at that moment fate was already choosing him for a greater rôle. One which seemed as remote as singing at the Metropolitan.

For Phil had always sung. And it was his fine Irish tenor voice which was to lift him from obscurity to the coveted position of film star.

It all happened quite by accident. A friend of Phil's who led the orchestra at a Broadway movie house had been robbed of some personal belongings. It was only natural that he should call on Phil to help recover the loot. In the course of the investigation he was invited by his friend to attend a party.

Phil was then very much the playboy. Let it be said he has since settled down to a quiet existence even to the extent of swearing off liquor and smokes. He attended the party and was much thrilled to find among the guests such well-known picture people as Conrad Nagel, Mervyn LeRoy and William Haines. Also present was a tall, distinguished-looking young man, known to the profession as having taught Joan Crawford, Cary Grant, Miriam Hopkins, and others how to talk properly. He was John Hutchens, noted voice coach.

As the party progressed, each guest was called upon to do a number. Without too much hesitation, our hero stepped up to the piano. Propping himself against its side he sang, with appropriate gestures and much gusto, an old-time ditty called "I Lost the Hand That Rocked Me to Sleep." Much to his surprise, and not unlike those fabulous ads which one reads occasionally, he became the sensation of the evening.

The outcome of all this was that Mr. Hutchens agreed to coach him in his spare time. Phil eagerly accepted and spent a full year developing and expanding his vocal powers under the watchful eye of his mentor. At the end of that time, Mr. Hutchens felt that the young Irishman was ready for radio and took him over to the Columbia Broadcasting Studio for an audition.

Here Lady Luck again smiled her fairest on Phil Regan. The agents for the Robert Burns program happened to hear him and immediately signed him for that important program for which half the singers in New York had been angling. During the ensuing twelve months he appeared every Wednesday night, along

with Burns and Allen and the Guy Lombardo orchestra, as "The Singing Cop." And it was as such that he became known to radio fans. The career of a policeman was thus lost in the many duties attendant on his position as an air attraction.

When the program finally disbanded, Phil was put on a sustaining program and booked for personal appearances including the Fox Theater in Brooklyn. Here, in the city where he had once been simply another poor boy, he found himself a celebrity.

Life began to pall after such exciting experiences and Phil, following a hunch, decided to go to Hollywood. It was right before Christmas and he spent that most personal of all holidays in the impersonal atmosphere of a Pullman car. He recalls that as one of the unhappiest days in his whole life. He was blue and discouraged, assailed by the constant fear that his luck might suddenly desert him.

Arriving in Los Angeles the day on which Guy Lombardo and his band were scheduled to open an engagement at the Coconut Grove, Phil went, one might almost say, from the train to that famous rendezvous. His spirits were revived by the sight of his old friends and also by the presence of Gracie Allen and George Burns, out there to make a picture.

Gracie, noting his mood, was her very liveliest that night. She dragged Phil out on the floor and made him dance. Soon these two children of Erin were the center of attraction with their exuberance and high spirits.

Phil may have been dancing with Gracie, but his real partner was still Lady Luck. Clarence Brown, the director, spotted him and sought an introduction. The next day he found himself at the MGM studio being tested for the rôle in "Sadie McKee" which Gene Raymond later played. Although he lost out, an enterprising agent, sensing his possibilities, obtained a contract for him with Warners. Several months later, he had the satisfaction of being borrowed by MGM for the juvenile lead in "Student Tour."

With several other pictures to his credit, he is well launched on his screen career. He is still unmarried but has a girl in Brooklyn whom he has known since boyhood. He lives quietly and is saving his money, his one extravagance being a new roadster. Best of all, he has no illusions about himself. "I was just lucky," he explains.

Their Little Lies

Continued from page 47

"I didn't miss it at all," said he. "I had forgot all about it."

Leslie Howard must belong to the same wise-people-change-their-minds fraternity. In advance of his arrival in America, after his last ocean trip, he sent word, "I'm hurrying from England in order to eat Christmas dinner at home."

It seems he found he would "rather shoot quail in the desert than ride to hounds."

All good Americans were delighted to hear that this charming actor, and Englishman, to boot, had expressed himself that way about their country. However, there appeared to be some exaggeration. As the latest reports had it, Leslie was back under the old standard again. While he likes Hollywood because it gives him a "sensation of space" and all that, his heart is in England and he wants to get back there as quickly as possible.

Ah, these artists!

There's temperament in them still, as Maurice Chevalier proved very satisfactorily. It all came out during "The Merry Widow" fracas. Word came across the sea that Chevalier didn't care to work with Lubitsch and MacDonald any longer. He didn't mind being directed by Lubitsch, but he didn't want to be costarred with Jeanette. He didn't say anything of the kind!

Back on American soil once more, he repudiated all those grievous reports. He was hurt. He had nothing but the deepest admiration and respect for both Jeanette and Ernst. Why, he wouldn't think of talking "bad" about them. The crux of his remarks was, "I will play with whom Thalberg and Lubitsch decide. If they decide that Jeanette is the one for the part, then with all my heart I will play with Jeanette."

So they took him at his word.

But it wouldn't be advisable to do the same with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Just after his separation, he vowed he still loved Joan and would try to win her back, even if it took a year or more. And yet not twelve months later he was raving about Gertrude Lawrence and how he had discovered true love for the first time in his life.

Are we disillusioned! There doesn't seem to be anything left to this youthful constancy any more.

In completion of this particular set of contrasts, young Doug asserted, "There is no one I admire more than Franchot Tone."

The feeling was supposed to be mutual, too. However, neither of these two good friends spoke to the other when, during Jayar's last flying trip to Hollywood, they both happened to be shopping in the same place.

As has been often suggested, there must be something in the Hollywood air which transforms a man into something he wouldn't otherwise be. Though you wouldn't expect atmosphere to affect a good-natured, honest egg like Spencer Tracy. Nevertheless, not so long ago there was a story published headlining Tracy's comment that he was very glad he married before he came to Hollywood. He stated, "Sure, I've heard rumors that Mrs. Tracy and I might separate. They're too silly even to deny."

The next month Mrs. Tracy told the printed story of their separation.

Every one speaks out of turn in Hollywood, but they get called down and live to regret it sooner or later, stars and scribes alike. That's the way it was with Warner Baxter and the writers who depicted him as a brave man with a secret sorrow. The burden was his invalid wife for whom he sacrificed all his desires for a complete life and a social one because she couldn't participate.

Now we discover that the items which contributed to that impression were false. Warner called them a lot of "devilish nonsense" and you can't blame the gentleman for being heated about it. The latest news is that, compared to Mr. Baxter, Mrs. Baxter is almost a social butterfly, as well as being a normal, healthy, happy woman. As for wanting children, for whom he was supposed to yearn, well, it seems he isn't particularly keen, since a child was brought home for adoption and it had to be returned because its violent behavior kept Warner from learning his lines.

Before she became Mrs. Johnny Weissmuller, Lupe Velez was continually giving interviews about her love affairs. Gary Cooper shared most of this publicity, he being her great passion at that time. Even now the repeated quarrels with her Johnny and their reported split-ups and reconciliations are no longer considered front-page news.

Then there is the player who professes absolute distaste for parties and merrymaking of any kind, when, as a matter of fact, no soirée is complete without him.

So, all things considered, it doesn't look as if we'll ever know the truth about what our movie personalities think or say or do. But we may be sure they'll be as variable as the weather. Would you be interested in them if they were any other way?

★ ★

STRAIGHT FACTS FOR STRAIGHT THINKING

By Newton D. Baker

NEWTON D. BAKER, *CHAIRMAN*
NATIONAL CITIZENS COMMITTEE

1. It is true that billions are being spent by the Government in order that people may not die of cold and hunger.

2. But these billions, divided among the families in need, average for each family only about $24 a month.

3. And 70% of the free hospital services in the United States for the needy sick are provided by voluntarily supported hospitals. The sick among the unemployed number 48% more than among the employed.

4. Likewise public health nurses, also supported by your voluntary gifts, report that 66% of all their visits in 1933 were in homes unable to pay for the service rendered.

5. 30% more children have had to be removed from their own homes and cared for by voluntarily supported children's agencies.

6. Two-thirds of all the arrests for crime involve persons between the ages of 15 and 24 years. Millions of boys and girls living under conditions destructive to character need the character-building services of your recreation agencies.

7. A man may die of despair, as well as of hunger, for suicides, numbering 15,368 in 1928, grew to 20,927 in 1932. This shows that more and more people are ceasing to value the only kind of life they are able to attain.

8. America cannot be rebuilt by relief measures alone.

9. Your local community chest needs your support during this year of rebuilding human hope and morale. It supports hospitals, clinics, child-care organizations, character-building agencies and many other social services.

10. When you give in your city, you strengthen the forces of civilization in the neighborhood in which you live.

1934 MOBILIZATION FOR HUMAN NEEDS

His Motto Is Money

Continued from page 30

"In the future I shall work only for the money I can make, and I won't expect my career to be my main interest in life nor to afford me my greatest pleasure in existence."

Though he was trying most manfully to sound old and blasé, Mr. Montgomery's words betrayed his extreme youth and immaturity. For it is only the very young or very stupid—and he certainly is not the latter—who expect to receive from their accomplishments joy other than the inner glow experienced while engaged in work one loves, and in seeing that work developed into success. The supreme thrill of achievement is one's only reward, but it is enough.

However, it was somehow disillusioning to hear the young man whose every screen portrayal has been characterized by honesty and sincerity and sensitiveness, voice sentiments which must ultimately be reflected in his work. I asked him how he expected to maintain the high standard he has set for himself now that he has had this change of heart.

He pondered for a moment before replying, gazing thoughtfully out of the long windows which faced the slow-moving East River several stories below. We were sitting in the living room of his Beekman Place apartment—a lovely, gracious room decorated in warm, rusty reds and deep purples and soft chintzes, its walls lined with books and a log fire crackling on the hearth against the early autumn chill.

It was a room that bespoke fine but simple taste, gentle idealism and an innate sense of the fitness of things, not a room in which the glitter of gold outshone the deeper, more enduring light of real and fundamental values. For six years it has been Mr. Montgomery's New York home and wordlessly it told the story of the boy he had been.

His voice broke into my musings when at last he was ready to answer the last question. "I hadn't thought of my future work from that point of view," he confessed. "And now I'll admit that it does present a problem. For the camera has great penetration and it may capture and transfer to the screen this detachment I now feel, and may change the quality of my screen personality.

"I can't help the way I feel, of course. But I can control my thoughts and actions; I can be certain that I do a technically perfect job in every part I assume. I shall simply have to depend upon technical skill to disguise the fact that my heart is no longer in my work and that I have lost the idealism I once had."

Yet Mr. Montgomery is frank in conceding that his fortuitous position to-day is the direct result of his wholehearted devotion to an intangible ideal.

Born in Los Angeles, with his family he moved to the socially important suburb of Pasadena at an early age. When he was about six years old, and still in kindergarten, he first conceived the desire to go on the stage—a desire which was destined to become for a time, at least, the consuming passion of his life.

Why he turned to the theater, he does not know, as none of his forbears had ever donned make-up. But as soon as he was old enough to toddle downtown alone, he managed to visit managers and in a short time obtained child parts in a stock company that was at that time playing in Los Angeles.

That he met with enough success to spur him on to bigger and better things, and to convince him that he had been right in selecting the theater as his vocation, he attributes to one fact.

"I was utterly and completely ruthless in my determination to make a name and position for myself on the stage, and I am a firm believer in the old sentiment, trite though it may be, that if you want a thing badly enough you can get it.

"Whenever any one disputes that fact, offering various proofs, I feel it is simply that though he may not realize it, he has not wanted the thing, really wanted it enough, or he could have got it. His desire has not been a burning, consuming passion that thrusts all else before it, strong enough that he would kill to achieve his ends, if need be.

"That's the way I felt about the stage and amounting to something on it. Of course I don't feel that way any longer."

Regardless of his present cynicism, he was intense enough when he was seventeen to forsake the certainty of work in stock on the Coast, where he was established, in favor of trying his luck in New York. Bag and baggage the youngster arrived, without knowing a soul, but with the unconquerable optimism of youth singing a pæan of hope and confidence in his heart.

Followed the usual trek to booking agents and managers, with the ultimate result that he won a juvenile lead on Broadway. Not because of his ability, he modestly avers, but because he looked like a hick and that was what the rôle required.

However, he met with enough success in his initial venture on the Great White Way to assure him further work, and he continued in several other plays in New York and did several seasons of stock in Baltimore, with never a backward glance toward Hollywood.

His advent on the screen was in reality occasioned by the accidental fact that Pasadena lies in close proximity to the cinema capital. For, after he had been away from home about five years, he decided it was time to pay the family a visit. And when he arrived in California, he found that his name and fame had preceded him.

To such extent that he was offered the lead opposite Joan Crawford in "Paid." Sincerely disinterested, his attitude naturally quickened the eagerness of film producers. Result: He did "Paid," was lent to Universal for "Waterloo Bridge," and returned to his first love, the stage, a wealthier, but no happier young man.

In fact, he still prefers the stage to the screen, despite his waning interest in his career. But that is partly because he considers his film future definitely limited.

"I'm not a type," he explained. "Of course, I'm versatile and can play almost any kind of male rôle. But it isn't as if I stood for one certain kind of characterization—and that's what the screen needs.

"I'm not a gangster, a singer or a dancer, nor a great lover. I'm just an average young man."

Immediately I thought of Mr. Montgomery's proclivities for touring the night clubs and cabarets with New York's socially elect, and could not resist reminding him of his fitness to play young sophisticates.

"Of course, in my personal life I may be pretty much of a young-man-about-town, but I'm not quite old enough and do not look enough like what the public expects a young-man-about-town to look like, to establish myself definitely as that type.

"No, I shall just keep on working, and doing my best, glad there is a call for my services and glad to make all the money I can.

"Then, some day I may direct, or I may achieve my real ambition, which is to marry and have children and travel."

"But don't you think you'd be unhappy giving up your work completely, and just stagnating?" I asked.

"Well, you couldn't call marrying and having children and traveling stagnating, could you?" he countered.

And as I couldn't think of the right answer to that, I decided to finish my tea and go home. After all, I had had a lovely visit with a very charming young-man-about-town—a young man so very young that I'm hoping I have another visit with him in five years to see what he's like then. I bet he'll be swell!

Continued from page 36

native work that he made his teachers gasp. It was at the zoo, watching the animals, that Adrian absorbed a knowledge of muscle in play. With it was a riot of color not to be found on the human body but which he could apply to it.

While Adrian was attending the Paris branch of this school, he took a girl to the Grand Prix Ball. He had designed a Persian costume for her to wear and he was surprised to find that it stood out with entries from the greatest dress houses in Paris. At the ball was Irving Berlin, who was so impressed with the young student's work that he engaged him to design the costumes for the first "Music Box Revue."

So Adrian left school, returned to America, and designed the clothes for the two "Music Box Revues," the "Greenwich Village Follies" and George White's "Scandals."

Like so many others, he became associated with pictures quite by accident. One day he left some of his sketches on the reception-room table of a costume house and Natacha Rambova, Valentino's wife, found them. She showed them to her husband who immediately sent for Adrian and took him to Hollywood to do costumes for "Cobra," "Son of the Sheik," "The Eagle," etc.

Sid Grauman wanted a spectacular prologue for Charlie Chaplin's, "The Gold Rush." One day after the picture opened at the Egyptian Theater with Adrian's prologue, he had six contracts to choose from. Adrian went with Cecil DeMille because he felt that DeMille was more interested in the spectacular than any one else. For three years, he worked with DeMille at the Pathé studio and when he went to Metro, Adrian went with him. Under his guidance, Garbo, Crawford, Shearer, and many others emerged as definite personalities.

But now to get back to his methods. Suppose you, like Constance Bennett when she did "Outcast Lady," were a new subject for Adrian. What would he do? Bring out the tape measure or begin sketching right away? Not at all.

First he would talk with you and find out what you think about life; in other words, he would get the key to your real personality. Miss Bennett, Adrian decided, was fundamentally American in spite of the years she had spent abroad. But during her years on the Continent, she had seeped in European ideas and conventions. So in "Outcast Lady" Constance wears clothes that Adrian thinks are American yet with daring touches that suggest the Continental atmosphere that has become a part of the star.

Of course, for the screen, Adrian has to blend a star's personality with the personality of the character she is portraying. If the star is well cast, Adrian's job is that much easier.

Garbo has the old-world repose and maturity as a basis for her clothes, but because she is a great artist her clothes, no matter what they are, must express the originality of the creative force.

To Adrian, Norma Shearer is the typical American woman—a conservative at heart with the longing to do something daring. Adrian satisfies that longing by letting Norma wear daring evening gowns. But, remember, she wears them only on the screen. In private life even her evening dresses are conservative.

Joan Crawford spells "action" to Adrian. Not even for a fitting can she stand still, so all her clothes are designed to express action at the least movement. The *Letty Lynton* style came into being solely to express this quality in Joan, so if you are not animated, always on your toes, vitally interested in something, these clothes are not for you.

Gloria Stuart and Rudy Vallée get acquainted through the well-known dog gag while she is in "Gold-diggers of 1935" and he is in "Sweet Music."

If you are a demure ingénue who can turn into a purposeful woman when the occasion arises, you may wear the sort of clothes Elizabeth Allan does. But if you are an ingénue like Marion Davies, Maureen O'Sullivan, or the hundreds of girls everywhere who are spoken of as "charming," do not try exotic or action clothes.

Stick to simple things that become charming because of the prominence of one note, be it color, cut of sleeves, a sash or accessories. If you are in doubt as to what group you belong, Adrian still advises simple things with a flair and suggests that you wear sport clothes whenever possible.

But your personality ought to be so well-defined that you will not belong to the "in-betweens." Even if you are young and your life is not fully developed, there can still be one characteristic that expresses you and which your clothes express. Many young girls make the mistake of trying to change their type every now and then. It is a waste of valuable time that can be saved by analyzing yourself and sticking to the truth.

Adrian thinks Katharine Hepburn is a perfect example of a young girl whose personality is not blurred. You must agree that the quality which stands out most in her is her definiteness.

"All her clothes should and do express this very quality," he said; and went on to confide, "She's the one young girl of the screen for whom I do not design and for whom I should like to, because she so thoroughly expresses in her personality and acting the tone of her mind."

There you have Adrian's first point in a nutshell!

As to body lines, Adrian, contrary to other designers, emphasizes bad features for purposes of camouflage. This may seem like a paradox until you see how it works out.

You probably remember that before Adrian costumed Garbo, one always noticed that her shoulders were too broad. Now your attention is called to some other feature. Adrian, instead of putting narrow things on her, added shoulder width to her clothes until now her shoulders seem so wide that they have become unnoticeable.

Her long arms are usually covered by longer sleeves of wide and interesting cut, so we notice the sleeve and forget about the arm.

"I always emphasize the bad features of a woman to the point where they seemingly disappear," Adrian said. "It is foolish for a little woman to wear broad-shouldered effects for it merely calls attention to her narrowness. Show the public your bad points and they won't notice them, particularly if another part of your dress holds the attention."

Before I left, Adrian said, "I'd like to stress the point that what I do in my designs is to try to bring common sense to clothes. I admit that some of my creations may have seemed mad at first, but they all had a definite idea of personality behind them.

"It is the *mind* of a woman that counts. If that is dull, the most exotic frock as well as the most simple will somehow look ridiculous. An active mind develops a definite personality with one character trait that a woman must dress for. If she expresses it, she cannot help but be smartly gowned whether she wear gingham or velvet."

Queenie Is No Meanie

Continued from page 42

in her life, since her versatility has put a premium on her services.

"And I wouldn't have been here at all," she mused, "if it hadn't been for Lula Vollmer. I suppose in every one's career there is one person you can point to as the pivot upon which everything revolves. Lula Vollmer is that person to me. It began one day when I walked into an agent's office in New York, and Lula Vollmer, seeing me, assured Lucille La Verne, who was with her, 'But I think *Emmy should* be a brunette.'

"Out of that meeting came my engagement to go to London in 'Sun-up' —which was the high spot of my stage career. And out of it also came my chance to go to Hollywood."

Because after that one play of hers that Sara played in, no Lula Vollmer drama was presented without a part in it being offered to Sara Haden. She even played Lula Vollmer characters over the radio. And when "Spitfire" was brought to the screen, Miss Vollmer, in her quietly insistent way, had Sara brought across the continent to play the rôle she had created in the stage production.

"And so I left New York on two days' notice, flew across the country, knowing nothing about pictures, and started to work, scared to death, of course."

Making a picture début in the same film with Katharine Hepburn doesn't sound particularly soothing, but Sara insists she was a great help. "She saw how frightened I was, and told me that when she first came out here, she was just that bewildered herself. Most of my scenes in that first picture were with her, and she spared no effort in helping me overcome camera fear."

With her first picture finished, Sara encountered a second bit of luck, for, having done a part as eccentric as her first rôle was, she ran the risk of being "typed." But the cutter on that picture was about to start his career as director, and he believed firmly in Sara's talent.

"Surely," he insisted, "you don't have to wait until another half-witted rôle comes along." And to prove his faith, he gave her a part in *his* first picture, "Finishing School." With this evidence of her unusual range established, her picture career was well under way.

And Sara has settled down in Hollywood. Only she doesn't live in Hollywood, but has a charming home in a residential district of Los Angeles—she and her husband, Dick Abbott.

Technically, I suppose husbands don't belong in interviews, but this husband has a way of creeping in, because these people are married folks first and show folks afterward.

And while we sat in the shade of the Mexican-blue walls of the garden, combating the heat of California's Indian summer with raspberry ice, husband Dick spoke his piece. He's by no means his wife's severest critic —he's a stanch devotee of her talents. An actor in his own right, he hasn't a crumb of resentment against the rôle of Sara Haden's husband. Instead, he blithely insists she's about the best thing he's ever seen on the screen.

Still a trifle homesick for New York, not particularly inclined toward strenuous social life in Hollywood, Sara and her hubby, who are "Dicko" and "Queenie" to each other, assiduously explore Los Angeles. They are both connoisseurs of food and can tell you offhand all the remote and little-known places that excel in unusual foreign foods.

They quietly play host in the best Mr.-and-Mrs. fashion to friends from back home who want to see the sights. And they daily discover that the world is a smaller and a smaller place after all, because all the people they used to know on the stage are going to Hollywood to make pictures.

It's people like Sara Haden that make one particularly glad that pictures have grown up, that talking pictures placed proper value on acting ability in place of glamour and put an expressive voice on at least a par with a persuasive body, and that dignity is replacing dizziness. For people like her lend mellowness, cordiality, and quiet humor to the town, and bring to the screen moments of real depth.

A Very Young *Lover*

Continued from page 53

I counted 'em. Lupe can hit home runs, too, and does she get excited! We played baseball whenever we weren't working, only I couldn't run very fast then. I was very young," —this disparagingly.

"Lila Lee has a little boy of her own. He's older than I am, though —he's nine. But she's swell. She doesn't hug a fellow and she knows a lot of stories that she used to tell her boy. She doesn't like box lunches, though, and she gives me part of hers. I like 'em, don't you? They're like a picnic.

"Loretta Young used to bring her little sister to play with me, when we were making 'A Man's Castle,' but she plays with dolls. Can you see *me* playing with dolls? I didn't pay much attention to her, and pretty soon she didn't come on the set. Dolls!" Dickie snorted derisively.

"Mary Astor's another lady who's all right. She's awfully nice and you should see her eat ice cream. Say, do you like ice cream?" The query wasn't a sly hint, merely a direct question from a boy genuinely interested in what other people liked.

Dickie Moore is thoroughly boy, to the core. He might be the next door neighbor's son, with a love for those things so dear to a growing youngster's heart. He is far from being spoiled from so much attention.

He thinks Lindbergh is a great aviator and Tom Keene is his favorite cowboy star. Some one asked him one day if he would rather have an airplane or a horse. "Depends," he replied. "Depends on what kind of a plane." He'd like a seaplane.

He's the leader of his gang, and whenever he's home from school or the studio you can find a large crowd of boys around his house. Across the street lives a dainty little miss who until recently was his "girl." Now, he isn't going to marry her, after all. She's too old for him, he's decided, and she's too tall. Anyway, he says "she's dumb." So that seems to settle that score.

With the aid of his tool chest he has invented some rather amazing contraptions. One of the most novel is an automatic match lighter, which works if you have the patience to put it into operation. Another, more breath-taking still, performs five different functions. It sharpens pencils, makes a paper cut-out dance, punches holes in paper. He can't remember what the other two uses are that he invented it for, but it was a good idea.

Directors and players enjoy working with him because he is so natural, and cameramen swear by him because they say he is the easiest child to photograph they have ever shot. Once you have glimpsed him on the screen, you can never forget those large dark eyes that glow like live coals. In fact, his extraordinary eyes were the means of first bringing him to popular attention.

When a tiny sister arrived at his house some months ago, Dickie took one look at her, then returned to romping with his Scottie, Rags. He had wanted a brother, and Rags seemed better as a playmate than the baby.

He told a caller, who inquired about the newcomer, "I'm willing to feed her her bottle but if she spills anything on my pants, I'm through with her."

Ready to Soar

Continued from page 27

Mother thought she would like a pink house, but she has been sorry ever since they took her at her word."

But we are ahead of Betty's story, as she patiently told it to me.

She always harbored the ambition to be a movie actress or a stage star. It didn't much matter. When she was eight or nine she was taken to "Poppy," in which W. C. Fields starred with Madge Kennedy and Luella Gear. Betty's mother was a friend of Miss Gear's, and took the little girl backstage to meet her. From that day forth she was determined to act, somehow, somewhere.

So when RKO signed her on a modest contract she went to Hollywood with high hopes, her mother, and the barking dog who never bites. RKO let her do a small part in "The Great Jasper." Then she was thrown into a couple of short comedies, after which they forgot all about her for a few months.

Johnny Downs, now twenty-one, used to belong to "Our Gang," so the current gangsters give him a rousing welcome on his return for "Babes in Toyland."

"I finally persuaded them I could do a lead, and they tossed me into 'Midshipman Jack' opposite Bruce Cabot. Very few people ever saw it, and those who did failed to like it. I would call it a sensational flop. Feeling that I wasn't destined to do things for RKO, I asked for my release and got it."

At this juncture we decided to go to the beach. The Santa Monica swimming club was only a quarter of an hour from Betty's house, the sun was waxing hot, so we were off.

Others had had the same idea. The chubby Toby Wing was cavorting with Jackie Coogan, now a manly youngster of eighteen; Cary Grant was playing ping-pong with Randolph Scott, Buster Crabbe, and Frank Albertson; Mitchell and Durant were quietly sunning, without so much as a handstand to identify them; Virginia Cherrill and Joan Marsh were shopping for sun glasses.

Betty and I dug seats in the sand and resumed our talk. Fate played a quaint part in the next chapter.

She was visiting the RKO lot one day, shortly after severing relations, and went into the commissary for lunch with Tom Brown. Al Santell, director, happened in. "Who's that girl?" he asked, spying Betty. "She's just the one I want for 'Virgie Winters.'" A test followed and Betty got the part in the Ann Harding picture.

This bit of fortune had further results. Metro called her to talk contract.

"Just to show how independent I was, I went to New York," said Betty, "for a vacation. I didn't want to miss out on the MGM chance, so I let an agent work on it from New York. Six weeks passed, nothing happened. And I did want to work for Metro. So I returned to Hollywood, went to their studio, and signed." She sighed. "I wonder if they remember me. I shouldn't complain. I'm not complaining." She let some sand trickle through her fingers. "But I'm twenty-one and anxious to start."

Judging by ordinary standards, Betty has made a rather auspicious start. She has attracted critical attention even in such oddities as "Let's Fall in Love" and "Beggars in Ermine." She has shown promise and a certain amount of fulfillment as well.

She likes to collect match boxes, telegrams, ivory elephants, and favorable press clippings. She designs her own costumes, goes out twice a week but no oftener, weighs 109 pounds in her pajamas, and thinks the present generation has sobered up in the past three years.

She wants to do all kinds of parts in pictures. Metro is grooming her thoroughly. Oliver Hinsdale, former Shakespearean actor, gives Betty daily lessons in diction and shadow boxing. "We're doing Wilde now, and I read all the rôles. Jolly. But I guess it's the right system. Who am I to question it?" she asked.

Everybody on the beach knew Betty and it was apparent that every one liked her. She has personality, vitality, and youth. With this trio of attributes Furness should mean something more than a steamship line; it should spell box office!

And I had to be Scolded into trying it

"A friend who knew how I suffered every month kept scolding me until I had to try Midol. How glad I am that she did! Two tablets see me through my worst day *comfortably*. I tell every girl I discover who is still suffering the way I used to."

Many users of these remarkable tablets have given them endorsement as strong as that! Many are grateful enough to spread the word at every opportunity. For Midol *does* bring definite relief, and prompt relief from periodic pain even to those who have always suffered severely. You can go through this trying time without those severe pains if you use Midol. At least, many women do—and find they can be quite as active as usual.

The best way to use these tablets is, of course, to anticipate the time for any expected pain—or at least, take a tablet the first moment there is the slightest indication of the pain coming on. There is no need to postpone the comfort of this special medicine, for there is no harmful effect from its use—no after-effects.

That's the beauty of this discovery; Midol is as harmless as the aspirin you take for an ordinary headache. Don't be afraid of the speed with which Midol takes hold; it is *not* a narcotic. All drugstores have these tablets.

The Magic of Maybelline mascara

transforms your eyes into glowing pools of loveliness — instantly!

● Beautiful, expressive eyes are within the reach of every girl and woman in the simple magic of Maybelline mascara. Its magic touch will instantly reveal hitherto unsuspected beauty in *your* eyes, quickly and easily.

Women the world over have learned that Maybelline is the perfect mascara because it is absolutely harmless, positively non-smarting, and perfectly tear-proof. A few simple brush strokes of Maybelline to your lashes make them appear long, dark, and curling. Beauty-wise women appreciate, too, the fact that Maybelline is backed by the approval of Good Housekeeping Bureau and other leading authorities for its purity and effectiveness.

Encased in a beautiful red and gold vanity, it is priced at 75c at all leading toilet goods counters. Black, Brown and the new Blue. Accept only genuine Maybelline to be assured of highest quality and absolute harmlessness. Try it today!

Miss Josephine Surrenders

Continued from page 33

they were planning for their miniature theater, with members of the national capital's younger social set making up the casts.

Before the dawn of 1923, the plays presented on the fashionable estate became a topic of conversation for all Washington. High governmental officials, members of Congress and the diplomatic corps, as well as the city's "400" went out of their way in quest of invitations.

A famous New York producer, opening a play in Washington, sought and won an invitation to see Robert and Josie as *Romeo* and *Juliet*.

That was in 1925. He signed Josephine to appear under his banner on Broadway the next year.

In the interim, Miss van Volkenburg had discussed Josephine with Eva Le Gallienne, who made a trip to Washington for the purpose of witnessing a performance by this neophyte.

When the curtain fell on the last act in the little theater, Miss Le Gallienne made her way through the crowd to congratulate Josie, and introduce herself.

She bade the erstwhile Seattle girl to come to New York and join her Civic Repertory Theater.

The offer surpassed even Josie's wildest hopes. But there was that Broadway contract.

"You are young, and we can wait," volunteered Le Gallienne. "Broadway and the commercial theater will be an experience for you. My offer will hold good until you are free to accept."

Josie began her studies under the star while she still was appearing in "A Man's Man," and when the play finally closed, she and her mother joined Le Gallienne's group.

Josie responded quickly to Le Gallienne's master touch. Her rise to a lieutenancy in the Le Gallienne ranks was meteoric.

Within a brief space of months, Le Gallienne followers found their idol submerging herself to give Josephine leads. And always the younger one came through with flying colors.

Broadway impresarios slipped into the Le Gallienne theater almost nightly, gazed in astonishment as the pupil matched ability with the teacher. They offered flattering contracts—and stardom—but Josephine turned deaf ears.

The talkies, too, sent out their scouts, but Josie remained adamant.

Money meant nothing to her. Art, the Le Gallienne standard of art, meant everything.

But the economic upset had brought about financial reverses for Le Gallienne's organization. A road tour was arranged, but even that did not sufficiently replenish the treasury to permit a speedy reopening in New York.

Before Los Angeles had been reached on the troupe's cross-country itinerary, Le Gallienne had made an important and heartbreaking decision.

She would have to disband her organization—for a while.

That is the only reason Josephine Hutchinson signed for the flickers.

"I don't exactly know what I expected of Hollywood, but I didn't anticipate anywhere near the attention I'm getting," she went on. "Honestly, if this keeps on, I can understand how my head could be turned. They do so much for you

Picture Play thinks that Claudette Colbert's recent portrayals have lacked the originality of her earlier ones and that money and luxury have robbed her of her first fine rapture as a screen actress. Let's hope "Imitation of Life" and "The Gilded Lily" refute this opinion.

out here in the interests of developing your best personality that one could easily begin to feel very important.

"Just at the moment, I feel like a piece of bric-a-brac."

Modest Josephine Hutchinson!

But you are quick to realize that she is far from being bric-a-brac when she speaks, for there is a forceful candor as she chats of the difference between stage and picture technique, the thing to which she is now devoting her thoughts.

I was lunching with Mervyn Le Roy the other day.

"If there's any truth in that old wheeze about every dark cloud having a silver lining," interposed Le Roy, "then Josephine Hutchinson certainly comes as the recent depression's gift to the movies."

The Fabulous Town

Continued from page 17

Robert Armstrong, Monte Blue, and Noah Beery all do an occasional quickie.

The short-bankroll producers pay well, but they get their money's worth. Where the average major studio takes three to eight weeks to shoot a feature, Monogram or Majestic or Mascot considers seven shooting days overboard. It should be done in six.

One quiescent star told me how she played the second lead in a quickie based on an immortal story; she was finished in four days. But she was at the studio, in make-up at eight in the morning, and some nights she worked under the Kleig lights until ten thirty.

Queenie Smith, soubrette star of the stage, has received a new face from Paramount for her film début in "Mississippi," but no one could improve her marvelous dancing.

"They shoot a scene once and if it isn't right, it's up to the cutter to salvage it somehow," she told me.

"Lines aren't learned, of course. We wing 'em. While we wait for the lights to be set or the camera to be angled we look over the script. Then we walk onto the set, speak our part, sneak off for another look at the lines, back on to spout, and zowie! They have a picture before you know it!"

After saving every possible nickel on production, however, the independent producers launch the finished picture at a press showing which is a masterpiece of open-handed extravagance. A lavish buffet luncheon or supper is served, drinks appear that would dazzle Bacchus himself, and another quickie is born.

Every star, from Shirley Temple down, has her stand-in, as you know if you are up on your home work and required reading. The stand-in suffers silently while the lights blaze from new, untried angles, the cameraman squints critically, the property man arranges a curtain, and the director sits in moody contemplation.

Sometimes this goes on for hours, but nobody thinks of the patient, stationary stand-in, so long as the star is kept fresh and cool.

The height of efficiency was reached at the studio that employed a stand-in for the stand-in as well! The platinum-haired star of the picture was scheduled to fall into a pool. While the preliminaries were being worked out, another platinum beauty stood before the camera.

When the director decided upon an action rehearsal, to gauge the splash perhaps, the stand-in's stand-in appeared, clad in a brief bathing suit.

The fall was accomplished, the water splashed, the lights were right, the cameras were satisfied, the sound was O. K., and the star was called from her portable dressing room for the take.

Pictures are still impenetrable for outsiders, regardless of how much ambition is on tap. In reply to letters asking "What are my chances for crashing the studio gates?" there is only one answer, "Slimmer than an extra's pay envelope," and that is about as slim as anything can be.

But there is this angle to report, if it is of any consolation to you. No one in pictures seems to be very happy. There is so much jealousy, so much gossip, so much underground wire-pulling and wire-tapping that the higher up the stars are the more they suffer.

This unhappy attitude extends through the directing and writing ranks as well. The five-hundred-a-week boys feel that they are worth seven hundred and fifty; the thousand-dollar writers want better billing; the twenty-five-thousand-per-picture directors don't like the stories they are handed; and the five-thousand-a-week stars resent the attitude of the front office for one reason or another.

It's a place of fabulous incomes, upon which fabulous demands are made. It's the land of opportunity, but opportunity doesn't knock; everybody else attends to that. It's the breeding ground of unrest, slander and greed. And anyway you parse that rather melodramatic sentence, it has truth shot through it. Ask anybody in Hollywood!

REDUCE

YOUR WAIST AND HIPS THREE INCHES IN 10 DAYS

. . . or it will cost you nothing!

. . . TEST *the* **PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE**

. . . at our expense!

"I have **REDUCED MY HIPS 9 INCHES with the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE"**

. . . writes Miss Healy

"I reduced from 43 inches to 34½ inches" . . . writes Miss Brian . . . "Massages like magic" . . . writes Miss Carroll . . . "The fat seems to have melted away" . . . writes Mrs McSorley.

● So many women are delighted with the wonderful results obtained with the Perfolastic Reducing Girdle and Uplift Brassiere that we want you to try them for 10 days at our expense!

● This famous Perfolastic will prove a great boon to you, for now you can be your slimmer self without exercise, diet or drugs

● Worn next to the body with perfect safety, the tiny perforations permit the skin to breathe as the gentle massage-like action removes flabby, disfiguring fat with every movement!

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.

Dept. 6612, 41 EAST 42nd ST., New York, N.Y.

Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Post Card

NOW—Relief From Ugly Skin Blemishes, "Nerves" and Constipation

with Yeast in This Pleasant, Modern Form

DO UGLY pimples and other skin blemishes embarrass you? Does constipation drag you down, rob you of strength and vivacity? Do you often feel nervous, fidgety and irritable?

For all these troubles doctors recommend yeast. Science has found that yeast contains precious nutritive elements which strengthen your digestive and eliminative organs and give tone to your nervous system. Thousands of men and women have found this simple food a remarkable aid in combating constipation, "nerves," and unsightly skin eruptions.

And now—thanks to Yeast Foam Tablets—it's so easy to eat yeast regularly. For here's a yeast that is actually delicious—a yeast that is scientifically pasteurized to prevent fermentation. You will enjoy munching Yeast Foam Tablets with their appetizing, nut-like flavor. And because they are pasteurized they cannot cause gas or discomfort. This yeast is used by various laboratories of the United States government and by leading American universities in their vitamin research.

Any druggist will supply you with Yeast Foam Tablets. The 10-day bottle costs only 50c. Get one today. See, now, how this corrective food helps you to *look* better and *feel* better.

YEAST FOAM TABLETS

FREE MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY
You may paste this on a penny post card

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO. PP-12
1750 North Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Please send free sample and descriptive circular.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

Mark the Perfect Man!

Continued from page 58

stand him so perfectly, because I've been through all that. I know he couldn't work with a woman whom he did not *think* he was in love with at the moment. I remember what a crush I had on Ralph Morgan when I played with him. He will probably laugh when he reads this. He and his wife are among our closest friends now. Also, I was much interested in Lowell Sherman, to say nothing of other leading men—Richard Dix, Douglas MacLean, Warner Baxter, and David Butler. So, you see, I know how much—and how little—stage romance can mean in a man's life.

"Otto and I knew, from the minute we met, that we loved each other. We met on a Friday, he proposed on the following Sunday, and less than three weeks later we were married. Wasn't that taking a chance? I'm glad to report, though, that I'm ten times as much in love with him now, after eight years, as I was the day I married him. If he has a single fault, I have yet to discover it."

This, then, is the man we have pictured as eager to sneak away from home and make love to another woman any time he has a chance!

I inquired for Ottilie, the little seven-year-old daughter that Jackie Cooper is crazy about at the moment. I wanted to see if she were like her father.

"Dear, funny little old daddy," she calls him. "I gave him that name one night when he was acting as nurse when mother was away, because he put my pajamas on wrong, so I've just called him that ever since." The tender look on her face when she spoke of her father was all the evidence I needed of their devotion to each other.

I thought if I could question the cook or any one of the seven members of the household, I might get some inside information. I did. The lot of them think Otto Kruger is just about perfect. They lower their voices when they speak of him. They remember that he never raises his. They vow, by all the saints, that he has never, under any provocation, been irritable; that he has never spoken an unkind word to a soul.

It was good business for Mr. Kruger, when he found himself seemingly forgotten by MGM for months after they signed him, to publicize himself in the best Hollywood manner. Certainly he achieved this result, whether it was intentional or not, and by the time the studio began casting him in worth-while parts, he was already being talked about as one of the most appealing men on the screen.

He has sex-appeal all right. We couldn't discredit that if we would. He has such an intensity in his voice that you feel the fire and vigor of the man back of it—always as if he were suppressing more energy than he is giving out.

When Hollywood women recognized this, they wanted to know if he was in love with his wife. They wanted to think they might have a chance to win him. And he answered them! With the most marvelous stories—stories of his infidelity, disbelief in marriage, of the absolute necessity of freedom for the actor, and so on.

But his hold on the hearts of women will not be diminished by the

Evelyn Laye cheerfully undergoes limbering up for her ballet dancing rôle in "The Night Is Young."

knowledge that he is a devoted husband and model father. It was well enough to intrigue Hollywood, and quickly catch its interest by fabricated stories, but nothing will make women admire him more than to learn that no woman can tear him away from his wife.

But I must tell you something about Otto Kruger outside his love life.

Golf is his real hobby, so far as outside sports are concerned. Music, however, is his real outlet. He plays beautifully, not only on the piano but almost every kind of instrument.

He is a competent, experienced forester, and an expert electrician. And he thinks all these things have helped to make him a better actor.

In Spite of Himself

Continued from page 37

taken me out of a rut. It has given me confidence in myself.

"I've learned a great deal from Hollywood," he explained.

"When I made my first picture in England, I knew nothing of the technique of film acting. I had played the title rôle of 'Young Woodley' on the stage and was engaged for the cinema version. I hadn't the slightest idea what to do.

"On my first day at the studio I was made up and went for what I thought was a make-up test. Instead, I found that they were actually shooting the picture! Consequently, I played the entire thing as I had played it on the stage. And it happened that on the stage I played almost every scene with my head and eyes down!

Edmund Lowe recently made a generous gesture, one of many. He donated the late Lilyan Tashman's magnificent wardrobe to girls struggling to gain a foothold in films.

"I was exceptionally fortunate in working with Frank Lloyd in my first Hollywood picture," he continued. "Apart from being an excellent director, he was wonderfully considerate. We watched the 'rushes' at the end of each day. Often, when we were not satisfied with our work, he would let us make a scene again and again. That is unusual. But he, too, was aiming at the best, at perfection, as nearly as possible."

I asked about his repeated refusals to sign another Hollywood contract.

"I don't believe that I'm being unreasonable," he replied. "It's just that there are other considerations in the world besides contracts. I should like to make two or three pictures in Hollywood every year, but I do not want to be tied up for films exclusively for the next seven years. I want to be free to come and go—to do a play in New York or London, or a picture occasionally in England.

"Hollywood's keen interest in pictures has taught me a lot. Of course, you hear nothing but pictures, pictures, pictures, from the moment you step off the train.

"I want to go back to Hollywood," he confessed, "and I'm not being temperamental, but I'd like to go back on my own terms. I said 'no' the first time because I wanted to do a play on Broadway. I have done that play—and was offered a better contract."

As the play was nearing a close, it looked as if Frank would sign a contract. Hollywood is determined to get what it wants. The studio seemed willing to grant all time-between-pictures concessions. But when the dotted line was actually presented, it was an agreement to remain for seven years. It was Friday, the 13th, and Frank put aside his pen.

Still they wouldn't take *no* from Frank Lawton. The play closed and he had booked passage to England. But Hollywood wanted him on his own terms. He was to make one film, "One More River," again playing opposite Diana Wynyard. Then he could go home for a rest. You see, he had not fully recovered from his appendicitis operation when he began rehearsals for "The Wind and the Rain."

But representatives of Metro-Goldwyn had returned from a special journey to England without a *David Copperfield*. Somebody thought of Lawton, right in Hollywood. He was given a test—and borrowed for the title rôle. So again Frank canceled steamship bookings and remained.

"It's easily the biggest thing I've tackled yet in pictures," he writes from the Coast, "and I'm terribly keen to get to work on it and do something big."

"Copperfield" should prove Lawton's greatest picture success to date. He has that touch of retired modesty that characterized Dickens's portrait of *David*, and also a reserve of force in keeping with the character.

It looks as if Hollywood will become Frank's more or less permanent home in spite of himself. He already has rejected two play offers for the coming season.

"I love it out here," he confesses, "and am thrilled at the way things are turning out."

SO TIRED, SO BLUE

Till This* ALL-VEGETABLE *Laxative Solved Her Constipation

SHE was so tired—depressed—always having colds and headaches. And she had tried so many things she almost despaired of getting relief. Then she discovered the real answer. A laxative that gave thorough, natural cleansing, not mere *partial* bowel action.

Can there be such a difference in laxatives? Stop and *think* for a minute. Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets) contains only natural plant and vegetable laxatives, properly balanced. No phenol derivatives. Ask any doctor the difference. You'll be surprised at the wonderful feeling that follows the use of NR. You're so refreshed—toned up—so pleasantly alive. You'll want to give NR's a fair trial immediately. They are so kind to your system—so quickly effective for relieving headaches, colds, biliousness, chronic fatigue or bad skin. They're non-habit forming—another proof that nature's way is best. The economical 25 dose box, only 25c at any drug store.

FREE 1935 Calendar-Thermometer, beautifully designed in colors and gold. Also samples **TUMS** and **NR**. *Send stamp for postage and packing to* A. H. LEWIS CO., Desk128-AY, St. Louis, Mo.

Nature's Remedy NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT GET A 25¢ BOX

"TUMS" Quick relief for acid indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn. Only 10c.

PERFUME FREE

Attract and charm with these unexcelled fragrant and lasting odors. Concentrated, convenient, economical. Use only a drop. Mark choice. Vivacious; Morning Dew; Revery; Sunset. Send 10c to pay for postage, handling, for free trial bottle. 4 for 35c. **STANTON CO., Dept. 105, 1922 Blue Island Ave., Chicago, Ill.**

Be an ARTIST

MAKE $50 TO $200 A WEEK!

Our simple, proven methods make it easy to learn Commercial Art, Cartooning and Designing quickly, AT HOME, in spare time. New low rate. Big new book, "ART for Pleasure and Profit", sent free. State age.

WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF ART
Studio 281, 1115-15th St., Washington, D. C.

Do you want—

Beauty? Popularity? Poise?

We make chic, charming women out of plain, ordinary, self-conscious ones. Write for details.

Sharron Vail, Room 1112, Merchandise Mart, Chicago, Ill

***Remove that* FAT**

"I have actually taken 5 inches off. I am overjoyed!" J. A.

● Have you a full, oversize bust? You can reduce 3-5 inches and have alluring, slim loveliness with my famous **Slimcream** treatment, which reduced my bust 4½ inches, and weight 28 lbs. in 28 days! I GUARANTEE TO RETURN YOUR MONEY if your form is not reduced after applying my **Slimcream** treatment for 14 days! Full 30 days' Treatment, **$1.00**, sent in plain wrapper. The ultra-rapid, GUARANTEED way to get those slender, girlish, fascinating curves so much admired. **FREE!** Send $1.00 for my **Slimcream** treatment **NOW**, and I will send you, FREE, my world-famous, regular $1.00 **Beauty** Treatment, with a gold-mine of priceless beauty secrets never before revealed! Limited Offer—SEND TODAY! Add 25c for foreign countries.

DAISY STEBBING, Dept. P.P.10, Forest Hills, New York.

ADDRESSES OF PLAYERS

Columbia Studio, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Jean Arthur
John Mack Brown
Nancy Carroll
Walter Connolly
Donald Cook
Richard Cromwell
Jack Holt
Victor Jory
Peter Lorre
Edmund Lowe
Marian Marsh
Tim McCoy
Grace Moore
Virginia Pine
Florence Rice
Edward G. Robinson
Billie Seward
Ann Sothern
Raymond Walburn
Fay Wray

Fox Studio, Beverly Hills, California.

Rosemary Ames
Lew Ayres
Warner Baxter
Madge Bellamy
John Boles
John Bradford
Henrietta Crosman
James Dunn
Sally Eilers
Alice Faye
Norman Foster
Ketti Gallian
Janet Gaynor
Rochelle Hudson
Frank Melton
Jose Mojica
Herbert Mundin
Pat Paterson
Valentin Perera
Gene Raymond
Kane Richmond
Will Rogers
Raul Roulien
Shirley Temple
Spencer Tracy
Claire Trevor
Hugh Williams

Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California.

Brian Aherne
Elizabeth Allan
Edward Arnold
John Barrymore
Lionel Barrymore
Wallace Beery
Charles Butterworth
Mary Carlisle
Leo Carrillo
Maurice Chevalier
Jackie Cooper
Joan Crawford
Marion Davies
Jimmy Durante
Nelson Eddy
Madge Evans
Preston Foster
Betty Furness
Clark Gable
Greta Garbo
Jean Harlow
Helen Hayes
June Knight
Otto Kruger
Evelyn Laye
Myrna Loy
Jeanette MacDonald
Una Merkel
Robert Montgomery
Frank Morgan
Ramon Novarro
Maureen O'Sullivan
Jean Parker
William Powell
Esther Ralston
May Robson
Mickey Rooney
Norma Shearer
Martha Sleeper
Lewis Stone
Gloria Swanson
Franchot Tone
Henry Wadsworth
Johnny Weissmuller
Diana Wynyard
Robert Young

Paramount Studio, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, California.

Gracie Allen
Adrienne Ames
Max Baer
Mary Boland
Grace Bradley
Carl Brisson
George Burns
Kitty Carlisle
Claudette Colbert
Gary Cooper
Buster Crabbe
Bing Crosby
Katherine DeMille
Marlene Dietrich
Frances Drake
W. C. Fields
Cary Grant
Charlotte Granville
Roscoe Karns
Elissa Landi
Charles Laughton
Baby LeRoy
Carol Lombard
Pauline Lord
Ida Lupino
Helen Mack
Margo
Joan Marsh
Gertrude Michael
Joe Morrison
Jack Oakie
Lynne Overman
Gail Patrick
Joe Penner
George Raft
Lanny Ross
Charles Ruggles
Randolph Scott
Sylvia Sidney
Alison Skipworth
Queenie Smith
Sir Guy Standing
Kent Taylor
Lee Tracy
Mae West
Henry Wilcoxon
Toby Wing

RKO Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Fred Astaire
Nils Asther
John Beal
Bill Boyd
Clive Brook
Bruce Cabot
Bill Cagney
Chic Chandler
Frances Dee
Dolores del Rio
Richard Dix
Irene Dunne
Julie Haydon
Ann Harding
Katharine Hepburn
Leslie Howard
Kay Johnson
Francis Lederer
Mary Mason
Joel McCrea
Ginger Rogers
Anne Shirley
Helen Vinson
Bert Wheeler
Gretchen Wilson
Robert Woolsey

United Artists Studio, 1041 N. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, California.

George Arliss
Constance Bennett
Eddie Cantor
Charles Chaplin
Ronald Colman
Miriam Hopkins
Fredric March
Mary Pickford
Anna Sten
Loretta Young

Universal Studio, Universal City, California.

Binnie Barnes
Russ Brown
Andy Devine
Sterling Holloway
Henry Hull
Lois January
Baby Jane
Buck Jones
Boris Karloff
Bela Lugosi
Douglass Montgomery.
Chester Morris
Zasu Pitts
Roger Pryor
Claude Rains
Onslow Stevens
Gloria Stuart
Margaret Sullavan
Slim Summerville
Alice White
Jane Wyatt

Warners-First National Studio, Burbank, California.

Loretta Andrews
Joan Blondell
George Brent
Joe E. Brown
James Cagney
Colin Clive
Ricardo Cortez
Dorothy Dare
Bette Davis
Claire Dodd
Ann Dvorak
Patricia Ellis
Glenda Farrell
Kay Francis
William Gargan
Josephine Hutchinson
Allen Jenkins
Al Jolson
Ruby Keeler
Guy Kibbee
Margaret Lindsay
Anita Louise
Aline MacMahon
Frank McHugh
Jean Muir
Paul Muni
Dick Powell
Phillip Reed
Barbara Stanwyck
Lyle Talbot
Dorothy Tree
Helen Trenholme
Warren William
Donald Woods

Free-lance Players:

Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood. Ralph Bellamy, Sidney Fox, 6615 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood. Ralph Forbes, 10111 Valley Spring Lane, North Hollywood. Joan Bennett, Lila Lee, Marian Nixon, Sharon Lynn, Mary Brian, 430 California Bank Building, Hollywood. Lionel Atwill, Estelle Taylor, Dorothy Peterson, Cora Sue Collins, 1509 North Vine Street, Hollywood. Neil Hamilton, 351 North Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, California. Alan Dinehart, 2528 Glendower Avenue, Hollywood.

UP-TO-THE-MINUTE
ILLUSTRATED
FIFTEEN CENTS

AINSLEE'S

A STREET & SMITH PUBLICATION

© 1935, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

5
ITS
GLAND

★ ★

STRAIGHT FACTS FOR STRAIGHT THINKING

By Newton D. Baker

NEWTON D. BAKER, *CHAIRMAN*
NATIONAL CITIZENS COMMITTEE

1. It is true that billions are being spent by the Government in order that people may not die of cold and hunger.

2. But these billions, divided among the families in need, average for each family only about $24 a month.

3. And 70% of the free hospital services in the United States for the needy sick are provided by voluntarily supported hospitals. The sick among the unemployed number 48% more than among the employed.

4. Likewise public health nurses, also supported by your voluntary gifts, report that 66% of all their visits in 1933 were in homes unable to pay for the service rendered.

5. 30% more children have had to be removed from their own homes and cared for by voluntarily supported children's agencies.

6. Two-thirds of all the arrests for crime involve persons between the ages of 15 and 24 years. Millions of boys and girls living under conditions destructive to character need the character-building services of your recreation agencies.

7. A man may die of despair, as well as of hunger, for suicides, numbering 15,368 in 1928, grew to 20,927 in 1932. This shows that more and more people are ceasing to value the only kind of life they are able to attain.

8. America cannot be rebuilt by relief measures alone.

9. Your local community chest needs your support during this year of rebuilding human hope and morale. It supports hospitals, clinics, child-care organizations, character-building agencies and many other social services.

10. When you give in your city, you strengthen the forces of civilization in the neighborhood in which you live.

1934 MOBILIZATION FOR HUMAN NEEDS

Volume XLI MONTHLY Number 6

STREET & SMITH'S

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION $1.50

PICTURE PLAY

SINGLE COPIES, 15 CENTS

CONTENTS FOR FEBRUARY, 1935

The entire contents of this magazine are protected by copyright, and must not be reprinted without the publishers' consent.

FRONTISPIECE:

Love in India—*Gary Cooper and Kathleen Burke in "Lives of a Bengal Lancer"* 11

SPECIAL ARTICLES:

Pathway of the Stars—*Celestial Guidance* Laura Ellsworth Fitch . 12
Beyond Wildest Dreams—*Harold Lloyd's Biography* Myrtle Gebhart . . . 14
Tears Behind a Tinsel Mask—*Carol Lombard* Drummond Tell . . . 16
Blushing Lark—*Joe Morrison* . . . Samuel Richard Mook . 27
Gay Spender No More—*Reginald Denny* Franc Dillon . . . 32
Boka Is Swell—*Jimmy Butler* . . . Jack Smalley . . . 33
Angel Face—*Anita Louise* . . . . Helen Ludlam . . . 36
Just to Oblige—*Warren William* . . Mark Dowling . . . 38
"Can I Come Back, Please?"—*Pola Negri* Juliette Laine . . . 39
A Depression Success—*Ralph Bellamy* . Dena Reed 40
Can This Be Love?—*Nick Stuart and Gloria Shea* Harry N. Blair . . . 42
As Nice As They Come—*C. Henry Gordon* Dudley Early . . . 43
Master of Her Fate—*Elissa Landi* . . William H. McKegg . . 44
Ripe at Thirty-five—*Neil Hamilton* . . John G. Whidding . . 46
Mad, Glad Morgan—*Helen Morgan*. . Cruikshank 52
Recipe for an Elegant Evening—*Helen Vinson* Malcolm H. Oettinger . 58

DEPARTMENTS:

What the Fans Think—*Readers Have Their Say* 6
Information, Please—*Replies to Inquisitive Fans* The Oracle 8
Hollywood High Lights—*Goings On in Filmland* Edwin and Elza Schallert . 28
They Say in New York—*Along the Gay White Way* Karen Hollis . . . 34
The Screen in Review—*A Sincere Survey of Films* Norbert Lusk . . . 48
Addresses of Players—*Where to Find Your Favorite* 82

ART GALLERY:

Favorites of the Fans—*Grace Bradley, Josephine Hutchinson, Jeanette MacDonald, Arline Judge, Doris Kenyon, Frances Drake, Joe Morrison, Helen Vinson* 20

FASHIONS:

My Lady Luxury—*Gloria Swanson in Smart Array* 30

CONTEST:

The Rules and Details of Picture Play's Novel Contest . . . 18

PREVIEWS:

Glimpses of Future Films—*"Bright Eyes," "The Mighty Barnum," "Romance in Manhattan," "The Night Is Young," "Sweet Adeline," "David Copperfield," "Forsaking All Others."* 60

Monthly publication issued by Street & Smith Publications, Inc., 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y. George C. Smith, Jr., President; Ormond V. Gould, Vice President and Treasurer; Artemas Holmes, Vice President and Secretary; Clarence C. Vernam, Vice President. Copyright, 1934, by Street & Smith Publications, Inc., New York. Copyright, 1934, by Street & Smith Publications, Inc., Great Britain. Entered as Second-class Matter, March 6, 1916, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Subscriptions to Cuba, Dom. Republic, Haiti, Spain, Central and South American Countries, except The Guianas and British Honduras, $1.75 per year. To all other Foreign Countries, including The Guianas and British Honduras, $2.25 per year.

We do not accept responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts. 16

To facilitate handling, the author should inclose a self-addressed envelope with the requisite postage attached.

STREET & SMITH PUBLICATIONS, INC., 79 7th AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

WHAT HAPPENS TO YOUR FAN LETTER?

When you take pen in hand and indite a letter to your favorite, you consign it to the mystery of the mail chute, knowing nothing at all of its fate when it reaches its destination.

Who opens and reads it? Is it ever seen by Joan herself and do the lovely compliments you pay to Douglass ever reach his eyes? How can you write a letter that really will be seen and appreciated and enjoyed by your favorite?

Jack Smalley, in March Picture Play, not only answers your questions, but tells exactly what happens to fan mail and how stars react to it. Every fan who has written to Hollywood or wishes to do so, will find valuable information in this article.

FRANKIE DARRO

At last that interview with Frankie which his fans have demanded these many months will appear. This is a promise.

ARE YOU IN OUR CONTEST?

This month Picture Play's great contest starts with a bang on page 18. Follow it and win a prize. Next month five more baffling backs of stars will be pictured for you to identify. It's a fascinating puzzle. You mustn't stay out of it.

You've been waiting to see her in a picture like this

SHIRLEY TEMPLE

in *Bright Eyes*

with

JAMES DUNN

Produced by
SOL M. WURTZEL

Directed by
DAVID BUTLER

WHAT THE FANS THINK

A Plea for Operatic Talent.

RECENTLY I saw "One Night of Love," and found it so wholly delightful as to demand a second viewing. But there's one thing it made me think, and that is this: Grace Moore is charming and talented, but she cannot be considered a first-rank operatic artist. Together with Gladys Swarthout, Louise Bernhardt, Queena Mario, Nina Morgana, she belongs in the second rank—talented singers all, but missing true greatness.

Grace Maore's "One Night of Lave," is applauded by J. Norris, a musical fan who makes a strang plea far "really great" singers an the screen.

Now, why not let us have some of the really great singers on the screen? Rosa Ponselle, Eide Norena, Lucrezia Bori, Claire Clairbert, Conchita Supervia, are all lovely to see as well as hear, and there are plenty of stories that might be filmed.

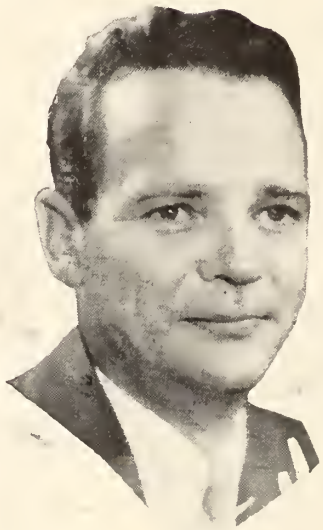
Willa Cather's "Song of the Lark" would be an ideal vehicle for the Swedish soprano, Göta Ljunjberg. F. Marion Crawford's novel, "The Prima Donna," might be done for a coloratura of the Noël Eadie type, or tailored to suit Miss Moore.

The colorful life of Malibran would make a charming film for Miss Supervia. And think of hearing from the screen Ponselle's divine *Norma,* Bori's exquisite *Mimi,* Norena's lovely *Desdemona.* Lily Pons has already signed up for films, a step in the right direction.

If this letter sees print, won't all the music-loving fans join me in a plea for more great voices?

J. NORRIS.
Phoenix,
Arizona.

Shirley Temple is too famous to escape arrows of criticism, Paul Boring rebuking the public for "placing this fatuaus mite on a pedestal."



It's a pleasure to introduce Russell Hopton to H. McCabe.

Mae West—"We lave the woman and admire the actress," says Irene McLarnin.

William Ernest Meryman declares that he wauld rather see Anita Page in a "quickie" than any other actress in a big film.

Mother's Delight.

WE are two young mothers who feel it our duty not to let the evil influence of the cinema contaminate the innocent young minds of our children. You can imagine our distress when we found that our little Freddie, aged ten, and Johnnie, aged eleven, had wandered into the neighborhood theater during the showing of "Dancing Lady." We feel that such pictures are a menace to civilization and that they should be abolished.

Our little ones now prefer to attend an evening show instead of hearing bedtime stories. *Peter Rabbit* and *Bunny Brown* are being sadly neglected these days.

We wonder, if such actresses as Joan Crawford and Norma Shearer realize their evil influence upon the youth of America, and such actors as Clark Gable and James Cagney—we shudder at their very names. Let us have more of Janet Gaynor's pure, wholesome films so that we may take the kiddies to an occasional clean show.

The one player who has our vote for the kiddies is that young actor, Max Baer, whose ethereal charm makes him the ideal of the mothers of America. Let us have more of Max Baer. We think he's cute!

TWO WORRIED MOTHERS.
Beach Haven, New Jersey.

She Has What It Takes.

NOW that a campaign has been started for clean pictures why not start another, even more important, to bring our old favorites back to the screen?

In this instance I am picking Alice White as an example because I feel that she is being overlooked by the powers-that-be and I, for one, do not understand why.

Last fall I chanced to see her in the stage version of "Dinner at Eight." She portrayed the character Jean Harlow played in the screen adaptation, and Alice so far surpassed Jean's characterization that there is no comparison. She literally brought down the house at every performance and every one in Hollywood who ever doubted Alice's ability was shown then and there that the little White girl has what it takes.

Why hasn't she been given any rôles to show her singing and dancing ability? I remember when she went on a personal-appearance tour and played to packed houses—doing just that.

Surely some Hollywood producer is shrewd enough to recognize the talent Alice possesses. Or must we fans rise in a body and shout, "Give Alice a chance, let her *prove* we are right"?

MILLIE WIST.
177 S. Citrus Avenue,
Los Angeles, California.

Has Mae West Run Her Course?

MAE WEST is through! Most people know this but apparently Mae doesn't. According to articles I have read, Miss West thinks her future is as secure as she decrees.

The public liked "She Done Him Wrong." It was a novelty, but one picture like it was enough. "I'm No Angel" was a flop. I have yet to meet any one who liked it.

Jean Harlow could be called a young Mae West, but Jean is successful; she can act and doesn't have to be typed. Jean's life at home is as exciting as her screen portrayals. I predict that in less than two years Mae will be but a dull memory. Of course, one can't blame Paramount for keeping her. I hear that her first picture saved them from financial disaster. They should keep her on their pay roll, but her future pictures will cost them more than they receive.

Even if Mae was the success that was predicted for her, with the new clean-up campaign on, she should wash off her grease paint and portray mother rôles.

I think the best thing Miss West could do would be to save her money. She'll be needing it soon.

I'm afraid Shirley Temple has shown you up, Miss West.

NANCY WELFORD.
Cape Elizabeth, Maine.

Critics Not Dependable.

I'VE come to despise movie critics and their narrow-mindedness. They're absolutely "nuts," and I find that if I missed every picture they rated poor or fair, I'd miss some darn good shows.

Take for instance "Doctor Monica," "The Big Shake-down," "I Give My Love," "Mandalay," "No Greater Glory," and so forth. Those pictures weren't supposed to be so hot; well, I think they were among the best of the year!

Pauline Garon, who has been chattering in French pictures, resumes her Hollywood career in "The White Cockatoo."

I hardly ever agree with a critic. His ideas differ from mine ever so often. I'm sure if fans were allowed to judge their own movies, producers would become millionaires overnight. I'm requesting fans not to judge pictures by their titles or their rating. See the pictures and then comment. After all, seeing is believing.

HENRIETTA CLUBBS.
2423 McCulloh Street,
Baltimore, Maryland.

Overdoing Girlish Sweetness.

JANET GAYNOR'S sugar-coated sweetness is beginning to cause nausea. Sweetness in its place is all right, but there is such a thing as an overdose, and that is even worse than indigestion.

For genuine girlish sweetness I'll take Frances Dee, Jean Parker, Mary Brian, Ruby Keeler, and Evelyn Venable any day of the week, in preference to Gaynor.

Who could forget Evelyn's beautiful performance in "Cradle Song," or Jean's in "Little Women"? Evelyn, to my mind, is the only one capable of portraying *Joan of Arc* on the screen. As for little Jean, all she needs to bring her fame that will rival that of Janet's, is a story of the "Seventh Heaven" type, which helped put Janet across.

And then there is Ginger Rogers. Now there is a girl for you—pep and personality plus!

My favorite actors are Will Rogers and Gene Raymond—Mr. Rogers because he represents Mr. American Family Man, Gene because he is the American youth type.

IDA A. MARTIN.
15 First Avenue,
Huntington Station, Long Island,
New York.

Fascinatin' Mr. Tone.

I HAVE just seen "The World Moves On" with Franchot Tone as the hero. As I had never seen him on the screen before, but heard so much about him, I decided that I should see this picture. I never took much interest in the stars, but now that I have seen Mr. Tone, it will be hard to find a more ardent admirer than I am. I can hardly wait until his next picture comes to my town. I would break any engagement to see him, because I'm quite sure there is no actor as fascinating as handsome Franchot Tone.

MARTY MARTIN.
10th and Main Streets,
Upland, Pennsylvania.

Movies Going to the Dogs.

I THINK the movies are going to the dogs—and I don't care who knows it.

What's all this fuss about Baby LeRoy and Shirley Temple—those insipid little chits!

Such pictures as "Little Women" and "Treasure Island" are having a bad effect on the older generation, making them childish and irresponsible.

Granny went to see "Little Women" and ever since has been capering about like a child.

Any doctor will tell you that Garbo's grunting and fluttering of the eyelids denote a bilious condition. Garbo was disgusting in the bedroom scene of "Queen Christina" where she walked around the room wiping her hands on the walls and furniture while John Gilbert looked on. Didn't they have any guest towels in Ye Old Tavern?

Why doesn't Ann Harding try to acquire some of Jean Harlow's physical attractiveness? She'd be so much cuter looking if she'd cut off that mop of hair.

A gardenia to Joan Crawford for the brave way she "conceals" her suffering from the public. Poor Joan, life has certainly been hard on her.

Another star whose pictures I always avoid is Bing Crosby, whose bay window sickens me. Send him back to radio where we can't see him.

Why doesn't Leslie Howard develop some of the manly qualities of James Cagney? Let's see Leslie throwing grapefruit for a change.

I hope that the directors and stars will read this letter and find my suggestions helpful.

"COMMENTATOR."
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

The Queen of Queens!

WE women may be funny, as men say. It is true that when we go to see a movie we go to enjoy it and forget our troubles. People say that life is sad enough without going to see a drama.

But when Helen Hayes supplies the drama, what can we do? We have to go. Never, since Sarah Bernhardt, have I seen such acting. When she acts it is not acting. She is actually living the part. She is not emotional. Helen Hayes is far too sincere to be emotional. Can words describe her? No, for hers is the beauty of the setting sun. No one can analyze it or put it into words.

In every picture she gives a miraculous

Continued on page 10

Information, Please

Your puzzling questions about players and pictures are answered by the man who knows.

By The Oracle

M. E. F.—Irene Dunne's next is "Sweet Adeline," with Donald Woods. This will be followed by "Roberta." She was born in Louisville, Kentucky, July 14, 1904; five feet four, weighs 115; brown hair, blue-gray eyes.

Myra Gardiner.—Henry Wilcoxon was born in British West Indies, September 8, 1905; six feet two, weighs 190, brown hair, hazel eyes. Carl Brisson in Copenhagen, Denmark, December 24 1896. Paramount will supply photographs of these players upon request.

Rosella.—Maureen O'Sullivan has an important part in "David Copperfield" and you will see her opposite Robert Young in "The Band Plays On."

Ruth Doutt.—The talkie version of "East Is West" included Lupe Velez, Lew Ayres, Jean Hersholt, E. Allyn Warren, Tetsu Komai, Henry Kolker, Mary Forbes, Edgar Norton, Edward G. Robinson. The players in "Riders of the North" were Bob Custer, Blanche Mehaffey, Eddie Dunn, Buddy Shaw, George Rigas, William Walling, Frank Rice.

Maritza K.—Katharine Hepburn and Anna Sten are five feet five and a half; Greta Garbo, five feet six; Dolores del Rio, five feet four and a half; Ruby Keeler, five feet four; Edna May Oliver, five feet ten.

Jerome Matrailles.—A trade paper like *Variety*, published at 154 West 46th Street, New York City, or the *Motion Picture Herald*, at 1790 Broadway, New York City, will give you full information about forthcoming productions.

E. S.—Carlotta King played with John Boles in "The Desert Song." It is almost six years since this picture was released, so it is likely that another version would have to be made if the film were shown again. Joan Bennett had the lead opposite Mr. Boles in "Careless Lady." John was thirty-six last October.

Oliver Brown.—Miriam Hopkins has blue-gray eyes, silver-blond hair; Elizabeth Allan, brown hair, blue eyes; Constance Bennett, golden hair, blue eyes; Lona André, chestnut-brown hair, blue eyes; Jean Arthur, blond hair, blue eyes; Mary Astor, auburn hair, dark-brown eyes; Sally Blane, brown hair, hazel eyes; Tom Brown, brown hair, blue eyes; John Boles, brown hair, gray-blue eyes.

B. Anderson.—An interview in October Picture Play, which, by the way, I'm sure you would have enjoyed and which may still be had by sending your order with remittance to our Subscription Department, explained that after appearing in amateur theatricals, Walter Connolly made his professional stage début in 1909, and has thirteen pictures to his credit. I'll be glad to list these for you upon receipt of a stamped envelope. The article also gives the other facts about him which you are anxious to learn. He is with Columbia. In "Harold Teen," the rôle of *Snatcher* was played by Douglas Dumbrille, whose latest picture is "Lives of a Bengal Lancer."

H. M.—Loretta Young was born in Salt Lake City, Utah, January 6, 1913; Fredric March, Racine, Wisconsin, August 31, 1898; Ken Maynard, Mission, Texas, July 21, 1895; Margaret Sullavan, Norfolk, Virginia, May 16, 1909; Warren William, Atkin, Minnesota, 1896; Glenda Farrell, Enid, Oklahoma, 1905; Kay Francis, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, January 13, 1906.

Lee Moss.—For a photograph of Shirley Temple, write Fox studio. Edmund Lowe with Victor McLaglen in "East River." Baby LeRoy's real name is Leroy Winebrenner. His parents separated shortly after he was born. He is of German-Irish descent. Robert Young was born February 22, 1907, and Loretta Young, January 6, 1913.

Janet Baldwin.—Frankie Darro is in the cast of "Red Hot Tires," with Mary Astor and Lyle Talbot, a Warner picture. However, Frankie is not under contract to any studio. On December 22nd he was sixteen.

Mary Dickinson.—You will find a list of players' addresses in the back of the magazine. Write to any of them in care of the studios indicated, inclosing twenty-five cents with each request, and you will receive the desired photograph.

Helen and Frances.—Joan Crawford was born in San Antonio, Texas, March 23, 1908; Ruby Keeler, Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada, August 25, 1909; Elissa Landi, Venice, Italy, December 6, 1906; Lilian Harvey, London, England, January 19, 1907; Franchot Tone, Niagara Falls, New York, February 27, 1906; Dick Powell, Mount View, Arkansas, November 14, 1904; Gene Raymond, New York City, August 13, 1908; Will Rogers, Claremore, Oklahoma, November 4, 1879.

M. A. M.—Gordon Westcott is not under contract, though he was formerly with Warners, to which studio you might write for his photo. St. George, Utah, is his birthplace, but he fails to give the date; is six feet, weighs 165, and has brown hair and eyes. He is married, though I understand his wife is seeking a divorce. Latest is "The White Cockatoo."

Doris A.—Did you read the interview with Frank Lawton in January Picture Play? It answers practically all your questions about him. I might add that he was born in London, England, September 30, 1904; is five feet nine, and has dark hair and eyes. John Warburton was *Edward Marryot* in "Cavalcade."

La Rue.—Gene Raymond is one of two brothers, and is still single. Five feet ten, weighs 157. With Nancy Carroll in "Transatlantic Merry-Go-Round" and with Sylvia Sidney in "Behold My Wife." Mary Brian is still Dick Powell's big moment. Dick was born November 14, 1904; six feet, weighs 172. I understand that Buddy Rogers and Jeanie Lang are very fond of each other.

H. O.—Robert Donat's first American-made film is "The Count of Monte Cristo." You may recall him as *Thomas Culpeper* in "The Private Life of Henry VIII." Mr. Donat made his stage début in England in 1921, and has appeared in a number of British films. Born in Withington, Manchester, England, March 18, 1905; six feet, dark hair, brown eyes. At present making "Thirty-nine Steps" for Gaumont-British Pictures.

Edith G. Coe.—Claire Trevor was born in New York City, March 8, 1911; golden hair, hazel eyes. Elissa Landi, December 6, 1906; Robert Young, February 22, 1907; George Lewis, December 10, 1902, in Mexico City, Mexico, six feet, weighs 176, brown hair and eyes. In April last year we published an interview with Miss Trevor. Lee Tracy's films until he made "Turn Back the Clock" are: "Big Time," "Born Reckless," "Liliom," "She Got What She Wanted," "The Strange Love of Molly Louvain," "Love Is a Racket," "Doctor X," "Blessed Event," "Night Mayor," "Washington Merry-Go-Round," "Half-naked Truth," "Private Jones," "Clear All Wires," "Dinner at Eight," "The Nuisance."

N. Ramon.—Address the Warner studio for a photograph of Patricia Ellis. She was born in New York City, May 20, 1916; five feet seven, weighs 115, blue eyes, blond hair. She had a few months' experience in a stock company before the movies claimed her. Miss Ellis is the daughter of Alexander Leftwich, a prominent stage director. You will see her in Rudy Vallée's "Sweet Music."

Carol.—Madeleine Carroll was born in West Bromwich, Staffordshire, England, February 26, 1906; Adrienne Ames, Fort Worth, Texas, August 3, 1909; Pat Paterson, Bradford, England, April 7, 1911; Claire Trevor, New York City, March 8, 1911; Toby Wing, Richmond, Virginia, July 14, 1915; Bette Davis, Lowell, Massachusetts, April 5, 1908; June Clyde, St. Joseph, Missouri, December 2, 1909.

M. M. G. Raymond.—Gene Raymond is of French descent, his real name being Raymond Guion. Born in New York City, August 13, 1908; five feet ten, weighs 157, platinum blond hair, blue eyes. Still single. Picture Play for July, 1934, contained an interview with him which will give you all those other deetails you wish to know. Next is "North Shore."

Betty.—Gavin Gordon is playing in "Bordertown." He was born in Chicora, Missouri, April 7, 1901.

Jane Chenel.—Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, Robert Montgomery in "Forsaking All Others." James Dunn in "Have a Heart," "365 Nights in Hollywood," and "Bright Eyes." Patricia Lee is his big moment. Do you refer to "All I Do the Whole Night Through Is Dream of You" in "Sadie McKee"?

Mary Nolan Fan.—Miss Nolan was born in Louisville, Kentucky, December 18, 1905; five feet six, weighs 112, blond hair, blue eyes. She was christened Mary Imogene Robertson, and at three was an orphan in a Louisville convent. She was posing for artists at fourteen. For four years she was a Broadway showgirl, using the name Imogene Wilson. In the UFA studios in Germany she learned picture acting. Made her American picture début as Mary Nolan in "Sorrell and Son." She makes an occasional picture but is not under contract to any particular studio.

Landor Gorelie.—I answered your questions by mail, but the letter was returned from Switzerland, unclaimed, so I trust this comes to your attention. Clara Bow was born in Brooklyn, New York, July 29, 1905; five feet three and a half, weighs about 110, red hair, brown eyes. Married Rex Bell, December 3, 1931. They have been awaiting the arrival of a little Bell, which is the reason you haven't seen Clara on the screen since "Hoopla."

M. L. S.—Richard Cromwell was born in Los Angeles, California, January 8, 1910; five feet ten, weighs 148, light-brown hair, green-blue eyes. Write to him at Columbia Studio for his photograph, inclosing twenty-five cents to cover cost. I have no complete record of the size of gloves and shoes of the stars.

Florence W.—Donald Woods was born Ralph Zincke in Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada, in 1906; six feet one, weighs 160, dark-brown hair and eyes. Married to Josephine van der Horck, whom he met in college. They have a two-and-a-half-year-old son. Besides those you mention, he has also played in "Charlie Chan's Courage," "Merry Wives of Reno," and "She Was a Lady."

M. Q. P.—Joyce Compton was born in Lexington, Kentucky. Charles Bickford's birthdate is January 1st; Paul Cavanagh's, December 8, 1895; Lola Lane is twenty-five; Lona André, nineteen. The late Lew Cody was born February 22, 1885, and Robert Ames, March 2, 1889. Eleanor Boardman weighs 120; Alice Brady, 108. Sally Blane has hazel eyes; Bruce Cabot, gray; Betty Bronson, blue; Olive Borden, brown, five feet one and a half, weighs 105. Sally Blane has brown hair. Tala Birell is five feet six, weighs about 115.

San Francisco Fan.—Mae Murray is five feet three, weighs 115; blond hair, blue-gray eyes; Patsy Ruth Miller, five feet two, 108; brown hair and eyes; George Barbier, five feet nine, blue eyes, gray hair. Ernest Torrence was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, June 26, 1878; six feet three, weighed 200, dark-brown hair and eyes. Mabel Normand, Boston, Massachusetts, November 10, 1894; had dark hair and eyes.

Billy Boy.—In "The Cat's Paw," Harold Lloyd as a boy was played by David Holt, who was born in Jacksonville, Florida, August 14, 1927.

J. P. B.—George Brent with Josephine Hutchinson in "The Right to Live." Reginald Denny in "Lottery Lover," with Pat Paterson and Lew Ayres.

Minna Gombell lives up to the title of her new picture, "Ladies Must Dress," by looking handsomer than ever. You'll see her first, though, wearing this pink satin gown in "Cheating Cheaters."

Frances Browne.—Bill Boyd doesn't seem to have made any picture since "The Cheaters." He is now making "Federal Agent" at Talisman Studio.

C. Orcutt.—Following a short vacation in Europe, Ralph Bellamy returned to Hollywood to resume his picture career. His next film is "Broken Soil." I doubt if he will appear on the Broadway stage, for the present at least.

Martha Stuart.—Elissa Landi will be twenty-eight on December 6th. She is five feet five, weighs 117, has light-auburn hair, green-blue eyes. David Manners's ex-wife, Suzanne Bushnell, is not an actress.

G. Millar.—A letter directed to the Metro-Goldwyn Publicity Department, 1540 Broadway, New York City, may bring you the desired information. The young assistant doctor is not listed in the cast of "You Can't Buy Everything."

Jack Thornton.—I can only suggest that you address Sigmund Romberg at The Friars Club, 1657 Broadway, New York City. Why not inclose a letter intended for Dolores Costello in an envelope addressed to John Barrymore, MGM Studio, Culver City, California? Some of the films directed by Ernst Lubitsch previous to "The Student Prince" are: "Gypsy Blood," "Deception," "Loves of Pharaoh," "One Arabian Night," "Rosita," "Montmartre," "The Marriage Circle," "Three Women," "Forbidden Paradise," "Kiss Me Again," "Lady Windermere's Fan," "So This Is Paris."

Bobby.—Buck Jones has just completed "When a Man Sees Red." Bela Lugosi with Dorothy Lee and Wallace Ford in "The Mysterious Mr. Wong."

F. T. C.—Margaret Sullavan in "The Good Fairy," with Herbert Marshall and Frank Morgan. Elissa Landi with Cary Grant in "Enter Madame." You will have an opportunity to see and hear Rudolph Valentino's brother, Alberto, in this film. He plays the part of an Italian opera singer.

S. L. E.—Drue Leyton was born in Gaudalajara, Mexico; five feet six, weighs 118, golden-blond hair, brown-green eyes. Karen Morley in "Wednesday's Child."

Lila Loring.—Gertrude Michael with Paul Cavanagh in "Menace." An interesting story about Miss Michael appeared in December Picture Play.

Bernard Spensley.—"Song of the Eagle" was released by Paramount in 1933 with Charles Bickford, Richard Arlen, Jean Hersholt, Mary Brian, Louise Dresser, Andy Devine, George E. Stone, Gene Morgan, Bert Sprotte, George Hoffman, Julie Haydon, Harry Walker.

S. M. T.—Leslie Fenton was born in Liverpool, England, March 12, 1903; five feet nine, weighs 150, brown hair, gray eyes. Married to Ann Dvorak. In "Marie Galante."

Rosella.—Maureen O'Sullivan opposite Robert Montgomery in "Hide-out." If any more *Tarzan* pictures are made, no doubt Maureen and Johnny Weissmuller will be teamed again. In December, 1933, we published an interview with Miss O'Sullivan.

Alma P.—Anita Page married Nacio Herb Brown, song writer, July 26th last. This is his third marriage and her first. Anita plans to continue in the movies. She was twenty-four on August 4th.

A Grateful Fan.—Like a number of radio stars, Bing Crosby was off the air for the summer. He's on again, as you probably know. Lew Ayres is playing in "Servants' Entrance," to be followed by "Lottery Lover." Robert Young and Elizabeth Henderson were married on December 13, 1933; Frances Dee and Joel McCrea, October 20, 1933.

A Jean Muir Fan.—In the March issue of Picture Play we published an interview with Miss Muir, accompanied by a roto picture. Jean was born in New York City, February 13, 1911; five feet seven, weighs 122, blond hair, green-gray eyes.

Virginia E. Tanner.—Since I keep no record of home addresses, you'll have to send your letter to Joan Crawford at the MGM studio. Her right name is Lucille LeSueur.

Irene Pugh.—Virginia Brown Faire was born in Brooklyn, New York, June 26, 1904; five feet two, dark hair and eyes. Arletta Duncan is five feet one, brown hair, blue eyes. Marceline Day is a native of Colorado Springs, Colorado. Priscilla Dean is thirty-nine. There is a Jill Dennett in pictures.

Continued from page 7

characterization. She has a great beauty of feeling that holds one in a trance. Helen is no vamp, yet she holds you in her power, a slave to her slightest whim. Not because of her beauty, but because of her sincerity. She makes you love her, and draws you to her like a magnet. She is so tiny that one yearns to protect her.

She is so convincing that one believes every word she speaks. She has something breath-taking about her. Sometimes she is a woman living her part and sometimes her face flashes beauty that is a painter's dream.

I would love to see her with Una Merkel in "Coquette." What actress could better portray the part?

Tired of seeing her die in her pictures? No, of course not. Who could tire of Helen? If she dies one hundred times we shall cry one hundred times more.

A toast to Helen Hayes! A toast to the Queen of Queens!

GABRIELLE LEFEVRE.
3184—43rd Street,
Astoria, Long Island, N. Y.

No Reformers, Thank You!

I WISH to protest against this so-called "purity" crusade. This is positively the silliest, most narrow-minded and fanatical farce since prohibition. Trust a blue-nosed reformer to think up something like that!

We positively refuse to be dictated to by reformer or clergyman. Choosing one's own movie fare is a personal liberty we refuse to give up. These people know little or nothing about movies anyway, as is proven by the fact that they have banned as "indecent" some of the greatest pictures of the year, among them "Of Human Bondage," "Men in White," "Sadie McKee," "Rip-tide," "Little Man, What Now?" and others—all hits in spite of being blacklisted.

These pictures were stamped with the seal of public approval at the box office. They are the kind of pictures we demand—and let no blue-nose tell you different. These pictures are not "indecent" as claimed. True, they deal with adult subjects, but then the movies are for adults, not ten-year-old children or nitwits. But filthy? Never!

Those reformers are a lot of stiff-necked bigots and they certainly will get nowhere. They have merely succeeded in arousing public indignation to a high pitch, as is proved by the many protests being recorded in various magazines and newspapers.

Let's fight for our movies!

"AUNTIE CENSORSHIP."
Buffalo, New York.

The Crusade a Blessing.

I WOULD like to voice my praise for the group of people that had the courage to tell Hollywood how vile some of their pictures were and demand a cleaning of the films.

I am not a prude, nor do I even attend church regularly, and I have been an ardent fan until the last few years.

My favorite actors and actresses have been doing pictures of such a suggestive and disgusting nature that I do not go to see them any more. For example, my adored Ann Harding, beautiful and lovely as she is, is cast in such a picture as "The Life of Vergie Winters."

I am sure they will find their box-office receipts will be much greater when they give us clean, wholesome pictures, with spice enough to be interesting.

The producers have been growing bolder each year. Theaters have a following only because people crave entertainment, and they go to a movie just because it is a movie, regardless of what is being shown.

I do hope that we have seen the last of the Joan Crawford and Jean Harlow pictures. I have heard many, many people say they are weary of seeing their faces in the movie magazines. That is the reaction to the type of pictures in which they play.

So, I join the crusade for better and cleaner pictures.

ELIZABETH M. ALDEN.
436 Algonquin Place,
Webster Grove, Missouri.

In a Class By Herself.

ABOUT a month ago I saw "The Lady Is Willing" and while it was definitely another Leslie Howard triumph, it also gave the audience a glimpse of a fair lady whose queenly grace and winsome charm are incomparable. I'm referring, of course, to Binnie Barnes—England's delectable gift of femininity to the American fans who have already taken her to their hearts.

It is useless to liken her to any of the other stars because her natural beauty, vibrant voice and radiant personality put her in a class by herself. Binnie has the fresh, dewy, untainted look of an active young woman not yet touched by gaudy, treacherous Hollywood. May she always stay that way!

How do you like Virginia Reid's profile? There are those who say it is the most beautiful in Hollywood. But see for yourself in "Grand Old Girl."

Ordinarily, I would say "Keep out the foreigners and promote work for our intelligent American future stars"—but when any one displays the pleasing appearance and undeniable talent of Miss Barnes, then I humbly bow to that alluring importation.

So, lovely lady, it is with thrilling anticipation that I await your next film.

DIANE FLEMING.
7112 Higgins Avenue,
Chicago, Illinois.

Regulating Sex.

SINCE Adam, the history of mankind has been one long battle of right against wrong. And using the Book of Books as a reference, it is certainly an enigma that generation after generation has not taken heed and profited by its errors. But, it was ever thus, hence, today we are faced with the ever old, ever new, conflict between the dogma of "Thou shalt not," and the philosophy of "Come up 'n' see me sometime!" One offers a noble serenity, a calm peacefulness, and sublimity, the other, a temporary thrill, a so-called excitement. The discrimination is odious, yet there are those who refuse to or are unable to see the difference. That is why, cinematically speaking, authority must step in and regulate matters of this type.

No names need be mentioned, but there *are* those who commercialize on sex, sensuality, and base appeal, not only as screen characters, but also in private living. Wealth, glamour, talent, fame, make them no different from the common herd of shady personalities. They are living their own lives, minding their own business, of course, and that is all the more reason why they need to be reminded of their influence. There ought to be a school of ethics from which persons gaining prominence and radiating influence, should graduate; all, intent upon publicity, become ineligible. What a stone these are about the necks of those in the same industry who mean well and are wholesome!

This does not necessitate that henceforth all shall be sacharinity for our film fare. Give us life, crude, if you must, real, if you will, but do not glorify vice, on such an elaborate scale as our modern film heroines and gigolos are wont to do.

CARL L. KRAUS.
452 East Broad Street,
Hazelton, Pennsylvania.

Her One and Only—Crosby.

IF I were to describe Bing Crosby in the Hollywood fashion, I would say that he is terrific, colossal, marvelous, gorgeous, but in my own fashion, I will just say that he is just the handsomest, dearest, sweetest, most charming actor I have ever laid my eyes on.

No wonder our Bing is the most popular male star on the screen and radio. He has everything to go with that glorious romantic voice of his. If he should ever leave the screen, I would certainly quit being a fan, because he is my one and only, my every thought, night and day.

I think Dixie Lee Crosby is the most envied girl in all the world. Every time he smiles and sings my heart just—what shall I say? Words can't describe how I feel.

JANET MARSH.
Troy, New York.

More Artists, Fewer Personalities.

I HEARTILY agree with Jean Radcliffe on the acting ability of Joan Crawford, Norma Shearer, and Constance Bennett. However, it is possible that in several more years Crawford will be quite an actress. She is improving all the time, which is more than can be said for the other two. But Miss Radcliffe is mistaken in her choice of really good actresses. Acting consists of technique, talent, and an indescribable quality which we shall call soul. Soul is that something that puts spirit into a performance. There are quite a few good actresses in Hollywood, but there are only three real artists: Garbo, Helen Hayes, and Ruth Chatterton. All three have talent, perfect technique, and soul. Katharine Hepburn will be in this group in a very few years if she only realizes that she has much to learn. A more naturally talented actress would be hard to find.

Barbara Stanwyck is not an actress. She has a very charming personality but is not at all versatile. In "Gambling Lady" she was very pleasing because she was herself. But in attempting to enact the rôle of a New England girl in "The Bitter Tea of General Yen," she failed dismally. Ann Harding is in the same class with Miss Stanwyck, except that she is more refined.

While Miss Radcliffe's list of "greatest actors" is good, John Barrymore is the only real artist among them. The appearance of Paul Muni, Charles Laughton.

Continued on page 80

STREET & SMITH'S

VOLUME XLI
NUMBER 6

PICTURE PLAY

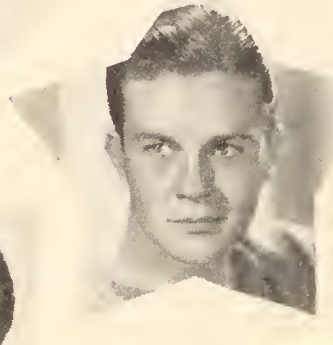
FEBRUARY
1935

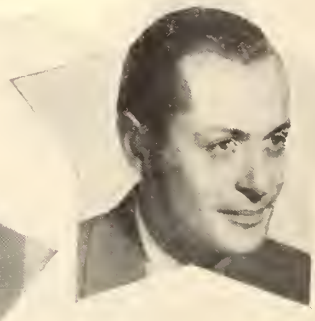
Photo by Ray Jones

"LIVES OF A BENGAL LANCER" gives Gary Cooper not only a picturesque turban to weor but a splendidly heroic part to act, which will leove every right-minded fan in teors at the finish. He is a brave lieutenant in o British regiment stotioned in a dangerous section of Indio, his associates Franchot Tone, Richard Cromwell, ond Sir Guy Stonding. Their menace is Kathleen Burke, who is pictured here.

PATHWAY of

Nella Webb, famous astrologer whose advice influenced the career of Marie Dressler, makes surprising predictions of what this year has in store for players you all know. Compare your birthdate with theirs and see what the planets foretell.





HAVE you ever stopped at a branch in the road and wondered which one would take you where you wanted to go? Both roads look alike, but there is no sign to guide you, so you follow your hunch. Sometimes you are right and sometimes you have to turn back to the fork in the road and start all over again.

There are certain moments in our lives when the right course of action is of greater importance to our future than others. We sense this and try hard to act with wisdom, and yet sometimes we miss the way.

You may not believe in astrology, but certainly there is something scientific that governs this world and a principle upon which we can rely in moments of darkness and fear and doubt. Our business is to find it and work out our difficulties with patience.

According to Nella Webb, famous astrologer and lifelong friend of the late Marie Dressler, whom she guided through the years preceding her brilliant screen career, the position of the stars and their fixed pathway have as much effect upon our lives as the sun and the rain have upon the soil. The difficulty is to understand it.

We all have our good and our adverse times which are helpful if we use them to gain more knowledge or to perfect what we already have. It is only because we are ignorant of fundamental laws, Miss Webb declares, that we go off the handle when things are delayed or seem to go contrary to our expectations. If we knew that these were merely passing vibrations we wouldn't give up so easily.

Miss Webb has looked at the birthdates of the stars and given a resumé of conditions they may expect during 1935. This is a very general reading which will be of as much value and interest to you as to them, for she has simply given the vibrations that govern persons born on any day of any year.

The year will bring back some old favorites to the screen, and you will be pleased to see some new favorites step into the success you feel is due them. Some will have to wait a little longer for their place in the sun, and you will find new names springing into prominence during the next twelve months.

Of the comebacks, the most interesting will be William Farnum.

the STARS

By Laura Ellsworth Fitch

Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., William Haines, John Gilbert, Anna May Wong, Bebe Daniels, and Marjorie Rambeau.

People born in January are the most fortunate this year. Their luck is unbounded, and if they have not given in to depression which has been theirs for the last few years, they will find 1935 the best they have had in their lives. No matter what day or year they were born or what adverse conditions may govern their personal charts, some good must shine through. Theirs is the golden ring in the merry-go-round.

A number of film people were born during this month. Bill Haines is one of the fortunate ones; also Marion Davies, Anna May Wong, Lanny Ross, Anita Louise, Bebe Daniels, Charles Bickford, Nils Asther, Tom Brown, to mention a few. Bebe Daniels will find herself too busy with film offers to think of domesticity for a while. Anita Louise will forge ahead. Bill Haines will suddenly find himself much in demand at the casting offices and so will Anna May Wong. Marion Davies and Lanny Ross will have greater success than ever, and so will Tom Brown.

This influence of Capricorn affects all persons born between December 21st and January 21st. In October, 1934, things changed for the better and after March of 1935, and for the next one to seven years, according to their personal charts, they will have it in their power to achieve great things.

The Aquarius people are born between January 21st to February 19th. Under that influence come Ramon Novarro, Robert Young, Clark Gable, Franchot Tone, and Adolphe Menjou. It hasn't been all beer and skittles for these stars during 1934, and during 1935 they will have to watch their step or the restlessness that they will feel will be wrongly directed. Instead of using this power for expansion they will think that they have to throw up the job and travel, or divorce, or dissolve partnership. If they know beforehand that their restlessness has nothing to do with the job, their conjugal mate or their business partner, but merely a spirit of change and progress in themselves that, taken advantage of, will give them tremendous benefit, maybe they won't be fooled into doing the wrong thing.

From February 19th to March 22nd are the Pisces people. All those born the first five days of March of any [Continued on page 73]

Harold Lloyd as a smiling, friendly little small-town fellow gave no promise of becoming a world celebrity and a rich man.

BEYOND

The life story of Harold Lloyd is one of the most amazing and fabulous in Hollywood. Because it is apt to be taken for granted by fans who are excited over newcomers, Picture Play offers it as a stimulous to ambitious youth—and a tribute to the comedian's twenty-one years' service on the screen.

By Myrtle Gebhart

PART I.

Harold's heroine in one-reel comedies was Bebe Daniels, aged fifteen.

He began as an extra, a red-letter day in Harold's life coming when he played this scene with J. Warren Kerrigan, then a popular hero.

SEASONAL phases come and go—gangsters and gigolos ply their pictured trade and are brushed aside by another momentary sensation. Romantic personalities portray them, each suited to and expressing the hero of the hour. Each fad has its facsimile in some movie figure.

Careers ascend and descend; popular stars of yesterday plod, forgotten, among the extras.

How many of the favorites of ten years ago mean anything to the new generation of fans? Very few, like the brook immortalized by Tennyson, go on and on.

A steady maintenance of position, unaffected by the fluctuations of a business as hysterical as the movies, is evidence of a career built on character rather than on a transient type.

Harold Lloyd is a perennial personality. At forty-one, he is the second richest star in pictures, heads his own producing corporation, and reaps the harvest of his twenty-one years' service to the public.

And he has built it all out of himself—his sincerity, his earnest application, his fundamentals of honesty and decency.

You can laugh at the Horatio Alger idea if you like; but if you do, it's on you. To Harold it has paid very handsome profits. His characterizations have all been based on it, his personal life has been an exposition of it. Alger may be antique, but his spirit lives in the heart of man.

The birth of Harold Clayton Lloyd, in a little frame house in Burchard, Nebraska, on April 20, 1893, created the mild flurry of any new baby's arrival among the three hundred folks of the town. His grandpa kept a general store. His mother, daughter of a covered-wagon pioneer, attended church sewing bees and socials. His ancestors were Pennsylvania people, reliable and average.

Dad Lloyd—"Foxy" to his intimates—had no soul for anchoring in one spot. Before Harold was fifteen, he had inspected seven Nebraska and Colorado towns. His dad was traveling inspector for a sewing

WILDEST DREAMS

machine company; he was a photographer in one town, a shoe salesman in another.

For a while Harold tagged the footsteps of Gaylord, five years older. But soon he sprouted ideas of his own. His was the usual American boyhood of the pre-movie era: such studying as he couldn't squirm out of, swimming, the circus, marbles, horseplay and "lickings."

On his fifth birthday he ran away with another kid. In the course of their ramblings along the river, they came to a paper mill. Harold returned home with bits of pulp in each stage of the process. A thorough lad, even then. Proud of his acquisitions, he was astonished and grieved when his dad contributed a whacking. Foxy, too, was thorough.

Freckled, a slim, black-haired boy, he always was swift of foot, usually "up to something," and was early nicknamed "Speedy." No, he was not named later after the picture; it was named for him.

"Yabble" was another nickname. He called his pup, a mastiff, "Ya Bill! Ya Bill!" until the family acquired the habit of thus paging him. Incidentally, his hobby of breeding great Danes and St. Bernards is a result of that period. Some one poisoned his dog and he vowed that he would get rich and own a lot of dogs, and love them all. The champions in his kennels have taken many prizes.

When finances were uncertain, or the family was on the move, Harold was sent to worry a grandma or an aunt. More or less he attended school, excelling at mathematics and history, being deplorably backward at grammar and English, and fishing excellently on all the hooky days that he could manage. The classics never concerned him.

He earned his occasional treats by doing odd jobs—collecting for the junkman, mowing lawns, selling candy at baseball games, stoking furnaces.

Later he delivered milk, jerked sodas, worked in a pet shop, was cash boy in a Denver department store, was a messenger boy, and ushered in theaters. In Omaha he rode a paper route on his bike, and sold corn that his mother popped for him. He was making fifteen dollars a week at his various jobs.

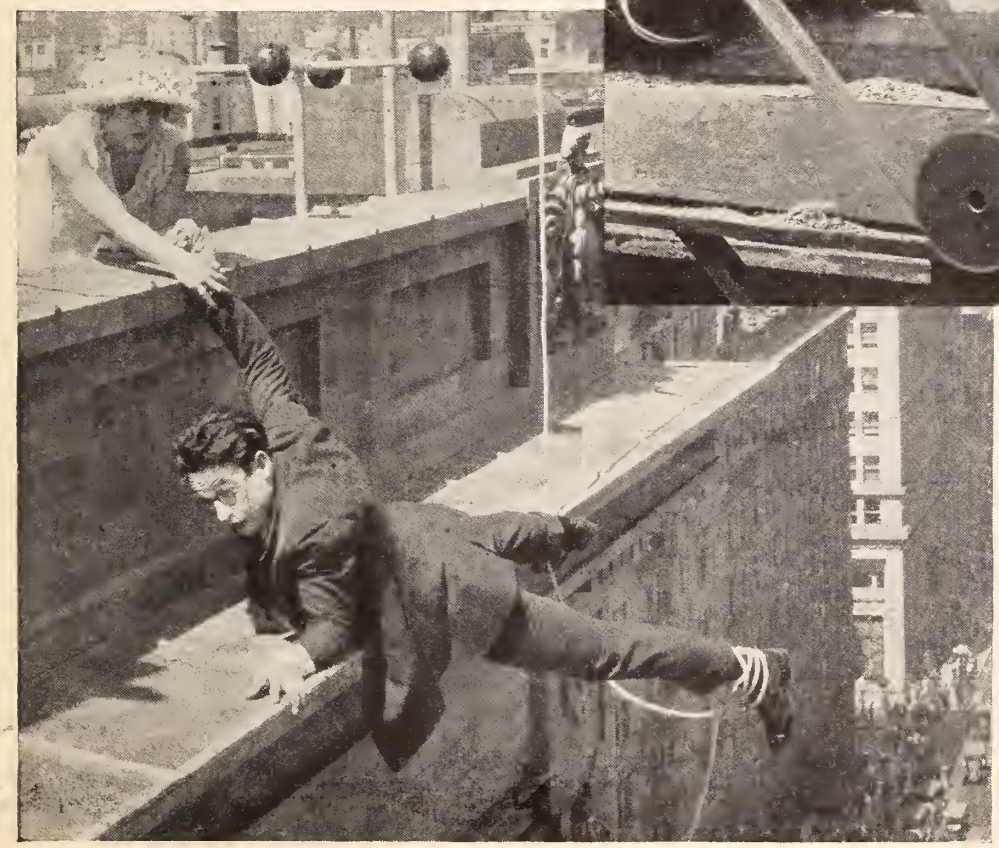
The domestic sense which gives him such peace today perhaps had its origin in the family spirit that prevailed among the Lloyds. Foxy cherishes seventy agates that Speedy's skill won in marble battles. And for years he has kept scrapbooks of Harold's professional progress.

An interest in mechanical puzzles led to the development of considerable art as a magician, and gave baby brother Lloyd top-notch standing with the gang.

His was the tomfoolery of the born comedian, who invariably "plays it straight." His jokes owed their humor not to crude slapstick methods but to clever situations. Such as the time he taught another boy how to hypnotize and revive him, and then refused to wake up.

Continued on page 71

As *Lonesome Luke*, Harold hit upon a characterization that paved the way for a starring career of phenomenal duration.



Mildred Davis, seen here as Mr. Lloyd's heroine in "Safety Last," was his first and only girl. Neither dreamed that love would unite them and that a palace would be their home.

TEARS BEHIND

All photos by Bull

"I know what I want, but I can't get it. So I'll just have to take the next best thing." This is the keynote of Carol Lombard's outlook on life, according to one who knows her well.

Witty, gay, gleaming, and a trifle hard—a successful star with an eye wide open to her own advantage—this is the Carol Lombard whose quips delight Hollywood. But the other side of her, when she weeps alone, is surprising because it is carefully concealed.

By Drummond Tell

IN a place noted for its artificiality, its tawdriness and tinsel glitter, there are a few things which strike the observer as real. Friendships are more apt to be based upon expediency than upon a community of interests, and marriages more likely to result from a mad quest for some new thrill than from mutual respect and affection.

Yet, out of all this hypocrisy and make-believe there is one who strikes a bystander on the side lines as genuine. And she is Carol Lombard. The most real, down-to-earth girl I know.

I don't believe there are many people in Hollywood who do know her. Oh, she's well acquainted and counts her friends by the hundreds. She's asked everywhere and she's always good for laughs. But that isn't the real Carol.

I do not intend to write about her "dual personality." That's the easiest story in the world to write. And hasn't every one a dual personality? I think there's only one Carol, but that one has a side she seldom shows—the *real Carol.*

You saw it in "Now and Forever." Carol could never make me believe she was acting in that picture. She was playing herself—and that's the reason it's her best characterization to date.

She plays the game. There's a speech she has in that picture, when she's been trying for seven years to run away from life and realizes she can't, and her lips tremble when she says it: "I know what I want, but I can't get it. So"—with a brave smile—"I'll just have to take the next best thing." And I think that is what she's doing with her life. Taking the next best thing.

Carol loves company. She shines in crowds. People are the breath of life to her. If, at times, there is a forced note to her laughter, if at others her smile is a little too ready, one has the feeling it is all part of that game she

Self-centered on the surface, Miss Lombard never forgets anniversaries. At Christmas time her dressing room looked like a gift shop crowded with presents which she wrapped and tied herself.

A TINSEL MASK

is playing; that the mobs one meets in her home are invited so she won't be alone with herself and her thoughts.

People help her to forget. Forget what? Memories? Disillusionments? Who knows? I doubt that any one will ever know for, although Carol chatters constantly, her talk is mostly of surface things. Of what she feels down inside she says nothing.

Carol always gives me the impression of having drained the cup of life; of being sadly sane and weary wise, yet clinging desperately to the ragged edges of happiness.

If, sometimes, in an unguarded moment, you glimpse a hurt, disillusioned look in her eyes with the suggestion of tears lurking just behind, you just look the other way. You have the feeling she wouldn't want you to notice, that you've got to play the game with her.

I remember on the set once, a girl and I were talking to her. How the conversation ever happened to take a serious turn I don't know, but it did. "Life doesn't owe me a thing," Carol averred.

"Doesn't owe you anything?" the girl echoed. "Look at you! It's true you have money and you're a hit, but you're ruining your health by dieting and running around too much. I'd say it owed you *everything.*"

"No," said Carol positively. "If I had to diet to make a hit in pictures, I did it because I wanted to be in pictures. If that's the price of screen success, I paid it because I wanted to. I didn't have to go into pictures. And if I enjoy staying up nights and running around with the result that I don't get enough sleep, that's my own fault, too. It's a poor sport who can't pay without whining."

She has the reputation of being one of Hollywood's premier practical jokers and her wisecracks are as freely quoted in the colony as Dorothy Parker's are in New York. But I always have the feeling it's part of a game she's playing—the game of running away from herself.

Not long ago a friend of mine mentioned a person she wanted me to meet. "Is he good for any laughs?" I demanded.

"That's all you care about any more, isn't it?" my friend demanded bitterly. "You don't care if a person has a fine character or a good mind. You're only interested in laughs."

It brought me up with rather a jerk. It's true. When I'd got over the initial shock my first thought was of Carol. It's as true of her as it is of me. More so, probably.

I thought of her on the set, always clowning. Catching sight of some one on the lot, in a restaurant, at a theater, some one she knows and likes. "Come over and have lunch with me. We'll have some laughs."

Always laughs and more laughs.

If, occasionally, she becomes serious it's never about herself. It's more likely to be about something that pertains to her—rôles, contract, something like that, as when she and Columbia went to bat over her part in "Lady By Choice." And another time when she said to me, "I'll never marry again as long as I'm in pictures," and went on to give her reasons.

Yet I have the feeling that if Carol ever really fell in

Continued on page 76

She is none of the things you would expect her to be and all you would never dream she is. A thorough housekeeper, for one thing.

See Films

Here are particulars of Picture Play's exciting contest, the most unusual of any competition sponsored by a film magazine. It will appeal to intelligent movie-goers because it invites their opinion of acting as seen in current pictures. Read the conditions and compete for prizes.

WHAT well-known players are pictured on the opposite page? In what films do they stop and turn their backs to puzzle and mystify you? You tell!

Is it possible that you don't know the characteristic backs of your favorites as well as you know their famous faces? Perhaps not! But you will soon enough—and you will find it very much worth while to get acquainted.

Five hundred dollars, two hundred and fifty, two hundred, or even a mere century for seeing films and naming the stars whose baffling selves are turned the wrong way on the next page.

Any of these amounts may be your reward for diligent attendance, sharp eyes, and a positive opinion of the acting of one—just one—of the players whose photographs appear in Picture Play's extraordinary contest.

Now for particulars—and conditions. Read carefully. They are important, but simple.

Fifteen pictures will be published in all. Five this month, five in March Picture Play, five in April. Each will be of a player who is appearing in the same costume in a current film. You must identify them all.

It is possible you may say, "Oh, boy, that's Bing Crosby! I'd know him anywhere." Or, "Well, that looks a lot like Janet Gaynor turned around." But you must be *sure!* And the only way to settle all doubt is to see pictures—see films in which you think the star appears—and keep on seeing pictures until you find the *right* one and you are absolutely sure.

Then it will be simple to jot down, for example, "Bette Davis—Bordertown" on the coupon. To help you get started, Miss Davis is one of the stars pictured opposite. So is Barbara Stanwyck, in "The Secret Bride." And Sylvia Sidney, in "Behold My Wife," is there, too. But remember, there'll be fifteen of them to keep looking for until your collection is complete. It will keep you busy seeing films, but what fan minds that, especially when he may win a splendid cash prize for doing what he likes best?

This is not all that makes Picture Play's first contest different and amazingly interesting.

A letter, just one letter, must accompany your list of identifications. A letter of not more than two hundred and fifty words. Less, if you like. A letter giving your opinion of the performance of one of the fifteen stars in the corresponding film. You may say what you really think. Whether you consider the performance perfectly grand, or unsatisfactory, or just ordinary. But you must have seen the star acting in the film that identifies his or her back. Express your opinion freely, frankly—as openly as you do in "What the Fans Think."

Letters must be typewritten, and the name and address of the sender given at the head. Your letter—remember, just one—must accompany the three coupons on which you have written the fifteen names of stars and their films.

All should be addressed to Contest Editor, Picture Play, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y., and mailed not later than March 31, 1935. We cannot return letters nor enter into correspondence with contestants.

To resume: $500 for the first prize, $250 for the second, $200 for the third award, and $100 as fourth prize. Together with a year's subscription to Picture Play for fifty readers whose entries are meritorious. Prizes to be given for the most accurate list of stars, accompanied by a criticism of one performance in not more than two hundred and fifty words. In the event of ties, prizes of identical value will be awarded to the tying contestants.

Are you ready? Let's go!

Contest Editor, Picture Play,
79 Seventh Avenue, New York:

I identify players in February Picture Play as follows:

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____
4. _____
5. _____

Name. .....

Address. .....

and Earn Money

?

GRACE BRADLEY

WHETHER she is tuning up to do the Cucaracha, or to sing some hotcha number, you may be sure that Grace Bradley will always have a willing audience. Usually the menace for some sweet-faced heroine, she can always be relied upon to give a good performance.

Photo by Scotty Welbourne

WHEN both the fans and the studio are enthusiastic about a new personality, then certainly it is time for cheering. Such is the case with Josephine Hutchinson, whose individual charm in "Happiness Ahead" won her many admirers. From "The Right to Live," opposite George Brent, she is preparing to do more serious acting in "Oil for the Lamps of China."

JOSEPHINE HUTCHINSON

ARLINE JUDGE

HARDLY more than a child herself, it is difficult to imagine petite Arline Judge mothering a young son, and giving such finished performances. But her determination to succeed has won her the distinction of being successful at both. Surely you'll want to see her "One Hour Late."

DORIS KENYON

TALENTED to her finger-tips —that's Daris Kenyon. Two recent films, "Whom the Gods Destroy" and "The Human Side," are only part proof of it. First, it was the Broadway stage, then several volumes of poetry, then as a concert artist, and now an operatic début in "The Secret of Suzanne."

Photo by George Hurrell

JEANETTE MacDONALD

PERHAPS it was be cause Jeanett MacDonald wor widow's weeds i "The Merry Widow that it had such a sa effect upon those wh saw it, for it didn appeal as strongly c some of her other But we know that i "Naughty Mariette her magnetic char will more than con pensate, and her ra voice thrill as it neve has before.

Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bu

WE are showing you these two poses of Frances Drake to prove that the little lady can be as sweet and demure as she can be sophisticated and vampish. You'll see her as a siren of no mean ability in "Forsaking All Others," which boasts such outstanding personalities as Joan Crawford, Clark Gable and Robert Montgomery.

Photo by Eugene Robert Richee

Photo by Tanner

FRANCES DRAKE

JOE MORRISON

ALTHOUGH Joe Morrison became populor by singing "The Last Round-up" and "Just Picture a Penthouse Way Up in the Sky," success in pictures has come from his candid, naive and likoble personality which you first saw in "The Old-foshioned Way." Yau'll see even more of it in "One Hour Late." Learn something about him in the stary, opposite.

Photo by Eugene Robert Richee

Blushing Lark

BY

SAMUEL RICHARD MOOK

Mr. Mook considers Joe the most refreshingly different personality he has met in a year, with the exception of John Beal, and gives his reasons.

Joe Morrison, whose success on the air has extended to the screen, still blushes when he attracts attention in public—a good sign, if you ask us!

A FEW months ago in writing of John Beal I mentioned that, with the exception of Joe Morrison, he had the [illegible] fferent [illegible]
of any ne
ture
inter

J
bro
of
first
hag
of
an
He
is s

R
of t
the
in th
conc
his

I
gol
whi
tur
seve

his guests, and made a bee line for the kitchen. "Throw something on the table quickly," he instructed the cook. "It doesn't matter what it is. It's fight night. If I here early they won't hold my tickets."

e days and four nights on the fastest pre-rain from New York to Los Angeles. Most such a trip, are willing to spend a quiet eve-e and turn in early. Not Joe. The fights He could rest later.

incessantly after dinner without necessarily When he finally does turn in he reads our and then doesn't rise until noon the

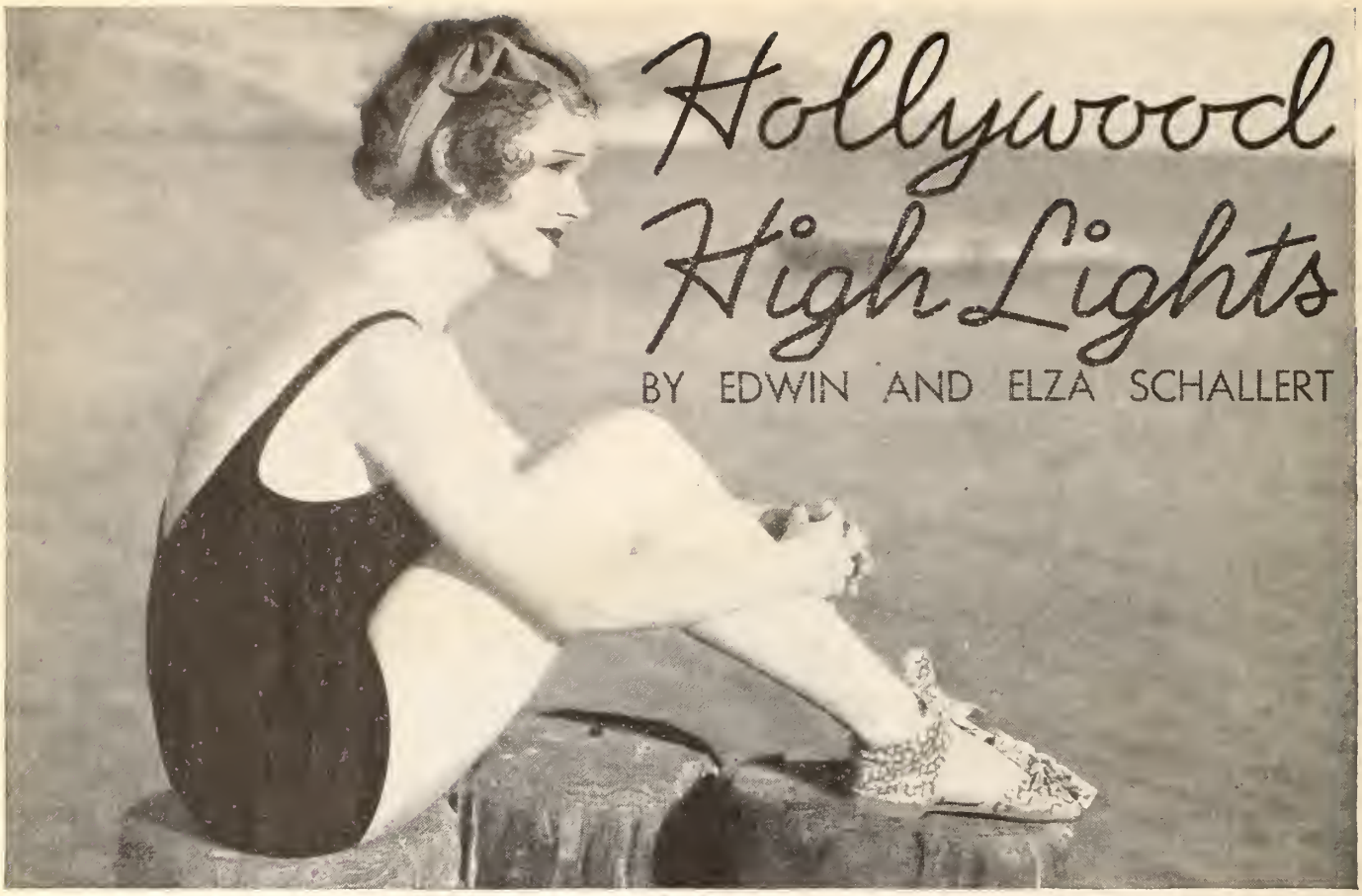
eat, particularly pastries and desserts. asn't so far put on any excess poundage. joined any of the golf clubs, usually play-ublic course because it's near home.

ves bridge but is a cautious bidder.

he had on a light-brown suit, a lavender shirt, le tie. Some one mentioned that it was a strik-nble so Joe wears brown, lavender, and purple ightest provocation. He looks better in a navy-, but I haven't had the nerve to tell him.

k he gets his greatest delight in doing unex-nice things for people. While he was away on

Continued on page 56



Hollywood High Lights

BY EDWIN AND ELZA SCHALLERT

Pert Keltan, a regular autdoor girl after her lang service in Broadway musicals, suns herself following "Lightning Strikes Twice."

Jean Parker isn't asking i yau wanna buy a duck, bu just perche on a peak "Sequaia

Glib bits of news and gossip from the studio sidelines.

A FEUD that goes much deeper than any one will admit, provoked William Randolph Hearst and Marion Davies into leaving MGM for Warners. This was indicated when the Hearst papers commenced "playing up" stories of Edwina Booth's tribulations, and the resuscitation of the Paul Bern suicide case, as soon a the deal with the new company was announced.

riage

Though called amicable, the break is regarded as one of the most sensational in movieland annals. Marion Davies had been with MGM practically since its organization, but long-rumored conflicts with other stars on the lot must have come to mean something in the end.

The success of "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" really brought things to a head. That picture was once programmed for Miss Davies. Norma Shearer starred in it with huge success. Miss Davies wanted to do "Marie Antoinette"; Norma was scheduled for that. One thing led to another.

The net result was that Miss Davies moved out bag and baggage. Not a stone was left of her famous $50,000 bungalow when the transferring job was completed. Practically every blade of private grass was taken away. The cost of transporting the studio ménage to its new location was estimated at approximately $50,000. It had just been enlarged prior to the transfer, with a projection room and other special accommodations. Which indicates the suddenness of the break, and its decisiveness.

Incidentally, one of the first pictures talked about for Miss Davies at the Warner studio is "Marie Antoinette," and Norma Shearer can't make her version because of an anticipated blessed event. So what do you make of that? Kinda fateful, or what?

Sidney-Schulberg Split-up.—This has been a time of splits, breaks, and what not. Sylvia Sidney and B. P. Schulberg, for instance. And after approximately two years of apparent mutual devotion, disagreements, and then devotion again. That, too, was abrupt, but is known to have been brewing for a long time. We trace it to a day Schulberg paid a visit to his former wife at her beach home, when his son returned from college. Old family ties proved triumphant. And maybe Sylvia didn't play "Madame Butterfly" just in vain, though that's only a guess. She's said to have another heart interest now.

Gloria "Free Woman."—Faithful as the stars—not Hollywood but celestial! Consider Gloria Swanson and Herbert Marshall. One step toward their eventual marriage has been taken by Gloria in obtaining her interlocutory decree from Michael Farmer. That means a year's wait, and then after all Marshall and Edna Best do remain married.

At the divorce trial Lois Wilson contributed to the more cheerful side of the occasion as a witness in Gloria's behalf. She said that Gloria's voice became higher-pitched because of the tension induced by Farmer's attitude toward her; also that he grew angered, with embarrassing results for Gloria, when he couldn't discuss American politics intelligently. The judge dryly remarked that such a discussion must obviously require a very high degree of intelligence. Ouch!

Is Joel Too Reserved?—Joel McCrea couldn't make hot love to Marlene Dietrich. Consequently he won't be seen in her "Caprice Espagnole." Joel is a reserved sort of chap, and above all can't be anything but natural on the screen. So, when he was called on to play a Latin hero with Joe von Sternberg bossing the job, it just didn't work

Continued on page 54

Photo by Ball

Lovely Virginia Bruce is the only star to be escorted by Edmund Lowe since Lilyan Tashman's passing. They attend the opera together.

James Blakeley, late of Park Avenue and Barbara Hutton Mdivani's circle, romances with Mary Carlisle over a sandwich.

Photo by Acme

Kay Francis returns from Europe more smartly turned out than ever for "Living on Velvet," with George Brent.

MY LADY

Here we have an adaptation of the Chinese coolie hat with black silk cord and tassel. The black veil is of fishnet weave.

The black felt hat with turned-up brim, upper right, is banded with grosgrain ribbon, with streamers at the back. Wide mesh veiling adds a note of allure.

This charming black velvet suit, with lapels and muff of ermine, adds glamour to the cocktail hour. The slit skirt is lined to the knee with silver cloth, as is the flared jacket. The double-breasted coat is fastened with brilliant-studded buttons.

LUXURY

Always partial to hats, Miss Swanson is shown here wearing a large one of black velvet, with tucked brim, worn with an oxford-gray rabbit wool coat suit.

Surely you will agree that these breath-taking creations worn by Gloria Swanson justify her reputation of having a flair for wearing unusual clothes to the best advantage. All the millinery was designed by René Hubert, eminent stylist.

The "halo" hat, upper left, is also of black velvet. You'll have to look closely for the tiny tabs at the ears which are of white velvet. Not a wisp of hair is seen.

For formal wear is this regal gown of black lace combined with printed crêpe. Yoke and sash are in autumn colors. The shawl-type wrap adds an interesting touch. What more could milady desire?

GAY SPENDER NO MORE

By Franc Dillon

It wasn't so very long ago that Reginald Denny symbolized the typical man-about-town. Now, thanks to a happy marriage, a whirlwind of parties has been replaced by a hard-working actor eager to concentrate solely on his film future.

I'VE given over my title of 'man-about-town' to whoever is foolish enough to want it," said Reginald Denny recently. "I resign my position with pleasure, for I've decided to be my age."

Photo by Bruno

"When you've once had stardom and lost it," says Reginald Denny, "the climb back is thrilling."

And that is just a mild hint of the change that has come over this charming English actor. From being one of Hollywood's most lavish spenders; a gay, young blade; a typical man-about-town, he has become most conservative in his business dealings, quiet and retiring in his home life, a serious-minded actor and, as he expresses it, "just a hard-working family man."

In other words, Reginald Denny has grown up.

Credit for this change Denny generously lays in the lap of his wife, the former "Bubbles" Steiffel. "It may be maturity," he added thoughtfully. "It may be, to some extent, responsibility. But I'm sure most of it is because I'm so completely happy in my marriage. When a fellow is unhappy he feels there is no use in doing anything, but when he is happy and contented, everything matters."

Denny came from the English stage to Hollywood in 1919, and made his picture début in "The Leather Pushers" series for Universal. Then he wrote and starred in a series of farce comedies. He became very popular, and his private life was as gay and light-hearted as the rôles he played.

"There were many men-about-town in those days," he recounted. "Brilliant young stars who made and spent more money than was good for them. Hollywood was a gay, extravagant, terrifically paced center in the old days and I was a part of that life.

"Most of us had a friend or relative who bore the title of business manager, whose chief duties were to see that we invested in every wildcat scheme that was offered; to be sure that we had ringside seats at the fights and ringside tables at the most popular night clubs. They were good fellows who helped us spend our money. There were no managers such as we have to-day, who guard our interests and safeguard our futures.

"Parties in those days were extravagant affairs and your man-about-town attended all of them and was often the host. I had a thirty-five-foot cabin cruiser on which I frequently entertained; I had four airplanes.

"I built my own hangar, costing $100,000, and of course the care of the planes necessitated a crew of men. I had a mountain lodge; I had a beach place. I spent money recklessly and, along with the other young chaps in Hollywood, I was always among those present.

"Making pictures is a strenuous job. It involves study, concentration, effort. It entails a knowledge of acting, rhetoric, the human emotions. It's a full-time job. You can't work from eight in the morning until six at night, tearing yourself to pieces emotionally, and then spend your nights carousing. Your body needs time to knit together that raveled network of nerves, to rest.

Continued on page 70

BOKA IS SWELL

It seems only natural to identify Jimmy Butler by the character he portrayed in "No Greater Glory." Now for some off screen observations of this all-American boy.

By Jack Smalley

Photo by Coburn

Thirteen and husky, Jimmy is the most famous youngster in his neighborhood, though he seldom talks movies with the gang. To the right, you see our young hero off to hunt rabbits with his pal, Duke.

"COME on out and I'll give you a ride on my pinto," invited young Jimmy Butler with a wide grin. "I've got a corral back of the house where I keep him. Swell horse, that Boka."

Jimmy is immensely proud of that horse. He'd much rather change the subject from pictures to his Indian pony, or talk about hunting rabbits back in the hills and going on Boy Scout hikes, than discuss the fact that he is one of the most famous young men in films.

But after all, Picture Play readers have been demanding some information about the career of this typical American boy, so Jimmy obliged.

"Hope you'll pardon the looks of my hair," he said first, hitching up a chair. "It feels as bad as it looks, too. They made me let it grow long for 'Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch,' and before that was finished I had a job to do for RKO. The director told me I mustn't cut my hair because he wanted it long and shaggy for 'Romance in Manhattan.' But gee, I'll be glad to have those old shears snipping it off!"

Jimmy is fast learning to be cheerful about the demands of directors. If they say "let your hair grow," he does it because, after all, pictures are fun. And the money helps out the family bank roll, too.

A husky lad of thirteen, he doesn't show the strain of long weeks before the camera. And he has a big load to carry in "Romance in Manhattan"; he and Francis Lederer and Ginger Rogers are the principals.

"Well, where shall I start?" he asked. "I haven't been doing this very long, you know. Mother had some friends who were interested in the Pasadena Community Playhouse, and she told them that if a boy's part turned up, to try me in it, because I'd often said I liked acting.

"I'd done some parts in school plays, and you know a guy sort of gets a kick out of it. Finally they put on a show called 'A Plain Man and His Wife,' which Louise Dresser was going to try out at the Playhouse. There was a kid's part in it, so they called us up. I read the part for them, and I guess it was O. K.

Continued on page 74

Photo by Freulich

They Say

Broadway's social season is on in full blast and mocking Hollywood is the favorite sport, as usual.

By Karen Hollis

Ruth Chatterton chose "Rebound" for her first starring broadcast. Fans clamor for her return to the screen, but she wants to be sure of the right story first.

Forget all the myths about Anna Sten. She's a jolly Russian and not at all like what one might expect. "Broken Soil" brings her to the screen again.

Jane Wyatt, seen here in "Great Expectations," will return to Hollywood fresh from a Broadway triumph.

WITH pictures growing more and more honeyed and pious, Broadway is becoming more sardonic and gay. Immediately on arrival in town, Hollywood visitors rush to see the cruelly hilarious "Personal Appearance" which stars Gladys George. And in a new musical, Cole Porter has penned a song in which Sam Goldwyn, the famous word-scrambler, teaches Anna Sten to speak English. At Harry Richman's club is a chorus of female impersonators, one of whom bears a startling resemblance to Joan Crawford, startling because every feature, every mannerism, is duplicated with the sureness of a vicious caricature.

No More Wailing.—Those sobs and laments which visiting film folk indulged in for months over the passing of the secluded and charming little speakeasies are heard no more.

At La Bijou, a cunning little bar-café, Miriam Hopkins wanders in alone, sits on the piano bench and wheedles Jimmy Rog- of Whiteman air fame, to play and sing for her even though ontract does not call for entertainment at noon.

Photo by Bro

"When yo

Reginald Denny.

s on West Fifty-first Street, where one orders by

in NEW YORK—

pointing at something that Mary is cooking and saying "I'll have some of that and that," Richard Bennett and his least-famous daughter, Barbara, chortle over the success and foibles of Joan and Constance.

At Chapeau Rouge, where an air of almost crystalline smartness prevails, Ruth Chatterton and Bette Davis mingle their somewhat plush voices with the raucous din of débutantes.

At Nancy Hatch's figure-molding salon on upper Seventh Avenue, film belles linger for a cocktail after an amazing electric machine has exercised their muscles, taking off surplus girth. It's all very gay.

A Visiting Star's Busy Day.—A typical morning is taken up with facial treatments, reading radio scripts, and sending telegrams of congratulation to film girls who have made good on Broadway. The telegrams fairly exude lush good wishes, but neither sender nor receiver takes them seriously. Behind many of them lurks violent envy, for although Hollywood's monetary rewards are higher, Broadway offers more real distinction, more worldliness, and a greater opportunity for something resembling private life.

Skin Deep Is Deep Enough.—Hedda Hopper has abandoned both screen and stage and joined forces with the most famous of beauty salons. Visiting film folk rush to see her not only because they suspect that Hedda can impart her secret of freshness and radiance, but because they admire her tremendously. Hedda stands out in any smart gathering anywhere by her astringent wit as well as her perfect grooming. And she always knows the glittering celebrities of the moment.

Visitors Pour In.—Every first night, every restaurant where the fashionable world gathers for luncheon, has had more than its

Continued on page 67

Photo by Ball

Brian Aherne is *incommunicado* while rehearsing for Katharine Cornell's "Romeo and Juliet," in which he will be *Mercutio*.

Gladys George, center, mocks Hollywood—and Hollywood flocks to applaud her in "Personal Appearance."

Broadway is prepared to worship at the shrine of Elizabeth Bergner, left, in "Escape Me Never."

Angel Face

Once an appealing child actress, Anita Louise has grown to be a radiant beauty of seventeen whose recent success makes her a thrilling discovery on the threshold of a brilliant career. Here is proof of the good sense behind her lovely face.

By Helen Ludlam

Anito has not just a beautiful face with a baby stare, but clear deep-blue eyes sparkling with intelligence.

Photo by Fryer

Tom Brown and Anita won't marry until they are sure their love will last a lifetime, but this snapshot leaves no doubt of how they feel right now.

"HELLO!" sang out a girlish voice as I stepped from the elevator on the thirty-seventh floor of the hotel in which Anita Louise was stopping during her recent visit to New York, "We're around here."

Sure enough they were, almost above the clouds, the *Marie Antoinette* of "Madame Du Barry" and her mother, who looks almost as youthful as her radiant seventeen-year-old daughter.

Anita had shot up since last I saw her in Hollywood. She was thirteen then and now she stood a tall, willowy figure sheathed in a clinging gown of black velvet, her hair billowing about her face in shining masses. What a lovely child she is! Looking at her, I thought what a pity it was that the screen could only reproduce the beauty of her features but give no hint of the loveliness of her coloring.

In order to have as much time in New York as possible, the Fremaults planned to travel by plane, but when studio heads heard this they objected and suggested that they go on the streamline's maiden trip.

"I think you were pretty brave," I said. "I'd rather ride in an airplane any time than go on the first trip of a skyrocket like that streamline contraption. Everything's swell till the crash; then it's a darn shame about that defective wheel."

Anita laughed. "We never thought about that at all. We were so thrilled to make the trip. But there must be something to what you say, because since we arrived every one has mentioned the same thing. I'd have made the trip anyway though, and I'm sure mother would have, too. It was a wonderful experience, thrilling beyond words, and the train is equipped with everything conceivable for comfort.

"I never think of accidents. Maybe I'm a fatalist, but I feel that there's a time to go and when it comes we just go, no matter in how safe a place we may happen to be. What's the sense of worrying? I always think it's best to do what comes to us to do and get as much fun out of life as we can."

How's that for seventeen?

"You see, I went through some trying years and it was good for me. I think difficulties are the best educators a person can have, that is if one tries to understand them."

I looked at this angel-faced child in astonishment and then at her mother. Anita read my thoughts and was amused.

"No, I really feel those things myself," she said, and giving her a closer look I saw not just a beautiful face with a baby stare, but clear deep-blue eyes sparkling with intelligence—and that forehead means something, too.

"For two years," Anita went on, "I was under contract and made only one picture. That's very bad for one's morale and I began to feel that I must be through in pictures. Although other studios asked to borrow me, the one I was with said they were going to use me in a week or so and I wouldn't have time to make another film. But time went on and I remained idle. I began to get a terrible inferiority complex and felt diffident in the presence of other people who were busy doing interesting things.

"To make me crawl further into my shell, some of my friends admitted that I was pretty bad on the screen. That was a big help! Others tried to buck me up by saying that I was just going through a bad break. But I couldn't believe them. It's a good thing that a turn came in my affairs when it did; otherwise I think I should have been thoroughly discouraged."

"With 'Firebird' and 'Judge Priest' to your credit, those friends who thought you were pretty bad must have changed their minds," I commented.

Anita's nose crinkled and her eyes danced with fun. "It's amusing to hear them now, and that's a fact. This fall I've been pretty active but the bad break was a good lesson for me. I'd been rather selfish before and thought only of myself and my career and let other people and their troubles alone. I wasn't so very nice to people who were unsuccessful or were going through what I myself went through later, I'm sorry to remember. That's very bad and I'm afraid that had I continued to be successful I'd have been an awful snob by now."

Continued on page 56

Photo by Fryer

"When Anita marries she will move into her own house and manage her own affairs," says her mother whose common sense is largely responsible for her daughter's success.

No personal maid for Anita. Mother does her mending and pressing.

Photo by Fryer

The critics were so impressed by his performance in "Cleopatra," that Warren William hopes the studio will continue to give him such worthy rôles.

JUST TO OBLIGE

The furthest thought from Warren William was one day to be an actor. But because he so thoroughly looked the part, his friends and family urged him to try the stage, and it was only because of their insistence that he enrolled at a dramatic school.

By Mark Dowling

HE looks like an actor in the grand old tradition, but he hasn't a trace of temperament on the surface, and while other actors may rant and rave, he goes through his lines with all the ardor of a well-trained machine. He could be one of Hollywood's most popular figures, but he'd rather be off sailing his boat, the *Pegasus,* down along the Mexican coast.

He handled strong masculine rôles as in "The Match King" and "The Mouthpiece" with a skill which put him close to the top of the Hollywood pile, and then accepted without struggle a series of weak parts which made him a mere foil for women stars—the sort of thing that nearly ruined Clark Gable. Only recently, since his playing of *Julius Cæsar* in "Cleopatra" and his rôle in "Imitation of Life," has Hollywood been asking, "What's the secret behind Warren William?"

For beneath a startling number of contradictions hides a personality which has baffled the movie town for nearly four years. The answer, never revealed before, is one of life's major ironies—*the man never wanted to be an actor at all!* He never felt the burning desire to stand on a stage in front of an audience, which had all the other stars, in their salad days, saving pennies for that trip to Broadway or Hollywood.

He looked so much like the popular conception of a grease-paint hero that his friends and even members of his own family insisted that he become one. And Warren William, well-bred son of a well-to-do father, simply followed the line of least resistance!

"I was perfectly willing to try their suggestions," he says now, "especially after finding out that to be an engineer, as I really wanted, I'd have to be excellent at mathematics—and I've always hated mathematics. This same thing kept me from going to West Point, another of my early ambitions.

"So when my sister Pauline kept after me to go on the stage, I thought I might as well try it. I've always loved tinkering around in a tool shop and I rather fancied myself as an amateur inventor, but I realized this would never turn into a particularly well-paying profession."

So this amazingly obliging young fellow, whose real name is Krech and whose profile is handsome and hawklike, came to New York to study acting, as he would have studied any other trade, at a dramatic school. He spent two years at this and then joined a stock company.

"I still didn't care much what I did, but I thought I might as well keep on acting as long as I'd spent the two years learning how," he admits casually. "I never suffered any particularly grilling hardships and I never had much struggle. The months in

Continued on page 78

wei
voic
a sn
the

thoug
One n
sophistic
to her fi
she sug
her
m

t

sa

l
l
t

T
do
wav
cano

he
of

g
a

n

his
made
w how

pended
ath
n

a
e
e
s
's

SUCCESS

By Dena Reed

memory and helped to renew our friendship when I came to New York. But that's a story in itself which I'll come to later."

Ralph Bellamy has been a hero and a villain in films. He has a most devastating smile and a leer all his own. He's both a man's man and a woman's, but just now he was proving himself the interviewer's delight.

"I didn't spend all my time talking and burning down houses of course," he went on. "I looked for work on the stage and eventually landed a job in a Shakespearian repertoire company made up of three old has-beens. I managed to eke out the barest kind of living. I toured the mining towns, often bringing my own groceries with me in a box car and playing everything from Shakespeare to Noel Coward. I played about three hundred and seventy-five parts before I entered pictures, but I'm getting ahead of myself again.

"Well, after I had run my own company for a while, I got the job of leading man with a stock company at Terre Haute, Indiana, at sixty dollars a week. That was just too much for me. I managed shortly to save a week's salary and go to New York. Broadway, I felt, must be crying for me."

But New York, hard-boiled metropolis, hadn't even heard of Ralph Bellamy. He became just another actor out of work. Came the time when Ralph had no job, no money, and no food for three days.

"I walked from Seventy-ninth Street to the World Building to see Woollcott and ask him if he knew of any parts, because he often learned of plays that were to be cast before the agents did. This time he didn't. Of course I was too good an actor to mention that I hadn't eaten, and after reminiscing as long as my head kept clear, I trekked back to my lodgings.

"By this time I was decidedly woozy. I kept filling myself with water and somehow the reminiscences didn't agree with it. A cup of coffee wouldn't have been amiss just then."

"Is that when you tried to commit suicide?" I asked, having heard rumors.

"That's when, but it wasn't really a suicide attempt. When I reached my room, I picked up a book to read, but had to go out on the fire escape for some air for my head was spinning. Maybe I did look longingly at the alley below, but when I realized that the book under my arm was 'Crime and Punishment' and what a picture I'd present if found dead clutching it, I went back to my room and laughed hysterically.

"I managed to emerge alive and eventually landed a stock job. In Rochester I played opposite an actress who was destined to become Mrs. Ralph Bellamy.

[Continued on page 54]

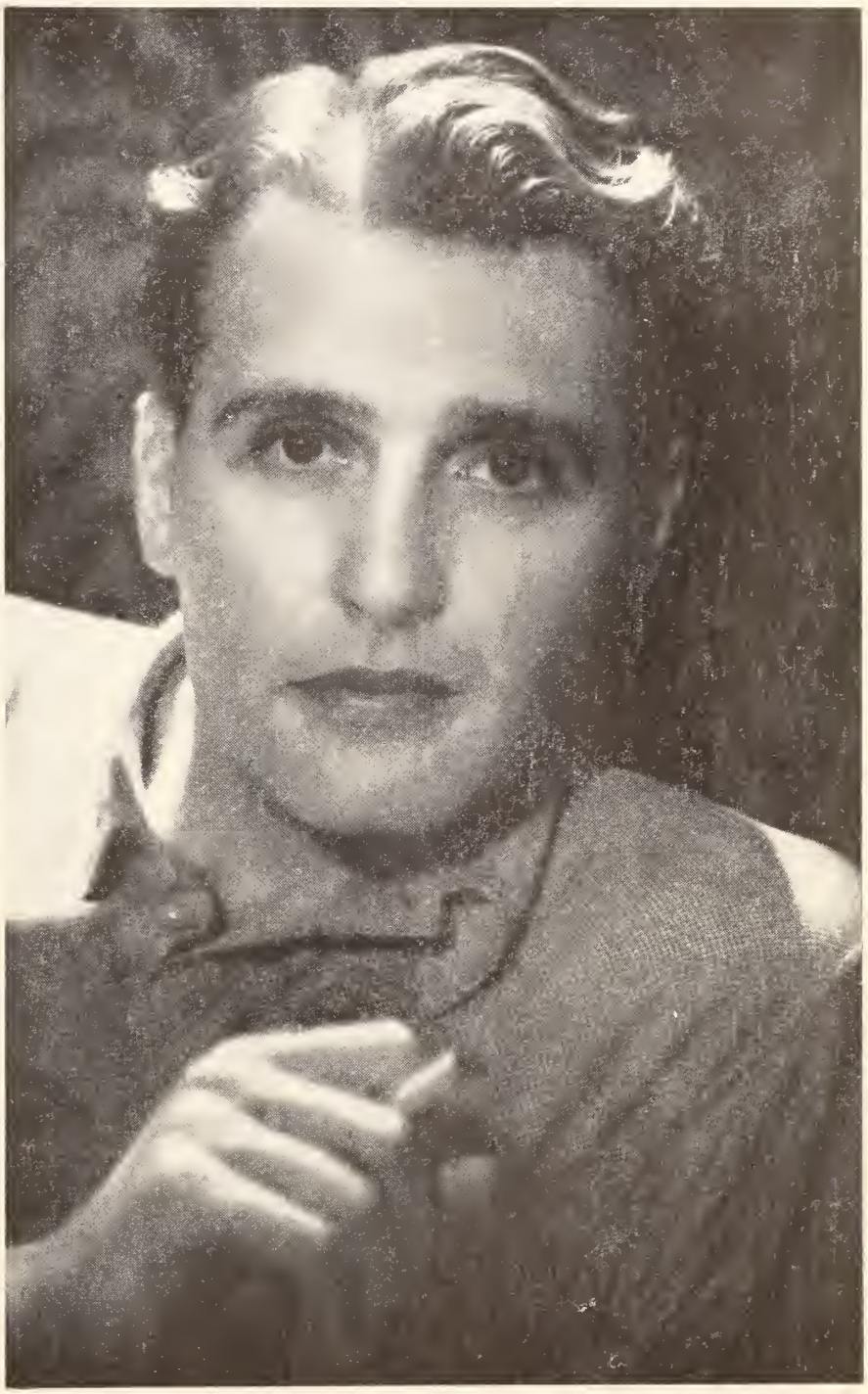


Photo by Hurrell

For Ralph, everything is funny and serious at the same time. A grand sense of humor helped him during those struggling years.

Both Gloria and Nick have found in love only disappointment and heartbreak, but Hollywood wonders if theirs isn't another romance. Above, you see the pair with Carol Lee Stuart.

CAN THIS BE LOVE?

Seven years ago in New York, Nick Stuart met a girl who was later to be known as Gloria Shea. A call from Hollywood separated the pair, and it wasn't until the climax of his unsuccessful marriage that Nick realized just how much Gloria's friendship meant to him.

By Harry N. Blair

SEVEN years ago a beautiful girl stepped from a convent into the life of a young man then just entering upon a successful screen career. These two, widely divided by circumstances, met on a studio set. She was an extra. He was the star. From that first meeting developed a friendship which still exists. It is without doubt the most beautiful friendship in Hollywood.

Nick Stuart, having risen by his boot straps from a poor Rumanian immigrant boy to featured rôles in Fox productions, was paying his first visit to New York. The big city bewildered and bored him.

He did not care for its gaudy night life. Liquor meant nothing to him. He was ill at ease with the worldly wise members of his company. Then, one day, he noticed a sweet-looking girl on the set. To the still unspoiled boy she was like a fragrant breath of the outdoors in the stuffy, cluttered studio. He sought an introduction. Her name, it seemed, was Olive Shea. Irish. A real Irish beauty.

The girl had likewise noticed him. Of course, she stood in awe of his position as featured member of the cast. But she couldn't help noticing how lonesome he seemed. The flashing white smile which he used so generously seemed sometimes to be forcing back a tear. She sensed his need of companionship. It was inevitable that their need of each other should bring them together.

They were both kids facing life bravely. Neither had ever known what it was to be rich. Together they found pleasure in the simple joys of youth. Long walks in Central Park. Quiet evenings in the modest apartment of the Sheas, following an ample, home-cooked dinner, served without fuss or style.

A few blissful weeks. Then, suddenly, the picture was finished. Nick and the "News Parade" company returned to Hollywood. Olive remained behind. There was a daily exchange of wires and letters which gradually became less and less frequent.

After all, Nick was engrossed in his career, which was then just getting under way. It was a hard struggle, partly due to his lack of stage training and partly because the artificial round of studio life found no echo in his wholesome personality. His work done, he would start up the old Ford roadster and chug off to South

Continued on page 70

It won't surprise those admirers of C. Henry Gordon who have clamored for an interview, to learn that he isn't at all like the villains he plays. They will learn more than that from this story, however.

Mr. Gordon's favorite rôle was the scheming Turk in "Stamboul Quest," though he would like to play light comedy—and knows he won't because he isn't the type.

By Dudley Early

AS NICE AS THEY COME

THE last act was drawing to a close. The audience stood up and cheered as the two race horses on the treadmill spurted neck and neck toward the finish line. The right horse wins by a nose! And the hero clasps the heroine to his manly bosom. That melodrama of another day, "The County Fair," had come to an end, leaving the audience gasping for breath.

Then Neil Burgess, the star, walked out on the stage, an infant in his arms. Raising his hand for silence, he said in stentorian tones:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I want to introduce a young friend of mine, and I want him to be your friend. This little mite in my arms is making his first appearance on any stage. Permit me to introduce to you Henry Gordon."

Applause; and C. Henry Gordon was launched on his theatrical career.

But it was twenty-five years later that he actually played in a stage production, which brings us to the present when he is one of the smoothest, most menacing villains who ever sneered into a camera.

Though he may threaten on the screen, and cause you to hope the hero plants a big fist in his eye, he is a considerate gentleman off.

Not every one would consent to come to the studio, just two weeks out of a sick bed after a major operation, to be interviewed. But C. Henry Gordon did. He looked very pale when I talked with him, and at times his voice would trail away, as if it were an effort to project it. But he was the soul of courtesy.

Getting back to his career and those twenty-five years between his first and second stage appearances, his was not exactly an ordinary childhood. His parents were fairly wealthy and went abroad each year. When young Henry was of school age, they took him to Switzerland, where he studied for a while, then went on to Germany for further education.

"Anyway," he told me, "it provided me with a hobby. Now I spend my spare time translating French and German books just to see how far I can get with them."

There's one of the most unusual ways of putting an education into use that I've ever run across! The study of languages, on which his parents insisted, has provided him with many an hour's entertainment.

Returning to America, he found that his sister had become an actress. He had lunch with William Elliott and his sister one day, and Elliott, after looking him over carefully, suggested that he come around to the theater and try out a part.

He went, not too seriously, and after a reading, was presented with the part of *Style* in the old drama, "Experience." It is safe to say that almost every well-known actor has played in "Experience" at one time or another. That rôle launched his career for the second time, and this time he continued with but few breaks.

He insists that nothing of any importance happened to him until 1919 when he went to Australia with a touring company of "Tiger Rose," with Lenore Ulric. He stayed there until 1921, when he returned, by way of Los Angeles. The picture business looked good then as now, and he decided to have a try at it. But Hollywood wanted none of him; he just wasn't the type. So he had to return to New York in order to earn his daily bread.

[Continued on page 69]

Off screen the lovely Elissa's talents are devoted to writing novels and poetry, that is, when she is not composing music.

Dissention between herself and studio was responsible for Elissa Landi's decision to guide her own professional career. She saw herself trampled beneath a procession of impossible heroines. Now she is an individual personality rather than a type fashioned after the Hollywood manner.

To strangers, Miss Landi is reserved, but to her friends, she is sparkling and jolly.

MASTER of

THE setting and atmosphere were thoroughly Italian. Even the drives had correct Italian spelling. Capri, Napoli, Amalfi. At Amalfi I stopped, for it is there that Elissa Landi resides on her estate.

I caught a glimpse of her walking along the portico to greet me, a large dog ambling at her heels. She turned an angle and approached with hand outstretched. Her sapphire-blue lounging suit enhanced the faint nut-brown tan of her arms, face and neck, her strange green-gray eyes, her very red lips, and her mass of auburn hair, which she was wearing in the style seen in "The Great Flirtation."

Yes, indeed, we were in Italy, not Hollywood.

"We might just as well be there," Landi added to my allusion, as we walked into the drawing-room, "for here I am far away from Hollywood and what it stands for."

On one of the walls, predominant in the quietness and shade of the room, hung a large, life-size portrait of the Lady Elissa, painted by an English artist. In one vivid flash it held my attention, giving me a very assertive influence as to the ruling note of my subject's inner self.

The artist shows her seated, dressed in a red medieval gown, her auburn-gold hair parted in the center. There is a meditative look on her patrician features, an air of intense expectancy, of waiting for—what?

Red is Landi's favorite color. It stands for courage and nobility. The color of fire, one of the four primary elements, of flame, symbol of the soul, of life, flaring upward, symbolizing aspiration.

No wonder Landi did not fit into the old rut set for her in Hollywood's movie path!

I was anxious to ascertain if good or bad results had accrued from her decision to be her own guide in her professional career. It was a dangerous thing for her to do. Yet there is always something of the warrior maiden in Landi. Something fearless.

"There has been a conflict between me and Hollywood ever since I arrived," she admitted as we settled ourselves in low chairs on the balcony outside, from where we beheld a panorama of the countryside. "It was as to whether Hollywood should mold my destiny, or I remain the master of my fate. I know I did right in handling it myself."

Rare is the actress that handles her own tortuous path through Hollywood life. Once the movie Mecca gets you, and it is all too often an easy conquest, you become that terror of the select few, a "Hollywood star."

To a great extent, Landi has done right. After four years in films, she is an established personality to be reckoned with. Audiences know her;

As a temperamental prima donna in "Enter Madame," Ia Landi gives rein to more of her intelligent acting.

By William H. McKegg

She would rather be a good actress than a Hollywood star, says Titian-haired Elissa.

Her FATE

Photo by Richee

most like her. Her name counts. Players who permit Hollywood to "style" them, vanish into nothingness.

With one hand fingering the triple string of pearls about her throat, Landi held her tall glass of lemonade in the other, as if toasting her next remark.

"I would rather be a good actress than a Hollywood star," she declared. "You can mention most of the leading names, and in every case you will see how very hard they work, even in free time, to maintain their shadow personalities.

"Doesn't that sort of thing distort a player's life, to say nothing of her mind? I do not hold with an actress having a story or character molded to suit her adopted personality. It is not good acting, nor is it good sense.

"If I had allowed Hollywood to make me into, let us say, a sinuous siren, can you imagine what that would mean to me? My private life, my appearance in public, would be occasions to act. I'd have to slink across the room, with head bent forward, eyes half closed!"

No, the grotesque would never suit Landi. She is too humorous. To her, life is worth living. She enjoys laughing and naturalness. To those who are strangers, she is reserved; she draws a figurative cloak about herself. But to those she likes, her few friends, she is sparkling and jolly.

She is the first to concede that Hollywood is of universal importance, but cannot understand why the picture business does not scale the heights within its grasp—to which no obstacles stand in the way.

"Hollywood is a place of paradoxes," she stated. "There are more changes in a year there than occur in ten in other fields of work. Yet every new invention, each new idea, must be forced and fitted into the old groove. It is like having an old house and pulling down parts of it and fitting new things into them. Then having another section pulled down and something else added. In the long run, it would be better, and more sensible, to erect a new house in which all the latest improvements could be worked in more advantageously.

"So you see, I am right when I say that I do not understand Hollywood any better now than I did when I first arrived, four years ago."

It was a very different Landi who came to the Fox studio via the New York stage. An eager girl, ready to learn which way she had to go. She was sure of herself, for she was not without a good back-

Continued on page 68

RIPE AT THIRTY-

Neil Hamilton's thirteenth year on the screen finds him active and confident that his professional life is just beginning. Also, it inspires some disclosures regarding his career and character which account for his popularity as a man.

By John G. Whidding

Fans complain that the Neil Hamiltons' happy married life is familiar enough, but photographs of Elsa Hamilton are not. Here is one that they must have seen long ago.

TWELVE years is a long time for an actor to last on the screen. At the end of such a period, Neil Hamilton believes that his professional life is just beginning.

Neil is that steady, reliable, handsome chap whom you must have seen in many of his seventy-four rôles. The chap whose name spells pleasant entertainment and smooth performances—humorous when he can make them so.

He has never achieved star rating. Possibly the reason for this lies in his convictions on the subject. He has never wanted to become a star, and has earnestly said so times without number. Possibly producers have not felt that his name and his performances were strong enough to merit stardom.

Whichever is the case, Neil holds a very definite place in his profession, and he believes he need not relinquish that position.

Certainly it is not his hope or desire to remain forever young, nor to cling to the rôles which still are his to-day. He is at the age now where more mature parts would better fit his abilities. In believing his screen life is just beginning, Neil means, as he sees it, that his best chances lie ahead.

He was twenty-three when, at the end of 1922, he got his first break with D. W. Griffith. Previous to that, he had spent two years as extra, another year posing for artists, and considerable time touring the country in stock.

Following his first Griffith picture, "The White Rose," which was distinctly successful, he made a film for Paramount. Griffith then gave him the coveted rôle of *Paul Revere* in "America," and though virtually unknown to the public, Neil headed the cast and acquitted himself excellently. Later he made "Isn't Life Wonderful?" in Germany, which insured him a contract with Paramount when Griffith disbanded his company in 1924.

There were hills and also ruts in the road from that point. Neil's characterization of *Digby* in "Beau Geste" was his outstanding success at this period. The success of this portrayal, which the public saw in 1926, may best be estimated by the fact that he is still identified with that rôle.

He had the distinction of being the first player to use his voice for the talking screen. In 1928, Fox unearthed "Mother Machree," which had been shelved two years before, and added a sequence in which Neil played and sang the Irish ballad.

When talking pictures definitely replaced silents in 1929, many established players became conspicuous by their disappearance from the screen. Not so Neil. He was one of the few who was able to make the transition gracefully, without a halt in his activities.

At the end of his Paramount contract in 1930, he gave another exceptional performance in Barthelmess's "The Dawn Patrol."

Following this, he signed with Metro-Goldwyn and remained with them till 1932. The high lights of his term with that studio were "Strangers May Kiss," with Norma Shearer, and "The Wet Parade." In the latter film, several critics voted Neil a verbal blue ribbon for his strong characterization of the man stricken blind by alcoholic excesses.

He became a free-lance player after the latter film, that is, he has no definite studio affiliation now. He is free to accept or reject rôles as he thinks best. Undoubtedly his forte lies in free-lancing, for he knows what he can do, and he keeps his ear to public taste.

His best work as a free lance has been in "What Price Hollywood?" and "Two Against the World," both with Constance Bennett, Neil being the only actor to play two consecutive rôles with Miss Bennett—and "One Sunday Afternoon." The latter was a step toward more mature characters.

Acting is his business, and it is the only thing about which he is really serious. He occasionally clowns on the set—every one does, at one time or another. But when the camera starts turning, he becomes instantly the actor, a person utterly at odds with his other self. He expects his coworkers to do the same. He never forgets his lines, and can see no reason why any one else should.

His performances are always as workmanlike as it is possible for them to be. He studies his characters. He knows what they would do under certain conditions, how they would look, what they would think.

FIVE

Off screen, he is never the actor. He has the peculiarity of taking serious things lightly and light things seriously. He is the despair of friends and the delight of acquaintances.

He will not mix with the crowd. Whether or not this may be considered a failing is matter for conjecture. In almost any other locality he would be respected and admired for this attitude, for it is no studied pose. He simply has never become accustomed to being "stared down." But alas! in Hollywood a man is judged by the places he frequents, and by the extent of his circulation among the throng.

He steadfastly refuses to play studio politics, the things an actor does to ingratiate himself with the higher-ups. Giving dinner parties, holding open house, appearing at premières—dozens of other things to attract favorable attention. Neil will have none of them. He has a small boy's hatred of sham, of deception and pretense. Whether or not he is wise to be so unyielding is something that time will determine.

In common with all Hollywood, he is given to promising much, at the drop of a hat, and to performing more slowly—if he does not forget. This habit is understood and accepted in the colony, where countless new acquaintances are made between lunch and dinner, and protestations of undying friendship are heard on all sides.

Once in a while, he will pledge something that is absurd on the face of it. And then, because it is absurd and no one expects him to remember it or keep it, he sets his jaws firmly and never rests until the promise is fulfilled. Often enough, it is something the promised one might attain for himself.

Neil is far from the worst of the promise-givers, but he does break many more than he keeps.

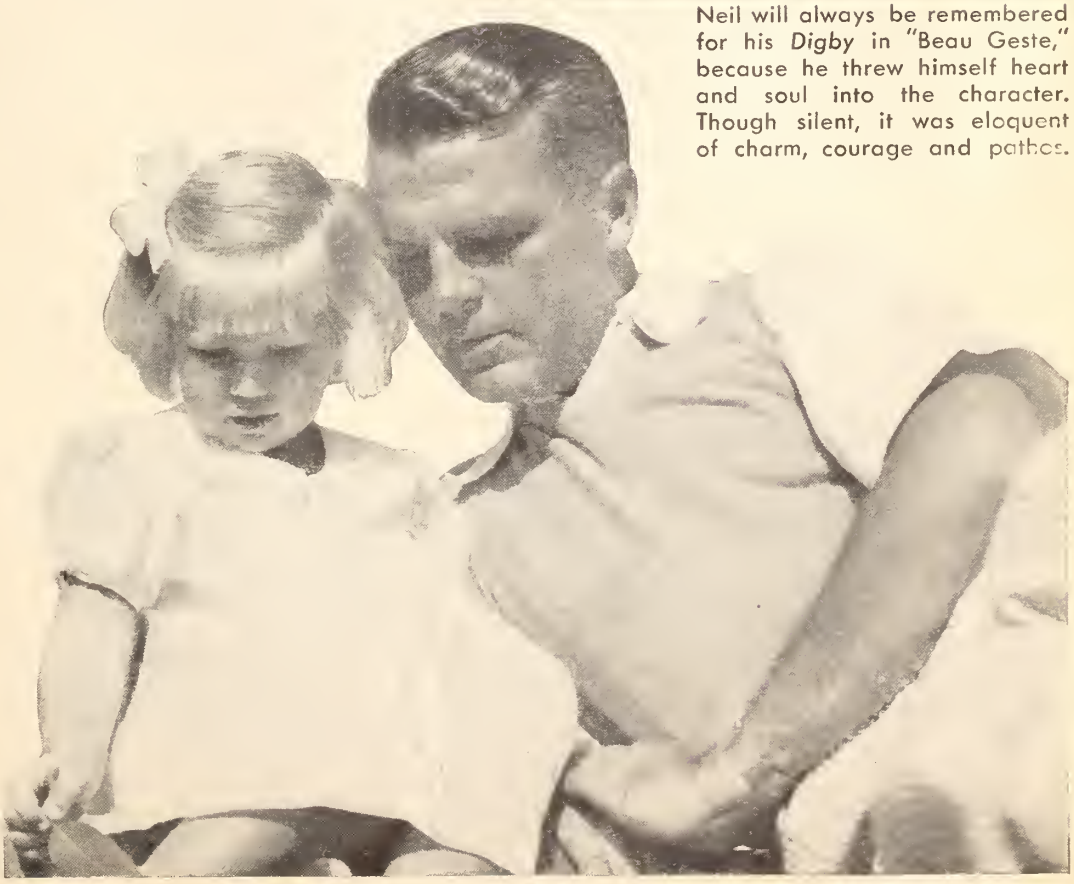
His business affairs are in the hands of capable, responsible people. They are many and varied affairs; he could never tackle them himself with any hope of success. He knows better than to try. His generosity and free-handedness would leave little in his pocket.

When he left home at seventeen, he carried his father's watch along. When he returned a year later, he still had that watch. How he managed it, nobody ever knew. But he left it behind when he went off the next time!

He is totally irresponsible in private life. He can't help it, and makes no attempt to correct the inclina-

Continued on page 79

Neil will always be remembered for his *Digby* in "Beau Geste," because he threw himself heart and soul into the character. Though silent, it was eloquent of charm, courage and pathos.



Mrs. Hamilton is entirely willing these days to let Patricia bask in sight of the camera with Neil while she busies herself looking after both.

THE SCREEN

"THE PAINTED VEIL."

Again Greta Garbo triumphs by the sheer beauty of herself and her spirit over a picture that is only tolerable because of what she gives to it. Magically, she makes her heroine sensitive, poetic, and soulful as only Garbo can, but if you break away from the spell of the actress you will find a character that is all too familiar in the movies: a wife who has to have an affair with another man to realize his unworthiness and to know that happy fulfillment is with her legal mate—until she gets restless again. The story reiterates the popular belief that a wife can have her cake and eat it, too. Of course it is invested with Garbo's glamour, Cedric Gibbons's Oriental settings, and Adrian's costumes, but it is the same story and the same set of characters which might have served Norma Shearer or Joan Crawford in their respective moods. Naturally, the mood here is more brooding and tormented and there is much more analysis of the whys and wherefores of a wife's philandering and remorse and repentance. It all begins in Austria, the only charming and light-hearted sequence in the picture. It is not easy to accept Garbo as a member of the bourgeois family whose daughter is marrying a simpleton, nor does Herbert Marshall's Mayfair manner seem anything but alien and unaccountable when we are told that the village of Gratz is home to him. He and Garbo go to China as husband and wife and Mr. Marshall's absorption in biological research invites Mr. Brent to try his hand at love-making. Garbo has never been lovelier and her smile is a benison.

"IMITATION OF LIFE."

Full measure of one's money's worth is here in two hours of human interest, if that isn't too much of a good thing. This quiet, appealing story really covers several stories, none of them complete or satisfying, though all of the picture is interesting and some of it poignant. It has the incontestable merit of a situation that has never been seen before in films. That of a Negro mother whose light-skinned daughter rejects her because her parent is black while she can pass for white. However, this powerful theme is subordinated and we are asked to give our greater interest to a mother who gives up her fiancé because her daughter loves him. Played by Claudette Colbert, Warren William, and Rochelle Hudson, these characters are not nearly so interesting as the colored couple of Louise Beavers and Fredi Washington, whose problem throbs with sympathy for both. Miss Beavers, whom you will recognize as the maid in many films, is a finely natural actress who gives a performance that will be remembered a year from now, something that cannot be said of Miss Colbert's well-dressed promenade.

"THE CAPTAIN HATES THE SEA."

A capital show as unusual as its title, this variation of the "Grand Hotel" idea is exceptionally well written, directed, and acted. Cynical, disillusioned, its bitterness is as tonic as the tang of sea air. Absence of juvenile romance and a calculated happy ending is that much more in its favor. Brilliantly effective performances by every one make the picture irresistible. But mind, it won't leave you in a glow because of the nobility of character you have discovered. That is conspicuous by its absence. The story begins when Captain Walter Connolly voices his good-humored hatred of the sea and the passengers who are about to board his ship for a cruise. Then they come trooping up the gangplank: John Gilbert, Helen Vinson, Victor McLaglen, John Wray, Wynne Gibson, Alison Skipworth, and Fred Keating, the magician-actor of the stage who makes his screen début as a crook with a new kind of cynical smoothness. All these are too tarnished by the world to be cruising for their health's sake, so presently we see their version of "Cheating Cheaters." Mr. Gilbert, perfectly cast as a Hollywood scenario writer, is beyond criticism.

IN REVIEW

BY NORBERT LUSK

PICTURE PLAY'S HONOR LIST

"The Battle" is the subtlest and most uncommon picture of the month, "Imitation of Life" the most obvious appeal to the emotions, and "Broadway Bill" the most satisfying to the majority. "Flirtation Walk" is the ace of light-hearted musicals.

Best performances are given by Charles Boyer and Merle Oberon, in "The Battle"; Louise Beavers, in "Imitation of Life"; Dick Powell, in "Flirtation Walk"; and Anne Shirley, in "Anne of Green Gables."

"ANNE OF GREEN GABLES."

This pastoral of youth will touch your heart and remind you, as we all need to be reminded, that other lives are lived and other values count in a world rarely glimpsed on the screen. That world is here as surely as we were transported to another planet by "Little Women." Rolling meadows and leafy dells, cozy households and simple people whose intelligence—and that of their director—keeps them from ever suggesting standardized rural types. Their problems are far more real than those of the neurotic wife in sophisticated pictures who lets her husband's friend make love to her because she frets for a change. Here we have a middle-aged brother and sister who expect a boy from an orphanage and are nonplused when a girl comes instead—*Anne*, unwelcome, unwanted, and only kept on probation. This original, whimsical fourteen-year-old child edges her way into their affections and changes their lives as well as her own as she grows up and faces the problem of love. Anne Shirley's performance is tender and touching, Tom Brown wins applause for his skill and likableness, and Helen Westley, O. P. Heggie, and Sara Haden offer their fine talents with splendid effect.

"BROADWAY BILL."

The director of "It Happened One Night" offers a successor to that vastly popular picture and there is every indication that the new film will meet with equal favor. It is lively, humorous, and easy to take in every particular. A race-track story off the beaten path, it deals principally with a man chained by circumstances to business who kicks over the traces and joins the sharp-witted, colorful gentry who follow the ponies in one way or another. *Dan Brooks* is one of them because he believes that he has a winner in "Broadway Bill," and the horse justifies his faith in a heart-breaking climax which is more than winning the race. More than plot, though, is responsible for the extreme likableness of the film. It is rich in revealing flashes of human nature; it sparkles with barbed dialogue, and it is acted up to the hilt. The result is a rousing, popular success. Warner Baxter is in tune with the light-heartedness of *Dan Brooks*, sustaining his high-spirited mood remarkably, and Myrna Loy surprises in an unglam[illegible] [illegible]ond Walburn, Helen Vinson, Walte[illegible] [illegible]nd out, too.

"COLLEGE RHYTHM."

The famous Joe Penner's contribution to his first full-length picture is colossal in comparison with the film itself and what others do to help it along. The little maniac comedian i[illegible] likable and original, but his methods are so positive tha[illegible] they either appeal a great deal or not at all. But th[illegible] majority acclaim him. They have reason to do so for h[illegible] stimulates when visible and is missed when the other attempt to carry on without him and his duck. The stor[illegible] combined department stores, football, and musical comed[illegible] and is mildly farcical. Lively drills of chorus girls [illegible] cheerful and pleasing and Lanny Ross sings some tu[illegible] songs. But somehow the total of all this, including als[illegible] participation of Jack Oakie, Mary Brian, Lyda Roberti, H[illegible] Mack, George Barbier, and others doesn't much matter a[illegible] can only be regarded as tolerable pastime. All suffer fr[illegible] lack of appropriate material. Without it, Mr. Oakie sho[illegible] signs of too long service in collegiate rôles, and the vapi[illegible] ness of Mr. Ross and Miss Brian causes one to fear f[illegible] the intellectual future of the race should the characters the[illegible] play marry.

THE SCREEN IN REVIEW

"WEDNESDAY'S CHILD."

A child's reaction to divorce is the subject of this, a companion piece to Nova Pilbeam's "Little Friend," with a sensitive boy the victim of marital discord and separation. Here the boy lies on the witness stand to protect his mother and, after the divorce, is shunted from one parent to the other, his mother married again and his father contemplating another union. Ill and unhappy, *Bobby* is sent to military school and finds himself one of many boys with four parents, all robbed of their birthright by divorce. *Bobby's* father and mother overhear a discussion between their son and his roommate which opens their eyes to his suffering, and the father breaks his engagement to assume the responsibility of his son's upbringing. All this is poignantly set forth with no maudlin tear-jerking or excess of any kind. Brought from the stage, Frankie Thomas gives a finely realistic, untheatrical performance as *Bobby*, with David Durand, of the screen, sharing honors in juvenile artistry. Karen Morley and Edward Arnold are the parents whose human failings are skillfully portrayed.

"GENTLEMEN ARE BORN."

The struggles of college graduates to make a living are presented divertingly, if unimportantly, without lighting the way to a solution of the same difficulties in real life. The viewpoint is old-fashioned because it represents the young people as gayly optimistic over the future, assuming that they need only to make known that they are available to be taken on wherever they apply. Yet their subsequent setbacks never cause any of them to go to those great department stores where only college graduates are employed and experienced job-seekers are rejected. However, attractive, routine performances are given by Franchot Tone and Margaret Lindsay, Jean Muir and Ross Alexander, and Nick Foran and Ann Dvorak, paired for romance as they are listed here. It is, in fact, a fairly attractive film, missing its possibilities because it is superficial. Fans will like Mr. Alexander, a newcomer, for his glib breeziness, and Mr. Foran is especially human and believable as a star football player who finds it impossible to become a coach on leaving college and meets with a tragic end. Miss Muir is disappointingly cast as a commonplace character.

"MENACE."

Admirers of Gertrude Michael and Paul Cavanagh, which includes most of Picture Play's readers, apparently, will find these favorites vastly entertaining in their new picture. Miss Michael is handsome, smooth, and persuasive, while Mr. Cavanagh plays with characteristic precision and elegance. What is especially outstanding in the equipment of Miss Michael is the impression she gives of being so many-sided that she could slip out of one rôle and into another before one's eyes. She's an actress truly. The picture is a mystery melodrama of a superior sort. Miss Michael, Mr. Cavanagh, and Berton Churchill are threatened with death, one by one, because they are held responsible for the suicide of a guest at their bridge party. As usual, suspicion points from one to another of the large cast while terror grips them all as daggers fly and notes drop here and there. Even the most jaded onlooker is kept in suspense until the unmasking. John Davis Lodge, Robert Allen, Raymond Milland, Halliwell Hobbes, Forrester Harvey, and Henrietta Crosman are admirable ids.

"FLIRTATION WALK."

tropical luxuriance of Hawaii and the formal beauty of the States Military Academy at West Point are cleverly com- ocales in this thoroughly delightful musical. A detail to one marvel is that the Honolulu setting for the moonlight east is studio-made. But settings never yet made a picture ful and this has much more to recommend it. A tender, romance between Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler, an excel- acterization by Pat O'Brien—one of the best he has ever interesting newcomer in John Eldredge, a glimpse of a favorite, John Arledge, and an immensely helpful per- by Ross Alexander, whose magnetic sense of humor and cting register strongly with audiences. This stage recruit d for a full-fledged career if he keeps up his antics. The at brings about all this diversion has Mr. Powell, smarting e stigma of being a mere private in the army, progressing oint of becoming a lieutenant commander and winning the 's daughter whose snubs stirred his ambition. He is better er, too.

"The Battle."—Leon Garganoff. Acting of a quality you will find in no other picture this month is here to make you gasp your praise of Charles Boyer and Merle Oberon. The former you saw in "Caravan," and of course you admired the skill behind his insolent gypsy, and Miss Oberon was arresting in her brief scene as *Anne Boleyn* in "The Private Life of Henry VIII." But neither picture gave a hint of what Mr. Boyer and his costar reveal here in modern Japanese characterizations. They are figures in a poignant tragedy, the outcome of racial psychology instead of a distorted happy ending. The *Marquis Yorisaka* furthers the clandestine romance of his wife with a British naval officer in order to have access to the Englishman's secret papers. With these in his possession, he is victorious in a sea battle, but in giving the utmost to his country he has given the honor of his wife, too. He can do no more. And so, as his flagship steams into the harbor where his countrymen already are giving him a tumultuous welcome, he commits hara-kiri and dies in silent agony. Irony is given this gruesome though magnificent climax by the spectator's knowledge that the *Marquise* is innocent of wrongdoing. The fascinations of this remarkable picture are many. Most important is the absence of the Hollywood touch and viewpoint. The characters are inscrutable instead of transparent, the acting suggests rather than proclaims. The Japanese interiors are exquisite and authentic because they are simple, and the photography at times has a rare, translucent quality, though this perfection is marred by occasional clips from the newsreels. However, over and above these technical superiorities and defects are the dominating players. Mr. Boyer, behind a masklike Oriental make-up and the icily automatic politeness of the Japanese aristocrat, is no less an ardent patriot and a tortured husband. His acting is highly emotional in its implications; even his agonized tears are cold, restrained. Miss Oberon, with little to say, skillfully subordinates speech to the eloquence of her lyric beauty and the most vivid pantomime seen in films since talkies began. Nor must John Loder be given faint praise because of the overwhelming excellence of the stars. All but overlooked by Hollywood during his considerable stay there some years ago, he rises to the occasion and acts with distinction, intelligence and natural appeal.

"Marie Galante."—Fox. Ketti Gallian, oddly-named and insistently trumpeted French star, makes her Hollywood début under a handicap. Given noble support in Spencer Tracy, Leslie Fenton, Siegfried Rumann, Ned Sparks, Helen Morgan, and Robert Loraine, of the British stage, all under the superintendence of Henry King, a story is denied her. That is, all but a silly story which no one could make more than tepidly interesting and not at all believable. It's about the Secret Service and a foreign spy who wants to blow up the Panama Canal, with Miss Gallian innocently mixed up in the whole business and following instructions as willingly as a baby taking candy. The character is neither of adult intelligence nor dramatic interest, but Miss Gallian has beauty, charm, and a certain wistfulness that entitle her to a fair chance. She has animation, too, when she is first seen as a telegraph messenger in a French town, but this mood ends when she is kidnaped for no reason and is next seen in Panama gently eager to return home and listening to promises of help from sinister characters who have only to invite her to visit their shops and back rooms for her to accept. Expert performances are given by every one, but they do not total a good picture.

"The White Parade."—Fox. Student nurses give this picture its title, their loves and hates and sacrifices its drama. The result is exceptionally entertaining even though it is shrewd fiction rather than realism. As a romantic cross-section of hospital life, it never is quite as poignant as it means to be, but invariably is diverting and worth while. It takes a group of sharply individualized girls and puts them through a course of training from which the hardships and unpleasantness of actuality are missing or glossed over. Silk hose and rouge are sternly prohibited by the head nurse, but false eyelashes and artful hairdressing are overlooked in the general good humor that subordinates discipline. But the girls themselves are so interesting and attractively presented by Loretta Young, Muriel Kirkland, Dorothy Wilson, Astrid Allwyn, Joyce Compton, and June Gittelson that you willingly nominate them the most refreshing group you have encountered in or out of a hospital, on or off the screen. Miss Young is the heroine, more sensible and poised than the rest, who mischievously pretends that her fiancé is a noted polo player, John Boles, whom she doesn't even know. Teased and taunted by Miss Allwyn, she flings herself into Mr. Boles's arms when she meets him and, of course, they really do fall in love. But Miss Young gives up the chance to marry a millionaire because of her duty to humanity, her preference for nursing. It doesn't occur to her that she might endow a whole hospital and install a regiment of nurses to carry out her noble ideals. Anyway, Miss Young's performance is very fine and Jane Darwell and Sara Haden as senior nurses supply the honesty and reality at which the picture aims.

"The Firebird."—Warners. The title of this dressy melodrama is derived from Stravinsky's "Firebird" music. It seems that when Ricardo Cortez, as a wicked Viennese actor, plays it on his phonograph, women go wild and come to him for the purpose of being putty in his hands. The effect of this music on men isn't shown, nor do we know what it does to animals. I know, however, that it can put a film critic to sleep. But that, I suppose, is neither here nor there. Anyway, Mr. Cortez's *Herman Brandt* is shallow, selfish, and cruel, using what used to be called "bedroom eyes" to indicate his irresistible appeal to the women tenants of the glossy apartment house in which he lives. He fails to show the least quality that makes his *Hamlet* a stage sensation or, in fact, any quality that might make plausible his playing of the rôle at all. At any rate, he is murdered just before a performance and there is a great hullabaloo, the reason being that suspicion may be aimed at every player in the cast although the most susceptible spectator can only look upon Mr. Cortez's taking off as the needed removal of an old-fashioned matinée idol. Meanwhile, Verree Teasdale, Lionel Atwill, Anita Louise, Helen Trenholme, Dorothy Tree and others are suspected, with the crime condoned when the murderer is discovered. The result of all this is a tolerable picture which isn't at all exciting in spite of the flurry in telling the story. It is excellently acted, decorated with smart gowns and expensive settings, and it provides pleasure for admirers of Miss Teasdale and other favorites. Miss Louise comes of age as an actress, and in this she touches that future she has hitherto only promised.

"Evensong."—Gaumont-British. Another portrayal of a prima donna's life inevitably challenges comparison with "One Night of Love," but Evelyn Laye's story of a songbird falls short of Grace Moore's revelations. Though more serious, with a tragic conclusion, it is superficial and is convincing only in spots. The best of these is the last episode in which *Madame Irela* sees herself supplanted by a younger singer and learns that the lover of her youth offers marriage inspired by pity instead of passion. Convulsed with rage and defeat, she providentially dies clutching the jeweled crown of "The Queen of Song" while a phonograph offers sad reminder of the voice that once was hers. Handsomely produced and well acted, particularly by Fritz Kortner as an impresario, the picture and its characters only skim the surface of operatic life and temperament, but they are entertaining because of earnestness and dignity. Miss Laye does not add to her picturesque portrayal a voice that accounts for the honors and eminence of *Madame Irela*, nor justifies the frenzied ovations pictured, arias from Verdi and Puccini demonstrating this rather cruelly. But her graceful acting creates illusion, if it does not explain why *Irela* is virtually a hunchback when edged off her throne, and Conchita Supervia, the Spanish singer, is sensational. Emlyn Williams, of the British stage, is another who apparently is on the brink of Hollywood's discovery.

"There's Always To-morrow."—Universal. This has charm and lifelike reality together with restraint and taste in portraying family relationships such as we are apt to find in other households, if not in our own. The first point made is the rather sad discovery that life has tamed and disillusioned *Joseph White*, middle-aged husband and father. He comes home with a surprise for his wife on their wedding anniversary only to find that she has forgotten the day in her absorption of a party for their five children. And he has forgotten his former secretary who reappears as a charming, worldly woman. To escape the turmoil of his household, he spends the evening with her, and because she offers further relaxation and a taste of a freer, more stimulating life, he spends many more evenings with her. At last his half-grown children suspect that he is having an affair and clumsily attempt to put a stop to it. But the suspected adventuress enlightens them, tries to bring about a better understanding of their father and then disappears out of the lives of them all. Frank Morgan, Lois Wilson, and Binnie Barnes play the leads, Mr. Morgan, as always, giving the most complete portrayal.

MAD, GLAD MORGAN

By Cruickshank

Helen Morgan eloped at dawn for a wayside wedding with a bent hairpin for a ring; she stole the baby chicks of a night-club magician and drove miles to leave them at a farm; and she sold kisses to feed hungry actors—that's why Broadway adored her.

From picking coals along the railroad tracks of a prairie town, Helen Morgan became the greatest of all Broadway's torch singers as well as its most madcap star. Now that she's in pictures, her exotic, extravagant story can be told.

HELEN MORGAN, the last gay bloom that clung to the Main Stem, has departed for Hollywood. And the thrill is gone from Broadway. Like the Grand Canyon, the purple patch on the pallid face of Manhattan depended upon color for its fame. Multihued brilliance was provided by the glittering personalities that flamed through its night life. And Helen Morgan is the symbol of Broadway's final glory.

Now the tawdry alley, the hardened artery that pulses dully in Gotham's heart, is given over to raucous auction rooms, catch-penny shooting galleries, dime-a-dance halls, three-cent coffee stands, reissues of lurid movies, cadging beggars—all the down-at-heels fraternity that haunts the midway of a tank-town carnival. A vastly different street, indeed, from the hectic hothouse that flowered in midnight gaudiness when Helen Morgan quit the cracker factory to come and conquer.

Other moons had waxed and waned for Helen—but seldom left her as they found her. She lived under a law of change. And she followed her star blindly. As a pig-tailed kid she picked coals along the tracks that cut a gash through the dreary prairie town. She worked as waitress, was fired for putting extra prizes in cheap confections, labored long hours as a nurse of the "practical" kind. Found a precarious foothold behind the footlights. Finally reached New York—to sleep in hallways until her first break came.

Even then it didn't look like much of an opportunity. She sang in the first of the "speaks," and because the floor was so littered with tables, she conserved space by sitting on the piano.

Helen's type of weepy melody took the tense town by storm. Men and women, living dangerously, found the fear and sorrow and suffering of their muted hearts mirrored in her tear-drenched, torchy moanings for "Bill." The torrid dew of their tears caused the champagne to overflow their

Continued on page 75

Photo by Irving Lippman

MARIAN MARSH

IT was only a little time ago that she was the most ingenuous of the ingénues who came from nowhere to play *Trilby* to John Barrymore's *Svengali* in "The Mad Genius." And to play the exacting rôle with such charm and taste and feeling that all at once she was launched on a career. After a season in London films, she is back in Hollywood, poised, lovely and mellaw voiced far whatever a Columbia contract has in store for her.

A Depression Success

Continued from page 41

"As soon as I had some money together, back I went to New York to the slaughter. This time I lived in Greenwich Village and one day an agent phoned me that there was perhaps a part for me in the new Arthur Hopkins show if I soft-pedaled the Shakespearian experience. He had no time to explain, and when I met Mr. Hopkins I gave all the wrong answers.

"Mr. Hopkins said he thought I was heavier—he wanted a heavy actor who could carry another man off the stage. Anyway, he gave me the script and told me to come for a reading—he'd try me out. Well, I dashed home, and while I read the script I put on three sweaters one after another under my coat. I put padding wherever I could, and came back looking so muscular I got the job."

This play was the turning point in Ralph's career. All sorts of movie and stage offers came his way. Ralph is a tremendously loyal soul and out of gratitude to Hopkins who gave him his chance, he signed up for pictures with Joseph M. Schenck. During the first year he learned that they had decided he wasn't a movie type. He received many offers from other studios, but Mr. Schenck would neither release him nor let him appear in a picture.

"Then the day before my contract expired, I was offered the lead opposite Ruth Chatterton in 'The Magnificent Lie.' I've appeared for every studio since.

"I want to do anything that's good—any real characterization," he told me. He will be in Anna Sten's new picture, "Broken Soil."

He sent for Catherine in 1931, the height of the depression and his rising career, and they were married in Reno—of all places! It is a marriage that has every evidence of lasting. Catherine gave up her career to devote herself entirely to her husband.

One can feel her very steady hand guiding Ralph's career, and he has given up his immature impulsiveness for a sanity to match hers. They own a fifty-two-acre farm in Connecticut.

"It's all free and clear," Ralph told me proudly.

"In this game," Catherine added, "you've got to realize you're riding the crest of the wave. If they ever decide they don't want Ralph in Hollywood, we both feel we can come back to the theater, and when we're old, there's the farm—our real home."

"Meanwhile, I took a flyer in real estate," laughed Ralph. "I never had been to Palm Springs—I thought there were too many actors and too much drinking there—but Catherine thought I ought to go once, at any rate. Well, in three days I bought a bungalow for our week-ends, and in ten days Charlie Farrell and I had bought one hundred and fifty acres of desert land. Now a number of our friends have put in bids for our piece of property no matter how we cut it up. It's nice to have a community of friends around you."

"But no more real estate," put in Catherine.

"No more," echoed Ralph, "just good pictures and the farm."

"You look awfully happy," I couldn't help but comment.

"We are!" they declared, exchanging a smile of understanding.

I wondered why some folks thought there were no sane people in Hollywood!

Hollywood High Lights

Continued from page 29

out. He quit the very first day, and went over to RKO to appear in "Roberta." That was another one of those amicable partings.

The funny thing was that Joel had been engaged for about ten weeks for the production before he actually got before the camera.

Barrymore Fancies.—John Barrymore is becoming almost as pipe-dreamish in his announcements as Douglas Fairbanks, who is always affected by every place he visits to the extent that he announces his intention of making a film with that country as the background. Barrymore, on visiting India, declared that he would produce a picture with an East Indian setting for Alexander Korda. He dwelt ecstatically on the mythological and cultural features of Hindu civilization. Incidentally he mentioned that he might do "Hamlet" as a picture. What—with an Indian background! Our private information is that the film will really be "Joseph and His Brethren," in color.

Barter and Trade.—May Robson, who gets a chance to play just about as good a part in "Grand Old Girl" as she had in "Lady for a Day," has to take it on the chin when it comes to autographs. She heard some children at a preview arguing about whether they should ask for her signature or not. One said to the other, "Aw, you've got her autograph already!" "Well, I don't care," said the other child, "I got one Fredric March for three May Robsons." And May tells that on herself, which shows what a good scout she is.

Muffled Wisecracks.—Constance Collier, reputedly just as peppery as Mrs. Pat Campbell, when she wishes to be, surprised all hands by being exceptionally tame when she went West to fill her contract for MGM. And the Dorothy Parker wisecracks also are conspicuous by their absence. Well, one does have to earn one's living, and Hollywood never could take a joke aimed at itself. So that's the reason for these bright ladies' stilled lips, in all likelihood.

Movie "Brain Trust."—The fans still hiss the "code" seal whenever it flashes on the screen in Hollywood, provided the mood also happens to strike them. But for all the hissing the power of censorship is being built up more and more. Latest acquisition of Joe I. Breen, who runs the censorship show, is a "brain trust," composed of professors, ex-newspaper correspondents, and old-time theater men. They just about say what's to go into pictures. And they're hard-boiled about it, too.

He Croons to Her.—The stories may be going out to the effect that Rudy Vallée wishes to stay in Hollywood because of picture engagements. But the real reason, we hear, is that he wants to be near his Alice Faye. Also Fay Webb has been lining up the guns for battle, but apparently Rudy is willing to take it. Oh, well, some day it will all be straightened out, and then Rudy and Alice will probably ambulate to the altar.

Ovation Matrimonial.—Another wedding ended to applause. That hasn't happened since Ben Bard and Ruth Roland said "I do." But the marriage of Lew Ayres and Ginger Rogers reinstated the custom. Their friends insisted on giving them a big hand at the completion of the ceremony. Also, the couple were fearfully jittery during the rehearsals for the affair, but managed to preserve an "outward calm" during the actual ordeal. Lois Wilson captured the bride's bouquet. Mary Brian missed it. What means that?

Not Joan but Norman.—Joan Blondell didn't get her wish to have a girl baby so she could call her Joan Barnes. Some way or other, you know, she is determined that name will be registered on the books. It's always a good subject for discussion

anyway. She's more than happy over the arrival of her boy, though, who is called Norman Scott Barnes. Joan will be back on the screen fairly soon in a picture with Guy Kibbee.

Maxie Boxes 'Em Off.—Max Baer had to answer a lot of embarrassing questions when his picture "Kids on the Cuff" was called off, more or less temporarily. The folks were all saying that though Maxie might be a hot shot in the prize ring, he wasn't a box-office binger. But the good-natured pugilist—and he is that—didn't get riled, but just stuck stoutly to his point that the film would be made a little later on. We wonder.

Howard Hughes Returns.—Howard Hughes, the Texas millionaire oil man, who produced "Hell's Angels," "Two Arabian Knights" and other films several years ago, is again a figure in the picture colony. And as usual there is a heart interest. This time it seems to be Nancy Carroll. Hughes has spent the past year or two in New York and Europe. He always was one of the youngest-looking producers, and he doesn't appear a bit older than when he left. Whether he will be starring Nancy is now the question that is agitating.

Room for Both.—Margaret Sullavan and her ex-husband, Henry Fonda, will soon be living in the same village, and as far as we know, speaking to each other. Fonda has been engaged by the Walter Wanger company, and will be presented in leading rôles. The marriage of Margaret and himself was dissolved before she came to movieland, but ever since their separation she has been very nice. She helped Fonda out by playing in a stage stock company he was operating, and is said to have assisted in lifting the enterprise out of the red.

Eddie Lowe's Loyalty.—The first lady we've seen Eddie Lowe pay any attention to since the passing of Lilyan Tashman is Virginia Bruce. Eddie escorted her to the opera one evening, which entertainment has always claimed his utmost devotion. Virginia also never misses an opera. Eddie has traveled alone throughout the months since Lil's passing, and the colony has admired his fine and so unusual sentiment.

Somber Winter Days.—The ills that the flesh is heir to have been greatly bothering the movie colony lately. Al Jolson, Claudette Colbert, and Gail Patrick all had bad attacks of influenza, while the Marquis de la Falaise underwent an operation for an ailment contracted while he was in Indo-China, and Kay Francis was on the sick list following the operation that she suffered in New York. The Marquis's illness is of a very mysterious nature, induced by leeches existent in the Asiatic locale, which caused anemia. He was treated for the trouble in Paris, and then had to receive further medical attention on his return to Hollywood.

Their Jeweled Crowns.—There's always some new kind of blonde in Hollywood. Somebody recently suggested calling Nancy Carroll the ruby blonde. Evelyn Laye is already known as the champagne blonde. Jean Harlow has long established the platinum, and Janet Beecher the sapphire blonde. Anyway, they all sound expensive.

"Four Hundred" Surrenders.—Social bars are down so much that the lights of the "four hundred" both East and West, haven't the least hesitancy any more about hobnobbing with movie celebrities. And how snooty they used to be! Twenty Little Working Girls, cream of the Junior Leaguers in old Loas Angellace, have taken up terrifically with the film crowd, and are all ga-ga about it. Film favorites are featured regularly at social salons where celebrities are entertained. A number of blue bloods are either acting in or experting in some special capacity for the cinema. Soon, very soon, the stars will all have their names in the Social Register.

Brisson's Ascendancy.—Carl Brisson is referred to everywhere as the great rival of Maurice Chevalier. And possibly it's an ominous sign that Edward Everett Horton, who has appeared in Maurice's films one right after the other, is to be seen with the Danish musical idol in "All the King's Horses." Many feel that Brisson should have been elected to do "The Merry Widow."

Tracy Going Good.—All is well with Spencer Tracy again. The trip he took to Honolulu did him a lot of good, and on his return Fox signed him to a two-year contract. That just about sets everything right because, for a time, the company debated carrying on the agreement. Tracy was terribly upset by that split-up with Loretta Young, which was one of the causes of his erratic conduct for a time. Lateness on the set, when it was not total absence, was the chief irregularity that caused him to get into trouble with Fox. But he is hitting a sure pace now.

A Faithful Escort.—Since the Marlene Dietrich-Von Sternberg final curtain, it is nearly always Rouben Mamoulian who accompanies the German star. And just a very few months ago it was Garbo and Mamoulian.

Pert Kelton makes friends with every one—and everything. Her amiability makes itself felt on the screen, too, and it is this quality which makes friends for her everywhere. The gorgeous blue-and-gold macaw is only one of her fans who can't say all he thinks.

Angel Face

Continued from page 37

This interesting disclosure was interrupted by a waiter who served Anita with a vegetable plate.

"Those two years were good for Anita in other ways," said her mother. "If things come too easily, young people are apt to get lazy and make no effort to improve themselves or keep on the *qui vive* for new ideas."

"Yes, and when one is successful every one hurries about to do things for you—and that's bad," Anita continued. "You begin to think there's nothing that you need do for yourself. I hope, if I'm successful, that I'll always remember not to be helpless."

"With all the good notices you've had lately, I imagine your days of idleness are about over," I said.

The angel smiled happily. "Things do look pretty good just now. Coming to New York was thrilling. We just wanted to see the new plays and the shops and some friends. But goodness! The studio gave me a schedule of things to do for the whole time, and the telephone rings incessantly. We love it, of course. It's wonderful to be in a whirl like this, but I don't know if our friends will quite understand."

On a near-by table I noticed a pair of baby shoes, with the imprint of sturdy little toes pushing against the ends. Anita's, of course.

"They were her first shoes," her mother said.

"They go everywhere I go," said Anita. "The shoes and the twins, and those two pictures"—waving toward photographs on different tables.

The twins were the cutest things I ever saw. Tiny bisque dolls about two inches long daintily dressed in infants' clothes. "Aren't they darlings? Mother brought them to me years ago. One is supposed to be a girl and one a boy—see!"

Having carefully inspected the shoes and the twins, my eyes turned toward the two pictures that accompanied Anita everywhere.

"Ah, yes, and what's all this talk about you and Tom Brown? Is it serious or just a boy-and-girl affair?"

"*I* don't know!" burst from Anita in a delighted giggle. But the gossips had it that before Anita came into his life two years ago no girl had held the young man's interest for longer than two weeks. All things considered, it probably would take Tom a long time to get tired of looking at Anita, or listening to her, either.

"Are you engaged?" I plowed on relentlessly.

Anita's mother came to the rescue. "Practically every day Tommy asks my permission to marry Anita, and each time I tell him that he will have my blessing as soon as they make up their minds that they really love each other. But, my goodness, how can they tell that? Tommy is twenty-one and Anita seventeen. They're having such fun together, it's better that they take things slowly. How can they tell if it will last a lifetime?"

"You should see Tommy and mother together," Anita broke in. "Tommy and I get along famously—we never quarrel. If I want him to do a thing and he doesn't want to, I never try to force or coax him. After a while, when he has had time to think it over, he almost always does what I have asked, so we're a peaceful couple. But Tommy and mother! You should see how they *scrap!*"

"What about?"

"Everything—and nothing. One word leads to another and they're off. They never agree on anything."

"Tommy is a darling. He has a fine, quick mind and so I enjoy arguing with him," her mother retorted.

"Well, maybe that's the reason, but you both give it plenty of exercise," laughed Anita.

The Fremaults are great homebodies. If Mrs. Fremault is in town only a few days she goes to an apartment hotel so she can have a kitchen. She keeps dishes, silver, and linen there and stores them away each time. There are always special foods that Anita likes, and last-minute steaming or pressing to be done on an evening frock.

No personal maid or private swimming pools for these two. Other things are more important to them. They like music, languages, art, literature.

Speaking of a friend, Mrs. Fremault declared that she felt utterly stupid when she thought of the things other women knew and did. She was mending a ripped seam in Anita's sleeve as she spoke. The girl looked at her mother tenderly. "But, mother, you must remember that those people have spent years specializing in that one subject, and ever since I was born you have concentrated your whole time and thought upon me."

Mrs. Fremault is studying interior decoration and period furniture so that she will have something to occupy her when her daughter spreads her wings and flies away.

"When Anita marries she will move into her own house and manage her own affairs. I've tried to make her self-reliant. I object to mothers living with their children after they marry. That's the worst mistake of all. And when Anita is twenty-one, married or single, I want her to take over the reins of her own life. I want to have some interest for myself when that time comes so I won't be lonely and so that Anita will not be worried and think, 'Now what shall I do about mother?'"

A swell pair, these two.

Blushing Lark

Continued from page 27

the trip I mentioned, he was doing a week of personal appearances in Detroit. During the week his home town of Grand Rapids was having a "Joe Morrison Day" in connection with the running of his first picture, "The Old-fashioned Way," Joe was heartsick over not being able to be there and having possibly to disappoint some friends who might go to the theater to see him.

He finally paid the charges and had one of the broadcasting companies run a line direct from a studio in Detroit to the stage of the theater where his picture was being shown. At the proper time, Joe broadcast a greeting and a few songs to his home-town audience. He got nothing out of it except the satisfaction that comes with making a nice gesture.

Now, I'm going to let you in on his big secret, girls. He blushes! At the fights, the night of his return, the announcer called him into the ring and introduced him to the mob. There was much applause and stamping of feet. Joe, blushing furiously, held up his hand for silence. "I can't dance," he explained, "and I haven't a piano on me so I can't sing for you. But if you'll come over to the Paramount studio I'll be glad to fix you up."

During this trip he was appearing in Washington, D. C. The place to go after the show on Saturday night is Childs restaurant. Joe was there after the last show, along with some of the others appearing on the bill with him. Suddenly a girl slipped into the chair beside him.

"Pahdon mah South'un accent," she began and explained that her companions had wagered that she wouldn't have nerve enough to come over and speak to him. Having made her explanations, without more ado she put her arms around Joe's neck and kissed him. Right out in public! "Paht of the waguh," she said blandly. "Ah hope you don't mind."

Only a person who knows Joe can

possibly picture what his feelings must have been. But he rose to the occasion like a little major. "Mind?" he echoed. "I think it's one of the nicest wagers I've ever run across."

When he was three his mother died. His father remarried. When he was ten his father died and his stepmother remarried. Contrary to the expected, they cared for him as though he were their own, and he couldn't be more devoted to them if they were.

Finishing high school, he studied for the priesthood. That is something I'll never be able to understand in a person of Joe's fun-loving disposition. I cannot conceive of any one with a temperament more unsuited to ecclesiastics than Joe.

During the first two years of his studies everything was fine. He lived at home. The third year it was necessary for him to live in a monastery. The hard and fast rules laid down by the fathers, the rigid orders and strict discipline had a depressing effect on our hero. At the end of the second year in the monastery, they called him in, told him he was temperamentally unfitted for the life he had chosen, and it would be better if he would go out into the world and try to do something with his voice.

That was welcome news to Joe. He got into a honkatonk act with some girls and eventually found himself in Los Angeles.

There used to be a small restaurant run by a retired vaudeville couple. It was quite a theatrical hangout. They used to call on any artists in the house to perform. On this particular night they called on Joe. He got up and sang and they wouldn't let him leave the stage.

Over in one corner was a small party. I think Sophie Tucker was among them. When Joe finally left the stage, one of the men sent for him, introduced himself and said he thought Joe had something and that if he wasn't satisfied with his present act, he would make room for him in his. The man was Eddie Vine who has managed Joe from that day.

Two weeks later Joe had joined the new act in Denver. Eddie dragged him out on the stage, introduced him as his kid brother and Joe stopped the show. They played the Pantages circuit for a time and found themselves in Los Angeles once more. Joe had his eye on pictures. They hung around for a year and, although Joe was interviewed by almost every casting director, he never even got a chance.

Mona Ba rie and Johnny Mack Brown while away a long wait between scenes. She's playing the lead in "Mystery Blonde" and the Alabama husky is in "Rustlers of Red Dog."

He went into the "Nine O'clock Revue" at the Hollywood Playhouse in the hope of attracting some attention. He introduced the song, "Just Picture a Penthouse Way Up in the Sky" for the first time on any stage and stopped the show nightly with it. The critics raved, but that's all the good it did him. He lived right around the corner from the Paramount studio, but couldn't get past the casting office.

After a year, they gave up Hollywood as a bad job. Returning to vaudeville, he and Eddie found themselves in Seattle one Sunday afternoon with no more bookings. Joe was all for returning to Hollywood. He liked it there.

"It's fifteen hundred miles to Hollywood," Eddie reasoned. "If we traveled in the other direction and applied that money on fare to New York, we'd be almost there and we haven't tackled that yet."

They flipped a coin and New York won. Eddie had been on the stage for twenty years and knew the ropes around the big town. He tried to interest several agents in Joe, but Joe was determined Eddie should handle him.

During the holidays a booker called Eddie and asked if he would have Joe sing at an Elks' benefit at the Commodore Hotel. Practically every tenor in town was there that night, including Morton Downey, Donald Novis, Arthur Tracy, James Melton, Charles Carlisle, Tito Guizar. Yet it was Joe again who held up the proceedings.

As a result of that appearance, he was booked for seventeen weeks as "The Beloved Vagabond" on the radio. Then he went to NBC on a year's contract, singing on the program with George Olsen. Following this, he joined Olsen's band as a soloist. One night they tried out "The Last Round-up." It didn't go over very well.

A few weeks later they were playing an engagement in Pittsburgh. Joe was sitting at a table with Ethel Shutta, who is Olsen's wife, waiting for his turn to go on. "Whatever became of that cowboy song you tried out?" Miss Shutta asked.

"George never plays it any more," Joe answered. They dug it out of the pile of music and he sang it again. People stopped dancing to crowd around the platform and listen. Returning to New York for an engagement at the Paramount Theater, they tried it again. The next day a banner stretched across Broadway announcing "JOE MORRISON." And that, my friends, is what is really known as an overnight sensation.

Success hasn't changed him and I doubt that it ever will.

He will be in "One Hour Late," heading a cast that features Helen Twelvetrees, Arline Judge, and Conrad Nagel.

You're going to like this boy as much as the people around the studio do, and greater praise than that it's impossible to bestow!

RECIPE for an ELEGANT EVENING

Miss Vinson looks like a heroine, but the studios started casting her as a menace and there she is, a menace to this day. "I meet all the nice people," says she, "but I'm cast as the snake in the grass."

With Helen Vinson as your hostess, nothing is lacking. For she is sophisticated but not hard, beautiful but not self-conscious.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

ANY monograph on Hollywood would have to include Helen Vinson, cool, gracious, and lovely.

She is one of the nicer ladies among the stellar bodies.

She is slim and shapely, with Titian hair, a Mona Lisa smile, and ideas of her own regarding living, acting, and other profound problems.

Thus far her picture career has been less than meteoric. She has been a Warner captive, an RKO chattel, and a Columbia bondmaiden. She has been told to assume haughty ways, smile to hide her evil intentions, and lead men to ruin. Yet she looks like a heroine. There is no apparent reason why she shouldn't be cast as one. But it so happens that they started casting her as a menace, a more or less sinister woman, and there she is, a menace to this day.

When I called at her conservative but elegant apartment where she lives alone with her faithful dog, Nipper, I felt that sitting about sipping sherry would never do justice to the occasion. There was a special fête of some sort at the Miramar in Santa Monica, so we set off for it.

The Miramar is a spacious hostelry hard by the ocean, boasting family trade. But on Sunday nights the lid is off, and there is a dance that is the hub of entertainment for miles around. From Brentwood they come and Beverly, from Bel Air and Santa Barbara. The palms in the lobby are brushed this way and that by radiant stars in fine plumage. It's all quite gala.

"I don't go out much," said the soothing-looking Miss Vinson, as we pushed toward the shore line. "Hollywood is fairly dull at night. But there is apt to be a good crowd at the Miramar. You'll like it."

She was right. And I did.

The head waiter found us a table next to a woman who looked like Vicki Baum. As a matter of fact it proved to be Vicki Baum, because I heard Tom Brown and Anita Louise tell her how much they enjoyed playing in her picture for Universal.

Across the room George Bancroft was talking to Gus Arnheim, the Coast's favorite orchestra leader, apparently enjoying a busman's holiday watching somebody else lead an orchestra.

From behind us came an extraordinary rattle of British lingo. "Teddibly soddy not to've seen y' lawsnight, m'deah." "Oh, thet was peffectly all right, y'naw. Relly."

I smiled at Helen. She shrugged, as one who is accustomed to such talk. It had come from Violet Kemble Cooper and her husband.

"I was once accused of not having a sufficiently English accent," said Helen. "I'm a Texan, and I guess traces of the drawl clung to my speech. So I practiced broad a's violently for weeks, took lessons in diction, worked hard to acquire the right touch. I landed the part; it was in 'Doctor Harmer's Holiday' which ran a week. Shortly afterward I was being tested for a picture, but the casting director said my only fault was my accent: it was too English, and he wanted me to play an American girl."

[Continued on page 77]

Photo by D'Gaggeri

HELEN VINSON

PATENTLY well bred, Helen Vinson belongs to that group of the select few who are charming without being forced, glamorous without being affected, and she is one of the real beauties of the screen. Malcolm H. Oettinger's appraisal on the opposite page throws new light on the little-known Miss Vinson, who is in many pictures but no headlines.

UP IN THE CLOUDS

SHIRLEY TEMPLE, now a full-fledged star, finds her new picture, "Bright Eyes," altogether to her liking. One of the reasons is that she is in the company of James Dunn as her father, Lois Wilson her mother and Jane Withers, with whom she is playing lady. All are concerned in a sure-fire story which gives Shirley plenty of opportunity to show her winsome ways. And she jumps in a parachute from a plane, tao!

FREAK MUSEUM

'he Mighty Barnum" promises to be of absorb-
g interest for it traces the career of the great
owman from the beginning, when his passion
r oddities paved the way for his career as
king of circus men.

l the upper picture are seen Wallace Beery as *Phineas Barnum,* Adolphe Menjou as his friend, *Bailey Walsh,* d Virginia Bruce as *Jenny Lind.* Right, *Barnum* with his izes impersonated by Tex Matlsen, and George and ive Brasno. Janet Beecher and Rochelle Hudson with him, below.

VIENNESE LILT

MUSIC and dancing and tender romance blend in the ingratiating entertainment which brings together Evelyn Laye and Ramon Novarro, in "The Night Is Young." In order to prepare herself for the rôle of a ballet dancer, Miss Laye is said to have undergone training faur hours daily for two months. In the upper picture Mr. Novarro appears with Rosalind Russell, who made her film début in "Evelyn Prentice," and Danald Cook makes his first appearance in a musical.

Photo by Russell Ball

HOBOKEN BEER

WEET ADELINE," one of most tuneful and ingrati- g of musicals, comes to screen with all the nos- gic charm of the '90s, its ne a German garden oss the river n New York.

STARRING Irene Dunne, with Donald Woods as her sweetheart, the cast includes Winifred Shaw and Hugh Herbert, above, numerous chorines and many others you all know.

Photo by Tanner

SURELY there ca
be a more popul
trio in pictures th
Robert Montgo
ery, Clark Gab
and Joan Cra
ford! The rare
casion which brin
them together
one film is "Forse
ing All Other
Talk about y
all-star cast—t
is positively

Continued from page 35

quota of Hollywood celebrities lately. Sylvia Sidney, Bette Davis, Ginger Rogers, Ketti Gallian, Ricardo Cortez, Maurice Chevalier, and Anita Louise have all been among those present.

The Asiatic-looking Merle Oberon paused momentarily on her way to Hollywood from London. She will play opposite Maurice Chevalier in "Folies Bergere de Paris." Eddie Cantor rushed here and there convulsing every one with his determinedly worried air.

Broadway's Roll of Honor.—Lillian Gish scored the first big hit of the theater season in "Within the Gates." Her dramatic power was no surprise; disclosure of legs that rival Dietrich's - and her character name on the program as *The Young So-and-so* (a noun not encouraged in family magazines) was. Dorothy Gish as *Emily Dickinson* in "Brittle Heaven" maintained the family balance with a lavender-and-old-lace characterization. June Walker, ill-fated in films of two or more years ago, is both pungent and sweet, a rare combination, in "The Farmer Takes a Wife."

The charm of old Erie Canal days will be brought to the screen when this is filmed. And Jane Wyatt, who endeared herself to screen fans in "One More River," is the talk of the town for her beautifully direct and simple performance in "Lost Horizons."

Recipe for Greatness.—Miss Wyatt does all her acting on the stage or before the camera. In private life she is a candid, well-bred, pleasantly casual sort of person. I suspect that she is highly intelligent, but she does not force it on one. She is pleasantly inconspicuous, if that does not sound like damning her with faint praise. She is actually a highly successful creation in neutral tones.

On the stage she acquires force, persuasiveness. You are vitally interested in her from the moment she appears. Simple gestures, the way she moves, are remembered for days after seeing her. I believe that she will be one of the outstanding film players when she goes back to Universal to make pictures soon.

A Shouting Success.—It is Gladys George, in "Personal Appearance," however, who makes audiences guffaw lustily. In figure she is an exaggerated Mae West. Her face combines the effusive sweetness of Janet Gaynor with the patronizing blandness of Elissa Landi. Precise skill is in every scene she plays. Playing a film star on a personal-appearance tour, she flies into what her actress-creation believes to be an explosion of volcanic temperament, but is actually the tantrum of a child.

All the while that Miss George was on the MGM lot last summer, when producers were apathetic about giving her rôles, she must have been noting the manner of film favorites, so accurately has she portrayed some of their away-from-company explosions.

Any one who has met many stars knows that in any situation in life that they don't know just how to handle, some of them fall back on lines from one of their plays.

You will get an idea of how true to life the playwright and the actress have made this habit when I tell you that four visiting players have assured me in confidence that it was her particular rival who was being imitated. And none of them mentioned the star that I thought was being portrayed!

Smiling instead of scowling, Charles Bickford reappears on the screen opposite Mady Christians in "Wicked Woman," a sob story such as we all like.

What Is Your Favorite Plot?—I cannot bear that old story about the will that demands that "X" marry "Y" within a given time, or the South Sea Island opus in which the dark-skinned hero or heroine turns out to be of white parentage after all. But I enjoy every creaking instant of that rusty old plot about the girl who finds she has only six months to live. She lives them vinously, gayly, and taking her horse over the most dangerous jumps.

That is the plot of "Dark Victory" which Tallulah Bankhead is playing on the stage, and it is just dandy with me that film companies are trying to buy it for Norma Shearer or Claudette Colbert. Only I wish that they would let Tallulah play it. Give the girl another chance before the camera!

Throw Out the Legend.—Anna Sten, on her recent three-day visit to New York, turned out to be nothing at all like what one expected, regardless of what one did expect. She is talkative, but not exactly articulate, because "yets" and "always" and "already" and "usually" crop up in her sentences in the most unusual places. Not the brooding, intense Russian of legend, nor even a glamorous beauty, she seems an intensely hard-working, vigorously alive, very jolly sort of person.

To help advertise her picture, a tie-up was arranged with a hat company which was to sponsor a knock-about felt sports hat, supposedly designed by her. She confused everybody concerned by insisting not that she design one, but that the sponsors use a battered old hat that is a pet of hers. It was difficult to reproduce it since hers had acquired its shape from months of abuse and a characteristic gesture of hers. In delight, surprise, or childlike enthusiasm, she lifts her hands to her head and practically mangles her headgear.

Hurry Only for Pleasure.—Ruth Chatterton just won't be rushed into another picture contract. She intends to be sure that she has the right vehicle before she makes another film. So after resting in the California desert for a month or so, and getting a divorce, she flew to New York to see some plays and broadcast "Rebound." She rather fancies the idea of breakfasting in her California garden, then flying to New York for dinner, so she plans to buy a speed plane on her return.

Both she and Anna Sten are dead set against making more than two or three pictures a year. Is that enough to make a star a real favorite, I ask you fans who never see them except on the screen? I doubt it. It is girls like Fay Wray and Myrna Loy, and to a certain extent Loretta Young, Madge Evans, and Kay Francis that my boarding-school acquaintances rave about nowadays. They claim that they cannot even remember any actress's name until they have seen her three or four times within a few months. They are convinced that Grace Moore isn't very important or else she would have been in another picture by this time.

Ovation All Set.—All that Elizabeth Bergner will have to do is walk out on the New York stage and the clamor will begin. Reports from London have been so wildly enthusiastic, and her two films shown here,

"Catherine the Great" and "Ariane," were so ingratiating that the fight for first-night tickets for "Escape Me Never" was on weeks in advance. Undoubtedly she will be lured to Hollywood for pictures, thus providing Helen Hayes with a rival. Helen must be a little tired by now of being the first actress of the screen, unchallenged on her pinnacle.

Snubbing the Press.—Brian Aherne, who accomplished the almost impossible by holding his own against Helen Hayes in "What Every Woman Knows," is back from a London vacation, rehearsing for "Romeo and Juliet," in which he will support Katharine Cornell on the stage. But don't expect me to give you any personal observations about him. He is that aloof and busy, he does not care if all the editors and interviewers are swamped with mail asking what he is like really.

Acquaintances explain Mr. Aherne's aloofness with the suggestion that he is still smarting from some of the comments on his performance in "The Song of Songs." Members of the press were not so anxious to meet him then.

What They Are Planning.—Katharine Hepburn, chief ballyhoo of the Victorian spirit, is to play "Pride and Prejudice" on the New York stage soon. . . . Helen Hayes wants to go to Russia to make a picture to be produced by her husband, Charles MacArthur. . . . Evelyn Laye threatens to become the most glamorous and popular songbird on the screen, through "Evensong" made in England and the film she has made in Hollywood with Novarro. . . . Ginger Rogers was so delighted with her wedding dress of pale-green Chantilly lace that she wants to repeat her trip to New York so as to have Kiviette make all her important clothes. Kiviette designed and made the first expensive dress Ginger ever wore, in her first Broadway musical. . . . Whitney Bourne reduced some sixty pounds, becoming a lovely blond wraith, then went to the hospital quite seriously ill. But she's all right now.

Claudette Colbert lives up to the title of her new picture, "The Gilded Lily," by giving a break to the news photographers on a street at the Paramount studio. The picture snatchers are the real thing, too.

Master of Her Fate

Continued from page 45

ground of experience. She had made pictures in England and in France. She had made an impression on the stage in London. Though not then a star, she was pointed out as a potential one.

In 1930 she was engaged to play on Broadway in "A Farewell To Arms." She made an instantaneous hit, though the play didn't. Four major studios were bidding for her services. Like any human being bent on a career, Landi chose the one which seemed to offer the most advantages. With what results the past three years have shown.

"It is hard to work for a studio when you know it is antagonistic toward you from the start. I discovered that I hadn't been wanted at all by this studio; that it only bid for my services to spite the others. This sounds incredible, doesn't it? But in Hollywood you soon learn that nothing is incredible; the more improbable it sounds, the more possible it is."

There was little Landi could do except what she had to do. That is, make film after film, like a string of sausages in so far as individuality of story and handling were concerned.

People said her acting was cold, without warmth, that she lacked passion.

"The average person confuses passion with sensuality," Landi declaimed, raising finely arched brows which resembled two pauses on a page of manuscript music.

"I'm not a cold person. When people learn the real meaning of passion, they'll discover I am very passionate where emotions are aroused. If I am able to reveal the passion within me without tearing my hair, or wrapping myself around the hero's neck, I'll consider that good acting. It is much better to convince than to contort."

Landi's faithful followers maintain she has everything that's necessary. They point with pride to "The Yellow Ticket," "The Sign of the Cross," "I Loved You Wednesday," and "By Candlelight"—not as pictures of outstanding importance, but as offerings in which their favorite revealed her infinite variety, her intelligence, and her persuasive charm.

And Elissa's creative talents are infinite. She plays the piano exceedingly well, in fact brilliantly, and composes. She has five novels to her credit, with a sixth and a seventh soon to follow, which will conclude the trilogy of "The Ancestor," her latest book. She has just written six new poems which a composer friend has set to music. In her library are books in five languages, and all are well read.

Yet this gorgeous creature is permitted to languish in mediocre rôles. Such obstinate stupidity makes you want to dash to the producers like

a prophet of doom, and shout: "Run to your houses, fall upon your knees, pray to the gods to intermit the plague that needs must light on this ingratitude!"

But producers seem to be lending an ear already. Landi has completed another picture for Paramount, "Enter Madame," the story of a temperamental prima donna, in which Gilda Varesi made a hit on Broadway a dozen years ago or so.

"It is one of my pictures I really like," Landi said. "It is an excellent comedy, and is well made."

In becoming the master of her fate, turning from the blandishments of Hollywood, Landi has heightened her individuality and mellowed her talent. Certainly, she goes from one picture to another, but after each one she retires within herself.

Even her home resembles her isolation. The house, of Italian architecture, stands on a hill which projects itself between two small valleys.

We descended the steps from the balcony and walked in the garden along a path between two rows of tall trees to a white marble pergola in which a satyr grinned in stony silence from the top of a column.

Landi was gazing far away across the green and bronze valleys, at the mists creeping in from the sea. Mists that were colored gold and pink from the late afternoon sun.

"My nearest neighbor is Will Rogers. That's his place over there." She pointed beneath a bough of yellow roses to a white splash against the hillside.

We wended our way up another path and sat down on a pink-and-white bench, placed conveniently at one of the elevations. An archway of trees stood directly before us. Through it we could see the surrounding country far below. We seemed sitting on top of the world, watching it evolve in many colors.

"To return to why I chose to be the master of my fate," Landi remarked, staring straight ahead of her, as if addressing the universe at large, "I saw myself trampled beneath a procession of impossible heroines. It was a temptation to turn myself into a Hollywood star. I could have stamped myself as a type—the lady siren. A publicity campaign presenting me as such would have been advantageous toward that end. But I never betray my true convictions in anything I do.

"To-day, I'm glad I followed my own dictates. The past four years seem like a probation. A nurse on probation has revolting tasks. But in doing them it makes her a good nurse.

"Now," the Lady Elissa exclaimed with zest and a smile, "I feel I am embarking on my real picture career."

Many others think so, too. Since Landi has been the master of her fate, the captain of her soul, she will now be able to launch forth on a new phase of screen acting. If things go well, she'll have no one to congratulate but herself. If things don't change, there will be no one to censure but those who make pictures.

As Nice As They Come

Continued from page 43

There he jumped into "Drums of Jeopardy," later made into a film, but he wasn't invited to play in the picture version. Next he played with Walter Huston in "Mr. Pitt," then in "The Shanghai Gesture," and in "Children of Darkness."

In 1929, when Hollywood was wild for stage actors with the advent of sound, he went to the Coast, again on speculation. But all he managed to rake up was a bit in Fox's "Renegades," with Victor McLaglen.

He waited around a while, became discouraged, and returned to New York. Going to the Lambs' Club, the famous theatrical fraternity, he found a wire from Fox. They wanted him back; some one had noticed him in that bit. So he went back to Hollywood with a six months' contract in his pocket. The battle for recognition seemed won!

Somehow, though, he attracted very little notice, and Fox released him. He knocked about, doing one unimportant part after another, for almost every studio in Hollywood. They liked his work, but no one wanted to sign him up. Then, as in the case of all popular players, came the big break. Metro-Goldwyn sent for him and he got the part of the detective in "Mata-Hari," the man who finally tracked down the famous spy.

That part won attention for him, not only from Hollywood producers, but from fans. He started receiving much fan mail, and the studio cast him in another rôle, that of the lobbyist in "Washington Masquerade." When that was ready for release, they presented him with a nice five-year contract, knowing that if they didn't do it, some one else would. He has been there ever since. The part in "Stamboul Quest" he believes to be the best he has had.

Thelma Todd flaunts her blond beauty in "Lightning Strikes Twice," never forgetting her sense of humor which has put her in a class by herself.

"It was different," he said. "This time I didn't use women as stool pigeons, or throw them out windows; I really went after one for myself. I still get lots of letters about it."

I asked him if he would rather play heavies than any other kind of rôle. He shrugged. "I'd rather play light comedy," he said, "but you know how it is. They type you, and you're set in a mold."

He has been married three years. It is his second marriage. There are no children by either.

"But I have a dog," he said with a smile. "He has a great name, too—for a Scotty." He waited for me to ask the name of the animal, and I did so.

"Well," he said, "my wife and I were living at the Hermoyne apartments when I got him, and I had just finished the part of *Duke Igor* in 'Rasputin and the Empress.' So I called him Grand Duke Igor of Hermoyne. He's registered under that name."

Soon after "Death on the Diamond" was finished, in fact, the following Monday, he—Gordon, not the dog—went to the hospital. He had finished the picture in great pain. The doctors ordered an immediate operation, and he was a very sick man for weeks. As soon as he was able to go, he was ordered on an ocean voyage, and had just returned from the Canal Zone when we talked.

"I'm going over to see my mother now," he said. "She's eighty-three, and still thinks she's as active as she used to be. I have to watch her."

As he went across the street to his car, I thought:

"There goes C. Henry Gordon, sinister villain on the screen, to call on his mother and protect her, like young *Jack Dalton*, hero of the early melodramas!"

Not being a profound philosopher I gave it up, and decided that of such stuff was life made.

Can This Be Love?

Continued from page 42

Pasadena where he lived in a small bungalow with his mother and younger brother. It was the same modest quarters which he had occupied while working as prop boy on the lot and later as assistant cameraman.

His sole relaxation, aside from sports, was spent in dancing. It was thus that he met the other girl. She had just arrived from Chicago and was endeavoring to forget a schoolgirl marriage which had ended in divorce. She was cute, possessed of poise and the charm attached to the traditional daughter of the rich. And she danced divinely.

Nick started dating her and together they won many dancing contests. People noticed her and many suggested that she go into pictures. Soon Evelyn Lederer of Chicago became Sue Carol of the films.

Now with Sue launched on a screen career, the studio scented reams of publicity in their romance. There was no doubt that they loved each other dearly and no one was surprised when they were married.

Meanwhile, the girl back in New York had found work as artist's model and in occasional films. She, too, concentrated on her career and tried to forget the boy who still meant so much to her. But youth must have its romance and Olive found hers in a handsome lad who, like herself, was playing bits in the various New York studios. Unlike Nick, he was wild, dashing, harum-scarum. And, sure, he had a way with him. His name was James Dunn and he and Olive fell madly in love.

Jimmy was just getting over a deep infatuation for Helen Morgan. They had toured together in "Sweet Adeline." But young Dunn was then just a minor supporting player and the great Morgan one of Broadway's most popular stars. Helen, no doubt, liked the boy but never took him seriously. It was a hard blow to Jimmy when they split up. Heartbroken, he found comfort in the sweet charm of Olive Shea.

Again Hollywood intruded. Jimmy, down to his last dime, successfully passed his test for the rôle in "Bad Girl," which was to carry him to the heights. The day before he left there was much talk of a hurried marriage which, somehow, never came off. Olive bade him a tearful farewell and tried again to concentrate on her career.

Once on the upgrade, Jimmy promptly forgot his little sweetheart in New York. We can't be too hard on him for that. Fame is a perilous thing and the life of a star filled with numerous distractions—both blonde and brunette. Perhaps his experience with the great Morgan had made him wary of the pain of loving too much.

Olive occasionally heard from Nick. She knew that he still thought of her for his letters were filled with kindly, helpful encouragement. When he did something especially fine on the screen she would wire him. When he came to New York he would phone her. They were jolly conversations, with no trace of sentiment. Just two nice kids who found each other interesting.

Olive continued her film work as well as appearing in several plays and a position on the radio which won her the title of "Radio Queen" for being the most beautiful artist appearing on the air waves. Such occasions would also inspire a wire from Nick: "Good work, kid. I'm rooting for you." No, he had not forgotten her.

A chance part in a short opposite Jack Haley and a contract to go to Hollywood! Olive, renamed Gloria Shea, set out for the movie capital accompanied by her mother. She tried hard in the few parts given her but her contract was not renewed.

Discouraged, ready to return to New York an admitted failure, it was Nick who encouraged her to stay and fight it out. He seemed to sense the days she would be feeling low after failing to land work. It was then that he would be on hand to take her for a long ride, stopping for dinner at some charming spot en route. That she stayed on to become a sought-after free-lance player is due to his understanding advice.

Nick now realized fully how much Gloria's friendship meant, for he and Sue were beginning to drift apart. Even the arrival of little Carol Lee had failed to keep them away from the matrimonial shoals which dot the shifting sands of Hollywood's marital coast line.

The exquisite little doll house on Cromwell Avenue which had been the setting for what every one considered the ideal love match and which had served as the honeymoon spot for Bing Crosby and Dixie Lee, no longer spelled happiness to the bewildered couple.

Now that Nick and Sue are divorced, Hollywood is wondering if its most beautiful friendship will turn into another romance. Although close to both parties, it's pretty hard for me to say. Both Gloria and Nick have found in love only disappointment and heartbreak. Yet the fine comradeship which they still enjoy continues to bring mutual confidence and contentment.

Perhaps they have learned the secret that so few picture people have been able to find. It is possible they realize that Hollywood, not understanding how precious is genuine friendship, will leave them alone so long as they do not cloak their friendship in the glittering robes of romance which is the tattered raiment madly sought for by the vast army of the disillusioned.

Nick and Gloria are wise to Hollywood and its ways. They say little as they dance and hold hands. They want to create the impression that what they enjoy is trivial and unimportant. Yet to one who has seen their friendship blossom through years of varied disappointments and successes into the fine companionship that exists to-day, there is something inspiring about the whole relationship.

Compared to this, the famous passions of the cinema city fade into nothingness.

Gay Spender No More

Continued from page 32

"The fate which overtook Wally Reid overtook a number of our cinema headliners in more or less degree. We spent our strength as lavishly as we did our money. Fortunately, having been an athlete all my life, it was natural for me to take care of myself, and I always kept pretty fit.

"Talking pictures, more exacting, infinitely more taxing than silent pictures, brought competition from the stage. The new leading men had more culture, more balance than many of the old crowd and the young man-about-town was put on his mettle to hold his position."

The talkies found Denny a ready-made star. He had years of stage experience behind him; he was a trained singer and had a cultured, pleasant-speaking voice; he was a good actor and already a popular star. It seemed only natural that he should be offered a contract with Metro-Goldwyn.

And then one of those inexplicable things that could happen only in Hollywood happened to Reginald Denny. With the coming of talking pictures began the fall of Denny. He was under contract to a large organization and not allowed to work. In two years he made but one picture. At the end of that time he found he had been off the screen too long. New faces had come to pictures. He could not get a job.

He refused to take it seriously. He

couldn't believe it. The condition was only temporary, he was sure, but when nothing better offered itself he decided to take a flyer in the independents.

"I felt that it would be an opportunity for me to learn the producing end of the business, and I saw no reason why an independent picture shouldn't be as good as a picture made by a major company. It didn't work out that way, however," he said ruefully. "The pictures were bad and I learned that because I had identified myself with the independents I was no longer wanted by the major companies.

"Ever since I could walk I've been an actor. It's the only profession I know. And there I was, loaded up with property, and you know whatever happens, taxes go on just the same.

"I had a family to support, children to educate, my mountain place on which I had lovingly lavished $52,000 in 'improvements' to keep up. It was time for me to do a little serious thinking and, for the first time in my life, I did. I thought of my airplanes, my boat, all the money I had thrown away. All the thousands of dollars I had invested in all kinds of crazy propositions, oil stocks, real estate. I lost a fortune in one gold mine. Those ten years of my life passed through my mind in kaleidoscopic review and it was embarrassing, I can tell you.

"It was during those bleak months that I 'grew up.' I realized that being a playboy wasn't so smart. I resolved if I ever got on my feet again I would do things differently. I felt that I had been a cheat and the person I had cheated was myself.

"I had never before taken anything seriously. I had fought through the War, but I was young. It didn't leave much of a mark on me. I was left stranded one time in India, but what actor hasn't been stranded? Always I had landed on top. It was all in fun. But now I was serious. I was worried to death and there wasn't a thing I could do about it. I simply couldn't get a job.

"And then, suddenly, when it seemed things couldn't be any worse, my luck changed. My name was mentioned for 'The Lost Patrol' and John Ford, the director, said he wanted me. That gave me my start and 'Of Human Bondage,' 'The World Moves On' and other pictures followed in quick succession.

"When you've once had stardom and lost it, the climb back, the struggle to keep your chin up, is thrilling. I had stardom; I had a big fan following; my pictures were in demand. I thought I had the world in the palm of my hand. It was quite a jolt when I learned I didn't, when the bottom dropped out of everything."

"Really, then it was hard times that woke you up?" I suggested.

Margaret Sullavan gave Hollywood a characteristic surprise when she eloped with her director, William Wyler, for a Yuma, Arizona, wedding November 25th, not one of the know-it-alls suspecting a romance during the filming of "The Good Fairy."

"That was the big jolt," he replied quickly, "but other things entered in. I love Hollywood. It has given me most of the things I hold dear—my wife, children, home, everything.

"My daughter, Barbara, has just graduated from a young girls' school. I wanted her to go to college but she is determined on a career as an actress. She will go to England and begin her stage career there and perhaps come back here for picture work after she has gained some stage experience. So, eventually, Hollywood will probably be where she will work and play. My little son, Reginald, will soon be old enough to go to school. We have a tiny baby daughter. You see, I'm a family man now. I'm no longer the young man-about-town. I'm morally, as well as physically, responsible for my children. I'm even becoming civic-minded.

"The gold-rush days are over and the town is beginning to build to the stature of a great and splendid city. No one who loves Hollywood and wants to see it continue as the film center of the world can regret the passing of the young man-about-town and the things he stood for.

"Consider what we have here," he exclaimed enthusiastically. "The third richest and most powerful industry in the world; the finest creative brains; the most exquisite beauty. With such assets, surely we can build a reputation for being something more than just the place where movies are made."

Don't get the impression that Reginald and Bubbles have retired, with their children, to a hut; that they have forsaken all their friends and are living a hermit existence. Such is far from the truth. They occupy the same house they have always lived in. It isn't a pretentious house but it is a very nice, large, comfortable home where a white-gowned nurse rules the children's department and a capable colored couple manage the kitchen. They entertain simply but delightfully, their closest friends being the Robert Montgomerys.

They spend vacations at the mountain cabin, which is now for sale because, Reg explains, "the money invested in the cabin will do more good in the trust fund for the children. I've sold my boat and my airplanes, too, and that money is invested. I have a trusted business manager now who guards my investments as though they were his own."

If you have seen Denny's latest pictures you don't need a magnifying glass to make you realize he is entering the most successful period of his career, and it is common gossip in Hollywood that there is no happier married couple than the Dennys.

"Why," Dame Rumor exclaims, "Reg even goes home from the studio for lunch!"

Beyond Wildest Dreams

Continued from page 15

The lad was in hysterics of fright before an elaborately dazed Harold slowly and effectively came to.

Though there was no theatrical lineage in the family, Harold and Gaylord were stage-crazy. They whisked their Hallowe'en masks on and off in protean shows; they put on wild West and cowboy round-ups in the yard. At eight, Speedy got in very bad with one aunt by cutting open her horsehair sofa and using the stuffing for beards.

When not wearing putty noses in his rear-yard repertory company, he spent every spare minute at the new nickelodeon. The first picture that he saw was Broncho Billy Anderson's "The Great Train Robbery."

His first professional acting was as a paid volunteer—one dollar a performance—in a hypnotist's show. He let loose all his genius in going through the actions of one presum-

ably mesmerized and doing the things suggested to him. In fact, he overdid them.

In 1911, a toss of a coin took Foxy to San Diego, where he bought a pool hall. Harold joined a stock company and served also as stage manager. Two years later Foxy moved to Los Angeles. For a while Harold stayed on, living in a tent on the roof of an apartment house. There were odd jobs for an agile lad.

He played his first movie scene in 1913 with a company on location in San Diego. He was a three-dollar Indian.

Following his dad to Los Angeles, he found jobs scarce and almost became a chorus man. But chorus boys were then in bad repute, so he kept his ideals and his hunger. Work as a hotel bell hop sustained self-respect and the inner man until he got small parts with a stock company featuring William Desmond.

Storming the studios, he sat in the bull pen each day under a blazing sun with the other applicants until some were picked by a director. Beside him sat a fellow extra, Hal Roach, who was later to produce Harold's comedies.

In brown paint, he was a heap-bad Injun; in cowboy regalia, he chased himself down a hill; wearing pasteboard armor, he was a warrior bold, dashing through J. Warren Kerrigan's flickers directed by J. Farrell MacDonald. Those were the days of the Pearl White and Kathlyn Williams serials, of intense melodrama and ludicrous comedy, the industry's infancy, when the movies moved.

Spare hours he spent experimenting with make-up until he became proficient with grease paint, crêpe hair and gum arabic, and putty.

Roach raised some money and rented a big, old house—Pneumonia Hall they dubbed it. There Harold evolved his first steady character, silk-hatted *Willie Work*. A bit later *Lonesome Luke*, with his striped shirt, shortish pants, and hesitant mustache, came into being.

Those early comedies were hard work, full of chases and falls and carefully planned gags, preceded by arduous make-up and followed by application of arnica. But he considered his fifty dollars a week ample payment. Once Keystone offered more. He had given Roach his word, however. And Harold's word always has been more binding than another man's signed contract.

"Grandma's Boy" was his first five-reeler and cost one hundred thousand dollars. He had mulled over the character for three years. He had "The Freshman" in mind for nine years before the rôle took definite shape. Incidentally, it was his greatest financial success. But dearest to his heart was "Grandma's Boy."

"Safety Last," the thrilling exploits of that unintentional human fly, marked his promotion to the seven-reel class.

He first realized the actor's dream of seeing his name in lights on the Great White Way on his second trip East. Oddly, it was in "Bumping into Broadway."

"The Cat's Paw," his latest, was his first made from a published story. Previously, he and his gang—the assistants who have been with him for years—have sat around and developed an idea and incidents into a story, built around his screen character, with a lot of good-natured wrangling. While Harold has final say-so, you would never know at one of these conferences that he is boss. He, too, is often told "You're crazy! That gag's punk!"

Back in 1915, at a dance in the basement of an apartment house, he met Bebe Daniels, then fifteen. She became his leading lady and they won countless dance contests together, competing against Gloria Swanson and Wally Beery, and Dorothy and Wally Reid. In four years they annexed twenty cups.

Those were the days of eager enthusiasm, when actors were themselves—not trained puppets who set their gestures to a mold of type. They worked hard and played gayly, with the vital spirit of youth. They didn't have to live up to publicized personalities; they weren't bothered with studio politics. They made their fun as average young people do, out of dances and crazy games and tomfoolery.

Harold proudly squired Bebe around in his secondhand Ford which lacked fenders and had a most scrimpy top. When it rained he protected the gal friend with newspapers.

To celebrate the raise of his salary to one hundred a week, he splurged and bought a touring car which he had painted light blue. Thereafter he and Bebe spent their Sundays parading it around town, to give all the folks an eyeful.

DeMille saw Bebe at a dance contest and offered to make a dramatic actress of her. The movies were beginning to go magnificent! The flickers were becoming films, the melodramas evolving into epics.

Harold had seen Mildred Davis in a picture, and traced her to Tacoma, Washington, where her family had moved and where she pored over schoolbooks. She was recalled to Hollywood and, though she never dreamed of such affluence, was destined to become mistress of a palace.

At their first meeting, neither was impressed with the other. Conscious of her immature teens, Mildred honored the occasion by wearing an aunt's dress, doing up her blond curls, and topping them with an elaborately plumed hat. Harold was in a character make-up and looked booby. Each appraised the other: each was coolly polite.

But next day they thawed. Each found in the other a companionable young spirit. Harold was Mildred's only beau. And, except for the friendship with Bebe, Mildred was his only girl. You see, the movies *can* promote a romance and it *can* be kept true and fine among the myriad fascinations of filmtown.

In August, 1919, there occurred Harold's one descent, and a brief one, into the valley of despondency. For a gag photo he was to pose shown lighting a cigarette from a bomb. The prop department had imitation grenades, of papier-mâché charged with a harmless fuse. By accident there was mixed with them a bomb fashioned with a heavier fuse for an outdoor avalanche scene.

And that was the one that Harold chose and lighted and held up to his cigarette!

Suddenly a blast shook the photographer's studio and burst a hole through the ceiling. Mangled and bleeding and stumbling in darkness, Harold was helped outside. For days he lay on a hospital cot, bandaged, the pain in his face augmented by agony of mind.

Would he be blind for life? His face scarred, his career would be ended. At twenty-six, was he finished?

TO BE CONTINUED.

QUERY.

Do I really and truly hear you say,
A bigger and better Picture Play?
To contents, then, let there be no fetter,
But tell me, how can the *best* be better?

DOROTHY GARBUTT.

Continued from page 13

year have had a hard time with their nerves, but better times are coming. 1935 is a particularly good year for those of you who are writers, actors, musicians and all whose work lies along the lines of occult science. Financially they may go as high as they will make the effort to climb.

Those born on March 4th and through to the 8th may have some trouble fighting a desire to drink, but fight it they must unless they want to go under.

You may be surprised to find that Jean Harlow, in addition to continuing her success on the screen, will also blossom forth as a writer. 1935 will give her great imaginative power, and if she is wise she will turn the restlessness that she will feel into accomplishment.

Gloria Swanson's future depends upon her personal chart, but she is bound to be heard from this year. It is a fine year for Warner Baxter and Hugh Williams. You may see Geraldine Farrar on the screen again. She could come back into the public eye if she wanted to, and she may fall for television.

Persons born between March 22nd and April 21st will find 1935 a rather quiet year. This is the sign of Aries, and these people have been through the mill the last three years from one of three angles. They have found themselves separated from their finances, their families, or their health, but they can take heart, for after March of 1935 the menace will have lifted from their heads, and it will be twenty-one years before they will hear rumblings from the particular planet that has caused their worries.

Joan Crawford, born the latter part of March, will not find things quite as strenuous as they have been. Tim McCoy will have a good year.

Taurus rules those born between April 21st and May 22nd. The most important experience of their lives will come to these Taurus people, and their wisdom in handling it will determine their success or failure.

Richard Barthelmess has been sitting on the anxious bench lately, but he is slated for financial success and a greater artistic success than he has had for a long time.

Gary Cooper will find that he has to spend a lot of money during this year. Influences surrounding his work are excellent, but he will have to watch his health, and particularly his throat.

Mary Astor also comes under this influence, and Conway Tearle.

All Taurus people will have sudden, unexpected opportunities and experiences.

Gemini rules the days between May 22nd and June 22nd. It is a negative period for all except those born the first four days. It is not a favorable influence for nerves or dealings with older people. They should shun drink, as the indulgence at this time would take a more disastrous hold than usual.

Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., was born under this sign, and will find the sun of popularity smiling upon him with its old-time brilliance. Robert Montgomery, Ralph Bellamy, Basil Rathbone, and Cliff Edwards are also due for a fine year.

From June 22nd to July 24th the sign of Cancer rules. These people have had a gruelling time, particularly during the last three years. It is a dramatic sign, and every one born under it has a tendency to dramatize any situation, which makes it emotionally very difficult for them. But they are almost out of the woods.

Fred Astaire has taken his rightful place on the screen as the foremost dancer, as you who have seen "The Gay Divorcee" must agree. Now the world of fans is agog and impatient for "Roberta," his next.

It is the most favorable period Cancer people have had for a long time, or will have, and must be made the most of.

Lupe Velez, Irene Dunne, Madge Evans, Ginger Rogers, Marjorie Rambeau, and William Farnum are in this sign. One of the most spectacular comebacks of the year will be made by William Farnum.

Leo people, those born between July 24th and August 24th, will find 1935 an expensive year. They will be required to spend more money, but if they took advantage of their opportunities in 1934 this will cause them no anxiety.

A good many film people come under this sign. Norma Shearer, Madge Evans, Myrna Loy, Jean Parker, Dolores del Rio, Sylvia Sidney, Gene Raymond, and Mae West. Miss Del Rio needs to be patient, and Miss Sidney must not take physical difficulties too seriously.

Virgo comes between August 24th and September 24th. Virgo people are also tremendously lucky this year. Ruby Keeler, Claudette Colbert, Fredric March, Jackie Cooper, Otto Kruger, Greta Garbo, and Marilyn Miller.

Financially, the opportunities for Virgo people born any year are splendid, and it is an excellent time, too, for trading.

September 24th to October 24th brings us to Libra, whose people haven't found it too easy during the last two years. 1935 for them is mostly occupied with recovering from the storm of what they have been through. It is a little slow financially until after November, 1935, when Jupiter smiles upon them and things become easier. In general, 1935 is favorable. Lowell Sherman, Helen Hayes, Janet Gaynor, and Constance Bennett will be influenced by this sign.

Scorpio rules the days between October 22nd and November 24th. Will Rogers, Douglass Montgomery, and Dick Powell are all due for a marvelous year. Constance Bennett and Mitzi Green, born on October 22nd, will have a rather slow year. They will amble cheerfully along, but do nothing sensational. Will Rogers will continue to amuse and be well paid for it; Douglass Montgomery and Dick Powell will make rapid strides financially and artistically.

For all born under this influence this will be the best year in twelve—in some cases the best year of their lives. Undreamed-of opportunities and increased finances should be theirs.

Sagittarius rules those born from November 22nd to December 23rd. This will affect Marlene Dietrich, who is the only December born on our list. Continued success for Marlene. It is an influence for brilliant ideas, but in general it is a time for treading water. Sagittarius people can hold their own until 1936, which is so splendid for them that they can well afford to sit back and take life comfortably and as it comes.

It must be remembered that while the stars point the way, adverse conditions may be entirely overcome by an understanding of and reliance upon Divine wisdom and power. Any circumstance can be molded for our good if we but have the patience to work it out.

"In a very short time I had reduced my hips 9 inches and my weight 20 pounds"

Reduce . . .

YOUR WAIST AND HIPS 3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS with the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE

. . . or it will cost you nothing!

WE WANT you to try the Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere. Test them for yourself for 10 days absolutely FREE. Then, if without diet, drugs or exercise, you have not reduced at least 3 inches around waist and hips, they will cost you nothing!

Reduce Quickly, Easily, and Safely!

The massage-like action of these famous Perfolastic Reducing Garments takes the place of months of tiring exercises and dieting. Worn next to the body with perfect safety, the Perfolastic gently massages away the surplus fat with every movement, stimulating the body once more into energetic health.

Don't Wait Any Longer . . . Act Today!

You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely whether or not this very efficient girdle and brassiere will reduce your waist, hips and diaphragm. You do not need to risk one penny . . . try them for 10 days at our expense!

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.

Dept. 662 41 EAST 42nd ST., New York, N.Y.

Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER.

Name _____

Address _____

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Post Card

Boka Is Swell

Continued from page 33

"We took it on the road, but the bank holiday came along smack in the middle of it and they called the thing off. Up in San Francisco, that was. So mother and I came home. But funny thing, that turned out all right after all. Because when Universal started casting 'Only Yesterday' they asked me to play the part of the boy."

That picture was full of discoveries. The unknown Margaret Sullavan became a star overnight. John Boles, regarded as a singer, proved to be a splendid actor. And young Jimmy Butler found himself famous.

Studios immediately recognized in him the very lad they had been looking for—a typical American boy. Husky for his age, a little freckled, tousled hair, and a bright mind. There aren't so many capable boys available in pictures. Jackie Cooper, Frankie Darro, David Durand, George Breakston, and Jackie Searl head the limited list. But Jimmy Butler is right up among them now.

He was snapped up immediately for "No Greater Glory," then hurried over into "Beloved," did "Mrs. Wiggs," followed by a rôle as Jack Holt's brother in "I'll Fix It," and so into his current film, "Romance in Manhattan."

"I'm playing Ginger Rogers's kid brother in this picture," Jimmy explained. "I'm always being somebody's kid brother, it seems. Even at home. Fred, my own brother, is nineteen, and of course he thinks he's grown up. So you see I've had plenty of training to be a kid brother.

"Well, I was telling you about this picture. Francis Lederer plays the part of a fellow who comes from Europe and lands over here broke. Ginger feels sorry for him and says she'll ask her brother to find him a job. So Mr. Lederer comes up to our flat and she introduces him to me. It's kinda disappointing when he finds out I'm the brother that's going to get him a job. Come on over and watch us—we're doing some scenes pretty soon. You'll like Mr. Lederer, he's what I'd call a bang-up actor. I like Ginger, too. She's swell. And isn't she pretty, though? Say, I'm due on the set!"

Jimmy figured that he had told all that was interesting about his picture career, and vanished. I found his mother and walked over to the set with her. She took out her knitting and we sat down to watch the filming for a while.

"He doesn't care much about talking shop, does he?"

I asked her what sort of student he was at school.

"He's just gone into the ninth grade at Flintridge," she said. "He and I study together, because pictures have taken up so much of his time lately that we have to work that way to keep up. But he does get very good marks. He goes to a private school because it is easier to make arrangements for making up work he misses during a film."

Jimmy returned at this moment with Mr. Lederer, who gave Mrs. Butler his customary gallant salute by kissing her hand, and after he had gone to his dressing room, I asked Jimmy about his school.

"They have a swimming pool over there," he said, "that's why I like it. And they have a lot of athletics. Otherwise it's just like public school. I went to public school until picture work got too heavy and I had to skip classes. But I don't get out of any studies, you bet.

Peggy Fears, one of the much publicized lights of Broadway, makes her film début in "Lottery Lover."

"My dog Duke is a big fellow—police dog, partly anyway. He likes to go rabbit hunting with me. When I finished 'Only Yesterday,' Universal gave me a swell .22 repeating rifle. The hills back of our place are full of rabbits, and Saturdays I go out hunting them.

He's a great kid, this Jimmy Butler. It's no wonder the fans like him. The fact that he's probably the most famous youngster in his neighborhood doesn't affect him at all. He seldom talks pictures with the gang, because he is afraid they might razz him. A movie actor? Jimmy is just plain American boy, and he's going to stay that way.

Mad, Glad Morgan

Continued from page 52

glasses, and on this bubbly flood Helen was elevated to a position as idol of Prince Playboy and his playgirl pals. She became the spirit of an era—the era of Prohibition.

A writer wrote her down a "raffish nightingale." A painter daubed her "the epitome of all the world's lost ladies." To Irving Hoffman, the cartoonist, she was "a grand baby on a baby grand." And so the wit and chivalry of Broadway strove to lay its encomiums at her feet.

And Helen, who had not yet found herself, was very much the wide-eyed ingénue they thought her to be. She was a kid having such fun. She'd hurry to work with a fur coat thrown over a sheer nightie. She'd pause on Broadway to feed apples to a horse. She'd serve free lunch from behind bars, and join in the "Sweet Adeline" quartets of bibulous grandpas. She attended the swankiest parties in pajamas. Accepted gifts of goldfish and first editions with equal graciousness and appreciation. Laughed at love. Raced at dawn on the forbidden bridle paths of Central Park. And sang her way into the heart of a world that wasn't sure tomorrow would come.

In one gay rendezvous she worked for goodness knows how much per week. It ran into the thousands. At the end of her engagement, she owed the place money for the entertainment of her friends. She'd raid other clubs in the little hours, selling kisses for dollars which went to feed hungry actors. In Moriarty's one morning she encountered Gali-Gali, the wily French-Egyptian, who did mystifying tricks with baby chicks. She stole them and drove miles to the farm of a friend so that the fluff balls might grow to normal maturity. She'd accept the week-end hospitality of wealthy friends so that she might take a host of poor ones for an outing.

She did the maddest, gladdest things. How could any one help loving such a glorious, beautiful person? Surely not Broadway. She gave it the wealth of color that it craved.

But during those years our tousle-tressed *Raggedy Ann* grew to full blossom under the rays of a midnight sun. She developed poise and stature. She completed a metamorphosis from a tattered *Trilby* into an actress of deep feeling, and her innate histrionic ability became articulate. Ziegfeld put her in "Show Boat," and she made history. She thrilled as the star of "Sweet Adeline." She was the hit of every show, including the last "Follies" that was staged by the great glorifier.

Yet this meteoric rise was entirely unplanned, unstriven for.

Recently she went to Hollywood to try out a play, with no thought of pictures. Despite the fact that her invasion of the cinema city was under the most ghastly auspices, her presence inspired engagements in "Marie Galante" and "You Belong to Me." They were enough. Hollywood, all opinions to the contrary, knows a good bet when it sees one. So now it's "Sweet Music," with Rudy Vallée, and a nice contract with Warners.

Meantime, Helen has known romance. She has seen a love that promised to be lasting, languish, linger a little, and then die. She still is Mrs. Maurice Maschke, Jr., if you want to be technical about it. But she and "Buddy," following their dawn elopement, and the wayside wedding with a bent hairpin for a ring, have gone their separate ways after the mere breath of a honeymoon. When they parted, Helen eloped again, this time alone. And a tearful Buddy overtook her in another car at the desert's edge. There was pathos in that parting, the sort of tears-and-smile stuff that reaches inside.

"You forgot something," said the erstwhile bridegroom. "You forgot to kiss me good-by."

So Helen kissed him, and he gave her little silly gifts which she still treasures. But her definition of a husband is "a fellow who gets you out of all the trouble you wouldn't have had without him." Maybe, she says, they'll try it again. But a romance dependent on so many "ifs" seldom reaches fulfillment.

Right now Helen lives in lonely state on the strands of Malibu. She went there for quiet, and immediately had two pianos installed. One guesses that upon some occasions Lew Alter presides at one of the keyboards. It has been a long time now since Lew first derived musical inspiration from the envisionment of Helen as *Camille,* which would be the perfect rôle for her.

He is a composer, and for years labored on the score of a musical version of the famous love tragedy. Recently he went West with the completed opus under his arm. The valiant Warners have a penchant for this type of entertainment. So if you add Helen, and Lew Alter and Jack Warner together, you may have a "Camille" that will live in pictorial annals as "Show Boat" has in those of the theater.

BE SLIM

"Here's the miracle your Slimcream Method has worked for me. I have actually taken five inches off my bust"—L. ASHLEY

Photo of myself after losing 28 lbs. and reducing 4½ inches.

Reduce your FORM. Remove FAT from any part.

HAVE YOU a full matronly figure? You can reduce 3-6 inches and have alluring, slim loveliness with the new magical **Slimcream** Method, which reduced my bust 1½ inches, and weight 28 lbs. **in 28 days.** I GUARANTEE that if your bust is not reduced after following my Method for 14 days, I will return your money! Full Month's Treatment only **$1.00.** The ultra-rapid Guaranteed, certain way to get those fascinating, slender, girlish curves so much admired.

Read what others say

"Words cannot express my happiness and gratitude for what your cream has done for me. I had such large sagging bustline, before using your wonderful Slimcream, but now much to my delight my bust has been reduced to a much more attractive size, and I can notice the difference in my popularity." L. M.

"I measured my bust after 14-days and I had already reduced 2 inches. This was wonderful, but do you know, after 30 days my bust was reduced another 2 inches. My double chin quite disappeared and I also used Slimcream on my ankles which are now as thin as ever." V. D.

"My bust was 40 inches and hips 45. Bust now 36 and hips 41. I can hardly believe it and I feel and look so much better." G. L.

FREE IF YOU ORDER NOW.

My world-famous $1.00 Beauty Treatment, a gold mine of priceless beauty secrets never before disclosed. FREE with my Slimcream Method. Limited offer. Send $1.00 NOW to reduce your bust and secure the regular $1.00 complete Beauty Treatment FREE. Add 25c for foreign countries.

DAISY STEBBING, Dept. PP. 10, Forest Hills, N. Y.

DEAFNESS IS MISERY

Many people with defective hearing and Head Noises enjoy Conversation, Movies, Church and Radio, because they use Leonard Invisible Ear Drums which resemble Tiny Megaphones fitting in the Ear entirely out of sight. No wires, batteries or head piece. They are inexpensive. Write for booklet and sworn statement of the inventor who was himself deaf.

A. O. LEONARD, Inc., Suite 667, 70 5th Ave., New York

BE A JAZZ MUSIC MASTER

Play Piano By Ear

Play popular song hits perfectly. Hum the tune, play it by ear. No teacher—self-instruction. No tedious ding-dong daily practice just 20 brief, entertaining lessons, easily mastered.

At Home in Your Spare Time

Send for FREE BOOK. Learn many styles of bass and syncopation—trick endings. If 10c (coin or stamps) is enclosed, you also receive wonderful booklet *"How to Entertain at Piano"*—and many new tricks, stunts, etc.

Niagara School of Music
Dept. 402, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Send for this Free Book

DR. WALTER'S

famous flesh colored rubber reducing garments
(2 to 3 inch compression at once)

LATEST BRASSIERE gives a trim, youthful, new style figure. (Send bust measure.)..$2.25

NEW UPLIFT BRASSIERE.....$3.25

REDUCING GIRDLE. Beautifully made, very comfortable: laced at back. Send waist and hip measure.....$4.50

FLESH COLORED GUM RUBBER HOSE: fit smoothly and improve shape at once. Send ankle and calf measures. 11 inch $3.75 pair; 14 inch $6.75 pair. Send check or money order—no cash.

Dr. Jeanne G. A. Walter, 389 Fifth Ave., New York

BOTH *Mother and Daughter* PREFER *Maybelline*

Mascara

as do ten million other women because they know it is

. . . absolutely harmless

. . . really tear-proof

. . . positively non-smarting

. . . the quickest and easiest way to have the natural appearance of long, dark, luxuriant lashes, making the eyes appear larger, brighter, and more expressive.

From sweet sixteen to queenly fifty, women the world over have learned that Maybelline is the perfect mascara for instantly transforming their lashes into flattering dark fringe. Beauty-wise women of all ages appreciate, too, the fact that the famous name of Maybelline is backed by the approval of Good Housekeeping Bureau and other leading authorities for its purity and effectiveness.

Encased in a beautiful red and gold vanity, it is priced at 75c at all leading toilet goods counters. Black, Brown and the new Blue. Accept only genuine Maybelline to be assured of highest quality and absolute harmlessness. Try it today.

Tears Behind a Tinsel Mask

Continued from page 17

love and believed that marriage and pictures wouldn't mix, she would leave pictures so flat and so fast it would make your head swim. I don't believe it would matter if the man had a dime. I think if she really cared for him she'd live in an igloo and be happy.

Only a person who knows Carol can appreciate that her sympathy is as ready and her heart as warm as her smile.

In her attentions, Carol displays that rarest of all qualities among cinemites—imagination. Not long ago one of the workers at the studio was taken ill. Knowing the girl hadn't any too much money, Carol, instead of the customary flowers, sent a gorgeous wool blanket.

She never forgets anniversaries. At Christmas time her dressing room looks like the interior of a gift shop.

She wraps the gifts herself and the present she is to give the humblest worker on the lot is just as carefully selected and as attractively wrapped as the one intended for the biggest star or most influential executive.

Most of the stars around the studios give presents to their fellow workers but, with the possible exception of Joan Blondell, none of them displays the thoughtfulness and graciousness in the giving that Carol does.

Unless you know her you would never suspect that hers is one of the keenest intellects in Hollywood. There are few good books which she hasn't read and can't discuss. Where she finds time to read, I don't know. But she does. And she never throws her knowledge at you to impress you. The last thing in the world she would want would be to acquire a reputation for being a bookworm or an intellectual. She reads for enjoyment, rather than for show.

She plays tennis at every opportunity but there, again, she is wholly herself. The majority of girls who invite you to play tennis get out on the court and either stand there and watch the game and forget to play, or else they give little squeals and make ineffectual pushes at the ball.

Whatever Carol does, she does thoroughly. Whatever she learns, she wants to learn thoroughly. She is a girl who never looks for a "royal road to learning." She realizes there is none and that for anything you want to do well, a foundation must be laid. She is one of the very few people I know who is willing to put in the long hours of drudgery necessary to laying a solid foundation.

So, when she decided to play tennis, she hired an instructor and learned how to play.

She is none of the things you would expect her to be and all you would never dream she is. To see her clowning, to watch her on the screen in most of the parts she's played, you would put her down as being hard, heartless, and interested in not much besides herself. I have attempted to dispel that illusion.

Probably the most unlikely quality you would ever attribute to her is the quality of domesticity. She is one of the most thorough housekeepers in Hollywood. And, don't faint, she is also one of the best cooks. She is naïvely proud of this accomplishment and will cook a meal at the drop of a hat. But she will not wash dishes or pans.

When she goes to the mountains with Madeline Fields, her constant companion, as she does whenever there is an opportunity, she does all the cooking, dusting, and cleaning, whether it be for only the two of them or a crowd of eight or ten.

I don't mean to give the impression she is a home girl, an Alice-sit-by-the-fire, for nothing is further from the truth. She's never at home unless she's giving a party or is so tired she cannot muster up enough energy to go out. And, in that case, she is very, very tired, indeed.

She cannot sew a button on because, as she explains, "I don't mind doing it but they simply won't stay and my knots look like boulders."

She loves football games, prize fights, horseback riding and she plays a beautiful game of bridge—when you can get her to sit down at a card table.

I have never seen her when she wasn't in the highest spirits. Miss Fields once said to me, "If you've never seen her at low ebb, then don't. It would make you sick to watch her. Perhaps it's because she *is* nearly always in such rare form that the contrast when she's depressed is so great. But when she's feeling low it's heartbreaking."

She and Fieldsie live in a Dutch colonial house. There is usually a blue light burning over the entrance at night. Many a time when I've passed there very late and I know she must be in bed, with no one for her to laugh and chat with, no occasion for putting up a brittle front—I've wondered what she thinks about.

And I imagine her saying to herself with a rueful smile, "I know what I want, but I can't have it, so I'll just have to take the next best thing."

Recipe for an Elegant Evening

Continued from page 58

The Miramar was filling now, and celebrities were as thick as raisins in a fruit cake. George Raft, the totem pole from Tenth Avenue, stolidly whirled Virginia Pine through the mazes of a fox trot. Bert Wheeler danced soulfully with Dorothy Lee. At their table the other half of the team, Mr. Woolsey, made faces and told what must have been funny stories. Beyond the main ballroom, at an obscure table, sat Bill Powell and Jean Harlow, an altogether picturesque pair. Thelma Todd sparkled at a tall, dark gentleman who might have been Cary Grant but probably was Pat di Cicco.

Remembering that the evening was to be devoted partially to fact-finding, I turned my undivided attention to Helen Vinson. She had started acting in the celebrated Dallas Little Theater. Although her family followed tradition by faintly disapproving of her career, Helen went on with it by plunging into stock company work, for a period of two years.

Erik Rhodes created a little masterpiece of acting as *Tonetti*, the professional corespondent in "The Gay Divorcee." Now he's in "Charlie Chan in Paris."

She played maids and mistresses, aunts, and débutantes, gray-haired mothers and fluttering ingénues. She said that it was great practice, excellent training, but fatal if one tarried too long.

"Stock means acting one week while rehearsing next week's play. It means hurried cramming of your part, hurried detailing, and ragged performances for the first three days. Then by Friday you're worrying more or less about next week's job. But for a year or two stock is a wonderful break-in for raw talent. It toughens, it teaches, and it brings out whatever versatility a person possesses."

From stock company apprenticeship, Helen was given her first Broadway trial in a comedy called "Los Angeles," chiefly concerned with the picture colony. Alison Skipworth was also in it, and Chester Morris, but it failed in two or three weeks. After the usual waiting and hoping, Helen landed in a hit. For almost a year she was in "Death Takes a Holiday," Philip Merivale's arresting *tour de force*.

"Then Warners tested me and sent me West. I didn't do a thing for months, then all of a sudden they started using me in every other picture on the lot. Always 'other women' with loose morals and attractive gowns. I was in pictures with Connie Bennett, Kay Francis, Ruth Chatterton. Finally RKO indicated a desire to take me on, then other studios became interested. I meet all the nice people, but I'm cast as the snake in the grass.

"Typing isn't the worst fault pictures have," she observed, apropos of George Bancroft weaving past. "That man, for example, is only good in certain rôles. Typing isn't the most outstanding evil. The thing that needs correction is the practice of rehearsing only long enough for the players to get their lines letter perfect, then shooting as if that were all that mattered. They forget that building up the character is the all-important thing."

She interrupted herself with an outspread palm. "That isn't the way all companies work, of course. Nor all directors. But that's the way the average program picture is made, and it's a great mistake."

For the most part we did not discuss pictures. We watched the dancers, joined them from time to time, and enjoyed the moonlight on the ocean just beyond the porch.

Patently well bred, Helen Vinson belongs to that group of the select few who are charming without being forced, glamorous without being affected.

She looks forward to a New York vacation. She hopes to do another picture with Bill Powell, her favorite star. She has done three pictures with him, "Lawyer Man," "The Jewel Robbery," and "The Kennel Murder Case."

She is sophisticated but not hard, beautiful but not self-conscious—in short, an ideal companion to have with you at the Miramar on fiesta night.

Asthma Was Choking Her

Illustration

Got Immediate Relief!

Seventeen Years Later—"Still Enjoying Splendid Health"

December 8, 1916.—"I had asthma for 17 years. I coughed most of the time and couldn't rest, day or night. I tried everything, but grew so weak I could hardly walk across the room. After taking one bottle of Nacor, I could do most of my housework. That was 8 years ago. I am still feeling fine, with no sign of asthma."—Mrs. Mary Bean, R. 3, Nashua, Iowa.
July 31, 1933—"I continue in good health and am still praising Nacor. I have no signs of asthma."
—Mrs. Mary Bean

FREE — No need to suffer asthma torture when blessed relief can be yours. For years Nacor has helped thousands. Their letters and booklet of vital information sent FREE. Write to Nacor Medicine Co., 608 State Life Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.

ASTROLOGY

READING NOW 10c

In order to show you how interesting Astrology really is, Yogi Alpha, noted American philosopher has reduced the price of his 1000-word reading to only 10c. This reading is based upon your sign of the Zodiac and discusses your inclinations in relation to occupation, health, vocation, temperament, partnerships, love emotions, marriage partnerships, etc., as indicated by Astrology. Send your exact birthdate and 10c in coin or stamps, for your zodiac reading. Money refunded if not satisfied. Address

Yogi Alpha, Box 1411, Dept. E-13, San Diego, Calif.
If a friend wishes a reading send 20c for two readings.

TRAVEL FOR "UNCLE SAM"

Start $158 month. Railway Postal Clerks. Common education sufficient. Write IMMEDIATELY for free 32-page book with list of U. S. Gov't positions for men—women 18 to 50. Many Winter and Spring examinations expected. Qualify at once.
FRANKLIN INSTITUTE Dept. M276 Rochester, N. Y.

DENISON'S PLAYS 57 YEARS OF HITS

Musical Comedies, Operettas, Vaudeville Acts, Minstrels, Comedy Songs, Make-up Goods.
Catalog Free
T. S. Denison & Co. 623 S. Wabash, Dept. 52, Chicago

YOUR FACE CAN BE CHANGED

Straight regular features! Charming new beauty! They can be yours. Dr. Stotter (grad. of University of Vienna) reconstructs faces by famous Vienna Polyclinic methods. Unshapely Noses, Protruding Ears, Large Lips, Wrinkles, Signs of Age, etc., are all quickly corrected. Low cost. Write or call for Free Booklet "*Facial Reconstruction*," (mailed in plain wrapper.)
Dr. Stotter, 50 East 42nd St., Dept. 37-L, New York

DEVELOP YOUR FORM

by a Safe Simple Method successful more than 31 years. Build up Flat Scrawny Bosom, Neck, Arms Legs--or ANY part of the Body. Get a Beautiful Symmetrical Figure with no trouble and little cost.

I make no absurd claims but send the PROOF and the Cream FREE. Just enclose a dime, carefully wrapped, to help pay for packing etc., and you will receive a Large Container of my **PEERLESS WONDER CREAM** and my Confidential up-to-the minute information "How to Have a Beautiful Symmetrical Form by my Natural Home Method," sealed and prepaid. No C.O.D. MY GUARANTEE: **Your dime back if you say so. Can anything be fairer? But--do it NOW.**

MADAME WILLIAMS, Sec. IA, BUFFALO, N. Y.

A New Skin In 3 Days!

Pimples, Blackheads, Enlarged Pores, Freckles, Surface Wrinkles Vanish This New Quick Way!

In 1-2-3 short days, your mirror will show your skin defects GONE!

The most astonishing discovery you ever heard of harmlessly removes that blemished, thin outer skin film and you have a rejuvenated, clear, true skin of youthlike, alluring beauty! Think of what this will mean to you socially, in business and affairs of the heart in these days of worry and depression!

You are not asked to pay a cent for information and convincing evidence that you can do it yourself at home and surprise your friends and enemies with your clear, new skin IN 3 DAYS.

Simply write and ask for "BEAUTIFUL NEW SKIN IN 3 DAYS." Write your name and address plainly and this great happiness-bringing treatise will be sent by return mail, postpaid and ABSOLUTELY FREE! Send no money. Address William Witol, Room L-81, No. 1700 Broadway, New York, N. Y. If you are pleased, tell your friends about it.

FREE! TO INEXPERIENCED WRITERS!

OPPORTUNITY to test and scientifically measure your writing ability without cost. If you have ordinary command of the English language and can express yourself in writing, you may discover that your natural style, properly directed, might make money for you. Write for this Aptitude Test today and find out whether you are eligible for enrollment in a new, practical Writing Clinic and Simplified Training Course which offers personal, sympathetic instruction and criticism in every phase of modern writing, including short story, news reporting, play, radio, advertising, publicity, news articles, columns and other forms of profitable writing. A new course directed by experienced writers which offers a short cut to sound writing technique. Costs less than one month at college. Special Deferred Payment Plan. Helpful marketing advice while training. Write today for full details and FREE Aptitude Test.
U.S.School of Writing, B-3, 20 W. 60th St., New York, N.Y.

NEW EASY ART **MONEY** FOR HOME WORKERS
Big demand for photos and miniatures colored new way in oils by easy Koehne Method. No art talent needed. Send for free booklet, *Make Money At Home.*
NATIONAL ART SCHOOL
3601 Michigan Ave. Dept. 1612 Chicago

PILES DON'T BE CUT Until You Try This Wonderful Treatment for pile suffering. If you have piles in any form write for a FREE sample of Page's Pile Tablets and you will bless the day that you read this. Write today. E. R. Page Co., 2392-G Page Bldg., Marshall, Mich.

Alviene SCHOOL OF THE **Theatre**
Graduates: Lee Tracy, Peggy Shannon, Fred Astaire, Una Merkel, Zita Johann, Mary Pickford, etc. Drama, Dance, Speech, Musical Comedy, Opera, Personal Development, Culture. Stock Theatre Training appearances while learning. For catalog, write Sec'y LOREE, 66 West 85th St., N. Y.

Have FULL ROUND ALLURING CURVES

"—what Beautipon Cream has done in my case. I think the result is remarkable, as I have actually developed my bust 4½ inches." G. A.

Is your form flat, undersized, sagging? You can add 3 to 6 inches with Beautipon Cream treatment, which has given thousands a beautiful womanly form. YOUR MONEY BACK if your form is not increased after applying Beautipon Cream treatment for 14 days! Full 30 days' Treatment, $1.00, sent in plain wrapper. The easy, *certain* way to have the bewitching, magnetic, feminine charm you've always longed for.

Free! "Fascinating Loveliness" Free!
The world-famous Beauty Expert's Course, "Fascinating Loveliness," for which thousands have paid $1.00, will be sent FREE if you send $1.00 for Beautipon Cream treatment NOW. OFFER LIMITED. SEND $1.00 TODAY.
DAISY STEBBING
Suite 70, Forest Hills, N. Y.

Just to Oblige

Continued from page 38

stock weren't pleasant, but I guess the beginnings of any professional career have difficulties."

He went the rounds of the New York managers, who were more impressed by his looks than by his graduation certificate from the acting school, and except for two years spent in the War, he has risen slowly and surely, without making any terrific sacrifices.

And he didn't rely on his profile alone to get ahead. He comes of a long line of hard-working ancestors, and he worked to perfect himself at his profession with methodical pains. He has none of the facility of the born actor; he can't turn himself inside out for a part, for publicity, or for the curiosity of his public.

So, many of the breaks of his career, amazingly, have come because of his appearance. Rachel Crothers chose him for an imporant rôle in "Expressing Willie" because he *looked* the part. Hollywood producers made a great fuss over him when he first arrived on the Coast, calling him a second John Barrymore and hoping he'd keep his profile turned to the cameras.

He was considerably annoyed at this comparison, and you can imagine him also considerably amazed at the Hollywood merry-go-round. He flatly refused to go to premières or other public gatherings, and he spent most of his time on the docks at San Pedro or Wilmington looking at the boats. Sailing has been his hobby for years, real seamanship in oceanworthy boats—with real men who take him at his true value, and not, like the studios, at his face value.

He dislikes quarrels, whereas most actors love them, and will accept almost any sort of part rather than squabble with the studio. "I just can't be bothered," he says. This obliging attitude amazes other stars who know that if you don't demand the right sort of rôles the producers have a way of handing you the wrong ones.

His only open rebellion so far came with his assignment in "Doctor Monica," the Kay Francis picture in which he played an erring husband. "I just can't understand how that man's mind is supposed to work," he told his wife with some bewilderment when they were discussing the character.

His disgust took the form of simply walking through the picture without especially trying, and fans who have wondered at his strange, stiff gestures in this part can understand now that they have seen Warren William in revolt.

Rôles of this type have ruined many a star's career, but William's profile keeps coming to his rescue. When DeMille was hunting for a man to play *Cæsar* he realized suddenly that right in Hollywood was a player whose features might have been stamped on an old Roman coin. Warren got the part, a Hollywood plum, and the critics raved about his performance.

Now he promises that he will really try to convince the studio that he deserves a break, but his friends are afraid that when the crucial moment comes, he'll decide, as usual, that fighting is just too much trouble.

Except for his appearance, he might have been quite happily settled in some saner occupation, for his tastes and his amusements are thoroughly unactorish. He hates gossip, and won't even criticize fellow actors for their screen performances; he loves classical music, and loathes jazz; he despises the radio and only turns it on, in the morning, to hear the news. Dickens is his favorite author above all others, and he reads regularly the *Nation*.

He lives in most unstarlike fashion with the same wife he married twelve years ago, a small attractive blonde whose wit and determination have done much to help him reach the top. And even though they have just bought a new home with a swimming pool and a tennis court, it is neither in fashionable Beverly Hills nor Pasadena, but off the beaten track some miles from the studios.

This is the real Warren William, playing with his four wire-haired terriers or sailing his boat, and the ladies who are led by his dashing profile to expect brilliant small-talk, compliments, and even hand-kissing, will find instead a rather phlegmatic fellow whose best remark is, "Won't you have another glass of beer?"

Ripe at Thirty-five

Continued from page 47

tion. The memory that is highly trained to retain every word of any amount of screen speech deserts him outside the studio.

He will, for instance, meet a dear friend, and in the course of their conversation a bright idea will suddenly occur to him.

"You haven't been out to the house for dinner in ages," he will say. "You *must* come. Let me see, now—Monday we're dining out. I tell you—come Tuesday."

He is so emphatic, so sincere in his request that it is promptly accepted.

Steffi Duna leaped into prominence with "La Cucaracha," that gorgeous medley of dancing, color and comedy, and is soon to appear in "Girl of the Islands."

Comes dinner time Tuesday, and the butler ushers the guest into the living room.

"Why," says Mrs. Hamilton, "isn't this nice? We like our friends to drop in. You're just in time for dinner."

"But, my dear lady," murmurs the embarrassed and apologetic guest, "Neil begged me to come to-night."

Elsa Hamilton knows her Neil, and between them they pass it off. They are really glad to see their friends, and the friends in turn get used to Neil's impulsive invitations, which he never really means to forget.

He is as headstrong as a little boy, and does the most astounding things on the spur of the moment.

The Hamiltons live in Westwood, the seat of the University of California at Los Angeles, and as a representative member of the community, Neil was asked recently to speak at some student gathering. He went prepared to tell a few jokes and let it go at that. He was so amazed at the enthusiastic reception given him that he offered a four-year scholarship to the boy and girl judged most worthy of assistance, the judging to be solely by vote of the student body.

At odds with the feeling that his best time is coming, that more mature rôles will provide him with greater possibilities, is his absolute inability to lose his eternal-youth complex.

He explains that the child in him is responsible for the fact that acting, no matter how seriously he feels about it, is really fun. He becomes excited about every rôle he plays, and the excitement does not abate until the picture is completed. Youth!

His exuberance is a byword in Hollywood. A man who at thirty-five can be boyish and carefree and get away with it without looking foolish, deserves credit. His youthful attitude is in keeping with his youthful appearance, and has had a great deal to do with it.

Neil laughs at life and keeps young. He has never been obliged to resort to massage, face-lifting, or any other one of a thousand methods of recapturing lost springtime.

His wrinkled forehead is a natural heritage. He has always had it, and laughter accentuates its lines. His deep, dark eyes are always bright. They have stood him in good stead, but even to-day they are against him when he portrays a character beyond his years.

There are a few gray hairs at the temples. They are not apparent on the screen; in person, they only add to his attractiveness. Gray hairs are no longer a sign of age since the advent of the platinum blonde.

And this is Neil at thirty-five. But forty-five or fifty-five will find him unchanged. Life will always be about to begin for Neil Hamilton.

He has made himself that promise. He will be lucky—if he remembers it.

Kidneys Cause Much Trouble Says Doctor

Successful Prescription Helps Remove Acids—Works in 15 Minutes.

Dr. T. J. Rastelli, famous English scientist, Doctor of Medicine and Surgeon, says: "You can't feel well if your Kidneys do not function right, because your Kidneys affect your entire body."

Your blood circulates 4 times a minute through 9 million tiny, delicate tubes in your Kidneys which are endangered by drastic, irritating drugs, modern foods and drinks, worry, and exposure. Beware of Kidney dysfunction if you suffer from Night Rising, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Dizziness, Circles Under Eyes, Acidity, or Loss of Pep.

Dr. Walter R. George, for many years Health Director of Indianapolis, says: "Insufficient Kidney excretions are the cause of much needless suffering with Aching Back, Frequent Night Rising, Itching, Smarting, Burning, Painful Joints, Rhenmatic Pains, Headaches, and a generally run-down body. I am of the opinion that the prescription Cystex corrects such functional conditions. It aids in flushing poisons from the urinary tract, and in freeing the blood of retained toxins. Cystex deserves the indorsement of all doctors." If you suffer from Kidney and Bladder dysfunction, delay endangers your vitality, and you should not lose a single minute in starting to take the doctor's special prescription called Cystex (pronounced Siss-tex) which helps Kidney functions in a few hours. It starts work in 15 minutes. Gently tones, soothes, and cleans raw, sore membranes. Brings new energy and vitality in 48 hours. It is helping millions of sufferers and is guaranteed to fix you up and make you feel like new in 8 days, or money back on return of empty package. Get guaranteed Cystex from your druggist today.

Dr. W. R. George

HELP Wanted in INSTITUTIONS & HOSPITALS

● MALE & FEMALE ● INEXPERIENCED & EXPERIENCED

All kinds of **Positions Practically Everywhere.** Nurses, Attendants and Others, with or without hospital experience. All kinds of help constantly needed so why remain idle? Write immediately enclosing stamp to **Scharf Bureau, Dep. 2-14, 145 W. 45th St., New York**

Your Marriage Forecast

As Told By Your Stars

What is the romance in store for you . . . destined from the day of your birth? Whom should you marry? What is your luckiest day? Send full birth-date with Dime and Stamped Return envelope for your Chart at once.

THURSTON, Dept. F-7
20 W. Jackson Blvd. Chicago, Ill.

SPECIAL OFFER

Autographed Photos of Popular Movie Stars. All different. 8 for 25c, or 20 for 50c. We are so sure that you will be pleased with our photos that we guarantee to refund your money, if dissatisfied. Send cash or stamps.

FAMOUS NOVELTY COMPANY
30 Irving Place (Dept. F) New York City.

Women up to $22 a Week and your own Dresses FREE
Showing Latest FROCKS . . Direct from Factory!

No House-to-House Canvassing

New kind of work for ambitious women demonstrating gorgeous Paris-styled dresses at direct factory prices. You make up to $22 weekly during spare hours and get all your own dresses free to wear and show. Fashion Frocks are nationally advertised and are known to women everywhere.

No Investment Ever Required

We send you an elaborate Style Presentation in full colors and rich fabrics. Write fully for details of this marvelous opportunity giving dress size and choice of color.

FASHION FROCKS Inc. Dept. B-130 Cincinnati, O.

Continued from page 10

and Edward G. Robinson prevents much versatility, although they are all good. The only other actors I could class with Mr. Barrymore as artists are Clark Gable and Fredric March. These three men are the most restrained and versatile actors in Hollywood. Mr. Gable's performance in "Night Flight" definitely placed him in this class. Any actor who can play an entire rôle sitting in the cockpit of a plane, wearing goggles, and with practically no lines to speak, and still "put over" every scene without excess emoting, is an artist. Mr. March played a count in "Death Takes A Holiday" and a "barker" in "Good Dame." These were two extreme characterizations, and each was done convincingly and artistically.

Miss Radcliffe apparently overlooked Gary Cooper, Robert Montgomery, Ronald Colman, Nils Asther, and Clive Brook when she made her list of ingratiating and capable leading men.

One player who turns in consistently good performances and who seldom gets credit for them is Jack Oakie. He is a fine comedian and also has a great sense of the dramatic.

As for her list of capable and attractive leading women, Claudette Colbert is the only really capable actress of the quartet, although Miss Hopkins is undoubtedly good. Miss Colbert has a beautiful voice, perfect technique, and a great deal of talent.

Here's to more artists and fewer personalities!

BETTE ANNE JACKSON.
1400 North Detroit Street,
Hollywood, California.

What the Fans Think

What Happens to Wampas Stars?

I AM at once amused and annoyed by the frantic search of Hollywood producers for new beauty and talent, when the most charming girls in the world are in the cinema center, fairly aching for the opportunity to show what they can do. The current musicals are full of girls so lovely they make one catch his breath, and every picture is jammed with ravishing bit players.

I am inclined to think Hollywood does not recognize or use even a fair per cent of its potential stars. Of course I realize that not all beauties are actresses but surely some of them must be. And some of the stars now in the limelight are neither beautiful nor good actresses.

The past record of Wampas stars demonstrates Hollywood's wastefulness of talent. To be chosen for such an honor certainly indicates that a girl has something, but many of them have been allowed to fail. I believe in most cases it was through lack of opportunity. Producers are too impatient. If a girl doesn't knock the public for a loop in the space of six months or so, they conclude she doesn't have what it takes.

I suppose some of them will stick it out, and others will go to the stage to be "discovered." Let me say that the biggest humbug of the age is the idea that film stars must be trained on the stage. The best training for the screen is screen acting. But of course the girls have to be trained somewhere, and if the film producers won't give them a break until they've proved their ability elsewhere—well, they can't starve!

HUGH S. CRAWFORD.
Weehawken, New Jersey.

George Murphy is paired with Nancy Carroll, in "Jealousy," stepping into drama as effectively as he danced and sang in Eddie Cantor's "Kid Millions."

Stars Only Human.

YOUR magazine is the only one which gives fans a chance to speak for themselves, thereby giving them the feeling of being a part of it. We can say it is really our magazine and voices our honest and candid opinions, good or bad, critically or admiringly, about the stars.

As for me, I admire them all. They deserve it. I know that the actors and actresses are only human and no different from us fans. The only difference lies in the fact that their lives are continually in the limelight whereas ours are not broadcast, but belong to us. They realize this and I admire the spunk and courage it takes to withstand all the gossip and unfriendly criticism which they receive along with the glamour and glory!

Here is wishing all the stars the best of luck and success and I am not forgetting Picture Play, either, which makes possible much of their success. V. C.

2042 South Birch Street.
Santa Ana, California.

Bill Gargan in England.

HAVING seen letters in this column about American stars in London, I am writing to tell you about one who is now here, namely, William Gargan.

When he first arrived he stayed at Dorking, about thirty miles from London, with his friend, Leslie Howard. Two friends and I cycled there to get their autographs. They not only signed our books but asked us in to have tea, which we gratefully accepted.

When Mr. Gargan came to London we found his hotel, and we now go there every night and follow him when he goes to a theater.

Last week Mr. Gargan took us to the location where he was working on "School Days," his English film. He has promised to take us to the studios at Shepherd's Bush and show us over them.

While on the subject of Bill Gargan, I should like to say that I consider it mean and hypocritical of Joan Crawford to try and get William Gargan barred from MGM just because he said he thought she had no acting ability. Since Joan says that she likes plain speaking, it seems that when she is given a little she does not like it. However, Bill does not seem to have been harmed by this setback, as he has been going ahead steadily.

DENNIS DAINES.
5, Compton Terrace,
Canonbury, N. 1,
London, England.

In Memoriam.

IN August Picture Play, Beverly Hook gave the deceased Lilyan Tashman full credit due her. I should like to add that she was what the present fans would term a hundred per cent actress.

I should also like to say, after reading of the death of Marie Dressler, that the screen has lost its most talented comedienne, a woman who has made millions of people feel that depression never existed. She not only made her audiences laugh, but also made them cry as only one of her acting ability could do. I sincerely hope her place can be filled on the screen, but I am afraid an actress of her high standard will not be so easily replaced.

BASIL ARTHUR LEE.
Care of Sterrt Ogilve, Ltd.,
Suva, Fiji Islands.

M
rô
bac
mat
brill
exc
else
Pray
"
a cr
wer
scree
career
sweet
main
what
"Ah,
I will t
She
for
fin
tures
and w
"Do yo
bo's 'Queer
softly, "ho
her faithfu
her Spanish
if she wish
journey to
longer ha
Yes? You
"Yes, I
"And y
not, that
see that
She si
"Well,
want to
'white h

'ollywood.
:ollywood.
ood. Joan
-y Brian,
! Atwill,
09 North
Crescent
'endower

Ainslee's

Smart Love Stories

A STREET & SMITH PUBLICATION

ANNOUNCING AMAZING TYPEWRITER BARGAIN

BRAND NEW MODEL No. 5

REMINGTON PORTABLE

10¢ A DAY

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER

LOWEST PRICES IN HISTORY

ACT NOW! PRICE CANNOT BE GUARANTEED

● Positively the greatest portable typewriter bargain ever offered! Now for the first time Remington, world-famous manufacturer, offers a NEW purchase plan ... only 10¢ a day buys this latest model machine! Not a used or rebuilt typewriter. Not an incomplete machine. A beautiful brand *new* regulation Remington Portable. Standard 4-row keyboard; Standard width carriage; margin release on keyboard; back spacer; automatic ribbon reverse; *every essential feature found in standard typewriters!*

Money making opportunities always open

Hundreds of jobs are waiting for people who can type. A typewriter helps put your ideas on paper in logical, impressive form..helps you write clear, understandable sales reports, letters, articles, or stories. A Remington Portable has started many a young man and woman on the road to success.

A Gift for Every Member of the Family

If you want a gift for birthday, Christmas, or graduation ... one that Father, Mother, Sister or Brother will use and appreciate for years to come ... give a Remington Portable. It's the one gift that can be used with both pleasure and profit by every member of the family.

ACT...WHILE LOW PRICE HOLDS GOOD!

New wage scales in our own factories, and in the factories of the companies which make our materials, point definitely to higher prices. Stocks of machines on hand make possible the present unbelievably low cash price on this machine. Everything points to higher prices. We cannot possibly guarantee this low price in the face of constantly rising costs in every one of our departments. So we say . . . "Act fast!"

10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER

You can try this machine for 10 days without risking one penny of your money. *Not even shipping charges.* Send for complete details on this most liberal offer. Get attractive new catalogue illustrating and describing the many Remington models available on unusually low terms. Clip coupon today!

EVERY ESSENTIAL FEATURE found in Standard Machines

Buying a typewriter isn't like buying a suit of clothes. Many Remington portables, seeing 10 years of hard service are still in active use. When you buy...buy a machine with every *standard* feature. The Remington No. 5 is the most compact and durable portable ever built...includes all essential standard typewriter features. This beautiful machine represents the height of economy ... unequalled economy in first cost . . . unequalled economy in service.

It is today the best value ever offered in typewriter history... and that statement comes from the company that has constantly *made* typewriter history. Buy now. It is a real bargain offer.

Specifications...

The Model 5 includes every essential feature found in standard typewriters. It has standard 4-row keyboard, Complete visibility. Standard width carriage for long envelopes. Carriage return lever of exceptional design for easy and rapid operation. Margin release on the keyboard. Automatic ribbon reverse. Back spacer. Two color ribbon shift. Variable line spacer. Adjustable margin stops. Auto set Paragraph Key (one of the most useful features found on any typewriter). Weight 11 lbs. 13 oz. Furnished with Pica or Elite type.

TYPING COURSE FREE

When you get your new Remington No. 5, you will get with it ... ABSOLUTELY FREE... a 19-page course in typing. It teaches the Touch System, speeds up work. It is simply written and well illustrated. Instructions are easy as A.B.C. Even a child can understand this method. A little study and the average person, child or grown-up, becomes fascinated. Follow this course during the 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER that we give you on your typewriter. At the end of that time, you should be able to dash off letters faster than with pen and ink.

CARRYING CASE FREE

With every Remington No. 5, a FREE carrying case sturdily built of 3-ply wood. Covered with heavy DuPont fabric. Top is removed in one motion, leaving machine firmly attached to base. Can be used anywhere... on knees, in chairs, on trains.

Remington Rand Inc., Dept. 241-2, Buffalo, N. Y.

Please tell me how I can buy a new Remington Portable typewriter for only 10¢ a day. Also enclose your new catalog.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

CLIP COUPON NOW

REMINGTON RAND INC., DEPT. 241-2, BUFFALO, N. Y.

ENTS COPYRIGHTED 193

STREET & SMITH'S

PICTURE PLAY

MARCH

5
NTS
NGLAND

ARY CARLISLE
BY
CHETCHET

NRA
CODE

"IF I KISS YOU NOW.... I COULD NEVER LET YOU GO!"

Helen Hayes and Robert Montgomery gave to the screen an unforgettable love thrill when they appeared together in "Another Language". Now they are co-starred in one of the greatest love stories of our time, Hugh Walpole's famed "Vanessa". When Helen Hayes says: "He has the devil in him... but I love him" she echoes the thought of many a girl who adores a beloved rogue. M-G-M promises you the first truly gripping romantic hit of 1935!

HELEN HAYES
ROBERT
MONTGOMERY
in HUGH WALPOLE'S NOVEL
Vanessa
HER LOVE STORY
with
LEWIS STONE · MAY ROBSON
OTTO KRUGER

A William Howard Production • Produced by David O. Selznick
Directed by William K. Howard

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

READ

Society Man

AINSLEE'S

MARCH ISSUE
ON SALE JAN. 30

15 CENTS

Volume XLII MONTHLY Number 1

STREET & SMITH'S

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION $1.50

PICTURE PLAY

SINGLE COPIES, 15 CENTS

CONTENTS FOR MARCH, 1935

The entire contents of this magazine are protected by copyright, and must not be reprinted without the publishers' consent.

FRONTISPIECE:

Spanish Charm—*Marlene Dietrich in "Caprice Espagnole"* 11

SPECIAL ARTICLES:

The Fate of Your Fan Letter—*What Happens to Fan Mail* . . . Jack Smalley 12

Men Can't Take It—*Women Stars Reign Longest* . Madeline Glass 14

Do Stars Really Hate the Public?—*How Fans Are Shunned* . . Edwin Schallert 16

Velvet Dynamite—*Miriam Hopkins* . . . . . Helen Pade 27

Who Is This Man?—*Samuel Hinds* . . . . . Franc Dillon 34

A Peaceable Guy—*Frankie Darro* . . . . Drummond Tell 35

Beyond Wildest Dreams—*Harold Lloyd's Biography Concluded* . . Myrtle Gebhart 36

Still Untamed—*Charles Bickford* . . . . . Caroline Bell 40

Catlike Smile—*Sylvia Sidney* . . . . . Frances Fink 41

How Lines Are Learned—*Ways of Memorizing Their Rôles* . . Whitney Williams 42

Kiddies, Watch Your Manners!—*Screen Etiquette* . Lillian Montanye 44

Speak Up, Janet!—*Open Letter to Miss Gaynor* . . Judith Field 46

Rejected Guest—*Ross Alexander* . . . William H. McKegg 47

Studio School Days—*Educating Screen Children* . Jeanne de Kolty 52

The Claire Dodd Mystery . . . . . Malcolm H. Oettinger 58

DEPARTMENTS:

What the Fans Think—*Sincere Letters from Readers* 6

Information, Please—*Questions Briefly Answered* . . The Oracle 8

Hollywood High Lights—*Intimate News of the Stars* Edwin and Elza Schallert 30

They Say in New York—*Manhattan Gossip* . . . Karen Hollis 38

The Screen in Review—*A Keen Critic's Point of View* Norbert Lusk 48

Addresses of Players—*Maybe You Wish to Write to Your Favorite* . 82

ART GALLERY:

Favorites of the Fans—*Joan Crawford, June Knight, Gloria Swanson, Rochelle Hudson, Norma Shearer, Clark Gable, Nancy Carroll, Miriam Hopkins, Claire Dodd* 19

CONTEST:

Rules Governing Picture Play's Contest 28

FASHIONS:

A Way All Her Own—*Josephine Hutchinson in some striking costumes* . 32

PREVIEWS:

Glimpses of Future Films—*"The County Chairman," "Sweet Music," "Unfinished Symphony," "Mystery Woman," "The White Cockatoo," "Ruggles of Red Gap," "The Gilded Lily."* 60

Monthly publication issued by Street & Smith Publications, Inc., 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y. George C. Smith, Jr., President; Ormond V. Gould, Vice President and Treasurer; Artemas Holmes, Vice President and Secretary; Clarence C. Vernam, Vice President. Copyright, 1935, by Street & Smith Publications, Inc., New York. Copyright, 1935, by Street & Smith Publications, Inc., Great Britain. Entered as Second class Matter, March 6, 1916, at the Post Office of New York, N. Y., under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Subscriptions to Cuba, Dom. Republic, Haiti, Spain, Central and South American Countries, except The Guianas and British Honduras, $1.75 per year. To all other Foreign Countries, including The Guianas and British Honduras, $2.25 per year

We do not accept responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts. 1G

To facilitate handling, the author should inclose a self-addressed envelope with the requisite postage attached.

STREET & SMITH PUBLICATIONS, INC., 79 7th AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

THOSE MAD MONTHS, MARCH, APRIL, MAY

Did you ever think that the seasons—especially the spring season—influenced Hollywood?

Did you ever stop to check off the upheavals that happen among the stars in March, April, and May?

It seems far-fetched, perhaps, to blame the majority of the excitement that is always occurring on any particular months of the year. But if you go into the subject as carefully as Sonia Lee has done, you will be amazed at the outbreak of love, divorce and sudden impulse with the coming of springtime in Hollywood.

If you don't believe it, just make a note to get Picture Play for April and see for yourself. After you read the article, you will be prepared for anything from Shirley Temple's refusal to eat her spinach to Garbo's dancing the Cucaracha at the Coconut Grove.

GOOD REASON FOR WAITING

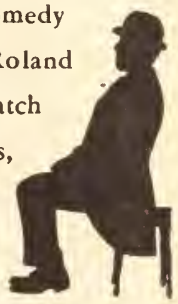
Of course Picture Play knew that Fred Astaire made a tremendous hit in "The Gay Divorcee." Of course we knew that fans everywhere wanted to know all about him. The Oracle has been answering questions galore for weeks and weeks.

But there has been no interview with him. Why? Simply because we knew that an ordinary story would not suffice for so extraordinary a newcomer. One that had Mr. Astaire answering routine questions sandwiched between biographical notes. But in next month's Picture Play you will find the real low-down on Fred Astaire. It's a whale of a story that brings him closer than close to you. Don't forget!

The Object of Her Affections

By JAMES A. DANIELS

She had dreamed about him all her life. • She wanted him more than anything else in the world and she travelled all the way from Red Gap, U.S.A. to Europe to get him! • And furthermore, she got her man, even if she had to win him in a poker game! And what woman wouldn't to get the perfect servant? • All of which explains how Ruggles, the perfect British valet, found himself pitch-forked into the rough-and-ready American frontier town of Red Gap. • All of which also explains how Charles Laughton, winner of the 1933 Academy Award for his serious screen characterizations, gets his first big comedy chance in the title role of Paramount's "Ruggles of Red Gap". Laughton has always wanted to play comedy on the screen. He had scored effectively in this type of role on the stage. But screen producers continued to cast him in such parts as the mad doctor in "The Island of Lost Souls", Emperor Nero in "The Sign of The Cross" and as that doughty ruler of Britain, "Henry VIII". • Then came "Ruggles of Red Gap"—and Laughton's comedy chance. And how he plays it! • As Ruggles, the perfect servant in the Harry Leon Wilson story, Laughton comes to America in the employment of the socially-minded Mary Boland of Red Gap. His particular mission is to "civilize" Cousin Egbert, as played by the inimitable Charlie Ruggles. Every woman has a Cousin Egbert lurking in the background. But what happens to the prim English valet in the land of the free furnishes one of the most hilarious comedy plots ever concocted. • Just to add to the general hilarity, the cast also includes Roland Young, Zasu Pitts and Lucien Littlefield. • But watch Laughton as a comedian. Watch the manner in which he gets howls of laughter with a lift of the eyebrows, a gesture of the hands, a swift change of facial expression. Even his walk is funny! That's the new and surprising Charles Laughton who makes his bow as a funny man in "Ruggles of Red Gap".



WHAT THE FANS THINK

Challenging Madeline Glass.

AFTER reading Madeline Glass's article in January Picture Play, I cannot restrain a few comments.

Of course, every one is entitled to his own opinion, and as Miss Glass sees the stars face to face she naturally would know more about them than I do, but I still disagree with a few statements and at the same time agree with some.

A Chicago Fan disagrees with Madeline Glass's article in January Picture Play in which she observes that Loretta Young has a nice mouth.

I'm all with her when she says Carol Lombard is too artificial and self-satisfied; about Mae West being flamboyant, and about Madeleine Carroll and Dolores del Rio.

Ah, but here's where the hitch comes in—such statements as Madge Evans's face lacking animation, Jean Parker's having poor expression, Kay Francis's having warmth. Ye gods! And Evelyn Venable being "attractively healthy" (she looks like a young heifer to me) and that Ann Harding only has nice hair and complexion. Well, that's utterly ridiculous. Ann Harding's nose is perfect.

Then she said that Loretta Young had a nice mouth. Oh, my ears and whiskers! Loretta Young has steaks for lips.

But the real sore spot was hit when Miss Glass said Norma Shearer's ears weren't pretty. She also stated that Miss Shearer's eyes and legs were a drawback. I'm not arguing that point, but I still think Norma Shearer has exquisite ears. Furthermore, I wouldn't care what defects others see in her, because I think Norma Shearer a perfect beauty and a marvelous actress.

Miss Glass, have you ever noticed Norma Shearer's smile and that sparkle in her eyes? I guess not. And I could also say the same thing about others, but I had better stop because I can feel the bricks and bouquets flying already.

The people of Dick Powell's home town almost worship him, writes Mrs. T. J. H.

But before doing so, let me add that I quite agree with Miss Glass when she says that Jean Harlow's beauty is marred by eccentric eyebrows—but a defective profile? Then it must be visible only off screen, for my observation has been that it is about perfect.

Also a rousing cheer for Picture Play, which has been my favorite fan magazine for many years. I like it even better now that it has been enlarged. Keep up the good work.

A CHICAGO FAN.
Chicago,
Illinois.

Continued on p. 10

Elissa Landi is one of the warmest and most vital women alive, says Doris M. Tabois.

Robert Donat has an enthusiastic admirer in "Lee," who deplores absence of enthusiasm for him in "What the Fans Think."

Absence from the screen does not lessen Ruth Chatterton's reputation as the first lady of the films, according to L. Block.

His FLAMING SWORD smashed India-and the heart of the woman he loved!

DRAMA . . . when trumpeting armored battle elephants charge at Plassey . . . when the infamous massacre of The Black Hole of Calcutta is avenged . . . when Clive leads a ragged army of hundreds to victory against countless thousands of troops of the Maharajah!

ROMANCE . . . as a Man of Destiny falls in love with a photograph, and a girl crosses seven seas to marry a clerk she has never seen . . . to find him a conqueror! The most ambitious screen presentation of Twentieth Century Pictures, producers of "The House Of Rothschild".

JOSEPH M. SCHENCK PRESENTS

CLIVE of INDIA

a DARRYL F. ZANUCK production

Starring RONALD COLMAN

LORETTA YOUNG

with Colin Clive · Francis Lister · C. Aubrey Smith · Cesar Romero

Directed by RICHARD BOLESLAWSKI · Written by W. P. Lipscomb & R. J. Minney

20th CENTURY PICTURE

Released thru UNITED ARTISTS

See Clive's "mad" army avenge the massacre of "The Black Hole of Calcutta"! First time on the screen!

See The charge of the battle elephants . . . strangest warriors in history . . . in the mighty conflict at Plassey!

See Clive crawl through enemy lines at Trichinopoly, to become a nation's hero . . . a Man of Destiny!

See An Indian ruler's human chessboard . . . wit[illegible] musicians as pawns . . . ar[illegible] down putting to the [illegible] hits—"Ev'ry Day", [illegible]e Well, Annabelle", 4 others [illegible] famous Warner composers.

Information, Please

Your puzzling questions about players and pictures are answered by the man who knows.

By The Oracle

A HEPBURN FAN.—"The Little Minister" was released in time for Christmas showing. I don't know the release date in London. There are any number of agencies who might be able to supply the information you desire. You might write to the International Press Clipping Bureau, 5 Beekman Street, New York City.

PHYLLIS PHILLIPS.—Even as a child dancer at fourteen, Ginger Rogers won medals and cups for doing the Charleston. "The Gay Divorcee" gives her a splendid opportunity to display her dancing ability. Ginger is five feet five, weighs 112, reddish-blond hair, blue eyes.

M. L. M.—In the back of the magazine you will find a list of Addresses of Players. For their photographs, write to them in care of the studios indicated, inclosing twenty-five cents with each request.

MAURICE LAMOTHE.—Maureen O'Sullivan was born in Boyle, County Roscommon, Ireland, May 17, 1911; five feet four, weighs 114, dark-brown hair, blue eyes. Playing in "David Copperfield."

MAX M. ADLER.—Elissa Landi's latest is "Enter Madame." Cary Grant plays opposite. In private life, Miss Landi is Countess Elisabeth Marie Zanardi Landi Kuhnelt, granddaughter of the Empress Elisabeth of Austria. Born in Venice, Italy, December 6, 1906; five feet five, weighs 117, light-auburn hair, green-blue eyes.

MABEL O.—I'm quite sure that the song, "Turn On the Heat," was from the Gaynor-Farrell film "Sunny Side Up," released in 1929.

CON X.—Leslie Howard's right name is Stainer. He was born in London, England, April 24, 1893. Marion Davies's is Douras, born in Brooklyn, New York, January 1, 1898. Alan Mowbray is a native of London, England.

ADMIRER.—Colin Clive is playing in "The Right to Live," with "Clive of India" to follow. He was born in Saint Malo, France, January 20, 1900; six feet, dark-brown hair and eyes. Married to Jeanne de Casalis.

AN ELISSA LANDI FAN.—Miss Landi's "Enter Madame" has had no successor to date. For stills of "The Great Flirtation," address the Publicity Department, Paramount Pictures, Paramount Building, Times Square, New York City. They cost ten ce[illegible] each.

[illegible]OCK.—In "Crime Without [illegible] *Carmen Brown* was [illegible] the Paramount [illegible] can give you some information about the Mexican song she sang.

TOBY SULLIVAN.—Russ Columbo died on September 2, 1934. He was born in San Francisco, California, January 14, 1908. Appeared in three films, "Broadway Thru a Keyhole," "Moulin Rouge," and "Wake Up and Dream."

VOLTIGEUR.—For a complete list of Elissa Landi's and Una Merkel's films, I must ask you to submit a stamped envelope, since space does not permit lengthy replies. I fail to see any fan club listed in honor of Miss Landi.

MRS. A. T. RICHARDSON.—For a photograph of Maynard Holmes, you might write to the Warner studio.

S. GROSSMAN.—The Richard Talmadge Productions are made at the Universal Studio, Universal City, California. A list of his pictures will be sent upon receipt of a stamped envelope.

ANN K.—Here's a little picture of Bob Steele which I hope you'll like. Bob was born in Portland, Oregon, January 23, 1906; five feet ten, weighs 165, dark-brown hair, blue eyes. Divorced. Address him Mascot Pictures, 6001 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood.

PHILIP LILYAN.—The following players were born in New Jersey: Joan Bennett, Alice White, Bert Wheeler, Lila Lee, Preston Foster, Paul Robeson, Nick Foran, Sally O'Neil.

FRANK T. P.—You will next see Frankie Darro in the screen version of "Little Men." Address him at Mascot Pictures, 6001 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood. His right name is Johnson. Because Frankie is still growing, it is impossible to keep an accurate record of his height and weight. Picture Play has an interview with him, and you may be sure that the story will be published at the earliest opportunity.

ROSE FANNING.—A letter addressed to Frank MacGrath, Warner Baxter's stand-in, in care of the latter at the Fox Studio, may bring you the information and the photograph you desire.

KAY.—Robert Ellis played opposite Evelyn Brent in "Forbidden Cargo," but I haven't the cast of "Silk Stocking Sal." Nor am I able to tell you on what magazine covers she used to appear. It is very likely that Dorothy Herzog's first book was dedicated to Miss Brent.

THOMAS HALE.—Tom Douglas made silent pictures back in 1920. Later he went to England to make a name for himself on the stage. In 1931 he returned to Hollywood and signed up for the talkies. These include "Road to Reno," "Broken Lullaby," "Sky Bride," "Phantom of Crestwood," "Guilty Or Not Guilty," "West of Singapore." I don't know what has become of him, but he hasn't appeared in films since 1933.

SONJA G. BLOMGREN.—John Boles is playing in "The White Parade" and "Music in the Air," to be followed by "Hawk of the Desert."

Mr. Boles was born October 27, 1898; six feet one, weighs 180. The leads in "Behind That Curtain" were played by Warner Baxter, Lois Moran, Claude King, Boris Karloff; in "Isle of Lost Ships," by Virginia Valli, Jason Robards, Clarissa Selwynne, Noah Beery; in "Three Live Ghosts," by Beryl Mercer, Charles McNaughton, Hilda Vaughn, Joan Bennett, Robert Montgomery, Claude Allister. McNaughton, Montgomery, and Allister were the ghosts.

F. I. L.—Bob Steele was born in Portland, Oregon, January 23, 1906; five feet ten, weighs 165, dark-brown hair, blue eyes. Write to the Mascot studio for both his and Ken Maynard's photo.

L. O. R.—"The Gay Divorcee" was Fred Astaire's third picture. He played in "Dancing Lady" and "Flying Down to Rio." Ginger Rogers has been chosen to play opposite him again in "Roberta" and "Top Hat." Edmund Lowe's next is "Recipe for Murder."

ISABEL.—The new George White "Scandals" will include Alice Faye, James Dunn, Lyda Roberti, and Cliff Edwards. "Go Into Your Dance" is the title of the Ruby Keeler-Al Jolson film soon to be released, which also includes Helen Morgan and Glenda Farrell.

BARNEY.—Rod LaRocque is in Fox's "The Mystery Woman." He was born in Chicago, Illinois, November 29, 1898; six feet three, weighs 181, brown hair, black eyes. Married to Vilma Banky since 1927. Miss Banky was born near Budapest, Hungary, January 9, 1903; five feet six, weighs 120, blond hair, gray eyes.

RUTH MAURER.—Robert Montgomery was born May 21, 1904; with Helen Hayes in "Vanessa." Warner Baxter, March 29, 1891; in "One More Spring," with Janet Gaynor.

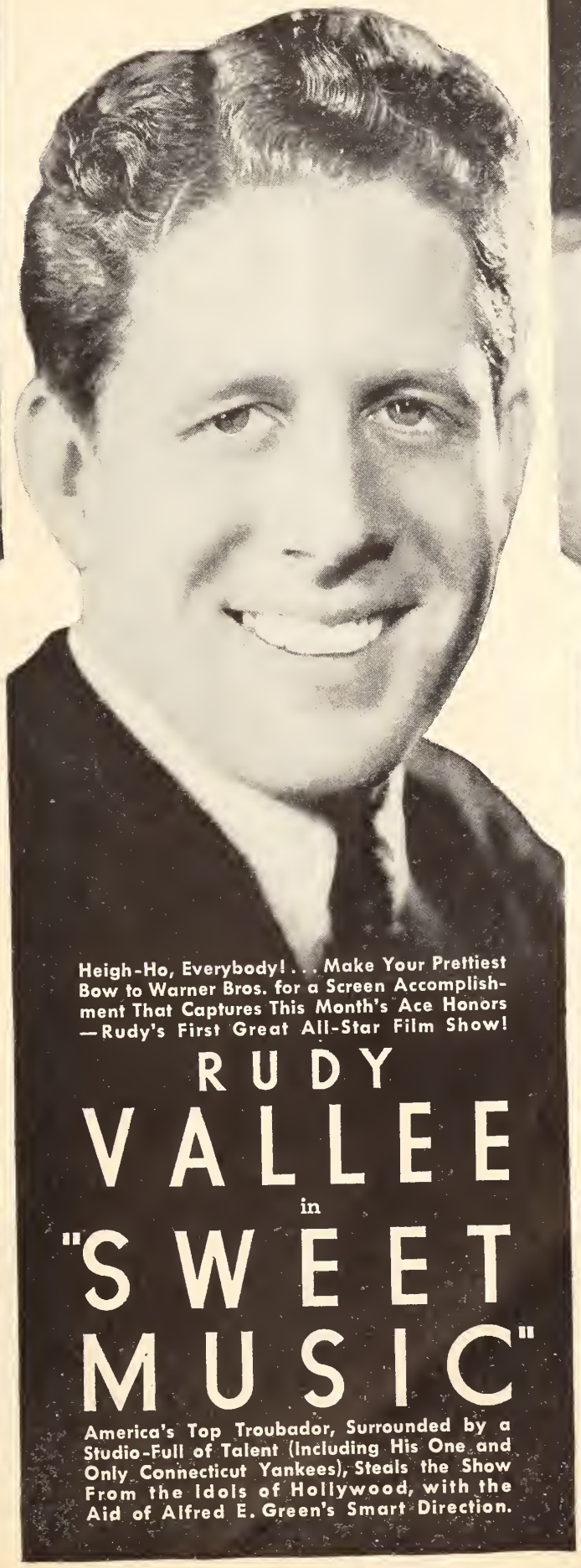
FRANKIE J. CAMPO.—Reliance Pictures plan to put Mitzi Green under contract because of her fine contribution to "Transatlantic Merry-Go-Round." Address her at United Artists studio.

THE PICTURE OF THE MONTH

Rudy's 1935 personality emerges in an uproarious bah-jove impersanatian—

Yessir, Ann Dvorak is the girl picked from a millian as Rudy's new heart-throb! Watch her dance—watch her make love—and you'll know why!

Just to sit and gaze at these beauties should be treat enough for anyone—but Warner Bros. add the marvel of dance spectacles created by Johnny Boyle and Bobby Connolly.



Heigh-Ho, Everybody! . . . Make Your Prettiest Bow to Warner Bros. for a Screen Accomplishment That Captures This Month's Ace Honors —Rudy's First Great All-Star Film Show!

RUDY VALLEE in "SWEET MUSIC"

America's Top Troubador, Surrounded by a Studio-Full of Talent (Including His One and Only Connecticut Yankees), Steals the Show From the Idols of Hollywood, with the Aid of Alfred E. Green's Smart Direction.

—and his impressian of a lyrical Latin adds further praof of his versatility.

Helen Morgan is just one of "Sweet Music's" many star thrills. Others are Alice White, Allen Jenkins, Ned Sparks, Joe Cawthorn, Al Shean.

Frank and Milt Britton's musical maniacs tear the house down putting over Rudy's new hits—"Ev'ry Day", "Fore Thee Well, Annabelle", 4 athers by 6 famous Warner camposers.

What the Fans Think

Continued from page 6

Landi Sadly Misunderstood.

WHY do Hollywood and the fans insist upon draping a legend of coldness and aloofness about Elissa Landi? Only recently I read where she was accused of having the most frigidaire mannerisms of any star, and of being utterly void of any honest human emotions in "The Count of Monte Cristo."

Why, Elissa is one of the warmest and most vital women alive! Obviously, she has cool composure. What some call her frostbitten manner is in reality a special touch of poignancy. She gave us a very unhappy and disillusioned *Mercedes*. She was in keeping with the character. Please be charitable, Hollywood and fans alike. Elissa has been hurt enough. She does not deserve anything like that. She has maintained a spotless reputation, and I think she is entitled to the highest praise and commendation for the quiet and dignified life she has led.

Criticism is always appreciated if given in the right spirit, but to be forever harping on Elissa's coldness and aloofness and giving her such nicknames as "S. O. S. Iceberg" and "Eskimo," et cetera, is very discouraging to a sadly misunderstood star.

DORIS M. TABOIS.

New York, N. Y.

"Monte Cristo" Superb.

I HAVE read December Picture Play's "What the Fans Think," and it's a wonder to me that none of the authorities on acting noticed the wonderful work of Robert Donat in "The Count of Monte Cristo."

The picture was superb with only one drawback, and that was, with sincere apologies to Albert Pierson and Lillian Mann, Elissa Landi. She has ability, yes, but the part was too big for her and she was more or less lost. However, Donat gave the best piece of acting I have ever seen and certainly shows graduates of American dramatic schools how it should be done. Do I hear any objections from you critics?

I wish we could have more of his pictures in the near future because there lies real acting.

The *Count* is in England. Long live the *Count*.

LEE.

New York, N. Y.

First Lady of the Screen.

I WANT to thank Hilda Weber of Santa Monica, California, for her letter in December Picture Play regarding Ruth Chatterton.

I have seen every picture Miss Chatterton has made, and most of them several times over. I have often wondered just what it is that makes her stand out above all the other stars of the screen. Of course it is, as Miss Weber so aptly puts it, that she has a deeper sensitivity, a greater versatility, than any other actress, and that she has brought to the screen the image of a great person, a great mind. Add to this the fact that she has a very definite charm of her own, is delightful to look at, and the possessor of a beautifully modulated voice, and there you have the perfect star, the true First Lady of the Screen.

I feel I am too far away to do much about it, but how about you American fans starting a campaign for the return of Ruth Chatterton to the screen?

L. BLOCK.

Hampstead, London, England.

A Boost for Dick.

I WANT to tell all the readers of Picture Play just what a wonderful voice I think Dick Powell has.

I listen very carefully to every singer on the air, and I think his voice is the best. I just can't describe it, but he puts so much into his songs, his voice is so strong, has so much rhythm, he just never tires you.

I have seen him off the screen and in his own home. He is the same every place. The people of his home town almost worship him, and the kids think he is just "it." And does this affect him? No. He tries only that much harder to please on the screen and radio.

MRS. T. J. H.

Batesville, Arkansas.

Eva Is No Lady.

MRS. EVA GRAHAM, if you're one of those so-called ladies, then I'm darn glad Mae West isn't. Miss West may have been snubbed by a few stars, but it was jealousy of her on their part, and not because they were ladies. A true lady never snubs any one, nor does she speak ill of any one. Neither would a real lady write a narrow-minded, petty, prejudiced letter such as yours. Of all the smug, conceited, holier-than-thou individuals, Mrs. Graham, you certainly take the cake.

We who really know Mae West adore her, for she is human, warm, generous, with a heart of gold. We love the woman and admire the actress, and a fine actress she is, too. She's the biggest box-office sensation there ever was, and she'll continue to be for a long time, for the public is wild about Mae, with the exception of a few bigoted, gutter-minded fanatics, who would find faults in an angel.

Most people, however, are not dirty-minded; they're just regular human beings, who see the humor of a situation, instead of snooping around for filth.

Here's to Mae. Long may she continue to delight us with her true womanliness.

IRENE MCLARNIN.

Buffalo, New York.

New and Familiar Faces.

WHO is this Russell Hopton that Tony of England is so enthusiastic about? He sounds simply grand, and a welcome relief from the usual storybook lover. Run him on, and let's get a look at him!

By the way, what's the matter with Hollywood? Why is such a likable "big brother" as Frank Albertson allowed to sit back and play second-rate parts? I agree with Sal from Kansas that Frank certainly is the hero in a maiden's dream. I rate him way above Gable, Tone, Raymond, et cetera.

I can't close without saying a word about Joan Crawford, the most gorgeous, yet the most human girl in movies. Sometimes she *does* put her lipstick on too heavily. Sometimes she *does* pick the wrong part, but never will you be able to quench the glorious spirit of that wonderful actress; the trouper in her and the woman in her will always shine through.

Vive la Crawford!

H. MCCABE.

51 Fruit Hill Avenue,
Providence, Rhode Island.

Little Shirley Insignificant?

TO what purpose does this meaningless figure appear on the horizon of the cinema? Speaking as I am of Shirley Temple, one may well note that her age and mentality are ample evidence of the imbecile turn taken by the movies. Confronted with her grimacing and ludicrous attempts to act, the public has placed this fatuous mite on a pedestal.

Morons indeed must be those who are impressed by such an incredibly harsh voice, as well as by her feeble insignificance. Let us lay bare the alarming downfall of public sense as regards films. To this infant and all of her type, I and my followers say, "Get off the screen and stay off."

It is not cowardice to express this view against an unwanted blight which is being used as a waste of celluloid.

PAUL BORING.

The Seville,
Daytona Beach, Florida.

Paging Anita.

IT has been in my mind for some time that if enough letters were sent to the movie magazines, producers might take an interest in a certain player.

Garbo, Crawford, Dietrich—phooey! I would much rather see Anita Page in a small, unimportant "quickie" than watch any other actress in a feature film. I haven't anything against the aforementioned trio; they are all good actresses, but Anita's beauty and charm have a way of radiating sunshine whenever she appears on the screen.

Having seen many of her pictures, starting in 1927 when she played in "Telling the World," with William Haines, I am of the opinion that her acting has been underrated. Despite her many fans, MGM gave her up in favor of younger hopefuls, although Anita has only recently celebrated her twenty-fourth birthday. She is as beautiful as ever, and is, if anything, a better actress than she was at the height of her career, several years ago. Bad rôles have held her back, nothing else. Come on, producers, give her a chance. After all, we do get tired of watching those cold, thin actresses who pose around the sets of so-called big pictures.

WILLIAM ERNEST MERYMAN.

86 Bowdoin Street,
Winthrop, Massachusetts.

With Reservation.

If I must resolutions make
For the glad and bright New Year,
I'll promise in the movie house
Never to shed a tear.
Mascara I will keep intact,
And there will be no trace
Of any known emotion—
I'll wear a poker face.

But should *la* Garbo swoon
Within her lover's arms so bold;
Should tears appear, my nose grow red,
I'll swear "It's just a cold."

JEAN DOUGLAS.

Their Private Lives.

I COMPLETELY agree with Jack McElveny in his recent letter to Picture Play. He has expressed exactly what I've often wanted to say.

It is expected of stars to play the Hollywood game—and what a game it is! One constant round of being put on exhibition. If stars do not attend every important première, they are considered "high-hat." People never stop to think that perhaps stars are human, too.

When a player has a wife and child, don't you suppose he'd like to stay home once in a while with them? I think so.

Neil Hamilton is an example of this form of torture. Because Neil is a good sport, it is expected that he "play the game." Neil, wishing to please, often goes to openings, et cetera, against his wishes. He'd much rather spend the evening at home with intimate friends or with his own family.

Isn't it enough that the stars work before the cameras all day long without having to spend half the night before spotlights and radio microphones?

Another point I would like to discuss is the question of seeing old favorites on the screen. I have heard some fans say that a new face is a relief after seeing the old ones so many times. Not so, say I.

Continued on page 80

STREET & SMITH'S

VOLUME XLII
NUMBER 1

PICTURE PLAY

MARCH
1935

Photo by Don English

MARLENE DIETRICH

LOOKING lovelier than ever, Marlene Dietrich bids farewell to Josef von Sternberg as her director in "Caprice Espagnole," after which the sprightly Ernst Lubitsch will take her in hand. Here Marlene is pictured in the Spanish film.

The Fate of

Photo by International

In letters from fans, Margaret Sullavan hopes to learn just what admirers think of her elopement with William Wyler, director.

Jean Harlow feels that it's the public's right to know all about her and to consider her a pal. Therefore, she takes her fan mail seriously.

Photo by Kahle

When Ralph Bellamy receives an especially helpful letter, it is given personal attention in his modernistic study

MULTIPLY that fan letter which you mailed by 600,000 or more and you'll have some idea of the staggering problem which confronts Hollywood stars.

Fans spend, on a conservative estimate, close to $18,000 a month on stamps alone. This is only a fraction of what it costs the studios and stars and their fan-letter departments to answer this mail and supply photographs, despite the fact that the majority of fans inclose stamps to help defray this overhead.

There are at this date four hundred and twenty-five stars and featured players listed on the contract rolls of the studios—big names who average one thousand letters a month. Another group known as free-lancers, affiliated with no one studio, number about one hundred and seventy-five prominent players, whose popularity is sufficient to bring them into this class, and there is still another group of featured players whose fan mail averages around five hundred letters a month.

To attempt to distribute this overwhelming flood of mail would swamp the Los Angeles post office and its branches. Accordingly, the mail goes into two great distributing centers, one at Chicago for Eastern fan mail and the other at St. Louis for the Southern mail.

Here the fan letters are "worked up" into bags tagged for the various studios. For studios situated in Burbank and Culver City and Hollywood, this tide of letters goes into bags shipped direct to those stations. Even so, the Los Angeles station handles a large share of the fan mail, and also has to puzzle out, in its spare time, about ten letters a day bearing freak addresses—pictographs which Uncle Sam must solve, to his great annoyance.

In Beverly Hills, where the majority of stars live, fan mail has just built a post office that is a marvel of modernism, sparkling with chrome-finished windows and equipped with every device.

With this white torrent of rushing letters pouring upon this center of the picture industry from all over the world, it is going to be difficult to single out your fan letter and predict its exact fate, but let us seize one as it goes by and follow its adventures.

It is directed to Miss Jean Harlow, care of the Metro-Goldwyn studio, Culver City, California. The bag that holds this letter was made up in Chicago, crammed to the top with fan mail, and it

Your Fan Letter

Those fans who take the trouble to write to stars will be interested to know just what happens to their letters from the time they are mailed until they fall into the hands of persons in charge of the studio fan mail department.

By Jack Smalley

is not opened again until the contents cascade forth upon the distributing table at the studio. Every letter in that bag is for Miss Harlow!

Not only in that bag, but in the other travel-stained and grayed sacks ranging along the wall, for it is not unusual for Miss Harlow to receive 20,000 letters in a single month. The amount fluctuates, of course, depending upon the release of her latest picture.

But to return to our letter and its adventures. A quick glance places it in one of the two categories into which fan mail falls. If it is a routine request for a photograph, inclosing the required stamps, it passes to the proper department and the photograph is sent on its way to the fan.

However, this fan letter is different. It has a message. Not just the usual one, with good wishes and a line or two of commendation, but a message which Jean will want to read herself for personal attention.

Accordingly, it is awarded the privilege of a trip to her home in Beverly Glen. Jean is a crank on the subject of fan letters, due to her rather unusual attitude that the public has every right to know all about her and to consider her a pal. And so we find Jean reading it in her lovely sitting room.

Can we look over her shoulder and read it, too? Well, you see it's this

Continued on page 70

Every day Otto Kruger makes a special trip to the fan mail department. He is particularly interested in critical comments about his work.

Photo by Hurrell

At one time it was the tremendous amount of fan mail Mary Brian received which influenced the studio to keep her on.

Mrs. Sadye Coon and her efficient organization handle such important fan mail as that of Norma Shearer, John Boles, and Nancy Carroll.

MEN CAN'T

Strange but true are the facts revealed in this startling examination of screen history. Women stars stand the wear and tear of fame longer than men. For every queen dethroned by the fickle public, at least two kings and some jacks are beheaded.

Gilbert Raland came in with the tide of Latin heroes inspired by the Valentina vogue.

Far a long time Charles Ray's great artistry made him an idol.

A FEW hundred years ago, during the Aztec civilization in Mexico, the people indulged in the depressing business of offering up human sacrifices to their gods. One particular festival, in honor of the god Tezcatlepoca, was celebrated by the sacrifice of a captive youth of great beauty who had been chosen for that purpose.

After being selected, the youth was given a year of blissful existence. His clothing was of the finest, his living conditions were exquisite, and four beautiful mistresses helped to beguile the precious, fleeting hours. When the year had elapsed the youth was ceremoniously led to the sacrificial block. And thus ended the career of the handsome captive.

One is reminded of this pagan rite as one watches Hollywood's popular screen heroes come and go. A few short years of wealth, glory, and adoration and then, usually, oblivion or death.

Hollywood actresses stand the wear and tear of the years better than the actors. For every movie queen who is dethroned, at least two kings—and a jack or two—meet defeat. Apparently the men can't take it as well as the women.

To avoid bogging down in a morass of names, we will omit from discussion all character actors. Sorting out the romantics is a big enough job. Look at the stars who were, or are, internationally popular. The careers of character actors roll along smoothly; it is among the romantics that we find fierce rivalry and constant shifting of crowns.

Until about 1914 there were no outstanding romantic screen actors. Until then the films flickered too feebly to attract either important profiles or enthusiastic audiences. The first popular hero was Maurice Costello, whose fame in the early flickers was nothing to compare with the acclaim which has rewarded scores of actors who have followed in his wake.

Costello's immediate successors were Francis X. Bushman, Harold Lockwood, William S. Hart, Earle Williams, J. Warren Kerrigan, Thomas Meighan, Charles Ray, Wallace Reid, and the Farnum brothers, William and Dustin. These, with a number of less famous contemporaries, belonged

Ta-day Leslie Howard personifies the smooth, mental hero who acts with his head.

J. Warren Kerrigan held his own with the brave, stalwart, antiseptic types demanded by the public.

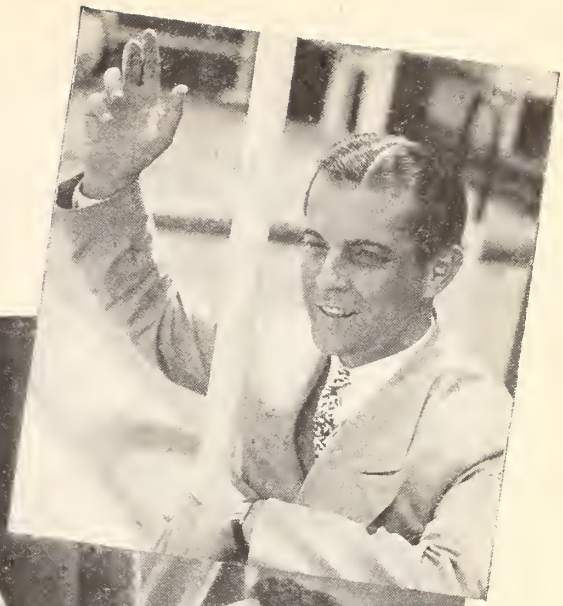
TAKE IT

By Madeline Glass

to much the same school of acting —the brave, stalwart, antiseptic type of hero. In the days of the saloon, stage and screen idols had to appear noble. During the prohibition era, the more menacing and fierce the actor the greater his popularity. Now that liquor has returned we probably will again find ourselves admiring virtuous heroines and respectable heroes.

Harold Lockwood died of influenza in 1918, but his fellow favorites continued in unchallenged popularity until 1921. In the spring of that year they were confronted by a rival who brought a new vogue to the screen and unexpectedly curtailed the careers of all former idols.

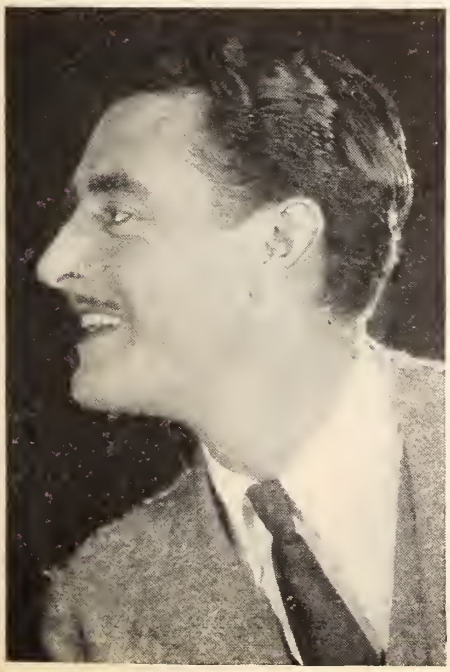
Ramon Novarro's celebrity has endured for more than twelve years because he did not stop with being a Latin personality.



Five years ago Buddy Rogers received thirty-five thousand fan letters a week because he was a new type.

As a change from the invasion of sultry Latins, John Gilbert leaped into tremendous popularity with the glowing abandon of the West.

Edward G. Robinson looks at a canary in his new film instead of a trigger as a good-by to his famous gunman characterization.



Rudolph Valentino. Like prairie fire his fame spread. New words were coined to describe his appeal. Fans suddenly realized that they were tired of their matter-of-fact heroes. And the heroes, alas, couldn't think of a darned thing to do about the situation. One by one the former favorites were counted out. Charles Ray, Wallace Reid, and Thomas Meighan continued in favor for a while, but eventually they, too, were all but smothered by an army of dark lads with Latin fire in their veins and contracts in their pockets. Ray, ruined financially by attempting a too ambitious production in the twilight of his career, left the screen. Meighan also departed, and the early death of Reid remains one of the industry's saddest tragedies.

Valentino created the iron-hand-in-velvet-glove type of hero. Women thought him WON-derful, while the men thought plenty. But there was at least one actor who steadily mounted the ladder of fame, giving way not one inch to foreign competition—Richard Barthelmess.

At the time of Valentino's passing in 1926, his own great vogue was subsiding, and of his contemporaries only Barthelmess and Ramon Novarro remained in high fan favor. Valentino could have avoided the oblivion which he had intentionally brought to others only by giving the public a change of characterization, and it is doubtful if his artistry was equal to that demand. [Continued on page 57]

DO STARS REALLY

Photo by Bachrach

Katharine Hepburn leads the vanguard of stars who brusquely cry "hands off my private life."

Who and what is responsible for the great change that has come over Hollywood's attitude toward celebrity-worshipers? You will find this important subject sensibly discussed here.

HOLLYWOOD is suffering from a glut of attention. Spoiled and pampered by celebrity-chasers, the colony is sinking into the depths of boredom. Spring has lost its freshness, and there are no roses on the vine. The incense of adoration means nothing to the jaded nostrils of a majority of the cinema elect. The public is a necessary evil, but "for Heaven's sake keep the doors barred so they do not intrude on our privacy!"

Such is the sentiment emphasized in the new barriers that are constantly erected between the stars and their frantic admirers.

One cannot entirely blame the picture folk. After all, their devotees have been bringing this on themselves for years. They have grown more and more frenzied in their adulation.

Getting autographs, for instance, has become a game. It is played for stakes. Autographs have a value. If you are collecting them, they can be traded to advantage. Autograph-getting is a racket.

Margaret Sullavan is a disciple of the Hepburn school of indifference.

Fan mail today often goes unanswered, or receives a perfunctory reply. Why? Because everybody and his brother is writing to stars requesting everything from an offspring of the fair one's Persian kitten to the remains of the $2,000 gown she wore in her last film. Jobs and donations are asked by the thousands, especially since the depression.

Hollywood spells wealth; consequently the public is eager to get some of it by fair means or—occasionally—by foul. The "foul" generally takes the form of kidnaping notes. These cause the stars an agony of fear, even though most of them are just theatrical threats rather than any real menace.

So the movies have become an unbending world—isolated, intrenched, and even formidable to those who enter its gilded precincts.

Recently a ban was put upon fan magazines. Protection was demanded for the stars. When said stars became overly talkative, as some of them do when besieged by the press, it was proposed to censor the copy. No interview with a star would be granted unless a representative from the studio were present to watch that no idle word was spoken. And if it should happen to be spoken, every effort would be made to prevent it from being printed.

Photo by Bull

Gloria Swanson is almost the sole remaining survivor of the old policy of obligation to the public, but even she will not discuss certain subjects.

The spirit of the times was reflected in the whole controversy, which controversy probably hasn't or won't matter very much in the long run. For stars will probably continue to talk in or out of turn as the mood strikes. Because it's part of the actor's temperament to do this, and no amount of soft-pedaling is going to prevent it altogether.

At times in Hollywood the bars are let down to the general public when there is a special object. The Screen Actors' Guild threw wide the gates when it gave its annual ball recently. The public was invited—those who wished to pay $12.50 per reservation—to be present at this soirée.

Hoi polloi could dance in close proximity to the cinema aristocrats, those joining in the festivities including Helen

HATE THE PUBLIC?

By Edwin Schallert

Hayes, Warren William, Mary Boland, Sally Eilers, Jean Hersholt, Franchot Tone, Edward G. Robinson, and a throng of others.

The next most intimate contacts are at premières and at night clubs. However, in the heyday of the nocturnal rendezvous of the ultra sort, just before repeal, the colony gentry always preferred the exclusive spot. The favorite haunt was the Colony Club, and there was no bursting in there for the uninitiated. It took a real film pedigree to obtain entrance.

Since repeal there has been some slight slackening. One of the popular forgathering places makes no distinction about whom it admits providing they look right. Evening clothes generally mean "looking right," if the person seeking an entrée is not known *as a person.*

Photo by Fryer

Bette Davis is abnormally shy and has never become accustomed to surging crowds of star-gazers.

Photo by Ball

Jean Harlow, with reason for avoiding the prying reporter, will sacrifice her feelings at times because she recognizes her debt to the public.

Photo by Hurrell

Joan Crawford's popularity is a direct result of her innate friendliness and the knowledge that aloofness is foreign to her screen type.

Bette Davis scurries in and out of theaters when her pictures are previewed, but that's only because she is abnormally sensitive, and dreads being recognized as the actress seen on the screen. She also reserves the right to hide behind dark glasses on ordinary occasions. And just generally is embarrassed by the public.

Margaret Sullavan's stormy avoidance of people has long been celebrated. She desires heartily to go about being her-

Continued on page 56

Undoubtedly Garbo's aloofness has influenced other stars who mistakingly substitute rudeness for seclusiveness.

Photo by Bull

Most of the well-known stars don't run the risk of such exclusion. They play safe, and party at home rather than out. They are adept at dodging autograph-seekers. They even slide in and out of previews.

Katharine Hepburn is the slyest. She will go out the back door of a theater or down a fire escape to shun the crowd. She seldom goes to the popular restaurants. If she is on location, Laura Harding drives out in the little yellow truck which she and Kate have, bringing the luncheon with her.

They are hospitable about this function with the other actors, for one day I heard Miss Harding earnestly request Alan Hale to join the party. "The food is awfully good," she said. "You shouldn't miss it." It was as mundane an invitation as any ever given to a countryside picnic.

For certain stars who attend previews—getting back to that particular ceremonial—a chained-off pathway through the lobby is nowadays sometimes provided at the theater. Down this the star may walk if she wishes, and Constance Bennett so exited quite royally on one recent occasion. Maybe she even ordered this exclusive highway, who knows?

Connie isn't a public-shunner, though, and will often chat on the sidewalk after a picture showing. Autograph-seekers don't overworry her.

Janet GAYNOR
Warner BAXTER
in
One More Spring

with this splendid cast

WALTER KING • JANE DARWELL • ROGER IMHOF

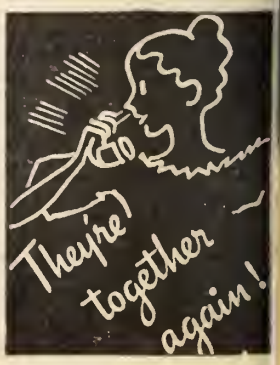
Grant Mitchell · Rosemary Ames · John Qualen · Nick Foran

and STEPIN FETCHIT

FOX

Produced by WINFIELD SHEEHAN · Directed by HENRY KING

From the Novel by Robert Nathan · Screen ploy and dialogue by Edwin Burke



hoto by Hurrell

FAVORITES of the FANS

JOAN CRAWFORD

JUNE KNIGHT

ALTHOUGH her recent marriage was short-lived, certainly there is no indication that such a fate awaits the movie career of June Knight. Originally from the stage, Miss Knight has already proved popular with fans. Here she is resting before beginning her next picture which is to be opposite John Boles in "Redheads on Parade."

Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull

to by Clarence Sinclair Bull

GLORIA SWANSON

THE floral trimming on Gloria's gown suggests the literal bouquet we'd like to hand her for her excellent portrayal of the prima donna in "Music in the Air." Her return to the screen is indeed a happy event to all those who have long been under the spell of her poignant charm. Picture Play, for one, is looking forward keenly to her next.

Photo by Otto Dyar

ROCHELLE HUDSON

BECAUSE she was so very young when she entered the films, Rochelle Hudson was cast in typical flapper rôles, to which she seemed specially suited. However, even then she yearned to play more serious parts. When the studios finally got around to giving her this chance, she proved she belonged in the front ranks of the ingénues. Excellent in "Imitation of Life," we'll see her again in "Life Begins at Forty."

Photo by Hurrell

NORMA SHEARER

ANY event that has to do with Norma Shearer is sure to arouse considerable interest among her legion of followers. But when the event is a blessed one—well, who isn't ready to cheer and wish her happiness? We'll miss her necessary absence from the screen, but in the meantime we wish to thank her for leaving us such a vision of loveliness as "The Barretts of Wimpole Street."

CLARK GABLE

ALWAYS in demand and always eager to give the very best that's in him—that's Clark Gable. He has yet to give a disappointing performance, despite those cynics who doubted his ability when first the movie world acclaimed him. All the leading ladies are happy to play opposite him, and now Constance Bennett claims him for her next picture, and Loretta Young for "Call of the Wild."

Photo by Russell Ball

Photo by William A. Fraker

NANCY CARROLL

THERE is something childishly lovely about Nancy Carroll that makes you want to reach out and protect her from any real or reel harm. Her most recent success, "Jealousy," was followed by a brief vacation in New York, where she will rest before beginning her next picture for Columbia.

MIRIAM HOPKINS

Photo by Ernest A. Bachrach

MIRIAM HOPKINS, little and blond and candyish, is the most determined—and dangerous—woman in Hollywood, says Helen Pade in her story, opposite. Step by step, she traces the career of the little Georgia cutie who now stands in the way of achieving her ambition to became the outstanding star of the screen.

VELVET DYNAMITE

With a disarming manner, iron will and Goldwyn backing, Miriam Hopkins bids for filmdom's most coveted throne. Little and blond, she exemplified the musical-comedy type, but Miriam was convinced that she had the makings of a dramatic actress, so she set out to prove it.

By Helen Pade

POTENTIALLY, Miriam Hopkins is the most dangerous woman in Hollywood. If she really wanted some other star's husband, boy friend, or job, in due time he—or it—would be Miriam's.

Even if she felt the urge to head a second American Revolution, we might soon be soldiers or Red Cross nurses in her army.

But, fortunately, the big objective in her life at this time is more conventional. Certainly it isn't a fantastic one, as it once might have seemed to skeptical Hollywood before Miriam began demonstrating, in a quiet but convincing way, that she knows what she wants and usually gets it.

Her ambition is to become the outstanding star of the screen.

Miriam herself hasn't said that she covets this exalted position. Instead, she talks about artistic satisfactions. But these and unchallenged stellar supremacy, the film wiseacres point out, add up to about the same total.

Of course, one of the main reasons why they concede the strength of Miriam's bid is her four-year contract with Samuel Goldwyn. She enjoys the distinction of being the first American woman Goldwyn has backed since, as an individual producer, he became Number One Prophet of the movies. So far, Sam has never gone wrong in the tricky business of picking the great from the ranks of the doomed-to-be-mediocre.

According to a favorite anecdote, some one once told Sam he had the Midas touch. The producer smiled and shook his head.

"Oh no, I don't turn anything into gold!" he said. "All I do is get under contract to me what doesn't need turning, and give it a chance to glitter!"

At no time in the past, even over Anna Sten, has Goldwyn waxed so openly enthusiastic about the signing of a star.

He declares that Miriam is one of the greatest actresses and personalities the screen has ever brought to light. He points out that she is very young to have reached artistic maturity. That, he argues, guarantees not only many years of triumph in the limelight, but a velocity of ascent that should carry her to a zenith of unguessed height.

Concerning Miriam's own powers, the film prognosticators like to recall how she advanced on the industry, in a relentless sort of way, undaunted by the fact that for a while she was not taken seriously.

They remember that Miriam, with no Goldwyn to guide her, conquered one obstacle after another, mounted step after step. In fact, their most popular belief is that she forged ahead *despite* the bungling of lesser prophets and Magi.

Photo by Bachrach

Miss Hopkins is often thought unconventional even in reckless Hollywood. She explains her conduct when she says, "I think this life of ours is filled with rewards for those who spend it as gloriously as possible."

Before her association with Goldwyn, Miriam once remarked with typical frankness:

"I know that if I were offered fifty dollars a week and could do the sort of thing I really want to do, in the way I really want to do it, working with a small group of intelligent and congenial people, I'd be satisfied. In fact, I'd be *more* than satisfied. I'd be gloriously happy. I'm willing to suffer for an ideal where I am not willing to suffer for a salary."

Her new contract, however, offers her the artistic riches she sought, along with added pecuniary reward.

There is no doubt that in the past she has not been happy working under the system used by large studios. Such film plants, owning many stories which must be produced under schedules to fill releasing obligations, cannot take time to seek proper vehicles for all their stars.

While various successful rebellions salved Miriam's artistic conscience, their hubbub did not create for her the sort of environment Goldwyn promises: "a working atmosphere conducive to the expansion and development for her personality and histrionic genius."

Goldwyn also believes that if Miriam has to film

Continued on page 76

See Films

Picture Play's thrilling contest started off with a bang last month. Here are particulars for those who may have missed them. However, to compete it is necessary that you see the photographs published in February and include your answers to the hidden identities of the players pictured. Back issues of the magazine may be obtained by addressing your order, with remittance, to the Subscription Department.

WHAT well-known players are pictured on the opposite page? Five appeared last month, and five will appear in April Picture Play. There will be fifteen in all.

Each star is costumed exactly as he or she appears in his or her current film. They have paused in the action to turn their backs to you in order to puzzle and mystify you. It will be well worth your while to study these pictures for a clew, then see films to make sure—and earn one of the splendid prizes.

Five hundred dollars, two hundred and fifty, two hundred, or a hundred dollars may be yours for being on the lookout for a glimpse of stars in current films. That, and expressing your opinion of the acting of one—just one—of the fifteen.

It is possible that you may say, "Oh, that's Bette Davis in 'Bordertown'!" As a matter of fact, Miss Davis was pictured in that film last month. Also, Sylvia Sidney in "Behold My Wife." But you must be positive. And the only way to be sure is to see films in which you think the mysterious player appears, and keep on seeing pictures until you find the *right* one and are absolutely sure.

Then it will be simple to jot down your answer on the coupon. For example, "Barbara Stanwyck—'The Secret Bride,'" opposite the corresponding number.

But this is not all.

A letter, just one letter, must accompany your three coupons. A letter of not more than two hundred and fifty words. Less, if you like. A letter giving your opinion of the performance of one of the stars. You may say what you really think. Express your opinion frankly, fearlessly, as freely as you do in letters for "What the Fans Think."

The letter needn't be typewritten, but must include the name and address of the sender at the head. It should be sent with your coupons to Contest Editor, Picture Play, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y., and mailed not later than March 31, 1935. We cannot return letters nor enter into correspondence with contestants.

To repeat: $500 first prize, $250 for the second, $200 for the third award, and $100 as fourth prize. Together with a year's subscription to Picture Play for fifty readers whose entries show merit. Prizes to be given for the most accurate list of identifications, accompanied by a criticism of one performance in not more than two hundred and fifty words. In the event of ties, prizes of identical value will be awarded to the tying contestants.

Contest Editor, Picture Play,
79 Seventh Avenue, New York:

I identify players in March Picture Play as follows:

1. _____

2. _____

3. _____

4. _____

5. _____

Name. _____

Address. _____

and Earn Money

HOLLYWOOD HIGH LIGHTS

Photo by Acme

Actually Joan Crawford leads one of the quietest lives in Hollywood and is rarely seen in public. But when she is glimpsed with Franchot Tone, they attract much attention.

Wallace Beery gets a kiss that no pay check can buy from his daughter, Carol Ann.

Rounding up the news and gossip of the movie colony.

By
Edwin and Elza Schallert

ILLEGALITY of Mexican divorces has the stars worried again. Every once in a while their quick jumps over the boundary line to obtain "their freedom" are called into question, and a district court of appeals has now ruled against the divorces. This will probably cause a great deal of mental agony among the movie luminaries until they can find a new loophole in the law. Katharine Hepburn, Gloria Stuart, Mrs. Conrad Nagel, the Jack Holts, and the Ned Sparkses were among those who obtained releases that way. Also good old Maxie Baer and Dorothy Dunbar. Reno will probably be the new point chosen for the fade-out on marriages.

Will Hepburn Be Next?—Now that Margaret Sullavan has become Mrs. William Wyler, wife of a prominent director, the colony is looking to Katharine Hepburn to take the step. She and Leland Hayward, the agent, recently traveled East together and were assailed by reporters en route. It's expected that Hayward and his wife will obtain their formal separation via the courts some time soon. But Katharine flares up the moment the subject is mentioned, and says she'll never admit she's wed even if she is. So what are you going to do with a girl like that?

Jane Wyatt, who made a film début in "One More River" and a hit on the stage, returns to Hollywood for "The Great Impersonation," with Edmund Lowe.

Barbara Stanwyck's long contract with Warners has ended, leaving every one wondering what her next move will be.

Marquis On Mend.—The Marquis de la Falaise has finally come around after his long and enervating illness, which forced him to spend two or three months in Palm Springs right after his return from Paris. He has been cutting and editing the film that he made in Indo-China, where he contracted the tropical fever which has proved so devastating. Some day the marquis is going to make a picture that the world will talk about. Constance Bennett and he are partners in these productions; so if he does make a good one, Connie will profit by it. And you know how financially lucky she is. That's why we say that sometime he is sure to make a winner.

A Spectacular Exit.—Merle Oberon stole the spotlight at the first Mayfair Club party. But not in the conventional way, which consists of making a grand entrance. Instead, she exited in very hoity-toity fashion. But she had an unlucky break. Just as she swept across the dance floor, with Willis Goldbeck escorting her, she did a slide and a slip, and landed flat on her back. It was a terrible, terrible experience for one who had just arrived in movieland. One reason that Miss Oberon left early is that she disdains the late hours kept by the cinemites.

Landi's Divorce Problem.—Elissa Landi has a real problem on her hands. If she fights the suit brought by her husband seeking a divorce, and naming Abram Chasins as corespondent, it will cost her piles of money. The action would have to be contested in the British courts, and either require her to leave Hollywood and her career, or else entail thousands of dollars in wires and telephone calls. If Elissa doesn't battle the case, it might reflect on her courage, of which she has an abundance. So she is enduring a real dilemma.

Ann, Woman of Action.—Ann Harding makes up her mind quickly. Even her agent, Harry Edington, who is generally wise to every move his client is about to make, wasn't aware that she would dash off to Reno to fight for the custody of her daughter, Jane. Ann just upped and left when the impulse struck her, as she did on that famous trip to Cuba a few years ago. She's determined now that Jane shall be hers entirely, and that Harry Bannister's right to have the child for two months a year shall be abrogated. It threatened for a time to become a very bitter fight between the two. Sympathy seems to run mostly Ann's way, and if things are settled in her favor, she will probably be in good health again. The difficulty over the child seems to be the root of her illness that has been so much talked about.

A Publicity Triumph.—Jean Harlow's statement that Hal Rosson disturbed her by reading in bed aroused such wide publicity that the suspicion exists it was in-

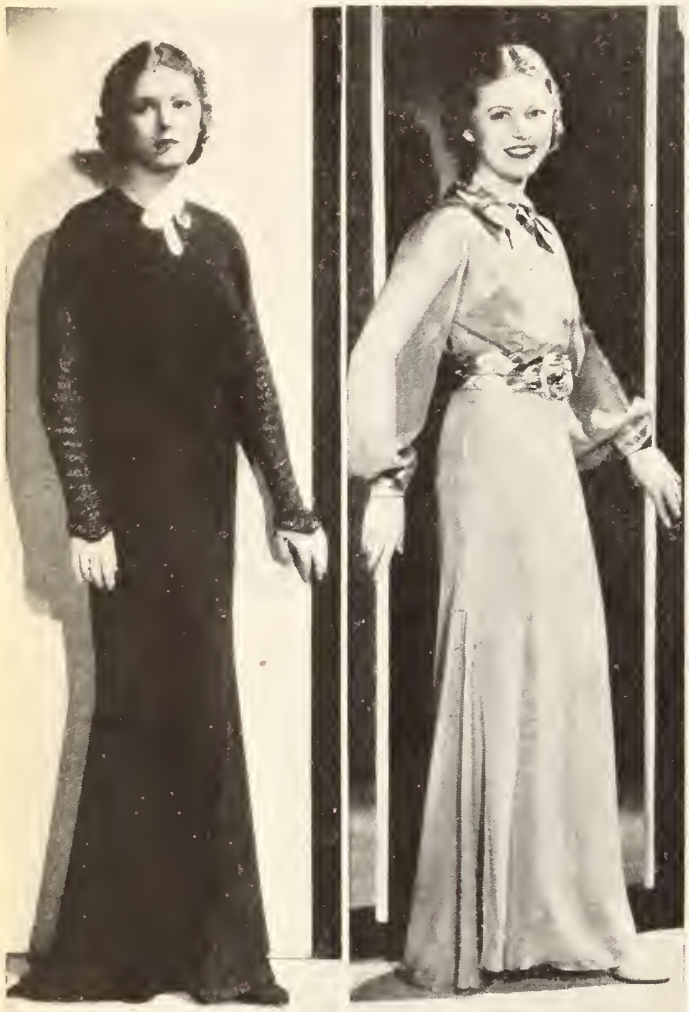
Continued on page 67

Betty Grable is one of the few remaining beauties who doesn't shy from the camera when it focuses on her legs. She's proud of them, as well she may be.

William Gargan has lost forty pounds and acquired a "new" personality and state of mind. He's sorry he talked out of turn and criticized Joan Crawford's acting.

A WAY ALL HER

Josephine Hutchinson wears clothes as few stars do—unconsciously. She is an artist, dresses for "The Right to Live,"

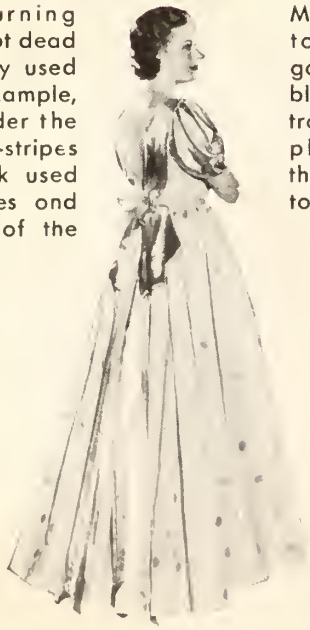


Black velvet for the skirt, right, topped by a jocket of white velvet decoroted with frogs of groduated sizes.

Miss Hutchinson's two costumes shown below ore very unusual, too. The house gown, left, is white crêpe silver-threoded. Brilliont controst is offered by the Ascot scarf drown through the front sections.

The gown seen directly below very effectively employs chiffon with knee-high gores ond a toffeto jocket with pussy willow dots.

Formal mourning clothes ore not dead black os they used to be. For example, obove, consider the gold pencil-stripes against black used in the sleeves ond frant ponel of the skirt.



Miss Hutchinson's toilored evening gown, obove, is of blue chiffon contrasted with gay plaid toffeta ot the crushed girdle, toilored cuffs ond collar.

Silvery blue coin dots set off the quointly foshioned evening gown of white taffeta, left. Looped bands of silver tissue make the novel sleeves and lang sash.

OWN

you see, not a mannequin. Here are her designed by Orry-Kelly.

Her picturesque wedding gown, right, is perhaps too radical for ordinary use, but its rich quaintness suits the wearer. It is of nude slipper-satin flounced with real lace. A bertha of the lace fastens with a cluster of orange blossoms.

The Cossack influence is reflected in Miss Hutchinson's costume, right. Of shadow-checked cream and tan wool, her accessories, including the Russian turban, are of brown doeskin.

Infinitely smart because extremely simple is the street costume shown on the outer left. The frock of soft wool is worn under a gray kidskin jacket fashioned with drop shoulders.

Filmy chiffon, flesh-tinted, becomes an enchantingly feminine house robe when styled loosely and worn over a heavy satin foundation, as seen on the left. Its simplicity of line is a tribute to the taste of Orry-Kelly in catching the keynote of Miss Hutchinson's personality.

WHO IS THIS MAN?

When the stock market crashed and Samuel Hinds lost his home and fortune, he decided to give up his law practice and enter a new profession. And that is the story of how the movies gained this distinguished-looking gentleman, who has played sixty rôles in two years.

By Franc Dillon

ON a substantial-looking oak door leading into a law office in Pasadena, California, where rents are high and fees are accordingly so, you will see inscribed the name: "Samuel S. Hinds."

But it is a rare occasion when you will find Mr. Hinds at his desk, for almost every day he may be found in some Hollywood studio working in the movies.

"Indeed," one director told me, "it has got to the point where a studio won't take any other actor when the story calls for a distinguished-looking lawyer, doctor, judge, or professional man who can act as well as look the part."

But I'm getting ahead of my story and you are no doubt wondering how it happened that a wealthy lawyer left a lucrative practice at an age when most men are thinking of retiring, to enter a new profession.

When young Sam Hinds graduated from Harvard and returned to his home in Brooklyn, New York, some thirty years ago, his father said, "Well, young man, what are you going to do now?"

And Sam, without a moment's hesitation, replied, "I'm going on the stage."

Whereupon Hinds, senior, almost fainted. Although he had been aware of his son's interest in high school and college dramatics and had been proud of his success in amateur theatricals, it was time, he thought, for Sam to begin to take life seriously. It was time for him to prepare to carry on the family traditions as a business man. It was time for him to assume responsibility, to fit himself to manage the fortune that would be his at his father's death. Actually, the elder Mr. Hinds was so distressed at his son's unheard-of ambition that Sam said, "I'll do anything you want me to, father."

It was decided he should be a lawyer, so Sam dutifully attended New York University Law School and in due time graduated and was admitted to the bar in New York State. After practicing for a time in New York City, he went to California, and in 1905, opened law offices in Pasadena where, as I told you, you may still find his name on the door. Here he practiced law and prospered.

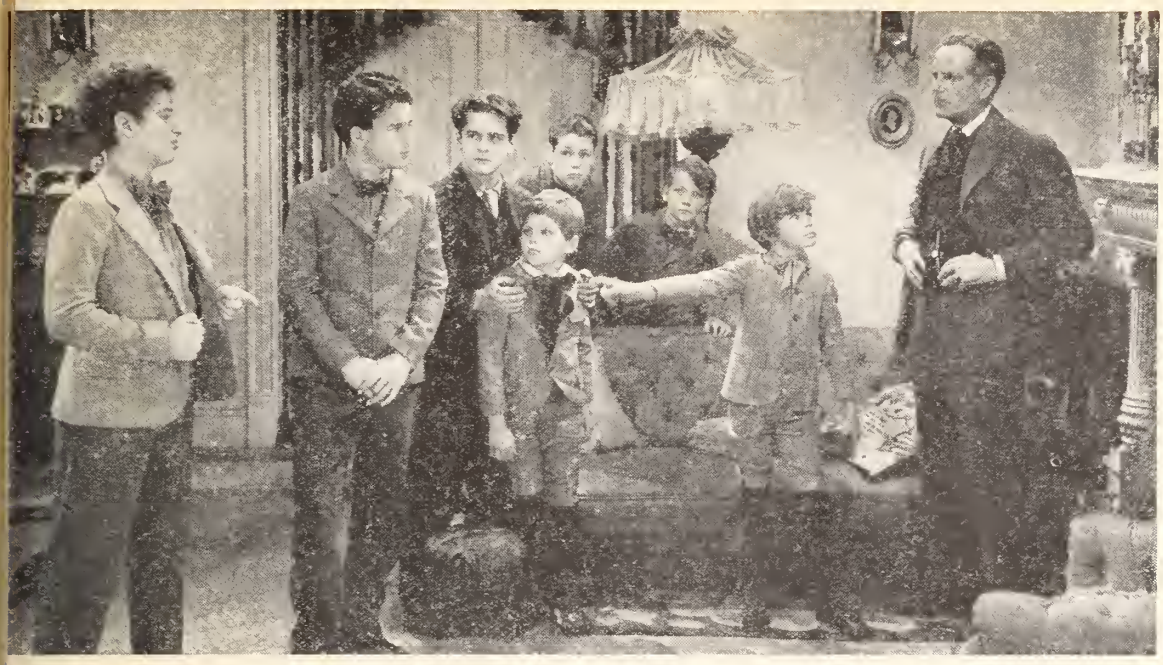
He did not forget his first love, the stage, however, and when a small stock company was organized in Pasadena, his opportunity came. It was the custom to head the plays with two or three professionals and fill out the cast with amateurs. It was as an amateur in a minor rôle that Mr. Hinds's career as an actor began. He played many rôles with this small company; he became one of the "professionals." When the Pasadena Community Players was organized he was one of the charter members, a heavy financial contributor and one of the most enthusiastic actors in the company.

There never was a time when Gilmor Brown, head of the organization, could not go to Mr. Hinds and suggest that he would like to produce a certain play but couldn't afford the costumes, or the scenery, or the advertising and receive the necessary financial aid. And it was to Mr. Hinds that many a young actor and actress went for advice, too. Robert Young, Karen Morley, Douglass Montgomery, Randolph Scott, Gloria Stuart, and Onslow Stevens are only a few of the graduates from that small group who profited by knowing Sam Hinds.

While keeping up his law practice, Mr. Hinds appeared in forty-six plays. In addition to experience, he was gaining happiness from the pursuit of his hobby.

Continued on page 75

When a lawyer, doctor, or judge is required for a scene, the studios immediately consider Sam Hinds, who is representative of breeding, background and gentility.



Here we see Frankie in a scene from "Little Men," which is a sequel to "Little Women," with Tad Alexander, David Durand, Richard Quine, George Ernest, Dickie Moore, Tommy Bupp, and Ralph Morgan.

A PEACEABLE GUY

ust because Frankie Darro is always cast as a scrap-er, he has the hardest time trying to live down this eputation with the neighbors' kids. They expect him o start a fight on the slightest provocation, when as a matter of fact he is the soul of peace.

By Drummond Tell

HE can look pretty tough, with his tousled black hair and his pugnacious jaw, so they usually cast Frankie Darro as the boy who throws rocks through the neighbors' windows.

That's rather hard on a lad who is just a peacemaker at heart. Frankie doesn't like to battle. He'll go a block out of his way to avoid fellow who might have a chip on his shoulder.

But if you get right down to cases, Frankie will peel off his coat and ight. He's no slouch at it, either, because it's this way—the kids all et to thinking he is a bellicose boy from the parts he plays on the creen, so they expect him to be combative off the screen as well.

That's Frankie's secret sorrow. None of the kids will believe he ates fighting.

At the same time, "sissy" is a fighting word to Frankie. He had just s much trouble when he was very young, trying to avoid being called sissy, as he has now trying to live down his screen reputation.

The way that started was, in Frankie's words, like this:

"Mother and dad were theatrical people, and traveled over the vaude-ille circuits. Of course they took me along. Well, I was what they alled a 'cute' little boy. Gee, I hated that!

"I suppose parents like to dress a kid up and have people admire him. But that's not all. I had long yellow curls! It was terrible!"

"Yellow curls?" I asked in surprise. "Why, your hair's jet black!"

"I'm coming to that," Frankie said patiently. "I got so sick of those curls that one day I went into a vacant dressing room and took a pair of shears. I had plenty of time, so I cut off my hair clean down to the skin. Smack bareheaded, I was.

"I caught 'Hail Columbia,' you bet! But did I feel swell! Then my hair started to grow in, and it grew in black. Just like it is now. Funny, huh?"

[Continued on page 78]

Though just turned sixteen, Frankie Darro has been in pictures for fourteen years. His parents were theatrical folks, so he comes by his acting ability naturally.

The cascaded Italian garden of the Lloyd estate is only a detail in the magnificence of a home that houses a simple, unpretentious family.

BEYOND WILDEST

The second installment of Harold Lloyd's life story, the most fabulous of all in Hollywood, tells of his recovery from the accident that nearly ended his career. More, it indicates the sound principles that have earned phenomenal success for him as a star and citizen.

FOR four days, Harold Lloyd fought the devils of despondency. If he were not totally blinded, the doctors hinted, at best his eyesight would be blurred. It was almost certain that, under the bandages, he was hopelessly scarred.

Then his natural optimism rallied. During the long, pain-racked nights he thought out his problem. Had not the photographer's delay at the last moment caused him to lower his hand holding the bomb, he would have been killed. The gesture saved his life, for the force of the explosion went upward and not point-blank into his face.

That was the first step, gratitude that he had been spared. The second was to map out a new career for himself as a director. And if he couldn't see well enough to direct, he could write, by dictation. The future looked less bleak.

Eight months later he was back at work, unscarred, his eyesight as good as ever. He applied himself intensely and, as the movie industry grew, he grew with it, graduating into the big financier class.

For ten years he has had his own company, with his uncle, William R. Fraser, as business manager. It is probably the only movie concern that never has had to ask for a bank loan, though he always has hundreds of thousands of dollars tied up in his current picture and in previous releases still in circulation.

He made a one-reeler each week for years. Now he takes his time; he has made only three films in five years. He could make more money by producing faster and cheaper. But "quality rather than quantity" is his motto.

He never yearned to be *Hamlet*, had no yen to go heroic. Always he was the comedian who constructed his situations carefully, even in his kid days of backyard barnstorming. He is an architect before he is an actor, a methodical person rather than a temperamental player.

The house in Burchard, Nebraska, where Harold Lloyd grew up ambitious to wear silk shirts.

"Comedy," he explains his views, "should be fairly lausible, a character true to life in exaggerated situa-ons. My aim has been to portray an average, bashful outh, depending for laughs on his amusing troubles."

He owes his success, he says, to the fortunate circum-tance of getting into the movies on the ground floor, to keen enthusiasm, and to plenty of work, accident, avid-y, and application.

His pictures are clean; his is family entertainment. He has scrupulously avoided indelicate situations, though orking out wholesome ones often meant harder labor. he only message that a film should attempt to broadcast, e feels, is amusement and instruction.

He has maintained his position because it hasn't been ue to a freak personality or to artificial glamour, but ecause he has trained in himself a picture mind. And, rincipally, because he has been *real*.

The greatest satisfaction that he gets out of his success, side from the sense of achievement, is his ability to pro-ide well for his family and to help others. He always as had a strong sense of responsibility.

His early ambition was to wear silk shirts. This real-ed, he made bold to vision a fortune of one hundred housand dollars. That goal achieved, he raised the ante f his aim to a cool million.

Now his main desire is to travel. But it must be in-

DREAMS

By Myrle Gebhart

PART II.

ulged spasmodically. Pictures are too much his life for im to retire. As the years pass he will age his character. f the public ever disowns him, he will direct and produce, arring newer talent.

He is tremendously interested in the possibilities of levision. One of his closest friends, Doctor Lee de-orest, has given him demonstrations of the latest im-rovements. He also has been interested in the develop-ent of the third dimension in pictures and anticipates reat changes in our pictorial entertainment, but not in the mmediate future.

oto by Wide World

nd then the

The marriage of Harold Lloyd and Mildred Davis was the natural outcome of a genuine romance fostered by playing opposite each other in films, with none of the hectic publicity given Hollywood marriages to-day.

He allows himself a salary of one thousand dollars a week, his profits going into new productions and into investments. His million-dollar estate has been the one extravagance of his life. But he owned its sixteen acres for three years before he built the Italian Renaissance house, being determined that all its expense must be paid for by income. Never has he touched a cent of capital for the fulfillment of any personal desire.

Incidentally, a large share of his income goes to various charities, but you don't hear about it.

Continued on page 51

The Lloyds' twelve-year marriage has been unspoiled by rumors of any kind nor, on the other hand, by protestations of blissful devotion. Their family life is the most private in Hollywood.

THEY SAY IN

Photo by Bull

A swarm of Hollywood visitors to Broadway keeps the spotlight jumping around like a will-o'-the-wisp.

By Karen Hollis

Opportunity knocked on Julie Haydon's daar and then ran. Her play didn't reach Broadway.

Evelyn Laye cauldn't make up her mind ta haneymoon with Frank Lawtan in New Yark when the opening af his "David Capperfield" was pastpaned.

MAYBE Wallace Beery and Shirley Temple are busy making pictures in Hollywood. At least they have not been seen around at any Broadway night-club openings. Otherwise, a roll call between theater curtain time and the breakfast hour will divulge an all-star Hollywood cast almost anywhere around Manhattan. There is Betty Furness for those who like a young patrician with jazz overtones; Kitty Carlisle for worldly veneer and a 'cello voice; Sylvia Sidney, sullen and smoldering, Lupe and John Weissmuller for those who think nature should be raw rather than mild, Douglas Fairbanks—that's for remembrance—and June Knight and Paul Ames (just before their sudden return to [illegible]ling of divorce papers) impersonating love?"

NEW YORK—

Cagney's Difficult Rôle.—Playing parts on the screen is a pushover for James Cagney compared to finding a little peace and poise in his private life. Refusing to spend his vacations taking bows and regaling friends and the press with accounts of how he wowed 'em in his last picture, he seeks diversion at the theater, in books, in political study groups—until some reporter mentions his newest hobby and he becomes self-conscious about it.

He managed recently to slip into New York under an assumed name, attend many performances of the Abbey Theater Players and make friends with the gifted Irishmen. Then he checked in at a hospital. Reporters learned that he was there "for observation."

"Yes," added one of the staff, "he's always fancied he'd like to be a doctor, so he's here to observe how we work."

Verree Teasdale and Adolphe Menjou voted each other the best-dressed person in the world.

Hollywood Versus New York.—"Hollywood is a very strange place," says Broadway. "It enlists people of great talent and then forgets all about them." "New York is so funny," say visiting Hollywoodians. "Half the people you see are living on past glories." Polly Moran and Fifi Dorsay are appearing at one night club, Lita Grey Chaplin at another, every tourist's first stop is at the Paradise where Sally Rand does her bubble dance, and swamped by autograph fiends everywh are Mae Murray, Irene Rich, Lois Mo[illegible]matic creati[illegible] and then the

He Got the First Name Right.—Recently a commercial broadcast expanded into a five-hour program of dance music during which a party was given for all the theatrical celebrities who could be roped in. One of the executives of the sponsor company was honored to find that he was to be seated next to a glamorous picture star, whose name, he gathered, was Mae. So he launched forth and told her how many times he had seen "She Done Him Wrong," how much he enjoyed "Belle of the Nineties," and how he considered himself a real fan of hers. Unfortunately, he was talking not to Mae West, but to Mae Murray. The once tempestuous Miss Murray felt a distinct chill, but did *not* walk out on the party.

Social Goings On.—Nancy Carroll and Sylvia Sidney are runners-up for the title of princess of New York's night life. The month's record shows that whereas Nancy was undeniably the belle of parties at the Stork Club and Jack and Charlie's—both popular ex-speakeasies—Sylvia Sidney covered a wider range, from the big and blatant Paradise to the

Continued on page 54

Impudently and impolitely Katharine Hepburn told reporters they shouldn't pry into the lives of "famous film characters."

Lily Pons arrived for the opera season and a musical film for RKO in the spring. It looks like a cycle of musicals this year.

STILL UNTAMED

Photo by Bull

Mr. Bickford probably is the only actor who has not taken a salary cut. Instead of punishing him for his bombastic attacks, studios keep him busy on his own terms.

Charles Bickford, the most violent rebel ever to invade Hollywood, indignantly denies that he has become peaceable and tactful. There is so much sound sense behind his ragings, that this is one of the most striking interviews of the month.

By Caroline Bell

BOLSHEVIK BICKFORD has become a pacifist! A closed mouth and an open mind are essential to picture success, he has decided."

The above item in the morning paper excited me. What, I wondered, had tamed the Lone Wolf? For five years Charles Bickford has carped his criticisms. They call him the No-man of Hollywood.

Bad boy of the brigade, he has phrased harshly his scorn of the screen's puerile inadequacies, of the directors' incompetencies, of the supervisors' smug prestige, of the actors' posings. The social system has come under his scathing bombardment, too.

Was he ready to make retraction, to do penance? And what had caused the rebellious fort to fall? What experience had muffled him? Battling Bickford behaving beautifully! I felt quite sick about it.

On the Universal lot he was engaged in an outdoor scene. I feared to find him chastened in spirit and meek of manner. The most violent personality ever to invade Hollywood now crestfallen, conquered? Flattery instead of fire, compliments in place of criticisms?

"Who spanked you into amiability?" I asked despondently, as the red-haired, big man strode over to me.

"*You,*" he accused, his eyes twinkling, "have been reading the newspapers! Naughty! Naughty! You'll be reading the fan magazines next! Can't you be content with writing tripe for them, without insulting your intelligence by believing it?"

"Oh!" I squealed and gurgled, so great was my relief. His belligerence proved that he had been maligned.

"A damned lie!" he exploded. "The studio that sent out that publicity apologized to me for it.

"Listen! When Mussolini stops talking, I will stop—maybe. I spoke my mind through two contracts, while they tried to press me into the stereotyped mold with their publicity build-ups—and then to cut my throat professionally after I got my release. And since I have been free-lancing I'm talking more than ever.

"Why *should* I wear a muzzle? I never have lost a single good rôle through frankness. No, I have not gained by it, either, because there's nothing to gain here. But at least," he remarked, dropping his considerable weight into a camp chair, "I remain true to my convictions.

"Conditions have become worse," he continued over our box lunches. "The passing of the stock company has deprived young actors of their training. Acting can't be taught in a school—it evolves through experience.

"So youngsters gesture prettily and directors follow the formula. Pictures are just a series of exquisite photography. Technically, they are superb. The craftsmen [illegible] and Pa[illegible]scenes are experts.

Continued on page 71

CATLIKE SMILE

Photo by Richee

Miss Sidney sent a live pig to a dignified bank executive whose nickname is "Piggy" and whose weakness is playing practical jokes on Sylvia and her mother.

By Frances Fink

What lies behind Sylvia Sidney's "fetching, mysterious smile, her enchanting, catlike smile"? A discerning, sympathetic writer tells you in no uncertain terms.

SYLVIA THE SERENE they might have called her. So far, no one has named her that, but Sylvia Sidney lives within the limits of that idea anyway. The only time she isn't serenity unruffled is when she is Sylvia the Single-track.

Hollywood *per se* doesn't concern her. Clothes don't concern her unduly. Love is beside the point. Her rôles, be they exciting or merely satisfying, don't possess the power to disturb Sylvia. There is only one purpose of first importance in her life. Work. All the tangents that touch on that closed curve fail to interest Sylvia to any extent, at least fail to interest her to the point of upsetting her good-natured calm.

"Marriage? Oh, my God, no!" said Sylvia when I timidly suggested that there might be other reasons for living, aside from the opportunity to work ten hours a day. "I've got one contract now and it needs all my attention and energy. Marriage would only complicate my life."

Clothes? Yes, they're importa... because clothes are part of a characterization. This seas... things? Yes, nice, but——

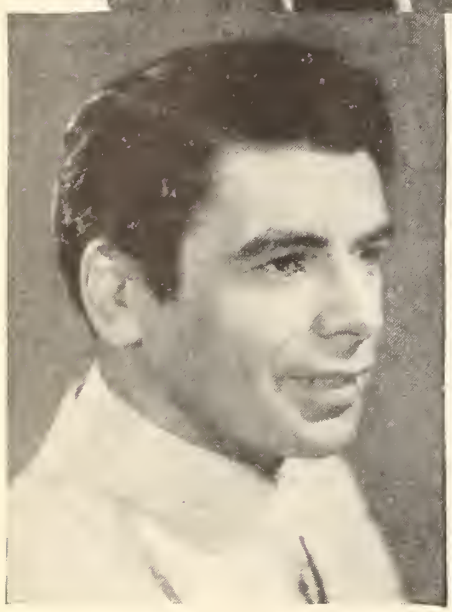
"Does any one really use those dramatic creati... Sports things are so comfortable. And then the n...

...he Douglass see... hey blue, gray, or green?—I might not have ...her.

[Continued on page 54]

The words came naturally to Baby Jane when her mather explains the stary in her own wards. Alice White, below, writes and rewrites her lines far the next day.

Here we see Francis Lederer seriously occupied in the business of reading the script of his next picture.



Paul Muni speaks his lines into a dictaphone, which records his voice and enables corrections in speech and emphasis to be made.

HOW LINES

Haven't you often wondered just what procedure the when they want to study their lines? In this article you players when they

By Whitney

IF you were a star, just how do you think you would go about learning your lines?

Would you sit quietly and study, as you used to memorize your "pieces" at school, would you walk about, or rehearse in front of a mirror?

There are so many methods that they leave you fairly dizzy when you stop to consider them. Ned Sparks, the dead-pan comedian, once told me —and he swore it was true—that he knew a stage actor who invariably, every time he was cast in a new show, went alone, in the eerie still ness of the night, with a flas to a graveyard to learn his

yes—are recognized outdoor ere and as a result his enunciation now is almost faultless. l, since her stage days, has copied and recopied her

an.

However that may be—and who am I to doubt Mister Sparks's word?—some of the means utilized by the stars in Hollywood are almost as novel.

Lew Ayres likes to put his lines to music, making a sort of rhythm of them until they are completely memorized. He'll sit at the piano for hours and improvise as he repeats the dialogue.

W. C. Fields generally strolls through his orange grove with script in hand, learning as he rambles along. With only the birds and the bees as his audience, he tries out all his odd noises and thinks up new ways of saying, "Yes, yes, my little petunia." On the tennis court, too, the comedian always has a script on the side lines.

One of the most painstaking actors is Paul Muni, when preparing to start a picture. He speaks his lines into a standard dictaphone, then runs the disk on which is recorded his voice as a "playback." He repeats, then, into the machine until completely satisfied. This is one of the most effective methods known to an actor, for he can hear his own voice and correct any inaccuracies of speech or emphasis.

Carl Brisson, the large, happy-go-l y Dane who has taken Hollywood by storm with his cheery mod r living, also follows this procedure. Since he possesses a slight acc t, he finds this the most expedient means of

Days before a picture starts you will see Warren William carrying his script wherever he goes. A veteran like May Robson, below, uses the "photographic" method.

Joan Crawford sits and studies quietly, then walks about the stage whispering the lines to herself.

ARE LEARNED

stars follow in memorizing their parts? Where they go will learn some of the curious methods employed by need to concentrate.

Williams

On the set you will find Warner Baxter rehearsing the lines to himself, seeking a far corner to give them audible expression.

lines in long hand. She continues until the part is learned thoroughly. This may necessitate her writing for several hours, but she never halts until she is letter-perfect in her rôle.

Another to subscribe to this formula is Alice White, still as pert as ever. Each night before retiring she writes all her lines for the next day, several times. The following morning she writes them from memory, and usually finds that having put them on paper the night before has fixed them in her mind so thoroughly that she meets with little difficulty.

It must be noted here that every player, before leaving the studio, knows exactly what scenes will be filmed the following day. Consequently, only the lines in those particular scenes are studied.

Immediately a star or player receives a script, he invariably runs through it to familiarize himself with the plot and the character he portrays. Seldom indeed does an actor set himself the task of completely learning the entire play, as must be the case in stage work. It would be a useless expenditure of time and effort, because many lines are changed from day to day.

A most unique plan is followed by Douglass Montgomery. He has his chauffeur drive to some outlying road where traffic is at a minimum, then step on [illegible] The faster they go, the more Douglass seems able to concentr[illegible] usiness at hand.

When he thinks he has sufficiently memorized his lines, he exchanges seats with the driver and then repeats them to him.

Richard Arlen practices exactly the opposite scheme. Having run through the part once at home, he will get behind the steering wheel of his machine, and with either his wife or his secretary as a companion, roar up the Malibu road. Whoever accompanies him will read the lines to him, and Dick will mull them over aloud until he masters the part.

Continued on page 69

KIDDIES, WATCH

A book of etiquette has value, of course, but sociol behovior on the screen has the advantage of being a living example to a child.

There's no place like the movies to learn what to do and what not to do on every occasion. Except, of course, this discussion of correct behavior which singles out films in which good and bad manners occur.

WE once knew a country lad who spent part of each school vacation with an aunt whose city home was a dropping-in place for tea and conversation on any afternoon. On such occasions young Edwin passed spoons, cups, and cakes, lending his help with self-possession and ease.

"Where did you learn such nice manners, Edwin?" his aunt ventured to inquire when they were alone. "You don't go to tea parties at home, do you?"

"No," replied Edwin, "but I see a lot of pictures and watch how people act. They have swell manners in the movies."

And this is only one example of the adolescent who sits in the dark at the movies, detached, unobserved, storing up details of behavior for future use. He is not part of the picture as he is at home or at a party. He is not confused or humiliated or made self-conscious when asked if he hasn't learned yet to use the right fork for his salad, to break his bread into pieces before buttering it, or to stand until great-aunt Sally is seated.

Good manners, like charity, should begin at home. Fortunate are they who early in life learn the elements of politeness along with the rules of hygiene. Among the ways in which this is done there are first, the training that goes on in the home; second, the example and attitudes of adults; and third, the movies.

Jane Addams was one of the first to recognize the responsibility the movies have in setting standards of social behavior, especially for children of foreign parents, eager to learn, pitifully anxious not to be different from other children.

"An escape from the monotony of daily living," she stated, "is provided most widely by the movie and its new child, the talkie. Whether the audience is composed of adults or children, they come with a simple desire to be amused and a willingness to be instructed if it is done entertainingly and convincingly." And since it is estimated that thirty million people in this country attend the movies every week and that more than one-third of this number are under twenty years of age, this pioneer in social workers was right in assuming that the motion picture as well as education should be an acknowledged responsibility.

Good manners are not a modern invention. They are certain forms of address, certain conduct of speech and manner that have been brought down to us through centuries of developing culture. And we observe them today because they make contact in social life easier and more agreeable, life more beautiful and impressive.

Diplomatically used, a book of etiquette has value. The printed word has an impersonality which speech cannot attain. But the present social code must necessarily be dissimilar to the code of twenty or thirty years ago. The telephone, the radio, the motor car and the movies have changed the way of living even in the remotest parts of the world.

So when it's a question of what time the youngsters should return from a party, or how much lipstick should be used, or the minimum of clothing required for swimming, the printed word doesn't help much. And here's where the movies, with the opportunity for actually seeing good manners depicted, as well as the occasional misuse of manners, comes in.

A Finnish womon visiting this country for the first time soid thot she never sow such nice, polite men. In her country, she said. ladies woit on gentlemen ond try to moke them comfortable, but in America it's the other way oround.

A discerning young Finnish woman visiting our shores for the first time was heard to remark: "I never saw such nice, polite men, except when American movies are shown where I come from! In my country," she explained, "ladies wait on men and try to make them comfortable. Here, it is the other way around. American men are so polite to all the ladies, and we see such good examples of this in the movies. I shall go home and tell my people. [illegible] expedient means of [illegible]ation now is almost faultless. [illegible] has copied and recopied her

YOUR MANNERS!

By Lillian Montanye

Illustrated by Albert Bendiner

Guests at a dinner party should never rest their elbows on the table or talk past each other, but this is sometimes done in films.

eigners and their children who look to the screen for pointers on how to behave. Our own children, from the screen as well as from the radio, are picking up useful tricks of behavior. A fitting illustration was the incident related concerning young Edwin who learned how to behave at a tea party simply by watching the movies.

Good manners and correct social usages are scrupulously observed in pictures nowadays. Tables are set correctly with the necessary amount of silver at each place, and observant youngsters note that guests start using the silver farthest from the plate and work in, thus doing away with doubts and fears as to which fork to use first.

But even the movies slip sometimes. Take for instance "The Journal of a Crime," a finely acted picture, yet at the very elegant party given by Ruth Chatterton, we noticed that the men did rest their elbows on the beautifully appointed dining table, that the guests talked "past each other," and that at least one glass was lifted from the table while wine was being poured into it, which should never be done.

The most noticeable breach of etiquette, however, was

Entering a room with his hat on is something that every man in pictures does as a matter of course, but it seldom happens in real life.

Leslie Howard in "Of Human Bondage" is singled out as the exemplification of perfect gentlemanliness both in spirit and behavior.

Adolphe Menjou, scrupulous observer of all the little niceties of good manners, helping a lady into a cab and watching it roll away without so much as touching his hat. In a later scene he enters the room where his wife is waiting, and as he kisses her, fails to remove his hat. At least he doesn't

chauffeur [illegible] then step on [illegible] to concentr

until she reminds him about it. This from one who has always been the exemplifier of perfect manners!

In the rest room of a large business organization, a group of girls were discussing pictures they had seen. One girl of twenty frankly stated that she looks to the movies to show her the type of man she wants for a friend.

"I don't want the smoothie or high-hat type who feel they run the world," she said. "I want him to be neat and clean but not all dolled up as though he just came from the barber's, and well-dressed without being loud or flashy. I want him to have some manners and know how to use them—you know, attentive without being fresh. The kind of fellow that knows how to treat a girl and will never let her down. You know what I mean."

"I do," chimed in another girl. "You mean a fellow like Leslie Howard in 'Of Human Bondage.' *There* was a gentleman for you!"

A real appreciation, we thought, of this fine picture in which Mr. Howard recaptures with heart-breaking sincerity the mood and spirit of the sensitive, idealistic *Philip Carey* of Somerset Maugham's story. For even when he learned the complete unworthiness of the cheap, unscrupulous *Mildred* upon whom he lavished his love and protection, the chivalry that was inherent in him still held and compelled his kindness and compassion.

In another scene he visits the odd, brilliant old journalist who had befriended him. In this picturesque old place overflowing with objects of art, both worthless and rare, he is seemingly unconscious of the uncouth manners of his host who gobbles his food, guzzles his beer, talks with his mouth full.

It was here *Philip Carey* proved himself a gentleman at heart as well as in bearing, for he demonstrated the more modern and the sounder way of looking at human behavior, which is not to take it at face value but to look underneath for facts.

Another film showing lights and shadows in human

Continued on page 68

SPEAK UP, JANET!

In this direct appeal to Miss Gaynor, the author has expressed the sentiments of all those who have followed the star since her unforgetable "Seventh Heaven," and have wondered at the complete change which has come over the little girl they learned to love.

By Judith Field

What has happened to the happy, friendly Janet we used to know? We were for her, then, heart and soul, and we hope she will reveal her real self again.

IT would try the patience of a saint to be called the names lately directed at Janet Gaynor.

How could any one real and mortal enjoy being referred to as: "Miss X," "Miss Sweetness and Light," "the perpetual ingénue of the Fox lot," or "Janet (six lumps) Gaynor"? If ever there was a "catty" club in session it is that guild of actors and writers who originated these smug phrases.

Still, your reaction, or apparent lack of it, must have piqued them a little, Janet. For, after this whispering chorus had slipped some of their detractions into print via magazines and gossip columns, you didn't respond by having indignant denials published, as have some other Hollywood actresses. Participation in this particular type of controversy is, in the end, the life of the box office.

Now that you've shown you have strength of character, since it takes at least that to crush the resentment one would naturally feel like expressing at such comments, won't you change your methods a trifle?

You see, those of us who have admired you since that unforgetable performance in "Seventh Heaven" don't like this anti-Gaynor business at all. And we wish you'd do something about it! Such as "letting the bars down" to give again one of those good, old-fashioned interviews. Be a little more confidential—as you used to be—and reveal that you are quite warm, human, and emotional.

In the beginning, your eager, friendly manner delighted every one. Even the usually immune studio personnel, from director to property man, were subject to it. At that happy time, Margaret Livingston, now Mrs. Paul Whiteman, voiced a comment which sagely explained the situation. Said she: "The reason that Janet baby is doing so heavenly well is because every one from the janitor to Mr. Sheehan, the big chief, is pulling for her. That child is enveloped in an atmosphere of love and hope and good wishes."

You've been a big star for about eight years and you are still doing "heavenly well." But the present general attitude toward your good fortune seems to be more strongly flavored with exasperation than joy. How do you account for that? Can it be true then, as they say, that you reserve your charm for the celluloid only?

You didn't try to hoard it in those days when you paused, starry-eyed and tremulous, on the brink of stardom.

Can you ever forget how excited you were at being installed in your first, especially decorated, star's dressing room? You gayly led each interviewer on a tour of inspection around your small domain. And happily chatted about the excellence of your shower, kitchen, and closet space, gleefully confessing to one: "I get a thrill out of the fact that they let me drive my car into the studio instead of parking it outside. I love it when they send a car and chauffeur to take me on location."

While to another, who asked if you had any particular habits which set you apart, you vouchsafed naïvely: "Well, I do like to chew gum."

Continued on page

REJECTED GUEST

On the two occasions that Ross Alexander was sent to Hollywood under contract, the studios simply ignored him and consequently he remained idle. So it was back to the Broadway stage both times. But a third try at the movies, without invitation, won him a rôle in "Flirtation Walk." Now he is considered a "find."

By William H. McKegg

ROSS ALEXANDER knows how a guest must feel who turns up at a place to find he is wanted. On the other hand, he knows how one not invited feels when made the guest of honor.

By special request, Ross came to Hollywood twice, waited outside the gateway of the film domain, but was refused admission to the inner temple of art.

Uninvited, he came to Hollywood a third time. Not only was he admitted, but offered a contract by Warners, and put to work in "Gentlemen Are Born" and "Flirtation Walk." As if these events did not compensate for Hollywood's previous neglect of him, he was given a lead in "Maybe It's Love," and also the rôle of *Demetrius* in "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

Let it be *lèse majesté,* but in "Flirtation Walk" did he not step before the rest of the cast in giving us bright humor and real comedy?

This film was my introduction to Ross Alexander. I knew then what was to be done. I had on my hands a comedian. A good one. The interview would be one long series of wisecracks and laughter. Or would I be confronted by a tragic comedian? A morose being, tortured by the world, forced to make people laugh while his own heart was breaking. Ah, *ridi, Pagliaccio!*

I did not know the surprise in store for me. I mean the vast difference I'd find between Mr. Alexander on the screen, and the man in his own home. Also the Alpinelike hike to get to that mountaintop home, where we were to meet.

I knew Woodrow Wilson Drive, winding its way up the Hollywood hills. But, for the moment, I'd forgotten how far numbers can take one.

It was a rainy day. Fearlessly I set out to scale the mountain peaks, clouds whirling like mists over my head, floating in banks across the valley, toward Burbank and the Warner studio. Eventually I found myself above the clouds, the valley, and the studio.

The bare black branches of the trees and the wet gray road they overhung gave the mountaintop setting a gaunt, eerie aspect, like unto the Brocken. Rain speared the earth. "Blow, blow, thou winter wind!" I started to declaim, and a large damp leaf slapped me in the mouth.

Yes, I'd need a good laugh after all this.

Excelsior! At last the house was reached, being in no less a place than next to the one in which Lew Ayres resided prior to his recent marriage.

Henry, the colored serving-man, all in white, opened the door. From the vestibule I could see straight into the bathroom where Mr. Alexander was shaving. He came to me, the lower part of his features hidden by lather.

"I've got to get to the studio by seven," he said, elevating the shaving brush. "So you'll excuse me for cleaning up now, won't you? Oh, darling!"

Startled, I looked round for Henry, but faced Aleta—Mrs. Alexander. A slip of a girl, quite pretty and witty, with a black ribbon tied around her blond hair.

I was ushered to the fire and left to dry before the blazing logs. Mr. Watson, the English bulldog, was in possession of the hearthrug. He opened an oysterlike eye and regarded me dolefully. Itchy, the cat, sidled in, with languid indifference to damp visitors, and started to wash Mr. Watson.

"The builders of this house added its various parts gradually." Aleta explained why the only fireplace was

Continued on page 79

Ross Alexander just seems to be bubbling over with wisecracks and laughter. But we'll see his serious side, also, in "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

THE SCREEN

"THE LITTLE MINISTER."

One of the reasons that Katharine Hepburn is fascinating and exciting is that she rapidly matures as an artist, never standing still to bask in the spotlight of popular acclaim. Here she surpasses herself with a new poise, delicacy of expression and grace of movement as well as sound understanding of the character she is playing and her picture as a whole. Once a sensational newcomer, she is now a ranking first lady of the screen whose finesse and resourcefulness are more admirable than the glare of her skyrocketlike début reflected in the box office. Not that her new picture is less warm and tender than "Little Women" nor less touching than "Morning Glory." It is the superior of both because it is better acted and Miss Hepburn's moods are more variable and various. It is hardly necessary to recount Barrie's story at this late day except to hint to a new generation that it occurs in a Scottish village in 1840 and concerns dashing *Lady Babbie* of the turreted castle on the hill and her wooing of a sober, unsmiling young dominie who is shocked by the gypsy she pretends to be and frightened by the love he cannot understand. No need, either, to take exception to the changes made in adapting this simple romance to the screen. Not one in a thousand will object, and certainly not one in a million will fail to share the tremors and tears of the lovers as they stumble over obstacles to perfect understanding and the sweetly real love of unblemished man and maid. John Beal shares Miss Hepburn's pedestal.

"THE MIGHTY BARNUM."

Zestful, colorful, humorous and full of earthy character, this is a grand show which every one should see. Also, it is superlatively acted and speedily set forth. Obviously, the life of the master showman, P. T. Barnum, around whom the narrative revolves, does not always stick to facts nor is it likely that so naïve and awkward a character as the authors have given him could have succeeded in a business that demanded shrewdness first of all. But this hardly matters, especially as Barnum, though significant in the history of the amusement business in this country, is hardly a revered figure. Anyway, as embodied by Wallace Beery, he is one of the actor's greatest achievements and one follows his trials and tribulations, setbacks and triumphs, with almost breathless absorption. They begin in New York a hundred years ago when Barnum, a small shopkeeper, collected freaks of nature such as three-headed frogs, opened a public museum for their display and finally through accident hit upon the idea of a traveling exhibition, the forerunner of the circus of to-day. Adolphe Menjou is every inch Mr. Beery's costar, and Virginia Bruce is exquisite.

"HERE IS MY HEART."

Bing Crosby's new musical is different from all his other pictures. It is a sophisticated satire which takes place mostly at Monte Carlo and deals with a millionaire radio crooner and a group of Russian aristocrats. Needless to say Mr. Crosby is the singer who is touring the world aboard his yacht, doing all the whimsical things he determined to do with his first million. His written list includes fishing in the exact middle of the Atlantic Ocean, rescuing a damsel in distress and marrying a princess. Kitty Carlisle combines the last two items, for she has a title but no money and, like other patricians, is living at one of the most expensively beautiful hotels in the world. In order to be near her, Mr. Crosby masquerades as a waiter and wins first her snobbish scorn and then her whole-hearted love. All this is pleasantly diverting, if not hilarious, and is immensely helped by Roland Young, Alison Skipworth, and Reginald Owen as Russian émigrés who are put to work by Mr. Crosby. It is my suspicion that Mr. Crosby does not sing as well as usual and that both his acting and his crooning show signs of fatigue.

IN REVIEW

BY NORBERT LUSK

PICTURE PLAY'S HONOR LIST

The most sweeping success of the month is "The Little Minister," the most popular star obviously Katharine Hepburn. She surpasses "Morning Glory" and "Little Women" because her acting is finer, more subtle and graceful.

But do not overlook "The Mighty Barnum" for earthy entertainment nor the loveliness of Virginia Bruce as something to count on in future. Nor should you fail to give Gloria Swanson the welcome she deserves in "Music in the Air."

"SWEET ADELINE."

Pallid and pretty, this musical gains nothing from the usually vital direction of Mervyn LeRoy, and is, in fact, about as exhilarating as a deflated cream puff although its stage representation had the charming proportions of a popular hit. Something flew out of the window in the transference. At any rate, Hugh Herbert, the comedian, is the most conspicuous and definite contributor. He is good for a laugh every moment he speaks. The period is the Spanish-American War, the scene a beer garden where Irene Dunne, daughter of the proprietor, sings for the patrons and is loved by Donald Woods, a song writer, and is coveted—yes, that's the word—by a slickly amusing villain, Louis Calhern. Progressing to Broadway, these and other characters are mixed up in a stage production, with the addition of others, including a brunet French actress who is not only Miss Dunne's rival but a foreign spy. As usual, she cuts the rope suspending Miss Dunne's swing in a big number and the prima donna falls in a graceful heap. Upset, yes, but unharmed for the happy ending of a pretentious, empty picture.

"FORSAKING ALL OTHERS."

This is the sort of picture that critics frown upon, whether openly or privately, depending on the freedom of expression allowed them, and fans will dote upon. Worshipers of Joan Crawford will be moved to riot and will congratulate Clark Gable and Robert Montgomery on their association with the priestess of the Crawford cult. All this is because the picture is a slick society affair which enables the trio to be cute and whimsical all over the place, their every line a neat wisecrack such as would make the speaker intolerable in real life. Too, they are as acutely sex-conscious as is inevitable in a Crawford film and make a great fuss over anything that seems to compromise a lady's virtue. As, for example, when Miss Crawford spends a night with Mr. Montgomery in a mountain lodge and nobody will believe that airy conversation was their only indulgence. Because, you see, he jilted her to marry another and she has tried to win him back. At the moment she succeeds, however, she decides that she loved Mr. Gable all along and the two sail away leaving Mr. Montgomery in comic bewilderment on the pier.

"MUSIC IN THE AIR."

At last Gloria Swanson makes a dazzling return to her rightful place on the screen! There are some of her loyal admirers who would not use so trite a word as "comeback" in welcoming her, particularly when she so conclusively exhibits her unique distinction as an artist and a personality. Her inspired pantomime places her far ahead of some newer favorites whose training has been solely on the stage. In this novel, charming and tuneful operetta she is a wildly temperamental prima donna, her vis-à-vis John Boles as an equally insane composer. Into their flare-ups wander Douglass Montgomery and June Lang to disturb the sophisticates with their innocence. This is the merest germ of what it is all about, but take my word for it, the whole thing is utterly lovely. Admirers of Mr. Boles will be startled by his madcap characterization which is excellently carried out, and Mr. Montgomery has never given a more winning and forthright performance. June Lang, formerly June Vlasek, has just the right combination of beauty and amateurishness to convince as a stage aspirant who fails.

THE SCREEN IN REVIEW

"THE PRIVATE LIFE OF DON JUAN."

Douglas Fairbanks's British-made picture abounds in beauty. It is supplied by lovely women, enchanting costumes and surpassing settings. And there is nothing more beautiful in this galaxy of natural and artificial comeliness than Merle Oberon. Delicately wrought and subtly Asiatic-looking, she is the most truly exotic of all the stars, and if you saw her in "The Battle," you know that she is a sensitive actress, too. She hasn't as much to do here as in the French film and is practically all that makes the picture worth while. It isn't that the story is lacking, but rather that Mr. Fairbanks is. Everything is done to give him a character, but he won't coöperate and make a believable or even an interesting person of his *Don Juan*. He swaggers, but his voice is that of a tired broker who knows his way about the drawing-room and the tea table rather than moonlit trysts and passionate vows. Supposedly he is *Don Juan* with his youth behind him who discovers that his career as a great lover is ended and who returns to his wife. But Mr. Fairbanks doesn't suggest that he ever was a young *Don Juan*. Benita Hume, Binnie Barnes are in the cast.

"THE PRESIDENT VANISHES."

Anything but routine, this picture is thoughtful, disturbing. But like other aggressive films, it lacks the courage to go on with its theme and attempts to compromise. Consequently it rates as uncertain entertainment. The story has the *President of the United States* a stumblingblock in the path of politicians who urge war with a foreign power for personal gain. This is interestingly set forth, gripping in the conflict pictured. Then *President Stanley* disappears and the shocking news that he has been kidnaped is broadcast. From then on, the picture starts to solve the mystery of his baffling absence, fastening suspicion in one quarter and then another, intentionally misleading the spectator until finally the hoax is revealed. The *President* purposely dropped out of sight in order to divert public demand for war, thus saving his country. It is all fantastic and unconvincing while this is going on, robbing the first part of its force and courage. But it is stirringly acted, first by Arthur Byron as the *President*, then by Paul Kelly as a secret-service man, with Janet Beecher, Peggy Conklin, Rosalind Russell, Edward Arnold, Sidney Blackmer and every one else performing brilliantly.

"BABES IN TOYLAND."

A musical fairy tale is unheard of in films except the incomparable Silly Symphonies, but here is one, full-length and chockfull of charm, gayety, humor and some of Victor Herbert's unforgetable music. Not all that he wrote for the stage libretto, nor is there yet all of the story-book tale that theater-goers delighted in years ago, but enough music and story to make a thoroughly delightful picture. Though intended for children, it shrewdly presents those adult comics, Laurel and Hardy, at their best as they skillfully perform in the spirit of juvenile make-believe while supplying their own particular brand of grown-up fun. They deserve no end of credit for this, and equally, too, does producer Hal Roach share honors for giving us a picture that is as wholesome as a Christmas tree and will give as much joy as long as the film holds together. We have *Tom-Tom* and *Bo-Peep, Mother Goose,* and the *Three Little Pigs,* the *Widow Peep* who is about to be evicted from her gingerbread home by the most unfeeling of all landlords, and last but not least, the march of the toy soldiers as a dramatic and comforting climax.

"BRIGHT EYES."

Shirley Temple, still uncannily clever as an actress, is as winsome and heart-warming in her new picture as ever, though the film itself is too studied a vehicle to compare with "Little Miss Marker" or "Now and Forever." And there's another child in the picture, a newcomer named Jane Withers, who gives a whirlwind performance. For sheer, ingrained viciousness the character and the acting of *Ia* Withers are as compelling as Shirley's fairylike charm and, it seems to me, more difficult to put over. Anyway, she's a perverse little monster who gives one cold chills to contemplate and she is, of course, the villainess in Shirley's life, the spoiled daughter of the household where Shirley's mother is a maid. There is much, too, about aviators, for Shirley is the daughter of a pilot who died in the service. She is befriended by James Dunn, her father's pal, and she sings something about "happy landing on a chocolate bar" to a group of pilots in a moving plane. She descends in a parachute, sees her enemies defeated, and goes happily to live with those she loves best. Excellent performances come from Charles Sellon, Lois Wilson, and Mr. Dunn.

Continued from page 37

For three years he and Mildred Davis were sweethearts. Shortly before their marriage, in February, 1923, I met them. Clear-cut memories are of evenings in the cottage where "Mid" lived with her folks, she in a short skirt and middy blouse washing the dishes, Harold drying them, while her little brother and I kidded their labor.

With "Safety Last" completed, Mid put aside her career as his leading lady and became his wife. They were married quietly and settled down to the domestic life of any young couple.

Married twelve years, they seldom have been separated for a night except when Mid was in the hospital for the birth of her babies.

Mid, of Pennsylvania Quaker ancestry, has done a notable thing, I contend, in that Harold's great financial success has left her unchanged. She lives now on a scale of which she never dreamed, but she is as sweet and unassuming as in the old days. She meets the sensational exaggerations of Hollywood with neither prudishness nor indulgence, but serenely maintains a balanced middle course.

Descriptions of the Lloyd domicile have stressed its size and cost unreasonably. Finding no blemish in his life to magnify into scandal, the sensation writers have made a headline out of his home.

Its furnishings are tasteful and dignified, not at all ostentatious. Harold's dressing room is typical of him. In the corners are his materials for painting, his present hobby; everywhere are pictures of the youngsters, ivory miniatures, crayon drawings, photographs of things he likes.

The grounds embrace tennis and handball courts, a swimming pool, a nine-hole golf links, green glens and waterfall, a canoe course, a gym and a barbecue. The children have their own thatched playhouse and pony stables.

"I don't gamble or drink," Harold once explained, rather than defended, the financial outlay that his estate represents. "I don't enjoy wild parties. My home is my greatest enjoyment. Why shouldn't I put some of my money into it? It's a good, sound investment, and it gives us so much pleasure."

The dividing line between Los Angeles and Beverly Hills runs through the music room, leading Harold to remark that if the Los Angeles sheriff ever gets after him he can just step behind the piano and evade the law.

The Lloyds entertain quietly, usually old friends like Mary and Doug, May McAvoy Cleary, Gloria Swanson. But he will not permit the publicizing of their social life.

As in his work, so in his home: a steady, reliable husband, wrapped up in his family in a normal companionship. His "big moments" are gifts from the children and preparing surprises for them.

Having no inclination to indulge in the artistic temperament, perhaps he has missed some of those intense heights—and, equally, the deep depressions—of the more volatile actors. He has known no great personal disappointments, has gone through no soul-racking psychological changes.

With his even disposition, he throws off worry easily. "Until you're dead, there's always a chance," he says. He loves action, each morning anticipating a full day, and enjoys fraternizing with everybody.

Balance characterizes him in everything. Even his love for his family is a calm devotion rather than a dizzy delirium such as other actors drain to the last drop—and publicize.

When not working, he is up early, and breakfasts heartily; after the half-hour family gathering, he makes for the golf links, where he plays thirty-six holes, with tennis at noon. He golfs even in the rain. I had to drag him off the links in a heavy downpour to answer my questions.

Other than his stand-by, golf, he is fickle with fads. Just now it's painting.

After dinner, likely to feature either pork tenderloin or spareribs and sauerkraut, with any vegetable except spinach, he plays bridge with the children, runs a selected picture for them, or does tricks of legerdemain.

The cook's day off is Harold's red-letter day, for then Mildred cooks vegetable soup and spaghetti; he thinks no one can prepare these two dishes to compete with her.

His favorite reading is scientific data edited into popular form, such as that by DeKruif, its technicalities made comprehensible to the lay mind. Biographies interest him, too, and some detective stories.

The way they are raising their children is proof of the Lloyds' fineness and of their determination to train the characters of their little ones. They do not know the value of wealth, despite their having a governess and many pretty clothes.

When either ten-year-old Gloria, or Peggy, now nine, wants a new toy, a cherished old one must be given first to an orphanage. They are being taught in that way to earn and to share. Harold, Junior, otherwise known as "Bud," is not quite four, unable to do much more than to tag after his older sisters.

Most of Harold's employees have held their jobs for years. His press agent has been with him for fourteen years—the Hollywood record. He believes in engaging people in whom he has confidence and then trusts them to the limit. Because you get back what you give, his faith has been misplaced very rarely.

For seventeen years Harold has played one character, in countless variations of situation, a feat equaled only by Chaplin. For it was in 1917 that he put on the horn-rimmed spectacles with the lenses removed. And, though each screen personality was an individual, the main characteristics of all have been similar.

During all these years, as I see it, Harold has played himself, in his character's fundamentals. He is a methodical person, seldom given to flights of fancy. He never depends on transient feeling; he builds an edifice of character. Don't you sense that in his work?

When you analyze his screen self, don't you see the qualities predominant in his personal self: cleanness, tenacity, earnestness, a boyish appreciation of humor? Even when in his films he is the fall guy, trapped by a predicament ludicrous to others, he never whines, but immediately sets about working out his problem.

So in life has Harold given his best to every situation and reaped from the years their best. He has expressed that deeper theme in the motion picture, beneath its frivolity. Having served well, he has been well repaid.

GUILTY

"It's not what Verree Teasdale wears,
Or what Kay Francis thinks is smart,
But it is what looks well on us
That we should always take to heart."

And so the stylist pointed out
The things that we should always heed.
"Individualism," said she,
"Is what the most of us do need."

I glanced upon my dark-blue suit,
Conservative, and oh, so trim,
And blushed guiltily—a copy
Of Claudette Colbert's latest whim.—MARIONETTE.

California law says that the working day of a movie child must include at least three hours of schooling. Here is a member of the board of education checking up on Shirley Temple when she was playing in short comedies.

Studio

By Jeanne de Kolty

SINCE Hollywood began (we mean the movies, not the town, of course) it has been the butt of more ribald jest than any other city in the world.

In nickelodeon days, derision greeted Hollywood's output. Later, when the Gish girls and Mary Pickford smiled saccharinely from a galloping silver screen and Tom Mix was shootin' 'em up with a flourish, Hollywood became known as a wild, rootin', tootin' town without a brain in its environs or a moral from Los Angeles to the sea.

To-day, much humor is still aimed at the movies, but it is a refined, more respectful type than of yore. More important, Hollywood is conceded to have brains, even by some of the brainiest persons in the world.

The star who a few years ago was considered more ornamental than intelligent, is to-day credited with at least an excuse for an intellect, if not more. What has happened to Hollywood? Can it be true that stars were formerly merely beautiful but dumb? Is it true that the new generation of stars are both beautiful and clever?

The answer is neatly summed up by Gertrude Street. Miss Street is a schoolmarm. Not the spinster of the little schoolhouse on the hill, but a vivacious young woman who coaches such celebrities as Dickie Moore, Jackie Cooper, Cora Sue Collins, Shirley Temple, and David Holt during their working days on the set. One of the most prominent in her profession, she has been explaining readin', writin', and 'rithmetic to movie kiddies for almost ten years. Surely, no one is better qualified to analyze Hollywood's brains than she.

"Movie stars are a hundred per cent more intelligent to-day than formerly," Gertrude contends, "because they have to be."

The talkies she holds largely responsible. The increasing discrimination of audiences is almost equally important, and competition also plays an important part in the situation.

"Before the advent of talkies," Miss Street explains, "stars had no need for brains. A director sat on the side lines and coached every least move the players made. He told them where to stand, how to look, and what to do while the cameras were grinding. Sound changed all this. Now an actor must have his scene perfect, so that he can go through it with no help at all when the cameras start to grind. The slightest off-stage noise is picked up by the microphone. I doubt if many of yesterday's stars would be capable of going through a long scene to-day."

The public, Gertrude believes, must have something better each year in order to remain interested in any theatrical production, screen or stage. "A few years ago, pictures were a novelty," she says. "Merely seeing pictures move was sufficient to keep up interest. To-day, they are an art."

As to competition, it grows keener each year. With actors from all over the world yearning for a try in Hollywood, a film player must be on his toes every moment. He must be intelligent to hold his job.

A very few of yesterday's stars are still with us. Mary Pickford, Lillian Gish, three or four others have maintained their standing with the public by spreading their wings in fields other than the movies. The vast majority are now dead broke and almost forgotten. Alice Lake is glad to get a few days' extra work now and then to keep the wolf from completely devouring her. Elmo Lincoln, the man who put *Tarzan* on the map, admits he is down and out. Cullen Landis has long been for-

It won't surprise you to learn that Jackie Searl is one of Miss Street's most intelligent pupils.

SCHOOL DAYS

Movie children are a hundred per cent more intelligent to-day than formerly, says the teacher of many, and stars, too, are no longer beautiful and dumb. This article is replete with keen observations based on experience with famous youngsters.

Jackie Cooper's highly intelligent mind and natural studiousness are reflected in his success as an actor.

gotten. The suicide of Lou Tellegan recently created a sensation in Hollywood.

All these were once in the big money. That most are now struggling for a mere existence proves that they have at least lacked judgment, if nothing else. They are unable to cope with a changing world and to adjust themselves to the new order of things in Hollywood.

The children of the movies who are under the guidance of Gertrude Street are an excellent example of the changing attitude of stars toward learning; for they only reflect the actions of their elders. As to her pupils, Gertrude says:

"Movie children to-day are anxious to learn all they can. They are intelligent and ambitious. Time was when I had to force my pupils to study. Now I find it necessary to ask them not to study. They are so ambitious to learn, that they risk overworking themselves. I never have a free moment on the set. Even in vacation time, the youngsters want to work to perfect themselves in those studies which will prove of advantage toward furthering their careers."

She cited the famous Goldwyn girls as an example. For the past four years, this group of glamorous chorines has been entirely under the supervision of Miss Street. Even in that short period, she says, there has been a marked change in their ideals and mental development.

"When I began teaching the Goldwyn girls, they could think of nothing between scenes except playing cards or fooling with a jigsaw puzzle. Now they realize that to rise from the ranks they must be intelligent.

"English and grammar are specially popular subjects, for the girls realize that to succeed in talkies they must have intelligent, cultivated voices, and they must know how to use the king's English."

Among children of the past whom Miss Street cites as examples are Virginia Lee Corbin and Wesley Barry.

She says: "Virginia was one of the most trying pupils I can remember. She was a smart youngster, but her actions were purely a reflection of her environment and the times. It was almost more than I could do to make her sit still while I tried to explain something, let alone get her to study. She was a nervous, temperamental child, so engrossed in the atmosphere of the studio that she could never sit for a moment without preening herself, fussing with her make-up, arranging her hair. She could never be bothered concentrating on so mundane a thing as school books.

"This is not an indictment of Virginia," Gertrude hastened to add. "All the movie children of that period were the same. They may have been endowed naturally with fine intellects, but they did nothing to develop them."

Baby Peggy Montgomery was, according to Miss Street, another precocious child who could not understand the advantage of cultivating her mind. While she was still quite young, her parents took her away from Hollywood to their Wyoming ranch. Here, completely divorced from the studios, Peggy began to study in earnest. She finally acquired a fine education and developed into a brilliant young woman.

Gertrude thinks that historical films have done much toward popularizing education with her pupils. Such

Continued on page 73

Little Cora Sue Collins is eager to learn everything that can be taught her because she is a product of the talkies rather than silent films.

Here is Gertrude Street in her studio schoolroom during the filming of a picture, "Born To Be Bad," with Jackie Kelk her interested student.

Catlike Smile

Continued from page 41

"I'm in town because—oh, no reason. One does go back to one's home town, doesn't one? I was brought up in New York and I like it. My best friends are here. What do I do? I have fun."

"Fun," Sylvia explained, is visiting friends and relatives, seeing the best of the Broadway output, and general piddling about, including the sending of a live pig to a dignified bank official whose nickname is "Piggy" and whose weakness is playing practical jokes on Sylvia and her mother.

Her list of vacation playmates includes no more important personages than those on her list at any other time.

"Important people scare me," she said frankly. "I'm always afraid that they won't remember they've met me. I wouldn't know what to do. In Hollywood I just dodge or stand around until some one introduces me all over again. I've been introduced to one man twenty times and he always bows as though he'd never seen me before."

In Hollywood, Sylvia is rather a recluse, which seems a little odd for a girl in her position. But it doesn't bother her at all. She's been misquoted about the reasons for her isolation in that busy world, and she doesn't like that because she doesn't like to be thought a snob.

"Some one has said I was fed up with Hollywood, that I didn't like the people there, that I snooted Joan Crawford. I met Miss Crawford once and was scared stiff. I had just finished my first picture and I was as little concerned then as now with my importance.

"But I knew all about Joan Crawford, about her stacks of fan mail and the lines of people waiting outside the theaters to see her pictures.

"She's so definitely important that I couldn't think of a thing to say. I was so nervous I didn't eat my lunch. Since then I've seen her once. She was driving in her car and I was walking, so she didn't see me."

Should she be concerned? Sylvia isn't a bit disturbed about the lack of her popularity among film luminaries. She has reasons, all good, sensible reasons.

"I've been told that people shy away from me because I have a Theater Guild background. Which is funny if you know the extent of my connection with the Guild. I went to the school and Mr. Winthrop Ames gave me one of the most precious things I have to-day—my voice.

"I'd been an only child, babied, petted, encouraged to remain a baby. Consequently my voice was way up, high-pitched and childish. Mr. Ames told me I could never be an emotional actress with that voice and finally taught me to place my voice correctly. Not long after I got my voice in the right place, I was politely asked to leave the Guild school because I stayed out with a boy till midnight. So if any one considers me a Guild-ed girl he's wrong."

Nothing is more remote from Sylvia's real self than vanity. She cherishes no notions that she ought to be consulted in the choice of her stories, though there is reason to believe that past selections could have better displayed her abilities. She accepts authority, does the work apportioned to her and adjusts her entire life to meet the needs of that work. All done without fuss or fits.

"To me," she said after serious contemplation over a teacup, "Hollywood is a place where I work. I would honestly rather be alone than with people who are essentially strangers, who don't care about me, whom I don't know well enough to care much about. There are about four or five persons who make up my little world and they are not in Hollywood—except my mother who is usually there with me."

Perhaps she is selfish, but her life is very comfortable and it pleases her as it is. Whereupon your ruthless reporter unkindly intimated that life had been known to change, to become unsatisfactory and even uncomfortable without that renowned companion, love.

"I'd better wait till I'm asked," said Sylvia.

But her eyes pointed upward in their fetching, mysterious smile.

"I've a feeling that he would always want to read the book I'm in the middle of, or that he'd want my magazines and then forget where he put them—or that he'd want to go places when I wanted just to sit around and relax. Think of that! Whew! My work might go to pieces."

More seriously, Sylvia concludes, from what she has seen of marriage in general, that it requires two persons who can maintain their sense of balance, enough of it to be able to compromise. And when compromise, in the small as well as the big things, isn't possible, divorce looms.

"It must be an awful painful process for any one. For picture people it's a little worse because of the publicity. And what such an emotional ripping-apart wouldn't do to your work!"

There we were again. Everything led to work, work, work. Nothing else seemed quite to touch that serenity of hers, that acceptance of things as they are, that surface that seems to cover and screen the Sylvia who so successfully plumbs emotional depths in her work.

Tea was finished and the cinnamon toast was wilting, as neglected toast does. Sylvia was escorting me to the door when a wire arrived. She shuddered, explained that wires always produce shudders, opened it and flung her arms about a friend with complete abandon. In fact, the serene Sylvia jumped up and down with childish glee and emitted sounds that must have been hangovers from the pre-Guild school days.

"It's from the studio," she bubbled. "They say the picture was previewed last night and the audience liked it! They *liked* it! Then I must have been good!"

I sighed and went out into the cold canyon of Park Avenue. Up and down its sedate length lights glowed behind draped windows, cars purred along its ribbon of street carrying erect ladies who seemed suddenly under strain, all sorts of strain. No one into whose face I peered seemed satisfied, even justified. New York itself seemed to be trying to reach a million objectives, to scurry in several directions at once.

Sylvia's slow-measured stride seemed a good one. Perhaps she's right and the things most women work themselves into headaches over —clothes, popularity, recreation—are all unstable. If work well done is the only lasting happiness, Sylvia Sidney has what she wants.

They Say in New York—

Continued from page 39

restricted-to-members Mayfair. Both girls are taking a new interest in clothes, emerging from their first delight in having all the white fox they want, into a more sleek and sedate smartness.

The Best Dressed.—Just as the French dressmakers announced their annual selection of the best-dressed women in the world, ignoring all screen players, Adolphe Menjou and Verree Teasdale arrived in New York. "My wife is the best-dressed woman in the world," announced the suave Adolphe. "My husband is the best-dressed man in the world," said Verree with finality.

He once paid the same tribute to

his previous wife, Kathryn Carver, so I do think that he might have added that Miss Teasdale is a wonderfully clever actress, too. It happens that she is.

Problem in Deportment.—B. P. Schulberg, once but no more the constant companion of Sylvia Sidney, arrived at the theater one evening recently only to find that she was sitting a few seats away. They were probably the only members of the audience who even pretended to watch what was happening on the stage. Their gaze was so rapt, their attention so strictly straightforward, that they gave the general impression of being stiff-necked. The frankly curious audience had eyes only for Miss Sidney and Mr. Schulberg, and it was a great disappointment to them that the star and the former producer of her pictures did not nod, or at least snarl at each other.

The Younger Set.—Every few months Betty Furness comes back to New York to visit, welcomed enthusiastically and often enviously by the just-out-of-the-better-colleges set. Her case has stopped droves of bright young girls from going to Hollywood to crash films, so a flock of parents consider her a good influence. She has a contract, studios provide her with dramatic coaches and occasional tests, use her in innumerable publicity stills, but her career never seems to get anywhere. Her high hopes for "Wicked Woman" were dashed when her rôle shrunk in the cutting and the picture landed only in Class B. theaters in New York. But Betty maintains that Hollywood is lots of fun, and there is always a chance of getting a break.

Elusive Opportunity.—At the RKO studio, Julie Haydon got considerably better rôles, but even she was engaged in a struggle to stay where she was, with little hope of getting ahead. So when Arthur Hopkins sent for her and offered the second lead in a stage play, she dashed East, eager to embrace opportunity. At rehearsals, old stagers marveled at her deftness. Outside the theater trickled the words "That Haydon girl's got something." But there won't be any Broadway first night and its consequent Hollywood hurrah for Miss Haydon just now. The play closed after a try-out in Philadelphia.

Feeling that she has lost ground during her several weeks' absence, Miss Haydon does not know whether to go back to Hollywood or to stay on in New York hoping for another play. She is the sort of girl that you would like to see get a lucky break. So let's hope she does.

The Broadway Magnet.—The irresistible lure of the stage has drawn several popular players from Hollywood. Leslie Howard is in "The Petrified Forest." Walter Connolly sent word that he would meet all playwrights in the Grand Central Station, at his hotel, or at any spot marked X. Alice Brady, despite the difficulty of moving her large family of dogs, has decided that a play would offer her a more zestful life than Hollywood does.

There's nothing spidery about Iris Adrian in spite of her costume. It's just something she threw around herself between changes for "Rumba."

Picture producers will persist in thinking of her as a comédienne and a too mature one at that. Katharine Hepburn is determined to play "Pride and Prejudice" on the stage although advisers think a more spirited vehicle would be a better risk. And Blanche Sweet, early favorite in the films, is trying the stage in support of Leslie Howard.

She's the Top.—Probably the most envied girl in New York at the moment is Ethel Merman. The stage-struck envy her because she is not only playing in "Anything Goes," the most sensational hit on Broadway, but she's practically walking away with it. Other screen players envy her because the current Eddie Cantor picture is making friends for her throughout the land, and Sam Goldwyn wants her for another next summer. Players past their twenties wish they had her tireless, radiant youth. Prima donnas wish they had her patience in dealing with all comers—autograph collectors, testimonial seekers, charity-ball promoters, and lion hunters. And moody people who are inclined to wonder about the meaning of it all, whether "It" is success or failure, would like to toss introspection to the winds and be like the splendidly vociferous Miss Merman.

Prima Donna on Tour.—Pausing for interviews during her concert tour, Grace Moore has been taking potshots at the ignorance of picture producers, and in her modest way claiming credit for introducing the best scenes in her picture. All ready for dispatch when one more such outburst of hers appears in print, is a telegram from an executive of the company which tried in vain to make her a success in pictures before Columbia succeeded in doing so. "Remember," the telegram says, "one Hollywood success is just a lucky break opening the way to a career. Stop talking and just sing."

Still in the Importing Business.—MGM is importing Antoinette Cellier from London to make some pictures, and Universal has acquired a Hungarian revue actress named Eole Galli. Both are boomed as great discoveries. What always puzzles me, a veteran hand-shaker and well-wisher of foreign stars, is what becomes of them after they go to Hollywood and make one picture? What was ever done for Benita Hume or Binnie Barnes, for Wera Engels or Tala Birell, Dorothea Wieck or Lil Dagover? Is Mady Christians to have a better break than "Wicked Woman" gave her?

Janet Gaynor Gets Prize.—The loveliest play of the season, "The Farmer Takes a Wife," has been bought at a fabulous price for Janet Gaynor. Janet may be perfectly happy with Charlie Farrell, *if* she doesn't come to New York and see the play. But if she ever sees Henry Fonda, the ex-husband of Margaret Sullavan, in the hero rôle on the stage, Janet might well put her determined foot down and cry, "I must have him." He is one of the really important sights, because of his charm as well as his statuesque good looks.

Do Stars Really Hate the Public?

Continued from page 17

self. Prior to her marriage she had a sort of kiddish enjoyment in life, not unlike Katharine Hepburn's, but that may all be changed by her new matrimonial alliance.

To some extent, this new group of stars is schooled in being ill-mannered. Too, they have seemingly admired Greta Garbo from a distance, and feel that hers is the way to live.

In recent years stars have been hounded by photographers. These are prying, as well as trying, from their standpoint. The camera crew, taking candid shots of the stars, not only assail them on the golf links and at the polo matches, but frequently turn up at the most exclusive buffet suppers and festive midnight frivolings.

Recently they have been pretty well excluded from taking pictures, unless the affair is very large. Sometimes one photographer is allowed to represent the mass. A chap by the name of Hyman Fink gets into most places, but he submits practically all stills he takes of stars for their approval, and the other cameramen now follow suit more or less. It's a sign of tightening reins.

Taboos of all kinds prevail among the stars regarding having their pictures taken. Kay Francis and Maurice Chevalier refuse to be photographed together. At a polo match one day Claudette Colbert raised the dickens because the camera shutter clicked on herself and Pat di Cicco. So furious was she that the photographer made the grand gesture and handed the negative to her, thus hoping to advantage himself at some future date.

Carol Lombard has lately become a little fussy about being captured on the informal film. She shuns it usually when accompanied in the evening. Bill Powell and she, while married, never objected to being photographed together.

Their marital status often causes the stars to have inhibitions about the camera. When they are just about to be divorced, or are separated and not divorced, they don't like to be seen in the pages of various publications with some person of the opposite sex. They've had a sad experience with the inferences that are drawn in caption lines.

Altogether it indicates that the players take themselves much more seriously than of yore, particularly now since the screen is being reformed by censorship. Too, it can be surmised that they are under other influences.

Wasn't it Lindbergh who made a business of turning up the nose at the mob a sort of national custom? He certainly did about everything to prove that he didn't care a hang about all their cheers, laudations, wreaths, and garlands. He seemed always to hate those worldly contacts. And never has the press, in its turn, burgeoned with sentiment for this national idol. That's been so since right after the first wave of acclaim.

The cold Nordic attitude reached into the movies through Garbo, who may have followed the Lindbergh lead, since she did not habitually isolate herself in the past. Apparently it's a good old Swedish custom —this business of being chilly in the face of enthusiasm.

The Garbo mantle of solitude, or rather an exact copy of it, was slipped on the shoulders of Ann Harding by agent Harry Edington.

Just to show how good-humored he is about the postponement of "Kids on the Cuff," Max Baer takes a few turns with Iris Adrian.

But Ann has always had a hard time wearing it. She is naturally too warm-hearted. However, since her illness she, too, is fleeing the world. Illness, it is said, is what helped drive Garbo into her shell.

Came Hepburn, with the Garbo ideal enshrined in her consciousness. Came then Sullavan who, it is declared, received admonitions about how to behave in Hollywood from Kate. And soon, with this build-up of adherents, it may become all the thing—this whoop-de-doo of aloofness.

Said aloofness is often of the most put-on sort. Even Garbo when she goes to New York never hides in a quiet out-of-the-way hotel as Lillian Gish did when she truly tried to lead a private life. Instead, Miss Garbo registers at the St. Moritz, which is generally chock-full of professional folk. Miss Gish had a sincere desire to avoid scrutiny of bold eyes in her heyday, but Garbo goes nowhere without a huge fanfare. Consider the recent Arizona trip with Rouben Mamoulian, and the "sequestration" seemingly sought at Palm Springs (of all places!) with George Brent. It's almost like choosing the top of the Empire State Building. And all this in spite of the fact that Garbo's physical condition, as before suggested, is supposed to be driving her deeper and deeper into a nightlike obscurity.

Older celebrities of the theatrical world took all the to-do over themselves much more easily. Sarah Bernhardt was constantly interviewed, and when did Mary Garden ever miss seeing the press and talking to them, always a bit spectacularly? The great Eleanora Duse, on her first visit to America, was seen by newspapermen.

At her peak Maude Adams was one of the stars not interviewed, but she never was in the least unladylike in her attitude toward admirers, and never declined to be pleasant when caught in a corner by some of them. Her life was very liberally publicized through the efforts of the Charles Frohman organization, better indeed than Garbo, considering all the conflicting and often ridiculous stories that are printed about her.

The stars who really do best for themselves are the few who talk intelligently about things, and who really give stories. Marie Dressler, during her lifetime, and when she was well, was perfectly capable of this, and she remained a box-office top-notcher to her death. Joan Crawford, Norma Shearer (in the past) and Jean Harlow have similarly prospered. Wallace Beery has inspired some great yarns, even though he isn't free with interviews, and wants to know whom he is talking to. Even Will Rogers is occasionally quoted, although he is a subject who requires expert and almost dictaphonelike handling, and he will never indulge in an interview as such.

Constance Bennett has made good copy, and so also Gloria Swanson, bales of it—though she has avoided talking very much since seen about with Herbert Marshall.

Shirley Temple is allowed to talk on the set, though kept away from all public affairs, even benefits.

Miss Hepburn is about the only one who has to be forced into the ordeal, and even she weakens occasionally.

Continued from page 15

But if we lost the beloved Rudolph we were given John Gilbert. Indeed, Gilbert was one reason why Valentino was slipping at the time of his death. Where the Italian had the strange, inscrutable power of the East, Jack had the glowing abandon of the West. For about two years he was the unchallenged king of movie romance.

Then a gentle, well-bred lad from Kansas eased his unassuming way into Hollywood and became, for a time, second to none in popularity—Buddy Rogers. Fans were growing weary of the molten romantics whom they had long admired, and Buddy offered a delightful change. Five years ago they sang his praises to the tune of thirty-five thousand fan letters per week. Those of Valentino, the number of which was thought to touch an all-time high, were dwarfed by comparison.

Shortly after that these same fans began to tire of their mid-West Apollo and look about for a more stimulating idol. The speed with which the fans give their favorites over to the sacrificial block makes one want to shake them. Still, their fickleness gives wealth and fame to the many rather than to the few, which may or may not be a good thing.

Meanwhile, the electric Gilbert had met defeat from a totally unexpected source—the microphone. His first talking picture was equivalent to a swan song. He and Rogers were given over to the block at about the same time.

Some time ago the screen went gangster, and for several years the most sensationally successful actors were those who could handle death-dealing merchandise realistically. The most appealing of this group, which included Edward G. Robinson, James Cagney, and George Raft, was Clark Gable.

Gable's world-shaking popularity was more reasonable than that of most of his predecessors. Excellent stage training prepared him for his work on the screen, and that he has versatility has been proved by his successful abandonment of the underworld characterizations which brought him fame. For about one year he stood preëminent among male screen idols, the favored of gods and fans. To-day he is still a favorite, but the first furor of acclaim has subsided, and his position as head man is menaced by the crooning Crosby and the suave Leslie Howard.

Neither Crosby nor Howard will be the next great film idol, however. *He* will come unexpectedly, unheralded, as all the others have come. No great fan favorite is ever recognized as such by employers until the letters begin to roll in. Efforts to create such idols have ever ended in failure. And when he does arrive history will repeat itself. Acclaim—fame—waning popularity—and the sacrificial block.

The majority of our romantic film kings became so by creating a new vogue. When the public became satiated the actor was unable to change his type. Versatility has kept Ramon Novarro and Richard Barthelmess in high popularity for more than twelve and seventeen years, respectively. Both these men have much to offer. Most of the great but ephemeral idols were only colorful personalities.

Now let us look for a moment at the outstanding screen actresses of to-day and yesterday.

You remember Virginia Weidler in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," of course. She was *Europena* who was always threatening to hold her breath, Next she will be in "Father Brown, Detective."

No great romantic film queen has been taken by death.

Mary Pickford had more than twenty years of screen fame.

Norma Talmadge had more than fifteen years of stellar success before she became too wealthy and pampered to take her work seriously.

The career of Lillian Gish in the movies lasted as long as that of Miss Talmadge, and she has since won greater laurels on the stage.

Gloria Swanson, the mother of two children, is still a favorite after sixteen successful years.

Marguerite Clark married and retired while still in high favor, and Pauline Frederick returned to the stage at the height of her movie fame.

Alla Nazimova rose to screen heights, lost some of her popularity, then returned to the drama for occasional appearances.

Marion Davies has remained a star since 1920, and Bebe Daniels had many years of stellar billing before stepping down to leads.

Alice Joyce, a charming star of long ago, married, retired, and reared two children.

Dorothy Dalton left the movies for the stage, and quite a furor she created in the rôle of the legendary "Aphrodite."

Virginia Pearson's career was blasted by an auto accident which left her face scarred.

Valeska Suratt, a minor siren, returned to vaudeville—which she should never have left.

Corinne Griffith, after more than ten years of stardom, had never been more popular than at the time of her retirement.

So far as I can see, the only great screen queens whose careers have ended or dwindled from fan neglect are Theda Bara, Clara Kimball Young, Pola Negri, and Colleen Moore. The public tired, it must be admitted, of the exotic Theda, the regal Clara, and the flapperish Colleen. Miss Bara recently returned to a local stage in "Bella Donna," and charmed anew with her lovely voice and presence. The Misses Young and Moore make an occasional picture. As for the colorful and talented Pola, her own poor judgment was responsible for her lost screen popularity.

Of our once popular romantic actors, five have passed on—Lockwood, Williams, Reid, Valentino, and Dustin Farnum. The careers of at least seven others, Costello, Bushman, Hart, Kerrigan, Meighan, Ray, and William Farnum, were cast into partial or total eclipse by fan fickleness.

The lower percentage of physical and artistic mortality among actresses is not due to an easier life. Actually they work harder than the men, and many of them have taken time out to have babies.

There seems to be no logical reason why women should be able to withstand longer the rigors of picture-making. Perhaps the feminine constitution and disposition are better suited to the fantastic demands of the world of make-believe. Fans have less reason to tire of an actress for, as I have just mentioned, she may at any moment step forth with a changed face, differently colored hair, strange clothing, and a readjusted personality. If an actor tried any such innovation all it would net him would be a canceled contract.

The CLAIRE DODD MYSTERY

by Malcolm H. Oettinger

Photo by Fryer

Claire Dadd is a dramatic-laaking beauty, with real red hair, a retraussé nase, an irreproachable figure and lang, slender hands. She is Warners' most cansistent villainess, but nathing is ever heard af her except on the screen. Why daesn't she play leads and why has she no part in Hallywaad's social life?

HOLLYWOOD is a veritable breeding ground for mystery. There are more inexplicable things happening than *Sherlock Holmes, Philo Vance,* and their stooges could unravel in a book as big as "Anthony Adverse."

Why was Philip Merivale brought to the Coast and allowed to languish for twelve months, under contract, without ever playing a rôle?

Why was the stage play "All Good Americans" purchased, only to have the dialogue discarded in toto, the plot forgotten, title changed, and a male lead written in as an afterthought?

How does Lionel Atwill manage to get one part after another when such an artist as Henry B. Walthall is seen but rarely?

There are a dozen more strange questions that no one in Hollywood seems able to answer. One mystery I was baffled by finally offered a solution: the mystery of Claire Dodd.

For years Miss Dodd has been decoratively employed in Warner pictures as a lovely menace. She is inevitably a faithless baggage, deployed to lure the hero from his fiancée or, worse, the husband from his very hearth. She is dynamite in the boudoir sequences; the other woman with a sense of humor; the bad girl who grew up and went to Paris. She is Warners' most consistent villainess.

Yet you never hear of Miss Dodd away from her work. You read nothing of her homing pigeons, her sand box, her private apiary, or her latent talent for hemstitching. She is the least known girl in Hollywood, considering her prominence in pictures.

At Warners they were only too glad to arrange a rendezvous for me with Miss Dodd, but they seemed a trifle surprised that any one would want to X ray that particular actress. She seemed to occupy the niche that harbored Myrna Loy for so long. Myrna was a mystery woman at Warners; finally she moved over to Metro-Goldwyn and better parts, established herself as a comédienne, and bloomed radiantly.

In the Warner commissary, a bright, colorful spot, Miss Dodd faced me across the luncheon table. She is a dramatic-looking beauty, with real red hair, a retroussé nose, an irreproachable figure, and long, slender hands. But her eyes are the real feature. Her eyes are sophisticated and ingenuous at the same time, widening with surprise, narrowing with anger, quizzical normally.

She, too, was surprised at being requisitioned for an interview. She was perfectly agreeable and very charming, but underneath it all she felt that it was rather silly, I think.

"There's nothing to be said of me," she announced conclusively. "I make pictures, when they'll have me, and I live a delightfully uneventful life at home, with the same husband I married three years ago." She smiled disarmingly. "Not much there, is there?"

By the time we had finished our lamb chops, however, more of the mystery had been unearthed.

I found out why Claire Dodd was always a menace, never a heroine. And why she is never photographed here and there, as are most players. And why she mingles with none of the Hollywood cliques. And how she happened into pictures.

"I was preparing for college, not particularly interested in pictures, when I made a test for 'Whoopee.' You remember Ziegfeld supervised it personally. I returned to school near San Francisco, and one day I was amazed to receive a wire from the Goldwyn studio. They wanted me for the picture."

Continued on page 77

CLAIRE DODD

Photo by Elmer Fryer

CONSIDERING Claire Dodd's beauty and intelligence, it is strange that she has been overlooked by the magazines as well as by Warners, who only see her as a prowling menace to the domestic security of their screen heroines. Anyhow, Malcolm H. Oettinger's face-to-face report of the lovely Dodd on the opposite page is not lacking in appreciation of her.

POLITICS AND LOVE

"The County Chairman," a famous play of many years ago, comes to the screen with Will Rogers in the title rôle, which might have been written for him. Homespun philosophy and good-natured tolerance and shrewdness as well as furthering romance among the young people—you've often seen Mr. Rogers shine in this characterization.

KENT TAYLOR and Evelyn Venable are becoming one of the most popular teams in pictures and again they are with Mr. Rogers in this, Miss Venable—who recently became Mrs. Hal Mohr—looking especially attractive in the gowns of 1902. Others in the cast are Louise Dresser, who knows her way around in a Rogers film, Mickey Rooney, Berton Churchill, and Frank Melton. The latter's flair for creating small-town character makes his every appearance interesting.

ANN DVORAK, right, goes into her dance as a night-club performer, a rôle that's new for Ann wha has always been identified with mare serious wark heretofore. Alice White, seen with Allen Jenkins, gets a good break, toa, in a typical wise-cracking rôle which she plays as na one else can. Then there's Helen Morgan, incomparable torch singer, Ned Sparks, Robert Armstrong, Philip Reed, and many other favorites. Miss Morgan and Mr. Vallée sing the majority of songs, af course, and there are bound to be some hits among them.

RUDY CASTS HIS SPELL

Rudy Vallée is starred in a big Warner musical, than which nothing could be bigger. The title is "Sweet Music" and it is genial, glittering and gorgeous, with plenty of opportunities for Rudy and the remarkable cast.

ANGELIC MUSIC

Franz Schubert's immortal "Unfinished Symphony" gives its name and heavenly strains to a film with the composer as a central figure of a touching romance.

HANS JARAY plays *Schubert*, with our own Helen Chandler as *Emmie*, a languishing sweetheart. They are seen, right. Above is Marta Eggerth as *Schubert's* high-born love who jilts him. The poor composer's grief is so great that he tears pages out of his symphony so that it shall ever remain unfinished, like his love.

BLOND MONA

'Mystery Woman" has even more than a title to intrigue the fan. For one thing, that admirable Australian actress, Mona Barrie, hitherto conspicuously brunette, now becomes a ravishing blonde. Another attraction, one to test the loyalty of fans, is the reappearance of Rod La Rocque, with Gilbert Roland and John Halliday to increase the high standard of acting.

THE story is of a wife's devotion to her husband and her tireless efforts to remove from his name the stigma of treason and free him from life incarceration on Devil's Island. Miss Barrie is this resourceful wife, Mr. La Rocque her grateful husband, while Mr. Roland and Mr. Halliday are adventurers.

WEIRD

"The White Cockatoo" takes place in a strange hotel where hair-raising occurrences are accepted as a matter of course by the lodgers but promise to curdle the blood of spectators, which is as it should be in mystery stories on the screen.

THIS is a new type of rôle for Jean Muir, the heroine, who is seen, above, with those tried and true troupers, Gordon Westcott, Ruth Donnelly, and Addisan Richards. She stands, right, with Ricardo Cortez, and with Minna Gombell and John Eldredge, below.

MISS MUIR has lived in the strange French hotel all her life, but you feel, when seeing the picture, that she is doomed to early death unless she escapes and has a quiet night for a change. Then, finally, a cockatoo puts a stop to the horrors by clearing up the mystery behind them.

MR. LAUGHTON is *Ruggles*, a typical, sedate English valet who is transported by ludicrous circumstances to the United States where his odd viewpoint and appearance create a sensation in the Western city known as Red Gap. He is seen with Mary Boland, right, in a frolicksome mood.

MR. LAUGHTON again is seen with Miss Boland, left, as the English butler she brings back from Europe to astonish the natives. It isn't long, however, before *Ruggles* turns Red Gap topsy-turvy and Miss Boland's social pretensions make her a laughingstock. Charles Ruggles, himself, below.

EXCITEMENT

Charles Laughton, considered by many the greatest of all actors, sets out to prove his versatility by attempting rollicking, mad comedy in "Ruggles of Red Gap," one of the outstanding examples of American humor at its best.

POPCORN AND SABLES

"The Gilded Lily" provides popular Claudette Colbert with a light-comedy rôle as well as introduces a new leading man, Fred MacMurray, besides giving unusual opportunity to one who is already well known, Ray Milland.

MR. MILLAND, with Miss Calbert, abave, is a visiting Englishman wha befriends her in the subway. She is anly an affice girl in love with Mr. MacMurray, a reparter. He is with her at the tap af the page. But what with ane trick af fate and anather, Miss Calbert becomes famaus as a night-club entertainer with both men crazy about her. All this is tald gayly, lightheartedly, and we think yau will like it.

Continued from page 31

jected into her divorce complaint just for that particular result. It is understood that the papers in the case were perused by the studio before they were filed, which might have had something to do with it all, particularly if the publicity department happened to get hold of them. It was a clever idea, anyhow, to include that particular titbit of the couple's domestic life.

Also it *must* be love between Bill Powell and Jean: they danced every dance together at a recent big party.

Norma's Sequestration.—Norma Shearer has gone into retirement exceedingly early pending the arrival of her second youngster. The event is scheduled for May. But the star is only appearing occasionally in public now. She gave up any thought of film appearances several months ago.

Evelyn Settles It.—Evelyn Venable finally wound up marrying Hal Mohr in December, as was her original intention. The engagement was off until the two went on location for "The County Chairman," and then the romance flared up anew, and they finally eloped to Yuma. Evelyn's father was opposed until about the time of the wedding, and then he gave his blessing. Many of Evelyn's friends were against the match, but they finally sent their felicitations.

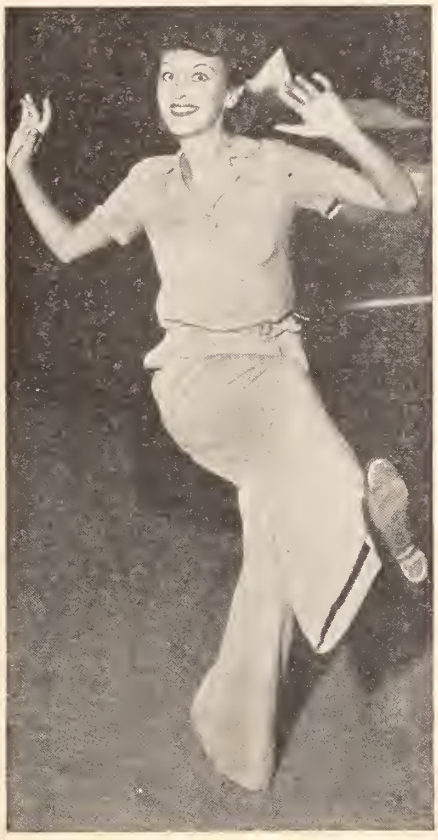
The Sartorial Wonder.—Warren William takes rank as the most formally dressed actor in Hollywood. At a musicale given by Doris Kenyon of a Sunday afternoon, he was the only star who appeared in a frock coat and striped trousers, and the only person there so attired outside of the eminent scientist, Doctor Robert Milliken, who was a guest of honor.

Crusaders All.—At least three different stars are battling to play the rôle of *Joan of Arc*. Katharine Hepburn would like to do it some time, while Greta Garbo's friend Mercedes d'Costa wrote a version for her, and then Evelyn Venable and her father contrived one of their own. Evelyn will just about die if she doesn't play this heroine. She has had her heart set on it ever since she came to pictures.

The Favorite Stars.—If you have curiosity as to who are the most popular stars of the moment, here's a pretty good list, as provided by one of the trade journals of the movies, which has checked up with exhibitors about it.

First place goes to Will Rogers, second to Clark Gable, and third to Janet Gaynor. Other leading stars in order are Wallace Beery, Mae West, Joan Crawford, Bing Crosby, Shirley Temple, Norma Shearer, Katharine Hepburn, Joe E. Brown, Claudette Colbert, Jean Harlow, Eddie Cantor, Dick Powell, George Arliss, Warner Baxter, Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey, together, and Jimmy Cagney. How do you like them?

Lilian Gets a Chance.—Lilian Harvey at last got her break in pictures, and curiously enough the man to give her the chance was Harry Cohn, the producer, who is becoming known as the discoverer of lost talent. It was he who presented Grace Moore with such success in "One Night of Love." The picture that brings Lilian back to the screen is "Once a Gentleman," in which Tullio Carminati, who was seen with Miss Moore, will be her leading man. She waited all of six months for the opportunity.



Ann Dvorak has gone musical in a big way after being dramatic in a nice way. Here she is rehearsing for "Sweet Music."

A Modern Wife.—One of the domestic oddities of Hollywood is to hear Mrs. Paul Muni speak of her husband. She never calls him by his first name when talking of him to a third person. She always says "Muni is doing this," or "Muni said that." It's all very modern.

A Family Custom.—Glenda Farrell has a young son of whom she is very proud. He also is exhibiting acting talent. He goes to a school where occasionally plays are staged. Glenda is full of the old Nick. So she visits the theater and sits in the front row and gives her young son the razz. "He has so much poise, though, that it doesn't bother him a bit," said Glenda. "Maybe I wouldn't do it, if he hadn't." Incidentally, razzing has been a family custom; Glenda has two cousins who always hiss her in the theater.

Clara a Mother!—What a change in the destiny of Clara Bow—her arrival at motherhood! The "It" girl of a few years ago has utterly changed her life. Perhaps it is the finest evolution of the kind ever chronicled in Hollywood. Strangely enough, while she isn't seen often in pictures, Clara is still mentioned in many popularity polls. She has never been forgotten by the fans. Which isn't true of most stars who drop out of sight. There is no telling when, if ever, she will be seen again since the birth of her son.

Whirlwind Start and Finish.—Bad luck in her marriage only seemed to signify good luck for June Knight on the screen. She won the lead in "Redheads on Parade" just about the time she was breaking up with Paul Ames. Theirs goes on record as the shortest wedded life of any, with the exception of Madge Bellamy's brief matrimonial plunge a few years ago. And by the way, Madge is being seen about socially quite a bit nowadays.

The Paul Ames-June Knight wedding collapsed after thirteen days when Miss Knight filed suit for divorce alleging that her husband's friend, Murray Stern, attended them too closely. She asks $1,200 monthly alimony.

Grace Moore Gets Rich.—Grace Moore is beginning to reap the big rewards that come to those who are a success in pictures. Only in her instance one of the bright opportunities arrived outside of the movies. She received some $25,000 for an engagement at an auto show in San Francisco, the same show that Maurice Chevalier sang at a year ago. Miss Moore also shared in the profits of her picture "One Night of Love," and was she smart in making that kind of deal? She only took a very small amount for the actual job, but the percentages are running very high.

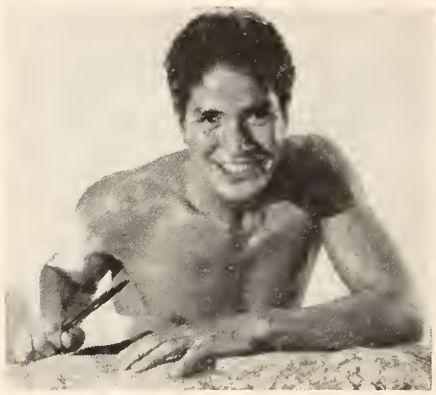
Pensive Farewells.—The final chapter of the Marlene Dietrich-

Josef von Sternberg association has been written. Marlene pensively bid her director farewell as a professional partner. Ernst Lubitsch now has her in charge, and one may expect to see a lighter type of character evolved by the star under his leadership. Throughout the filming of "Caprice Espagnole," the final Von Sternberg picture, Rudolph Sieber assisted. Aiding Dietrich's husband in his aim to learn more about American films was a final kindly gesture on Von Sternberg's part. Besides, he and Sieber admire each other greatly. And whatever the reports to the contrary, Marlene herself feels a very keen loyalty to her discoverer.

Exhibiting Doll's House.—Colleen Moore has bobbed into the spotlight in a peculiar way. She is going to become a sort of architectural exhibitor. The reason is that she plans to display to the world the doll's house which she has for so long been working on—creating it and building it. This curiosity is elaborate and complete in every detail, beautifully ornamented, and is said to have cost several hundred thousand dollars, though the figure is a little difficult to swallow. Colleen expects to realize a great deal of money from exhibiting this doll's house, which was formerly just a hobby of hers. She will donate the proceeds to crippled children.

Midsummer Madnesses.—*Puck* may well recite that line, "What fools these mortals be!" before the filming of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" is over. One of the quaintest remarks made anent this Shakespearean adventure was when Joe E. Brown, after being assigned a rôle, declared facetiously: "Now at last I'm doing what I always should have done on the screen." Joe wanted to know additionally if he should yell "Uh-h-h-upton" in some part of the play. Victor Jory had the oddest experience when he, as *Oberon,* was asked to ride an elk. He drew the line at that, because even the cowboys wouldn't mount the beast. The picture is to be made with innumerable masks worn by the characters. James Cagney, as *Bottom* will wear an ass's head. Which is going to be something new for Jimmy.

Sten's Hubby Clicks.—Anna Sten's husband, Doctor Eugene Frenke, is becoming a big-shot director. He had made a film called "Life Returns," which exploits the experiments in bringing dogs back to life carried on by a certain university professor in the West. Universal, which is releasing the picture, is all whooped up about it, and it is already being given a big ballyhoo.



You remember Mala, of course, who distinguished himself in "Eskimo." Here he is, his furs forsaken, ready for "Typee," a picture of the tropics.

Was DeMille's Face Red?—Cecil B. DeMille was sounding the praises of his hero *Richard the Lion-hearted* in "The Crusades." He was dilating on the prowess and strength of the man. "He had wrists of steel, arms of marble, and a chest big enough for ten legions to march on, while with his sword he could sweep a score of men off their feet," quoth DeMille.

Two writers assigned to pep up the picture were listening. They were cynical about it all. Said one, turning lazily to the other:

"What does it all sound like to you?" he inquired.

"Sounds to me," replied the other, "like he was a big sissy."

Whereupon DeMille adjourned the meeting.

Bouts of the Month.—That boxing match between Jack Oakie and Rex Lease was just no match at all. Lease took a swing at the comedy star and village cut-up but it didn't land. He never hit him on the chin, despite all the reports.

Jack was in a terrible fix because of it all. He had an option coming up right at that inopportune moment.

A big argument but no blows struck was also recorded a week or so later, with Frank Fay and Edward Mannix, a studio executive, as the participants. They had a table between them while they harangued in the Brown Derby.

Bing, the Valiant.—Bing Crosby proved what a good sport he can be on all occasions at a Mayfair party recently. Frank Fay was attempting to induce celebrities to perform, and none would come forward, though Fay called on all the leading lights of the colony. Bing with a huskier throat than usual, due to a cold, got up and warbled and saved the day.

Nomadic Helen.—Helen Hayes is now just a commuter to Hollywood. The finishing of a picture is the signal for her departure. She is still chanting her psalm of praise for the stage. She will faithfully spend a portion of each year on the boards. Also Helen has decided that she is a gypsy. She wants to wander the world when she isn't doing anything else.

Kiddies, Watch Your Manners!

Continued from page 45

behavior is "One More River," in which Diana Wynyard moves with grace and dignity.

A small thing perhaps, yet one of the many little things that unconsciously influence the standards of the public to more gracious living was the courtesy with which she greeted her servants upon her return to England after prolonged absence in India, her interested inquiries about this one and that, the friendliness and kindly consideration for others which mark the real lady.

Trying days followed this homecoming. Yet the dignity with which she conducted herself through harrowing ordeals of courtroom scenes, her refusal to gossip or reveal her husband's mistreatment, as contrasted with the obvious curiosity of her friends, were the expression of what we like to call etiquette de luxe. Meaning the good manners one is born with or that one has learned and assimilated until they are unconsciously observed. The effect is subtle and unintended, but the more potent for that reason.

Finally, if you ever feel, as most of us do at times, that life is a game of grab the fork you want, discard illusion, expect nothing—remember the story unfolded in "The House of Rothschild" that most beautiful of pictures, a story rich in tradition, in loyalties, in faith, courage, and idealism. And *especially* remember the words spoken by George Arliss, who has immortalized the character of *Rothschild*—"To trade with dignity, to live in dignity, to walk the world with dignity."

That embodies just about everything, doesn't it? One could read a book on etiquette from cover to cover and find no better definition of what manners really are.

Continued from page 43

Pat Paterson, too, will go for a long drive until she knows the following day's dialogue by heart, her maid acting as prompter.

Visitors to Ramon Novarro's set often find a wildly waving figure stalking up and down, talking to himself. Upon closer observation, it will be discovered that it is Novarro himself, learning his lines for the next scene. As he walks, he plays the character, gesticulating and talking as though he were already in front of the camera.

Joan Crawford is another who studies on the set, although her plan does not call for the vocal calisthenics in which Ramon seems to delight. She sits and studies quietly, quite oblivious to every one about her, until she is satisfied. Then she will walk about the stage and rehearse to herself in a whisper, with slight gestures. Whispering one's lines is said to be one of the fastest routes toward retentiveness.

If you think Henry Armetta, the Italian comedian, is funny on the screen, you should see him in the throes of memorizing a part. He prances, he runs, then slows to a walk, reciting aloud whatever lines are his to learn from the script. He strikes his forehead a crashing blow with his open palm, just as he does in his pictures, and the sounds emanating from his immediate vicinity would indicate the presence of a dying man. But once on the set, he never blows up, as the saying goes.

Will Rogers waits until he's on the set and the camera is ready, then says, "Well, what's the gag here?" He repeats the lines to himself a time or two, then is ready to go into action. Instinctively, he can feel when a word or phrase isn't natural, and changes it. When the scene is made, he may say something entirely different from the lines given him, and generally they're an improvement on the original. Rogers, though, is an exceptional case, and very few could ever hope to pattern themselves after him.

There's another actor, however, a star of renown, who works much along the lines followed by Rogers. He never knows his lines thoroughly, for the reason that he has a miserable memory. None other than the lovable Wallace Beery.

Wally goes over his lines superficially, to get the sense, then goes to work. He is enabled, this way, to *ad lib*—use his own words and phraseology and make the part more natural. I think you'll agree that Wally's lines never sound stilted.

Ralph Bellamy is remarkably quick to memorize, and in theater parlance is known as a quick study. Many players, such as James Cagney, Margaret Sullavan, Gary Cooper, Norma Shearer, Alan Hale, George Raft, John Boles, come under this classification.

He reads through the entire script once, then studies ten pages at a time. He has so much stock experience behind him that he need go over the lines but three or four times to learn them perfectly. This is no unusual feat in the theater, many actors memorizing a complete play after having read it through several times.

Only one spot will suffice in the case of Mae West, and that is in her downy bed. Even on the set, when new lines are added, or serious changes made in the dialogue, the buxom blonde insists upon retiring to her dressing room, where she may recline on her couch. She can relax more fully, she says, in this position and in closing her eyes the words are imprinted in her mind.

Always a seasoned trouper, Glenda Farrell is letter-perfect in her lines when she reports on the set. That's why she whiles away her wait scanning a magazine until she is called.

Both Jean Muir and Alice Faye stand before full-length mirrors to read their lines. Miss Muir watches her posture in particular while repeating the lines, observes every angle, and tries to perfect herself in the part. The deep-throated Alice pays attention especially to her mouth formation, and as she speaks she practices different facial expressions in an effort to be as natural as possible.

Shirley Temple's mother reads the script to the cuddly bundle of sweetness as a story, rereading it again and again. The night before each day's work she goes over Shirley's lines for that day, until the little starlet knows her part to perfection. In the morning, before leaving for the studio, the lines are repeated, and there have been very few occasions on which the young actress missed a syllable.

Cora Sue Collins, who played Garbo as a child in "Queen Christina," studies her lines with her mother, too, and is the envy of many adult stars because of the ease with which she memorizes. Baby Jane, the three-year-old, who amazed in "Imitation of Life," regards each character in the scenario as a real person, her mother telling her the story in her own words. She teaches the child the idea of what she has to say, then the words come naturally and easily, for Baby Jane is something of a prodigy, and not only masters her own lines, but those of all the other principals as well.

Stage and screen veteran that she is, May Robson studies her lines by the "photographic" method. She studies the *looks* of the page before her, fixing in her mind the location of each of her speeches on the page. Then she memorizes the wording.

After she has committed to memory several pages, she can tell almost exactly where each speech is placed on a page. The process extends even to the point where she can close her eyes and "see" the lines of type as they occur on the script.

Glenda Farrell always reads her lines aloud, in this way impressing upon her hearing the sound of the words as well as to give them the proper shading. She rehearses the night before the scenes are to be shot, until she knows she can do no better. Then she completely forgets the next day's work, and, just before going under the lights, runs over the lines again.

Thorough in everything she performs, Jean Harlow carefully reads the script fifteen times, without trying particularly to remember any lines. She does this to get the whole ensemble in her mind, then starts memorizing her individual sets of lines.

Intensive study is accorded his lines by Warner Baxter, who works out the action and details of his rôle as he plods through the script. He always rehearses his lines to himself on the set, going to a far corner of the stage to give them audible expression before going into a scene.

Warren William always carries his script with him days before a picture starts—at meals, while driving, walking, and so on. Helen Hayes goes into her dressing room and shuts herself in, learning her lines silently and swiftly.

Every player follows his own system in learning lines. Some are quick, others have to dig, but the majority have their own peculiarities in preparing for their rôles.

The Fate of Your Fan Letter

Continued from page 13

way, as Jean explained it. Those letters are personal letters, every one of them. She has never permitted the publication of any of them, nor allowed any one but her closest associates to read them.

Her secretary has assembled nearly a hundred letters such as the one we are following, for Jean's personal dictation. Every one of them will be given an answer. One evening she dictated one hundred and twenty letters—far more than the business executive handles in his working day. Her letters are filed and indexed.

Obviously she cannot give every letter a personal answer, but it would astonish fans to know how many do get answers direct from Jean.

I know of only one other star who is so painstaking with her fan mail, and that is Norma Shearer. Let us follow one of her fan letters as it hurtles across the continent.

On reaching the studio it is delivered to Miss Shearer's secretary, in charge of fan mail. She has her office in Hollywood, and her name is Mrs. Sadye Coon. A dark-haired, vivacious little woman, Mrs. Coon takes pride in her efficient organization.

"Ever since she entered pictures, Miss Shearer has made it a rule to go over her mail personally and dictate answers," Mrs. Coon told me. "The mail is sorted and those with messages are laid aside. Every few days I take them to Miss Shearer, and she spends several hours dictating answers, autographing photographs, and signing letters."

The first thing that impresses you with Mrs. Coon's organization is the spirit of its personnel. They are all just as ardent fans as those whose mail comes to their office.

Mrs. Coon also takes care of other stars' mail—Una Merkel's, John Boles's, Nancy Carroll's, Lionel Barrymore's, Edmund Lowe's, and others'.

You have now seen the two methods of handling fan mail; by personal secretary and by an organization such as Mrs. Coon operates, which takes care of mail and also handles business and financial matters. In both cases the fan letter is assured of personal attention.

Studios and stars are very touchy on the subject of fan mail. Despite the tremendous expense, all are fully aware of the importance of keeping fans satisfied. Quite obviously it is impossible to give personal replies to the majority of the letters which flood Hollywood. At the same time, the majority of letters are actually read by the stars, and cynics to the contrary, I am confident that fan mail is a tremendous force, the importance of which is given due consideration.

In proof of this contention, let us take a swing around the town and see how individual players react to your fan letters, and how they deal with your missives.

I encountered Ralph Bellamy in the Hollywood post office not long ago.

"I'm getting a mailing permit," he explained, "so that I can handle my fan mail more efficiently. You see, I have the envelopes printed with the number of my mailing permit, which saves the government the cost of printing stamps and saves me the work of licking them!"

Ralph was about to leave the window when the clerk said:

"Mr. Bellamy, can I have an autographed picture of you?" Being a postman, you don't have to write a letter, you ask for a photo in person!

Ralph is a free-lance, and accordingly doesn't use the facilities of the studio mail department. All the studios have these mailing permits, which saves the labor of affixing stamps to the bulk of outgoing fan mail replies and photos. One of Ralph's fans, Charles Colean, got the job of handling his mail. "Chuck" is an attractive young man, married, with a child, and he has made a business out of taking care of Ralph's career.

Carl Brisson has waited long for a follow-up of "Murder at the Vanities," but he's getting his innings in "All the King's Horses," with Katherine DeMille.

Francis Lederer is the most efficient star in Hollywood. Every moment in the day counts with him; to waste one is considered by Lederer as nothing short of criminal.

Your letter to him will go to an office he maintains on the RKO lot, operated by a manager and two secretaries. So varied are Lederer's activities, that even this crew is barely sufficient. Ranging the walls of the office are filing cases containing his correspondence from practically every country on earth. Each one is methodically answered and filed away. Promptly at specified hours Lederer arrives, peels off his coat, and swiftly dictates answers, not in one language but in German, Czech, and English.

Margaret Sullavan's fan mail goes to the desk of Ruth Clayton, at the Universal studio. She stops in once a day, perches on Ruth's desk, and reads the letters that have been put aside for her attention. Since Miss Sullavan's marriage, Ruth has been swamped with mail, and Miss Sullavan is interested in finding out what the fans think of her elopement with William Wyler.

Should your fan letter be addressed to Gene Raymond or Phillips Holmes, it goes through the capable hands of Miss Margaret Hargreaves. Both these young men are fan mail cranks, if that word is accepted as meaning fanatics on the subject.

Gene has often talked to me about his mail. He knows well enough that many players are slipshod in the matter of handling fan letters, and that lack of interest in the fans will harm their careers. Gene is businesslike, despite the impression of the happy-go-lucky attitude some of his rôles may convey. He regards fan mail as an important part of his job, and is remarkably conscientious about it.

Gary Cooper's mail is sorted in the office of his business manager, Jack Moss. Jack, one of the canniest of the clan of career-guiders, considers your fan letter as important as a contract. This attitude prevails among all the stars and their managers who do not for a moment underestimate the importance of the fan letter.

Your fan letter, should it have a *message* and not a request, should it be intelligent and constructive and not fall into the "begging" classification which is the bane of studio and star, will, in nine cases out of ten, be read by the star for whom it is intended, and in about seven out of ten it will be answered personally.

Bear in mind, however, that your letter passes first through the hands of a secretary. Therefore, to reach the star, your letter must be worthy of attention. How can you make it so?

Avoid placing your fan letter in the request class, which is handled in routine manner, unless you merely wish to obtain an autographed photo. Approach this task of writing a letter with the determination to *help* the star you admire. Think—what parts

Continued on page 81

Continued from page 40

"We have about five capable directors, and many brilliant writing minds, eager to create replicas of life. But the puny, pukey supervisors veto their efforts. Finally, they resign themselves to turning out the junk their bosses demand. Knowing themselves to be traitors to their artistic consciences, they realize the futility of protest.

"What we need is new producing blood, and it's creeping in. Have you noticed the number of new producers? Little, independent fellows with courage, who are turning out good things here and there."

Instead of gagging himself, Bickford has replaced his italics with capitals. He wears the same manner toward all: a bluffness that bristles with remarks brutally frank. Accused of putting on an act, he only shrugs and disclaims interest in what people think who object to truth.

His violence is verbal. He seldom gesticulates. His denunciatory comments are phrased in grammatical fluency, bespeaking a cultured mind.

And how has Hollywood met his offensive? By reprisals? Oh, no. Hollywood's answer has been offers galore.

He probably is the only actor, contract or free-lance, who has not taken a salary cut! Instead of ignoring his bombastic attacks, the producers have kept him busy—on his own terms. "East River" was followed by "Wicked Woman."

"And what is the title of this opus?" I asked, regarding the brick-fronted domicile, with its imitation marble columns, but a most vague and untidy back of flimsy scaffolding. "You a South'n gentleman, suh?"

"Southern, but not a gentleman," he replied. "They call it 'I Murdered a Man.' Titles are so—er—inspired. Yes?"

Of the twenty-odd pictures he has made, he has not seen ten. He never attends previews. Occasionally he sees one at a neighborhood theater. Social life is still taboo. He has never been to a Hollywood party, nor has he attended a première.

"Why, then, do you remain?" I wondered. "Do you enjoy yourself so much, in spite of your grievances?"

"Between pictures." He smiled, adding soberly, "Money. I have an acquisitive sense. My side-line investments were profitable ventures, too. But, having had my fun out of them, I have disposed of most of them."

From one of his ranches he orders crates of celery for each member of his cast.

"I would turn to some other form of acting if there were any. The stage is practically defunct. Where can I find opportunity for freedom?

"Free-lancing, I have things more my way. I never have stupid rôles forced on me. I choose the best of what is offered, and attempt to perform it without looking too ridiculous."

Universal is dangling a contract, at which he only smiles.

"I make four or five pictures a year, with free time between for fishing, motoring, and tennis. It's a good enough life, for the present."

Every day he swims, no matter how icy the ocean. His house tops a bleak, rocky cliff. No soft, sandy beach for the Bickford domicile.

Fascinating Merle Oberon tripped and fell at her first Hollywood party, hardly a dignified entrance for a distinguished newcomer, but she won everybody's sympathy as she will yours in "Folies Bergere de Paris."

Bickford is the only actor who ever went to Africa without shooting a rug for his living-room floor. From his six months' trip he brought back nary a tiger skin, only picturesque memories and vital health.

"I don't shoot animals," he commented. "I would prefer to shoot humans. But there would be so many other fools to take their places.

"Understand, I'm not speaking of humanity in general," he qualified. "The ones I mean are producers who think they can make pictures because they made some money out of clothing factories."

His friends are mostly playwrights and novelists, not commercial men.

"The average business man idolizes success rather than achievement," he explained. "Making an enterprise pay is amusing, but it's nothing of which to be proud. It requires only a certain shrewdness, but no brains or real effort."

How many more years does he expect to remain here, where he finds such a lack of coöperation with his artistic principles?

"Twenty!" he replied, with a quizzical, sidelong glance. "No, not for money. I have plenty now. Within a year I'll be producing my own pictures.

"My first interest will be good stories. I've bought several already. No, I'll not put any promising young talent under contract. I think the contract system should be abolished. Actors should not be built up by personality and cast regardless of suitability."

His sixteen-year-old daughter is movie-struck. Though he would like her to assimilate more culture via college before choosing a profession, he raises no objection. When he organizes his own company, he will give her a thorough training in small rôles.

She and the boy, who is seven, are being reared with scant restriction. They see what movies they fancy and read what they like.

"Our repressive grammar educational system is wrong," he said. "It crushes initiative. I answer all their questions and teach them fundamental principles. Let life develop their characters."

However, he vouchsafed, with a grin, that his wife does not entirely share his views.

"A crazy gesture," he flayed the censorship campaign. "It won't last long, however. If they would correct some of the inherent stupidities in pictures—the false principles and ideals presented—instead of objecting to superficial actions and dialogue, the faultfinders might accomplish something."

Bred to the Bostonian tradition, he always has taken more pride in the fact that his ancestors were Irish rebels, one of whom was hanged for smuggling. He relates hilariously exciting, though possibly embroidered, incidents of his youthful days as motorman of a Boston street car.

A burly figure, topped by a glowing, curly mop, he would attract notice anywhere. But inside that resonant personality there is a scholar, a very human one.

Five years ago, I wrote of him: "His theme line is, 'Pretend to quit but don't let them let you.'" The big boy is still himself.

Speak Up, Janet!

Continued from page 46

It isn't surprising that every one found you lovable—then.

Of course, one doesn't expect you to be continually inspired by the same sort of enthusiasm that was so infectious in you as a starlet. Nevertheless, the principle of the thing is the same. But—you are different.

Now, in front of most reporters, you wear a mask of sober reticence. As if you almost mistrusted them. You've changed in just the way that happy, little nineteen-year-old Janet hoped you never would. For she exhibited humor, and chuckled over the fact that, on one occasion, she had acted "just like a real star."

Nat Pendleton, as fine a wrestler as he is an actor, initiates Cecelia Parker into the technique of target practice.

Nowadays you act like one—but you don't do it to be funny. You make it appear that being Janet Gaynor is a very serious business. You work inside a strictly closed set. You are very chary with your interviews—most stories about you have to be written second-hand—and when you do talk your statements are indirect, evasive, almost platitudinous. They don't sound as if they belong to you at all. But read rather like emanations from the lips of some Rotarian. Listen to this:

"We waste a lot of time regretting mistakes we cannot alter," you observed. And also oracularly pronounced the following: "Life, you know, is balanced by sadness and gladness. One without the other would be insufficient; we must have the sorrow to make us appreciate the happiness."

All that is very true, of course. However, most fans do not want their favorites to launch into abstract dissertations upon life. They can refer to the philosophy books for that.

What your fans are interested in is life as it very definitely pertains to you. Oh, you can point out that you have always been known as an actress whose life is one of those strictly private affairs. But by now you also know that idea, as far as most stars are concerned, has been repeatedly shown up as a dangerous fallacy. Besides, you don't have to "tell all"—just enough to differentiate you from your shadow shape.

Do you know that some fairly regular movie-goers are finding it difficult to place you because you've kept your personal self so remote? One lady was recently asked what she thought of you. She brightened in answer: "Oh she's so sweet—she has a little girl, hasn't she?"

When the lady was informed that you were the only little girl in your family, she looked blank and mumbled vaguely. So you see, Janet, things have come to a pretty pass when you are confused with two or three other people.

After all, even Garbo, who has made a success of silence, doesn't allow things to go that far. She permits amusing little glimpses of herself to slip through to the press. Incidents when she turned as her car carried her away, to wink at the photographer she had just eluded. When she slyly told Director W. S. van Dyke, to call her "Chocolate" instead of his invariable "Honey." Such pen pictures keep us interested because we know she has a sense of humor, anyway, and doesn't take herself too seriously.

But lately, sympathetic impressions of you are not being caught. One feels that you are admired for your accomplishments and canny ways—but not genuinely liked. You won't let fan writers get close to you, or give them an opportunity really to know you. Oh, I remember—you told a Hollywood writer that you didn't believe in people any longer, not as you used to.

Isn't that an error in judgment on your part? Unless you amend that thought to "some people" instead, it's apt to become a mistake which will leave you very lonely. In the old days, when you did believe in people, even press people, and they responded with affectionate regard, wasn't it better in the long run?

On your trips away from Hollywood, you are not so standoffish. In fact, every one finds you charming and unassuming, though it is necessary to go to very roundabout ways to gather this information. During your voyages to Honolulu, you chat casually with even the lowliest sailor. And in one instance, you delighted the heart of the plain-faced ship's officer at whose table you sat by dancing with him. That, in itself, doesn't seem so remarkable—until one knows the details. For this officer is such a poor dancer even his wife won't go on the floor with him. But you pretended not to mind his clumsy efforts.

Then, there was the case of the widow with three children, whose tiny movie theater outside Hollywood was about to close. Hearing about it, you went to her and offered to make a series of free personal appearances. And persuaded a number of other players to do likewise.

Naturally, I don't mean to argue that you should flaunt your charities. The fact that you prefer to perform them secretly is most laudable. But I do believe that you should keep us posted about what you honestly think and feel. Remember the thought you once worriedly expressed: "People tell me success will make me conceited and cause me to forget my old friends. That frightens me."

Steffi Duna will always be remembered for her appearance in "La Cucaracha," but she will try to top even that in "Red Morning."

Well, we are your old friends—and you seem to be forgetting us. Even queens strive to gratify their subjects by appearing on balconies and princesses sometimes descend from their ivory towers.

So, Janet, isn't it about time you revealed to the public your real self again?

Studio School Days

Continued from page 53

pictures as "David Copperfield," "Cleopatra," "The Affairs of Cellini," and "The House of Rothschild" are an inspiration to learn. To understand these pictures in which they work, the children feel that they must understand the history of their background.

Teaching children to spell by having them label pictures they draw is a favorite method of Miss Street, and highly successful. Such modern ideas, coupled with interesting materials for instruction which have been introduced to the schoolroom recently, have had an important influence on the children, says Gertrude.

Fred Astaire manages to get away from "Roberta," his new picture, for a little golf to keep those supple muscles and limber legs of his in trim.

Speaking of to-day's juvenile players, she cites Jackie Cooper, Jackie Searl, and Cora Sue Collins, as examples of intelligent pupils. Jackie, according to Miss Street, has remained on the screen longer than almost any other child star because of his splendid mind. He has developed mentally as well as professionally, thus managing to keep his position in a highly competitive business.

"One of the most brilliant pupils of recent years to come to my attention," Gertrude says, "is Freddie Bartholomew, who plays *David Copperfield* as a child. Freddie has received the education and acquired the manners which every well-bred British child must have. He was brought to Hollywood because child labor was banned in England, due to lack of an educational system in the studios. But this lack has not influenced Freddie, for he received ample schooling at home."

All Miss Street's examples served to emphasize her original argument: that movie stars are more intelligent to-day than formerly because they have to be.

TODAY
HEIGHT 5 FT. 4 IN.
WEIGHT 120 LBS.

Posed by Professional Models

Skinny? New easy way adds pounds

—so fast you're amazed!

Astonishing gains with new double tonic. Richest imported brewers' ale yeast now concentrated 7 times and combined with iron. Gives 5 to 15 lbs. in a few weeks.

NOW there's no need to have people calling you "skinny", and losing all your chances of making and keeping friends. Here's a new easy treatment that is giving thousands solid flesh and attractive curves—*in just a few weeks.*

As you know, doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health. But now with this new discovery you can get far greater tonic results than with ordinary yeast—regain health, and in addition put on pounds of healthy flesh—*and in a far shorter time.*

Not only are thousands quickly gaining beauty-bringing pounds, but also clear, radiant skin, freedom from constipation and indigestion, new pep.

Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from specially cultured *brewers' ale yeast* imported from Europe—the richest and most potent yeast known—which by a new process is concentrated 7 times—*made 7 times more powerful.*

But that is not all! This super-rich yeast is then scientifically *ironized* with 3 special kinds of iron which strengthen the blood, add abounding pep.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, watch flat chest develop, skinny limbs round out attractively. Constipation and indigestion disappear, skin clears to new beauty—you're a new person.

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, or how long you have been that way, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. It is sold under an absolute money-back guarantee. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money instantly and gladly refunded.

Only be sure you get *genuine* Ironized Yeast, not some imitation that cannot give the same results. Insist on the *genuine* with "IY" stamped on each tablet.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health *right away*, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you free of charge a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by a well-known authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—*or your money refunded.* Sold by all good druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 73, Atlanta, Ga.

GARY COOPER becomes more interesting and more important as time goes on. It is because he is progressing surely and firmly without fight or furor, strain or ostentation. His is not the overnight success of the accidental star, but the gradual growth and development of the student, the observer, and as if doubly to prove that, he is a more completely satisfying actor to-day than he was a year ago. You saw "Now and Forever," of course, and noted his alertness and quick response to the shifting moods of the rôle, his flexibility and his sure sense of humor. That is the "new" Gary Cooper whose name now stands for more than an admired personality. You will next see him in "The Wedding Night."

Photo by William Walling, Jr.

Who Is This Man?

Continued from page 34

His home was one of the most beautiful in Altadena, the district above Pasadena where show places are the rule rather than the exception, and the big Colonial house was often sought by picture companies as a location.

Then came the 1929 market crash and Mr. Hinds lost his home, his fortune, everything.

"So," he said, "I thought it was a good time to change my profession. I decided I would become a movie actor. I had nothing to lose for I had lost everything."

Ambition is usually the spur to success, but in his case it was actual need that drove him on. He determined not to fall back on the law in case of failure in his chosen work, and with the idea firmly in his mind that there was to be no failure, he started out.

"I went first to the Paramount casting director," he told me. "I was surprised when he told me he would call me soon. I thought that was the old line they gave every one, but in a couple of days I was called and given a bit in 'If I Had a Million.' I had just nineteen words to speak. It took about an hour to make the scene and I received twenty dollars. I decided I had chosen the right profession!"

Did you see him in "Little Women"? His recent pictures sound like a list of the best shows in town. You will see him with Mady Christians in "Wicked Woman"; with May Robson in "Mills of the Gods"; with Jean Parker in "Sequoia," and with Richard Dix in "West of the Pecos," which he says, contentedly, "is by far the best rôle I've ever had."

He's been the screen father of the most beautiful actresses, including Joan and Constance Bennett, Katharine Hepburn, Jean Parker, and Frances Dee. And they all adore him.

"Mr. Hinds and I are from the same town," Jean Parker told me with an emphasis that gave me to understand it was a geographical fact that set them apart. "We both live in Pasadena. He is *so* nice.

"He did the sweetest thing for me. He brought me a little book from the ten-cent store one day. It was 'Little Women,' illustrated with our pictures from the film. Wasn't that thoughtful? It will always be one of my most precious possessions.

"Do you remember when he had to carry me downstairs in 'Little Women'? We rehearsed it so many times, and I'm pretty heavy, you know."

She giggled as she continued. "The day after we finished that picture we began to work on 'Sequoia' and again he had to carry me. After we rehearsed the scene a few times he began to puff. And he asked me if I had got heavier since we made 'Little Women' or if I thought he was getting old. He's such a darling. And he's such a good actor; I've learned a lot from watching him. He has taught me how to sustain a scene, for one thing."

Jean's opinion reflects that of other players toward him. The first day he worked in "West of the Pecos," the cowboys all called him "Judge," which means a lot. If they hadn't liked him, they wouldn't have called him anything. The younger people in the cast asked his advice about everything. He inspires confidence. He has a young viewpoint and is enthusiastic about everything, which gives them courage to approach him with their problems. He is eager to learn everything about his new business and will accept a tip from any one. He is thrilled when he learns a new trick of make-up or a bit of screen technique.

"Acting is all to the good," he told me. "I wouldn't go back to practicing law for anything. I only realize now how desperately unhappy I was all those years. If I had known how hard it would be I wouldn't have had the courage to do it, even to please my father. I'm sure he must have turned over in his grave many times when I appeared on the stage, but he doubtless would have been proud of me when I did something well, even acting. I think it is a very dangerous thing to interfere with a child's career. I would never do it.

"I began acting as a profession just two years ago and I've just signed for my sixtieth part. I like playing character rôles. They are more interesting and promise a better future than straight parts. The person who rises to stardom can occupy that position for only a few years, whereas the man or woman who plays character parts is assured an indefinite future.

"You know I'm just a modest fellow. I don't want the whole world. I'm grateful for my little success. I'm flattered to think that Picture Play wanted a story about me."

In person, as on the screen, he has charm and distinction. He represents breeding, background, gentility. He is surely on his way to rôles that are worthy of his talents. And he is, indeed, "just a modest fellow."

TEST...the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE
. . . at our expense!

"I have REDUCED MY HIPS 9 INCHES"
..writes Miss Healy.

REDUCE YOUR WAIST AND HIPS 3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS OR
. . . it costs you nothing!

WE WANT you to try the Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere. Test them for yourself for 10 days absolutely FREE. Then, if without diet, drugs or exercise, you have not reduced at least 3 inches around waist and hips, they will cost you nothing!

Reduce Quickly, Easily, and Safely!

The massage-like action of these famous Perfolastic Reducing Garments takes the place of months of tiring exercises and dieting. Worn next to the body with perfect safety, the Perfolastic gently massages away the surplus fat with every movement, stimulating the body once more into energetic health.

Don't Wait Any Longer . . . Act Today!

You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely whether or not this very efficient girdle and brassiere will reduce you. You do not need to risk one penny . . . try them for 10 days at our expense!

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.

Dept. 663 41 EAST 42nd ST., New York, N.Y.

Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER.

Name _____

Address _____

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Post Card

Kidneys Cause Much Trouble Says Doctor

Successful Prescription Helps Remove Acids—Works in 15 Minutes.

Dr. T. J. Rastelli, famous English scientist, Doctor of Medicine and Surgeon, says: "You can't feel well if your Kidneys do not function right, because your Kidneys affect your entire body."

Your blood circulates 4 times a minute through 9 million tiny, delicate tubes in your Kidneys which are endangered by drastic, irritating drugs, modern foods and drinks, worry, and exposure. Beware of Kidney dysfunction if you suffer from Night Rising, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Dizziness, Circles Under Eyes, Acidity, or Loss of Pep.

Dr. Walter R. George, for many years Health Director of Indianapolis, says: "Insufficient Kidney excretions are the cause of much needless suffering with Aching Back, Frequent Night Rising, Itching, Smarting, Burning, Painful Joints, Rheumatic Pains, Headaches, and a generally run-down body. I am of the opinion that the prescription Cystex corrects such functional conditions. It aids in flushing poisons from the urinary tract, and in freeing the blood of retained toxins. Cystex deserves the indorsement of all doctors." If you suffer from Kidney and Bladder dysfunction, delay endangers your vitality, and you should not lose a single minute in starting to take the doctor's special prescription called Cystex (pronounced Siss-tex) which helps Kidney functions in a few hours. It starts work in 15 minutes. Gently tones, soothes, and cleans raw, sore membranes. Brings new energy and vitality in 48 hours. It is helping millions of sufferers and is guaranteed to fix you up and make you feel like new in 8 days, or money back on return of empty package. Get guaranteed Cystex from your druggist today.

Dr. W. R. George

TYPEWRITER ½ Price

Easy Terms
Only 10c a Day
Save over ½ on all standard office models. Also portables at reduced prices.
SEND NO MONEY
All late models completely refinished like brand new. FULLY GUARANTEED. Big free catalog shows actual machines in full colors. Lowest prices. Send at once.
Free course in typing included.
10-day Trial
International Typewriter Exch., 231 W. Monroe St. Dept. 32F, Chicago

DEAFNESS IS MISERY

Many people with defective hearing and Head Noises enjoy conversation, go to Theatre and Church because they use Leonard Invisible Ear Drums which resemble Tiny Megaphones fitting in the Ear entirely out of sight. No wires, batteries or head piece. They are inexpensive. Write for booklet and sworn statement of the inventor who was himself deaf.

A. O. LEONARD, Inc., Suite 667, 70 5th Ave., New York

GRAY FADED HAIR

Women, girls, men with gray, faded, streaked hair. **Shampoo and color your hair at the same time** with new French discovery **"SHAMPO-KOLOR,"** takes few minutes, leaves hair soft, glossy, natural. Permits permanent wave and curl. **Free Booklet, Monsieur L. P. Valligny, Dept. 37, 254 W. 31 St., New York**

Have FULL ROUND ALLURING CURVES

"—what **Beautipon** Cream has done in my case. I think the result is remarkable, as I have actually developed my bust 4½ inches." G. A.

Is your form flat, undersized, sagging? You can add 3 to 6 inches with **Beautipon** Cream treatment, which has given thousands a beautiful womanly form. YOUR MONEY BACK if your form is not increased after applying **Beautipon** Cream treatment for 14 days! Full 30 days' Treatment, **$1.00**, sent in plain wrapper. The easy, *certain* way to have the bewitching, magnetic, feminine charm you've always longed for.

Free! "Fascinating Loveliness" Free!
The world-famous Beauty Expert's Course, "Fascinating Loveliness," for which thousands have paid $1.00, will be sent FREE if you send $1.00 for **Beautipon** Cream treatment NOW. OFFER LIMITED. SEND $1.00 TODAY.

DAISY STEBBING
Suite 61, Forest Hills, N. Y.

Velvet Dynamite

Continued from page 27

but one or two pictures a year, she will immediately assume an importance she has not yet gained.

He recognizes the fact that she has achieved some outstanding hits, as well as a high general level of success, in the face of conditions peculiarly unsuited to the development of an actress of her temperament and versatility.

Yet even with these handicaps for an actress of her sort, Miriam has scarcely paused in her steady upward march since filming her first picture, "Fast and Loose." It was made in New York, and she played in it during the run of her stage hit, "Lysistrata."

Among the rôles Miriam has wanted very much to play is *Becky Sharp*. So—of course!—she, rather than Ann Harding or Katharine Hepburn got the part, despite the fact that the latter two are under contract to RKO, which is producing the picture.

While such remarkable goal-achieving stunts have Hollywood puzzled, they are nothing new in Miriam's life.

It was not long after her birth, one October 18th, near Savannah, Georgia, that Miriam began to manifest an unusually clear-cut perception of what she wanted, and what she did not want of life. For instance, when her mother, a pianist of considerable renown, wanted her to become a pianist also, Miriam obediently learned to play—but quite firmly rejected the suggestion that she make music her career. She was about six years old at the time.

However, she continued the study of music, along with art and literature, at Goddard Seminary, in Vermont, and Syracuse University, in New York. Moderate success in school dramatics postponed her decision to make acting a career, and substituted the idea of dancing.

This came about because in one of her school plays she broke her ankle. A broken ankle may not suggest dancing to most people, but it did to Miriam, who wished to strengthen the ailing member. As a result, she presently found herself in the chorus of "The Music Box Revue."

Specialty dancing, a bit of vaudeville, and finally a solid year of musical success in "Little Jesse James" established her on Broadway. Hence there were many professional friends to supply giggles and guffaws when she announced her intention of becoming a dramatic actress.

"I can't altogether blame them," Miriam admits. "You see, outwardly I was the musical-comedy type, little and blond—candyish. And they had no means of telling what I was inside. But I was convinced that I had the makings of a dramatic actress, so I set out to prove it."

She speedily discovered that there was a high and frowning barrier between any song-and-dance girl and serious acting. The Hopkins determination, however, had already been tempered in the fires of adversity. She found a rôle in "Puppets," opposite Fredric March, who later appeared with her on the screen. That paved the way to other stage successes.

Determination to have what she wanted, coupled with an equal determination not to be bound by fetters of tradition had meanwhile become the moving force of her private life.

One early marital experience was followed by another. The second marriage became notable only after it was dissolved by divorce, for Miriam not only continued to be friendly with her ex-husband, Austin Parker, but seemed to enjoy playing hostess to him and his current girl friend.

Meanwhile, minor things she wanted came her way. Garbo's old house at Santa Monica. A new home in Bel-Air, California. A long-coveted but hard-to-get house in Sutton Place, New York. A famous painting. By no means least, Michael, her adopted son. Divorce had not lessened her desire to have a child, so she went right ahead and got one, via an orphanage.

Of all this, and of herself, Miriam once said:

"Things you want come naturally, it seems to me, if you desire them whole-heartedly and are ready to reach out and take them when they come within reach. My funny brand of optimism has sometimes made them call me 'Happy Hopkins.'

"You see, it's my belief that life itself is the reward for living; that it is a glorious, worth-while adventure. And it belongs to each of us individually, to spend as we choose.

"Probably I'll continue being that sort of optimist. Suppose, for instance, chaos and revolution broke out in America. I believe I should stay here, even if it were possible for me to get away. The spectacle would be so much worth watching! You see, I'm incurable. I think this life of ours is filled with rewards for those who spend it as gloriously as possible, who do not hoard it, and dole it out in timid, niggardly pieces."

The Claire Dodd Mystery

Continued from page 58

That began her career. When "Whoopee" was in the cutting stages, Mr. Ziegfeld announced that Claire was to come to New York to play in his new show, "Smiles." At the same time Paramount offered her a contract. Appreciative of the start the great Broadway showman had given her, Claire went to New York.

"Smiles" was of comparatively short duration. She returned to Hollywood, found Paramount still interested, and cast her lot with that studio.

Rosamond Pinchot, a new and distinguished personality in films, is preparing for a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer début, perhaps as *Florence Nightingale.*

"I did exactly nothing for almost a year," said Claire. "Publicity photographs, greeting exhibitors' parties, dancing-group scenes, odds and ends, but no parts. Any extra could have done what I was assigned, and yet I was receiving a very decent salary check regularly."

One of her chores was to play in test scenes with the testee. A young New York actor went West for a test, and she played opposite him. Later, in an exchange of test pictures, this went to Warners, where Darryl Zanuck happened to see it run off. The young New York actor meant nothing to him, but he immediately spotted Claire Dodd as potential star material.

With Paramount finding nothing for her, Claire had little difficulty in obtaining her release, to join Warners, then under the dictation of Mr. Zanuck.

She played in "The Crooner," achieved a better rôle with Warren William in "The Match King," and proceeded to support the mercurial Jimmy Cagney and the facile William Powell in such films as "Hard to Handle," "Lawyer Man," and "Footlight Parade." Things were going along smoothly enough, with bigger leads in the offing, when the important Zanuck touch disappeared.

Mr. Zanuck left Warners for Twentieth Century. And Miss Dodd, who had done so well with a number of menacing ladies on the Warner schedule, was typed thenceforth to do menacing ladies.

"It may sound strange," she said slowly, "but I never see picture people except at the studio, when I'm working. You see, my husband is a real-estate man. His friends are my friends. As a matter of fact, when I'm on a picture I have no time for social routine. I'm up at six, breakfast, and drive to Burbank. Then I have to make up, to be on the set at eight thirty. We work through until six, as a rule, which means off with the make-up and home after seven, a bath, dinner, and bed about ten."

She is very positive in her likes and dislikes. Food means nothing to her, and drink less. Clothes are unimportant, save when she is dressing a character for the screen. Bridge and backgammon interest her, and chess engrosses her. Outdoor sports have no allure.

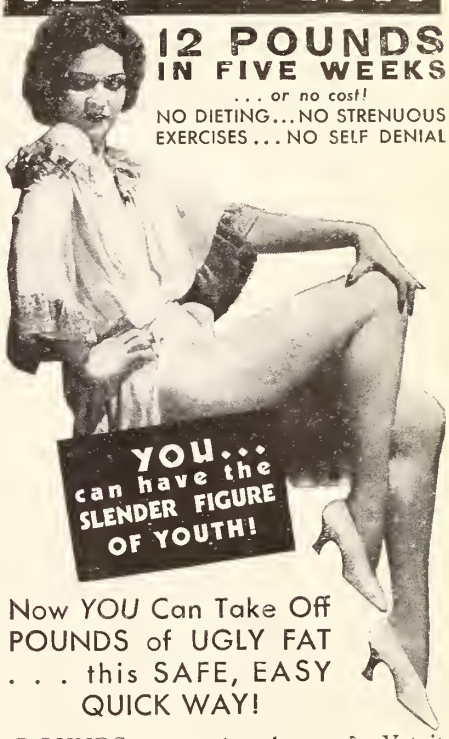
She was emerging from a sixty-day period of inactivity imposed by the studio for insubordination. They had wanted her to play another vamping hussy and she rebelled.

"I more or less won my point," she smiled. "I'm second lead in the new Pat O'Brien picture. I'll play good gals yet. Of course I don't care if they're all good, so long as they vary them for me a bit. But I refuse to go on getting caught in hotel rooms by indignant wives in every picture I make. Fun's fun, but there's a limit to that sort of thing. And I've just about reached it."

So that solves the mystery of Claire Dodd. She doesn't get photographed or gossiped about because she doesn't go out much, and she is happily married. Picture society doesn't interest her.

She plays menaces because the man who started her on her upward climb has left Warners, and Warners look upon her as the girl who plays menaces so satisfactorily. But with the firm chin Claire has, I doubt whether she will go on doing them indefinitely.

GUARANTEED WEIGHT REDUCTION



12 POUNDS IN FIVE WEEKS

... or no cost!

NO DIETING... NO STRENUOUS EXERCISES... NO SELF DENIAL

Now *YOU* Can Take Off POUNDS of UGLY FAT . . . this SAFE, EASY QUICK WAY!

SOUNDS too good to be true? Yet it *is* true. Redusols increase your metabolism; which after all is nothing more than turning surplus fat into energy. You will be amazed at your increased vitality.

YOU MAY EAT WHAT YOU WISH AND AS MUCH AS YOU WANT

■ There is no need to change your present mode of living, yet objectionable, surplus fat—especially around hips and waist—will quickly disappear.

THE REDUSOL WAY IS THE SAFE WAY!

■ Beware of products claiming more rapid reduction—physicians agree that 15 pounds a month is the limit of safety. And, do not accept any substitute for SAFE Redusols—the harmless capsules which reduce fat by perfecting metabolism. Redusols contain no thyroid extract or other harmful ingredient. They are absolutely safe when taken as directed.

READ HOW A SECRETARY OF STATE REDUCED 18 POUNDS IN 5 WEEKS!

THE DILEX INSTITUTE
9 East 40th Street, New York City
Dear Sirs:
I am very glad to tell you that Redusols have reduced my weight 18 pounds in the past 5 weeks. Before taking Redusols I weighed 205 pounds. I now have a fine appetite, eat 3 good meals a day, feel energetic and ambitious, and yet have reduced my weight to 187 pounds. This has been done without diet or tiring exercises . . . simply by taking Redusols.
You may use this letter in any manner you wish.
Very truly yours,
(Signed) JOHN J. LYONS

THIS TESTIMONIAL FROM THE HONORABLE JOHN J. LYONS

—former Secretary of New York State, reflects the average experience of hundreds of users who daily send us unsolicited testimonials. Many letters on file show reductions of from 30 to 40 pounds! Why not rid yourself of burdensome FAT—Remember, you REDUCE or it costs you nothing!

DON'T WAIT... MAIL COUPON NOW

DILEX INSTITUTE, INC.
9 East 40th St., Dept. 233, New York City

☐ Enclosed find $3.00, please forward, postpaid, one box of 90 Redusols Capsules in plain wrapper.
☐ Send Redusols Capsules, C. O. D. I will pay postman $3.00 (plus 23 cents postage).
If I do not lose at least 12 pounds after taking the first box of Redusols as directed, you will refund my $3.

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....
Orders from Canada & Foreign Countries Cash in Advance

NO GENIUS NEEDED TO WRITE!

95% of all big pay writing jobs and profitable free lance writing work require no rare literary ability. Ordinary command of English and easily developed writing technique plus your own natural writing style may yield rich rewards. Many cub writers earning immediate money in spare time! Write today for big free book describing a new Simplified Training Course and Writing Clinic covering every branch of writing, short story, book, play, radio, news reporting, feature articles, advertising, publicity. Intelligent, friendly personal instruction and criticism. Costs less than average month at college. Deferred payments if desired. Also free scientific Aptitude Test which actually measures your writing ability. Send for both today. No obligation. No salesmen will call. Write now.

U. S. SCHOOL OF WRITING, Dept. C-3
20 W. 60 St., New York, N. Y.

LINCOLN AND INDIAN HEAD
PENNIES WANTED
WE PAY UP TO $2 EACH IF MORE THAN 11 YEARS OLD
and up to $500 for certain U. S. Cents
Send 10c. today for 16 page fully illustrated catalog
NATIONAL COIN CO.
Box 731 P.P. MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Learn Radio In 10 Weeks—Learn by Doing—
Part time work while learning. Free employment help after graduation. You don't need advanced education. SEND FOR BIG NEW FREE BOOK and my "PAY TUITION IN EASY PAYMENTS AFTER GRADUATION" PLAN.
COYNE ELECTRICAL SCHOOL, Dept. 35-9H
500 South Paulina Street CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

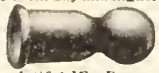
Unloved

Hair OFF Face Lips Chin

I once looked like this. Ugly hair on face... unloved... discouraged. Nothing helped. Depilatories, waxes, liquids... even razors failed. Then I discovered a simple, painless, inexpensive method. It worked! Thousands have won beauty and love with the secret. My FREE Book, "How to Overcome Superfluous Hair," explains the method and proves actual success. Mailed in plain envelope. Also trial offer. No obligation. Write Mlle. Annette Lanzette, P.O. Box 4040, Merchandise Mart, Dept. 134, Chicago.

This May Be Your
BIG OPPORTUNITY
Become an expert PHOTOGRAPHER. Growing demand for trained men and women. Wonderful money-making opportunities. Lifetime career. Learn quickly. COMMERCIAL, NEWS, PORTRAIT or MOTION PICTURE PHOTOGRAPHY. Personal attendance or Home Study courses. *25th year.* Free Booklet.
New York Institute of Photography
10 West 33 St., (Dept. 3) New York City

NO JOKE TO BE DEAF
—Every deaf person knows that—
Mr. Way made himself hear his watch tick after being deaf for twenty-five years, with his Artificial Ear Drums. He wore them day and night. They stopped his head noises. They are invisible and comfortable, no wires or batteries. Write for TRUE STORY. Also booklet on Deafness.


Artificial Ear Drum

THE WAY COMPANY
742 Hofmann Bldg. Detroit, Michigan

Alviene School of the Theatre
Graduates: Lee Tracy, Peggy Shannon, Fred Astaire, Una Merkel, Zita Johann, Mary Pickford, etc. Drama, Dance, Speech, Musical Comedy, Opera, Personal Development, Culture. Stock Theatre Training appearances while learning. For catalog, write Sec'y LORE, 66 West 85th St., N. Y.

Remove that **FAT**

Have you a full, oversize bust? You can reduce 3-5 inches and have alluring, slim loveliness with my famous Slimcream treatment, which reduced my bust 4½ inches, and weight 28 lbs. in 28 days! I GUARANTEE TO RETURN YOUR MONEY if your form is not reduced after applying my Slimcream treatment for 11 days! Full 30 days' Treatment, $1.00, sent in plain wrapper. The ultra-rapid, GUARANTEED way to get those slender, girlish, fascinating curves so much admired. FREE! Send $1.00 for my Slimcream treatment NOW, and I will send you, FREE, my world famous, regular $1.00 Beauty Treatment, with a gold-mine of priceless beauty secrets never before revealed! Limited Offer—SEND TODAY! Add 25c for foreign countries.

"I have actually taken 5 inches off. I am overjoyed!" J. A.

DAISY STEBBING, Dept. P.P.11, Forest Hills, New York.

A Peaceable Guy

Continued from page 35

Frankie laughed gleefully at the recollection. Then he told me more about the facts of his life, which are rather meager. But one must make allowances. After all, Frankie has just turned sixteen.

His birthday is December 22nd, and he has been in pictures fourteen years.

Those two facts are rather important to a boy. Being born so close to Christmas sort of cuts down on the birthday presents. And being fourteen years in pictures means that movies are old stuff to Frankie.

His first picture was "Judgment of the Storm," in which he realistically enacted an infant in a cast with Anna Q. Nilsson and Myrtle Stedman. That's going back into history! His father and mother didn't quite know how to work young Frankie into their act when he arrived, but he learned later to do cartwheels and make a little curtain speech that always brought down the house.

Then Mrs. Darro had a nervous breakdown, and that ended the act. Fortunately, Frankie carried on the Darro theatrical tradition and got a job in pictures.

He's acknowledged to be one of the best little actors in Hollywood. I went to visit his set during the making of "Little Men." A crowd of youngsters were sitting in the back yard of the farm, having a grand time putting on a circus. Little Dickie Moore was the ringmaster, in an old top hat and big coat. Two blankets on a clothesline was the stage curtain. Dickie gets up and announces, "The world's guh-ratest acrobat, ladies and gen'lemun!" and they haul back the curtain for a kid who tries a trapeze stunt—and falls with a thump.

"Aw, I can do a better trick than that!" yells Frankie, jumping up in the audience. And the argument is on. It's always like that for Frankie—he has to do a lot of fighting in his pictures.

Of course you remember the story of "Little Men." How *Dan*, the orphan, comes to the school for boys, is suspected of theft and sent to a reformatory, escapes, and comes back. Frankie is *Dan*, and he fits the part perfectly. You'll like him even better after you see him as a poor outcast, shining shoes for a living. You'll weep over the troubles he gets into, and be glad when everything turns out happily. "Little Men" is the sequel to "Little Women," telling what happened after the teacher married *Jo*. Erin-O'Brien Moore plays the part of *Jo*, who mothers the boys.

Frankie is like all boys—he has a hobby. He collects old coins, and if you have any to swap, write him in care of Mascot Pictures, Hollywood. Only he won't swap two that he values very highly—an American penny one hundred and thirty-five years old and a rare half-dime.

Frankie has a typical boy's room, covered with photographs, pennants, sabers, and guns. He has a flintlock hanging on the wall that is his particular joy.

He's a dandy fellow, and you'd like him as much off the screen as you do on it. But please remember, if you ever meet Frankie Darro, that he won't square off and start a fight. He is the soul of peace.

Junior Durkin came by as we finished our talk, and Frankie hailed him.

"Hey, Junior, remember we gotta fight this afternoon. And if you don't pull your punches, I'll just naturally beat the stuffin' out of yuh!"

Of course, no story of a regular boy would be complete without a dog somewhere in the background. Frankie is no exception. Also he bears out tradition by asserting that his dog is the best that ever waggled a tail. I asked him what kind of a dog it was.

"Well, it's hard to say what Peggy is," Frankie confessed. "But I was talking with a man the other day who said she must have a fine pedigree, because he'd never seen another dog quite like her."

We strolled back to the set, where all the kids were having milk and crackers.

"Have you any superstitions?" I asked.

"Shucks, no. I always whistle in my dressing room. I don't believe that can bring me bad luck, because after I whistle I take the curse off I go outside and spit. No, can't say I have any superstitions."

All good interviews should include a romantic touch, and it wouldn't do to leave out that element in the story of Frankie Darro. Of course he doesn't have much time for girls.

However, if you pin him down to it, he admits that he often takes pretty Virginia Carlon to the football games. If you want to tease him about having a girl, I think it's safe to mention Virginia.

At any rate, he won't fight about the subject. That's his unhappy fate—to be taken for a fighter when, he says, he's the most peaceable guy in the world.

Rejected Guest

Continued from page 47

in the dining room. "In the large living room downstairs, there's no fire. But we love the place now we're here. Don't we?" she added, turning to Ross who had completed his shave.

"I was in no rush to come to Hollywood," he explained later. "The first couple of times, I was sent out under contract. Metro-Goldwyn signed me in New York. I spent six months on the Coast. I think I was the only one aware of the fact. At least the studio made no sign. So I went back to Broadway.

"Then Paramount engaged me for a part in the last picture made East. A terrible thing, of no consequence. Since the Long Island studio was closed, I was sent to 'work out' the remainder of my six months in Hollywood.

Margo, the uniquely attractive Mexican dancer who was the heroine of "Crime Without Passion," is in Hollywood for "Rumba."

"It was the same old thing. Not a soul was conscious of my existence on the Paramount lot. I had almost to show my birthmark to get through the gates.

"Back in New York, I was approached by a Warner executive. But I'd had enough of getting sent out to Hollywood and given nothing to do. Besides, I was happy where I was on the stage. And I asked too much money."

It was a repetition of the same old thing. The Hollywood end of a picture concern can't be made to realize that their New York office has any notion of how to pick the right people.

Finally, without any fatal contract binding him, Ross turned up on the Coast, free and unshackled. Up for a part, he got it. It did not take Warners long to see that, after "Flirtation Walk," they had a new "find" within their gates. So Ross and Aleta took their mountaintop home.

Aleta believes, and rightly, that separation is fatal to marital bliss. As Aleta Freel, she is well known on Broadway, having acted there in such plays as "Both Your Houses" and "The Double Door."

Ross has acted since he was sixteen. "They threw me out of high," he says. But you surmise that he had plans of his own. He did not rest until his father placed him in one of those spurious "talent producing" schools, later forced to close.

"I was their only graduating pupil," Ross declares, not without pride. "I suppose I was so crazy to act that I did not wait to be shown. After graduation, I went to a manager's office. Blanche Yurka came in and fancied I was the type for a show she was opening in Boston. I was signed, and have been in the business ever since."

With a Hollywood break, the actor, even from Broadway or Leicester Square, soon acquires Hollywood life and style. Not so with Ross. His house is just beyond Hollywood's reach—as perhaps I've mentioned. He and Aleta know no Hollywood folk. Bette Davis, yes. But most of their friends belong to the stage.

In a long connection with stage and picture actors, I found in my visit to Ross Alexander just the sort of call any fan would enjoy. Nothing was overdone or exaggerated. Ross is friendly. He has the stage actor's directness. While talking, he'll move one of his arms in circular fashion, as if stirring up his speech, or dragging himself forward by each sentence.

I don't imagine "position," or "standing," mean much to him in choosing friends. He and Aleta took a liking to the children of a Chinese family. Their gardener "fathers" them, Aleta told me, because their own father is dead. When "Gentlemen Are Born" was showing in Los Angeles, the children were taken to it by Ross and his wife. Then again when "Flirtation Walk" was billed.

This is something new to one accustomed to Hollywood. But after meeting Ross, you come to the conclusion that a new person is within the gates.

GRAY STREAKS Vanish

(Test Bottle FREE)

You can prove it yourself on a single lock snipped from hair. You don't pay a penny. You don't risk a thing. We send Complete Test Package Free. Simply comb on clear, water-white liquid. Gray goes. Lustrous color comes: black, brown, auburn, blonde. Hair stays soft—takes wave or curl. Nothing to wash or rub off on clothing. Entirely SAFE.

FREE TEST Why hesitate? 3,000,000 women have received this test. It can be your priceless beauty secret. Just mail coupon.

MARY T. GOLDMAN
4763 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....
Color of your hair?.....

DENISON'S PLAYS 57 YEARS OF HITS Musical Comedies, Operettas, Vaudeville Acts, Minstrels, Comedy Sougs, Make-up Goods. Catalog Free
T. S. Denison & Co. 623 S. Wabash, Dept. 52, Chicago

Be an ARTIST

MAKE $50 TO $100 A WEEK!
Our simple, proven methods make it easy to learn Commercial Art, Cartooning and Designing quickly AT HOME, in spare time. New low rate. Big new book. "ART for Pleasure and Profit," sent free. State age.
WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF ART
Studio 283, 111S-15th St., Wash., D. C.

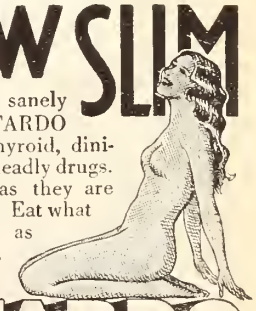
KILL THE HAIR ROOT

My method positively prevents hair from growing again. Safe, easy, permanent. Use it privately, at home. Brings relief, happiness, comfort, freedom of mind. We teach Beauty Culture.
Send 6c in stamps TODAY for Booklet.
D. J. MAHLER CO., Dept. 26C, Providence, R. I.

DR. WALTER'S

famous flesh colored rubber reducing garments show a decided improvement in the figure immediately.
LATEST BRASSIERE gives a trim, youthful, new style figure. (Send bust measure.) . . $2.35
NEW UPLIFT BRASSIERE.....$3.40
REDUCING GIRDLE. Beautifully made, very comfortable: laced at back. Send waist and hip measure.....$4.75
FLESH COLORED GUM RUBBER HOSE: fit smoothly and improve shape at once. Send ankle and calf measures.
11 inch $3.85 pair; 14 inch $6.85 pair.
Send check or money order—no cash.
Dr. Jeanne G. A. Walter, 389 Fifth Ave., New York

GROW SLIM

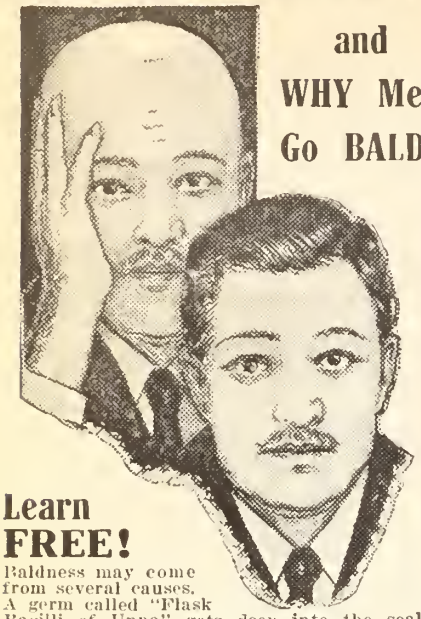


Reduce safely and sanely without dieting. RETARDO tablets contain no thyroid, dinitrophenol or other deadly drugs. They are as safe as they are quick and effective. Eat what you want and lose as much as 16 lbs. monthly.

RETARDO

$1 a box at your Druggist, Department store and all SILVER ROD STORES, or by mail postpaid with complete directions.
AMERICAN CLINICAL LABORATORIES, Inc.
271 (S) Madison Ave., N. Y. C.

HOW NEW HAIR GROWS and WHY Men Go BALD!



Learn FREE!

Baldness may come from several causes. A germ called "Flask Bacilli of Unna" gets deep into the scalp, causing one of the most dangerous types of dandruff, yet is seldom suspected. The refuse it produces clogs the pores and hair follicles, causing the itchy scalp, falling hair and prevents the dormant hair roots from growing new hair. No wonder so many stay bald. All the hair tonics, ointments and soaps in the world will not grow new hair, as they treat only the surface conditions. But now a new discovery enables those with thin, falling hair and bald spots to harmlessly remove this clogged up thin outer skin of the scalp, thus permitting pores to breathe in air, absorb sunshine and receive the penetrating nourishing, stimulating influence of a scalp food, thereby activating the dormant hair roots to function and grow new hair. It is believed in certain scientific circles this new discovery will revolutionize methods of growing hair. Full instructions on how to proceed are published in a treatise called "GROW HAIR," now being mailed absolutely free to readers of this magazine. Send no money. Just name and address to Dermolav Lab., Desk 81-A, 1700 Broadway, New York, N. Y., U. S. A., and treatise will come by return mail postpaid, free. If pleased tell friends.

New Year
New Meals

Plan your Table
and you are sure
to PLEASE

The MARVEL
COOK BOOK
TELLS YOU HOW

PRICE POSTAGE PAID **60c** ORDER BY MAIL

CHELSEA HOUSE
79 Seventh Ave., New York, N.Y.

Your Marriage Forecast
As Told By Your Stars

What is the romance in store for you . . . destined from the day of your birth? Whom should you marry? What is your lucklest day? Send full birth-date with Dime and Stamped Return envelope for your Chart at once.

THURSTON, Dept. G-7
20 W. Jackson Blvd. Chicago, Ill.

What the Fans Think

Continued from page 10

Wouldn't you rather see a more experienced actor than some kid fresh from dramatic school?

Neil Hamilton has always been a favorite and I hope he'll go right on being that. His pictures may always be counted upon for good entertainment. I never miss one. I think the fans should be faithful to those of the stars who have been faithful to them.

WILLARD COOK.

Montrose, Pennsylvania.

One-man West Show.

A CONTROVERSY seems to be waging about Mae West. I am neither pro nor con. I have seen her on the stage and I go to see her pictures. What her personal life may be, I do not care, for I think it has nothing to do with her profession as an actress.

Miss West to me, however, is not an actress but a superb showman—and the best of her kind on the screen to-day. Could she take a play written by some one else, study and interpret it? I doubt it. It is reported that she writes and directs her own plays. She knows her business and does it well; she understands the type she should play and is sure of it. But she gives no versatility, no interpretation, and no art. With the variety of people the movies play to, however, there ought to be room for both actors and showmen, and Miss West's popularity will probably depend, not on her ability as an actress nor her art, but on how long it will be before the public tires of the sameness of a one-man show.

HELEN STOBBE.

654 East 23rd Street,
Brooklyn, New York.

Thankful for Garbo.

FIRST of all, high praise to Picture Play for being an honest magazine. I enjoy the movies, but why do producers make the mistake of casting the wrong type for a rôle?

I saw Marlene Dietrich in "The Scarlet Empress." She was fine, but Louise Dresser, as *Empress Elizabeth*, was terrible. She ruined the picture for me.

Now I see they are planning to make "Anthony Adverse." Again I am afraid they will spoil a wonderful story. I think Ralph Bellamy as *Anthony* would be perfect. I am sure many agree with me.

Still, I'm thankful, for the movies have given us Garbo.

MAE SHIELDS.

1100 North Dearborn,
Chicago, Illinois.

Bette a Snob?

I HAVE seen "Of Human Bondage." Leslie Howard was wonderful, but Bette Davis—ugh! Why some people like her is beyond me. She hasn't an ounce of talent, and there is nothing beautiful, charming, or graceful about her, either. She is just a high-hat, conceited snob who thinks she can act. Perhaps if she got off her high horse, and acted like a natural human being she might have more admirers. But until she does, the fewer her pictures the better.

ROSE SALYMAN.

1396 East 47th Street,
Cleveland, Ohio.

Two Knocks Too Many.

GREETINGS, Picture Play, to your most enjoyable department. You may put me in the seven-year-seniority class.

So, Cleo Fleming of New York, Katharine Hepburn is a crude amateur. She has no technique. *Tck, tck!* Not a particle? Have you seen "Morning Glory"? No technique? May I suggest that you know very little about the subject? Besides, being an enthusiastic fan, you must have noticed in the case of a certain star, how technique can be overdone. Personally, I think an intuitive performance is preferable. But, imagine taking Hepburn's performance in "Little Women" as an example of amateurish execution! Heavens, where do you keep your heart? In a frigidaire? You know, the heart plays a sizable part in judging a performance. Come on, take yours out of storage, and go see "Little Women" again.

You, Me of Connecticut, make a poor start for one who wishes to prove herself a "better sport with real stuff." Relating that dancing-school episode was uncalled for and petty. Many a grand girl has suffered the same humiliation. And neighborhood children can be and often are annoying, in such cases.

Robert Donat, who caused a furor among fans with his "Count of Monte Cristo," is coming back to Hollywood for another romantic costume film, "Captain Blood."

How silly of you to bring the Junior League into this at such a late date! Probably, your "Katie," with a certain ambition uppermost in her mind, had no time or use for that estimable association. Having no membership does not make her less an aristocrat.

No doubt every one of those girls at the bridge table must have been stiff next day from the effort of trying to appear nonchalant. If they had been sincerely indifferent, they certainly would have glanced about, even casually, and said something more than that give-away "Really!" She is Katharine Hepburn, the star, is she not?

What a sheltered life you must lead! You might make the acquaintance of a few shopgirls. I've met several. Strange, they seemed quite ladylike. I'm afraid you haven't enough depth to compete against Hepburn as an actress, but if you persist, please accept my best wishes and remember always to be a lady. In case of strain, try counting from one to ten.

LEE.

403 Polson Avenue,
Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada.

The Fate of Your Fan Letter

Continued from page 70

do you like her in; which clothes made her most attractive; what rôle would you like to see her play; what did you think her most effective scene in her last film? Intelligent letters of this sort invariably reach the star.

When asking for photos, remember that there are again two classifications of autographs—those printed on the photo and those hand-inscribed. To obtain a personally autographed photo is not easy, but it can be done. For one thing, the latter type of photo is larger and more expensive. Inclose a quarter with your request. And for another, make your letter interesting—give the star something in return for this not inconsiderable favor.

It might surprise you to learn that critical letters of comment, offering helpful advice and constructive thoughts, are regarded by the stars as being as important as a criticism of their picture in the daily reviews. Often I've heard mention of Picture Play's "What the Fans Think," and discovered that the stars con this section carefully. They all know their audience is not made up of picture critics, but of the public. Write your letter as carefully as you would one that goes to "What the Fans Think," and you'll get an answer.

Apply this test—would you want to answer your own letter, if it were addressed to you? Asking for loans—and this occurs in a surprising number of letters—obviously is a waste of effort. The stars do not lend money. A vast number of letters arrive daily asking the stars for their cast-off clothes, which, if successful, would leave them with nothing to wear. Clothes worn by the stars belong to the studio, are designed by high-priced fashion experts, and go back to the property room after the film is finished.

"Rave" or gush letters may tickle the player's vanity, but after a few years this type of fan letter loses its charm.

Don't be afraid to say what you think, and write as often as you please. Every last one of them want at least to read their worth while fan mail, and the great majority want to answer it.

Perhaps they all remember what happened to Mary Brian. Paramount was about to drop her several years ago, when some executive said: "How much fan mail does she receive?"

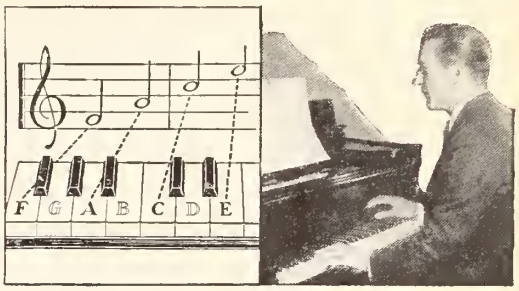
She was getting more mail than anybody else on the lot.

And Mary Brian stayed in pictures.

THOUSANDS LEARN MUSIC WORLD'S EASIEST WAY

No Expensive Teachers...No Bothersome Scales...No Boring Exercises

BEGINNERS PLAY REAL MUSIC FROM THE START



Yes, literally thousands of men and women in all walks of life have learned music—have won new friends, become socially popular—this quick, modern, easy as A-B-C way.

You, too, can learn to play—to entertain others—to pep up any party—just as these thousands of others are doing. And you can do this without the expense of a private teacher—right in your own home. You don't need to be talented. You don't need previous musical training. You don't have to spend hours and hours playing monotonous scales and humdrum finger exercises. You start right in playing real little tunes. And sooner than you expected you find yourself entertaining your friends—having the best times you ever had.

Easy as A-B-C

LEARN TO PLAY BY NOTE
Piano, Violin, Guitar, Saxophone, Organ, Ukulele, Tenor Banjo, Hawaiian Guitar, Piano Accordion, Or Any Other Instrument

The U. S. School method is literally as easy as A-B-C. First, it *tells* you how to do a thing. Then it *shows* you in pictures how to do it. Then you do it yourself and *hear* it. What could be simpler? And learning this way is like playing a game. Practicing becomes real fun instead of a bore as it used to be with the old way.

Prove to yourself without cost how easily and quickly you can learn to play. Send today for Free Demonstration Lesson and Explanatory Booklet. See the simple principles around which this method is built. If you really want to learn music—if you want to win new popularity—enjoy good times galore—mail the coupon below. Don't delay—act NOW. U. S. School of Music, 533 Brunswick Bldg., N. Y. C.

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC
533 Brunswick Bldg., New York City

Send me your amazing free book, "How You Can Master Music in Your Own Home," with inspiring message by Dr. Frank Crane; also Free Demonstration Lesson. This does not put me under any obligation.

Name .....

Address .....

Instrument ..... Have you Instrument? .....

Consult **LEON DEVOLE**, Famous Character Analyst, Scientific Mentalist, who understands human perplexities. His advice has helped **THOUSANDS.** He will tackle **YOUR** problem from a new and different angle and get **RESULTS.** Let him guide **YOU** to success, if worried and perplexed about business, family troubles, love, marriage, employment, the future, etc. **ALL WORK STRICTLY PERSONAL, INDIVIDUAL** and **GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY.** Obtain his new, just off the press Giant 10,000 word Astrological Forecast, it reveals secrets, friends, enemies and important affairs of your life. It predicts by exact days, date and months coming events of 1935, based on **YOUR** Zodiacal sign, lucky and unlucky days, etc. **BE SAFE!** Consult it before making business deals, forming partnerships, marrying, etc. Send **ONLY** $1.00 bill for your forecast and **LEON DEVOLE** will answer four questions on any subject **FREE** (money refunded if not satisfied). Include exact birthdate and self-addressed stamped envelope.

FREE WITH EACH READING

DEVOLE, P. O. Box 748, Dept. A3, Chicago, Illinois

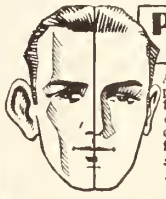
REDUCE
Without Diet

The safe, easy, sensible way—Just chew and grow thin with REDUCE-O-MINT the pleasant, harmless chewing mint; practically melts the superfluous fat away, without weakening your system. In a short time not only have you lost excess weight, but you feel healthier, younger, have more pep. Chew REDUCE-O-MINT anywhere like candy. Mail $1. today for 30 day treatment to

RUTH J. KAYE
Weight Control Expert
489 Fifth Avenue, New York City

PILES DON'T BE CUT Until You Try This Wonderful Treatment

for pile suffering. If you have piles in any form write for a **FREE** sample of Page's Pile Tablets and you will bless the day that you read this. **Write today. E. R. Page Co., 2392-H Page Bldg., Marshall, Mich.**



PROTRUDING EARS?

A simple modern device sets them in position immediately. **Invisible—comfortable—harmless,** worn any time by children or adults. Endorsed by physicians and users as the best method for correcting this disfigurement. ***Send stamp for free booklet and trial offer.*** **AURA LABORATORIES, Dept. 19, 1587 Broadway, New York City**

So Easy to Develop a Gorgeous Form!

DO people rave about your gorgeous curves? Or is your figure flat and shapeless? Do ugly hollows and sagging lines spoil your silhouette? Let me tell you my secret of a beautiful form. You'll be amazed how easily you can develop the full, rounded contours that are so alluring. Fill out and firm those scrawny tissues. Mould your figure to exquisite, feminine beauty. Let me send you my easy instructions and a large container of my special Massage Cream. They won't cost you a penny if you are not convinced you can have a stunning, shapely figure.

READ
"It is wonderful how my figure developed after using your method just a short time."

Just Give Me 10 Days

Here's what I'll do: Just send me your name, address and only $1.00 and I'll mail you my instructions and Cream at once, in a plain wrapper. Try my method 10 days. Then get your dollar back if you are not delighted. You have nothing to lose, so write me today, enclosing only $1.00.

JOAN MORGAN, Dept. T-3
6811 FIFTH AVE. -:- BROOKLYN -:- NEW YORK

ADDRESSES OF PLAYERS

Columbia Studio, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Jean Arthur
Tala Birell
John Mack Brown
Tullio Carminati
Nancy Carroll
Walter Connolly
Donald Cook
Richard Cromwell
Wallace Ford
Lilian Harvey
Jack Holt
Victor Jory
Peter Lorre
Edmund Lowe
Marian Marsh
Tim McCoy
Grace Moore
Virginia Pine
Florence Rice
Edward G. Robinson
Billie Seward
Ann Sothern
Raymond Walburn
Fay Wray

Fox Studio, Beverly Hills, California.

Rosemary Ames
Lew Ayres
Warner Baxter
Madge Bellamy
John Boles
John Bradford
Henrietta Crosman
Alan Dinehart
James Dunn
Sally Eilers
Alice Faye
Norman Foster
Ketti Gallian
Janet Gaynor
Tito Guizar
Rochelle Hudson
Nino Martini
Frank Melton
Jose Mojica
Herbert Mundin
Pat Paterson
Valentin Perera
Gene Raymond
Kane Richmond
Will Rogers
Raul Roulien
Shirley Temple
Spencer Tracy
Claire Trevor
Jane Withers

Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California.

Brian Aherne
Elizabeth Allan
Edward Arnold
John Barrymore
Lionel Barrymore
Wallace Beery
Charles Butterworth
Mary Carlisle
Leo Carrillo
Maurice Chevalier
Mady Christians
Jackie Cooper
Violet Kemble-Cooper
Joan Crawford
Jimmy Durante
Nelson Eddy
Madge Evans
Preston Foster
Betty Furness
Clark Gable
Greta Garbo
Gladys George
Jean Harlow
Helen Hayes
June Knight
Otto Kruger
Evelyn Laye
Myrna Loy
Paul Lukas
Jeanette MacDonald
Una Merkel
Robert Montgomery
Frank Morgan
Ramon Novarro
Maureen O'Sullivan
Jean Parker
William Powell
Esther Ralston
May Robson
Mickey Rooney
Rosalind Russell
Norma Shearer
Martha Sleeper
Lewis Stone
Gloria Swanson
Franchot Tone
Henry Wadsworth
Johnny Weissmuller
Diana Wynyard
Robert Young

Warners-First National Studio, Burbank, California.

Ross Alexander
Loretta Andrews
John Arledge
Joan Blondell
George Brent
Joe E. Brown
James Cagney
Colin Clive
Ricardo Cortez
Dorothy Dare
Marion Davies
Bette Davis
Claire Dodd
Robert Donat
Ann Dvorak
John Eldredge
Patricia Ellis
Glenda Farrell
Kay Francis
William Gargan
Josephine Hutchinson
Allen Jenkins
Al Jolson
Ruby Keeler
Guy Kibbee
Margaret Lindsay
Anita Louise
Aline MacMahon
Frank McHugh
James Melton
Jean Muir
Paul Muni
Dick Powell
Phillip Reed
Barbara Stanwyck
Lyle Talbot
Dorothy Tree
Helen Trenholme
Warren William
Donald Woods

RKO Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Fred Astaire
Nils Asther
John Beal
Bill Boyd
Clive Brook
Bruce Cabot
Bill Cagney
Frances Dee
Dolores del Rio
Richard Dix
Irene Dunne
Ann Harding
Katharine Hepburn
Leslie Howard
Kay Johnson
Francis Lederer
Mary Mason
Joel McCrea
Ginger Rogers
Anne Shirley
Helen Vinson
Bert Wheeler
Gretchen Wilson
Robert Woolsey

United Artists Studio, 1041 N. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, California.

George Arliss
Constance Bennett
Eddie Cantor
Charles Chaplin
Ronald Colman
Miriam Hopkins
Fredric March
Mary Pickford
Anna Sten
Loretta Young

Universal Studio, Universal City, California.

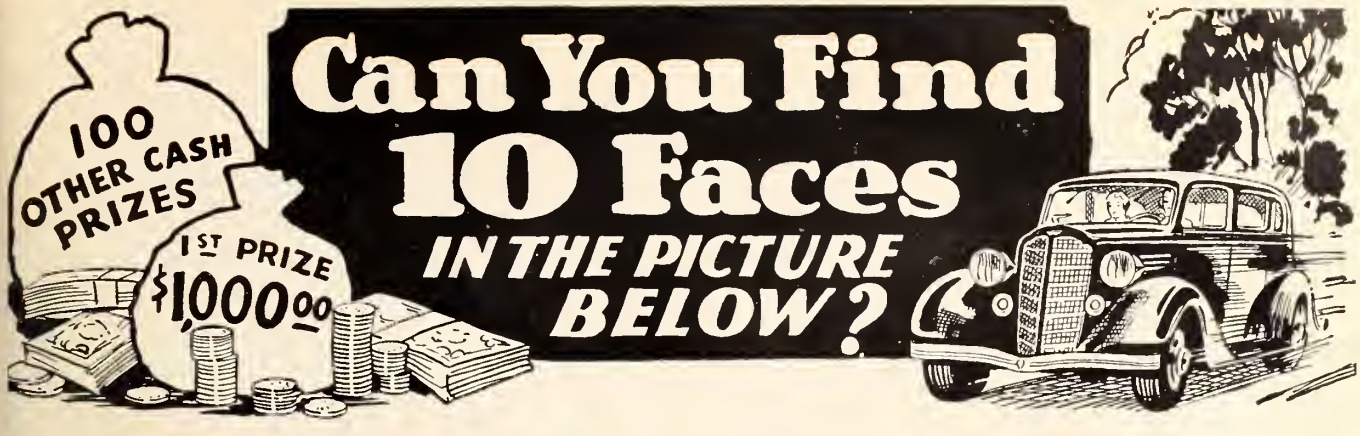
Binnie Barnes
Noah Beery, Jr.
Phyllis Brooks
Russ Brown
Andy Devine
Sterling Holloway
Henry Hull
Baby Jane
Lois January
Buck Jones
Boris Karloff
Bela Lugosi
Douglass Montgomery
Chester Morris
Zasu Pitts
Roger Pryor
Claude Rains
Onslow Stevens
Gloria Stuart
Margaret Sullavan
Slim Summerville
Irene Ware
Alice White
Jane Wyatt

Paramount Studio, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, California.

Gracie Allen
Adrienne Ames
Max Baer
Mary Boland
Grace Bradley
Carl Brisson
George Burns
Kitty Carlisle
Claudette Colbert
Gary Cooper
Buster Crabbe
Bing Crosby
Katherine DeMille
Marlene Dietrich
Frances Drake
Mary Ellis
W. C. Fields
Cary Grant
Charlotte Granville
David Holt
Roscoe Karns
Jan Kiepura
Elissa Landi
Charles Laughton
Baby LeRoy
Carol Lombard
Pauline Lord
Ida Lupino
Helen Mack
Margo
Joan Marsh
Herbert Marshall
Gertrude Michael
Ray Milland
Joe Morrison
Jack Oakie
Lynne Overman
Gail Patrick
Joe Penner
George Raft
Lanny Ross
Charles Ruggles
Randolph Scott
Sylvia Sidney
Alison Skipworth
Queenie Smith
Sir Guy Standing
Kent Taylor
Lee Tracy
Mae West
Henry Wilcoxon
Toby Wing

Free-lance Players:

Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood. Ralph Bellamy, Sidney Fox, 6615 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood. Ralph Forbes, 10111 Valley Spring Lane, North Hollywood. Joan Bennett, Lila Lee, Marian Nixon, Sharon Lynn, Mary Brian, 430 California Bank Building, Hollywood. Lionel Atwill, Estelle Taylor, Dorothy Peterson, Cora Sue Collins, 1509 North Vine Street, Hollywood. Neil Hamilton, 351 North Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, California. Fifi Dorsay, care of Vernon D. Wood, 210 Pantages Theater Bldg., Hollywood.



Answer Quick! Get the Opportunity to . . .

Win $2,250.00

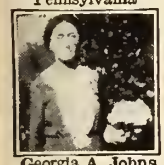
or Buick Sedan and $1,250.00 Cash!

Here's a lot of cash for someone. Would you like to have it? We are going to pay over **$5,000.00 in big cash prizes.** Can you find ten of the hidden faces in the picture? Look sharply and mark the faces you find. Then fill in the coupon, mail quick, and **you will receive opportunity to win as much as $2,250,00.** Some one, maybe you, will receive a new Buick Sedan and if prompt, $1,250.00 cash extra or, if all cash is preferred, $2,250.00.

Surely you would like to have this magnificent prize. Think what you could do with all this money at one time. It would come in pretty handy right now, wouldn't it? **We want people everywhere to have the opportunity to share in this great distribution of money.** This is our unique way of advertising. Besides the First Grand Prize of **$2,250.00** including promptness, there are 100 other big, grand prizes. The Second Grand Prize is a DeLuxe Chevrolet Master 6 Sedan or **$750.00** cash. Third Grand Prize is DeLuxe Ford V-8 Sedan or **$600.00** cash. Fourth Grand Prize is **$150.00** cash and many others. Thousands of dollars in special cash rewards. **Mail your answer on the coupon today.**

Send No Money — Just Mail Coupon

Sophie A. Griesser
Pennsylvania


Georgia A. Johns
Georgia

Robert C. Rick
Pennsylvania

Study the picture of the country road and see if you can find ten of the hidden faces. Sharp eyes may find them. Some of them look straight at you, some are upside down, others are sidewise. Look for them in the clouds, tree, around the dog's legs, in the bushes, etc. It is not as easy as some people may think. Dont give up —keep looking and you may find them. **Mark the faces you find and send to me quick with the coupon.**

Proof That Prizes are Paid

Thousands of dollars have already been awarded to many happy prize winners by Paramount Products, Inc. Mrs. Sophie Griesser, of Penn. won **$4,910;** Mrs. Georgia A. Johns, of Georgia won **$1,987.50;** G. Giebink, of Michigan, won **$975.00** and Edna Mahoney, of Illinois, won **$500.00.** Scores of others have won big cash prizes.

And, now thousands of dollars more, to be paid to prize winners. Think of it! If first prize winner (and prompt) **you will get $2,250.00 all cash** or if you prefer, Buick 8 Sedan and $1,250.00 cash.

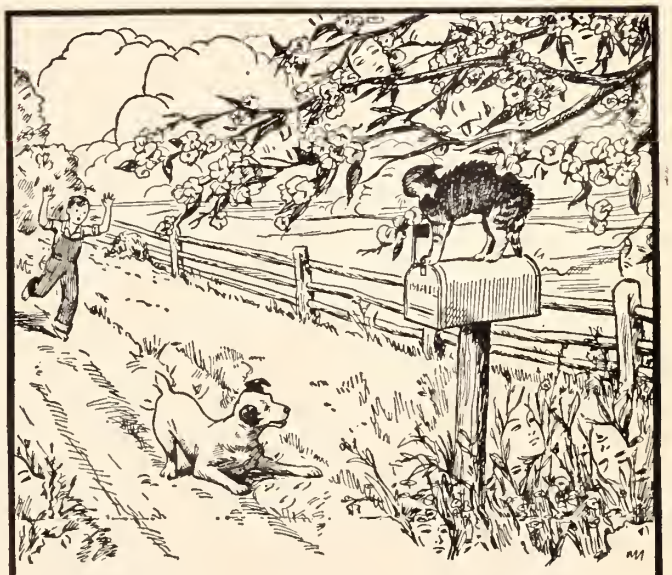
This company is reliable. We belong to the Chamber of Commerce of Des Moines. We bank at one of the largest banks in the state of Iowa.—the Central National Bank. The money to pay all of the prizes is already on **special deposit** for that purpose. When you send in the coupon we will send you a picture of prize checks recently cashed by many happy winners.

You cannot lose anything. Send in this coupon and we will give you the opportunity to win the $2,250.00 First Grand Prize. Don't put it off until tomorrow. It may be too late. **Do it today—Right Now!**

You will receive the Buick 8 Sedan and if prompt, $1,250.00 cash extra, or if all cash is preferred, you get $2,250.00, if you win first prize according to the plan which the answer will bring.

Oh boy! what you could do with $2,250.00 cash all at one time. Think of the joy of having the money to provide the better things of life. New clothes, furniture, bills paid, a new home, education, travel, etc. Nothing hard to do now. But act quick.

Hurry—mark the faces you find. Just mail the coupon if you can find ten hidden faces. This gives you the opportunity to win the $2,250.00. **Send your answer quick. Don't delay. Mail your answer today.**



COUPON—DEPT. 3615 I found_____faces.

My Name_____

Address_____

City_____State_____

SEND ANSWER QUICK

Remember, **send not one penny** with your answer. **All you do now is to find ten faces** if you can and mail the coupon. Send answer right away.

For PROMPTNESS $1,250.00 EXTRA

Send answer quick and we will tell how the winner can get $1,250.00 extra cash for promptness.

PRIZE MONEY NOW IN BANK

The money to pay every prize is on deposit in the **big, strong Des Moines bank.** Three prominent Des Moines businessmen will see that the prizes are awarded honestly and promptly. Get your share of the $5,000.00 in cash prizes, besides thousands of dollars in special cash rewards. Over 100 prizes in all.

Hurry! Just mark the faces you find and send with the coupon right away. This gives you the opportunity to win $2,250.00 First Grand Prize. Someone wins. Maybe you. Mail your answer quick. **Don't delay. Do it today.**

PARAMOUNT PRODUCTS, INC.
Dept. 3615 Des Moines, Iowa

© 1935, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

NTS COPYRIGHTED 1935

STREET & SMITH'S

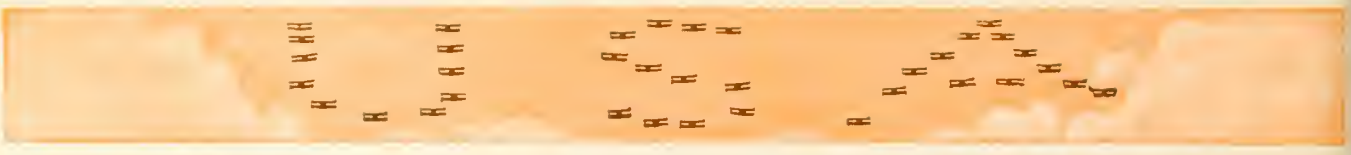
PICTURE PLAY

APRIL

5
NTS
GLAND

ABETH ALLAN
BY
G.E. HARRIS

NRA
CODE



HEADS UP, FILM FANS!

. . . for M-G-M's greatest film festival o'er land and sea!

Now all the heaven's a stage for Uncle Sam's fighting, flying men. You'll thrill as never before when you see the famed "Hi-Hats" wing into action! You'll grin as you watch the West Pointers getting a P G course in courage and daring! And you'll weep with the girls they leave behind as they soar into the skies to keep a date with the angels!

It took six months, thousands of men, $50,000,000 worth of equipment to make this exciting saga of the sky devils. You'll never forget it!

Wallace Beery

in

WEST POINT of the AIR

with

ROBERT YOUNG
LEWIS STONE
MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN
JAMES GLEASON

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

The two old-timers who sat around...*and wore out their brains!*

The three mosquiteers of Randoph Field
...whose cradle was a cockpit!

The girl who loved as they lived...*dangerously!*

WHAT KIND DID YOU GET?

WHEN Mrs. Brown tells Mrs. Smith about the new car, Mrs. Smith is pretty sure to ask, in genuine, friendly interest, "What kind did you get?" With a new piano, a hot-water heater, or a package of pastry flour, it's likely to be the same. . . . For names mean something to every wise woman.

The name of any commercial product is of interest only because its maker has *made it mean something* . . . has made it stand for definite qualities in the public mind. And that very fact provides one of the greatest helps to better living. If you're a regular reader of advertising, you know what you are getting—and you get your money's worth.

There is no element of risk in the purchase of any article advertised in the columns of this publication. So make the advertising columns your guide. They will save you time, money and effort . . . and bring you better things.

Volume XLII MONTHLY Number 2

STREET & SMITH'S

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION $1.50

PICTURE PLAY

SINGLE COPIES, 15 CENTS

CONTENTS FOR APRIL, 1935

The entire contents of this magazine are protected by copyright, and must not be reprinted without the publishers' consent.

FRONTISPIECE:

A Charming Sophisticate—*Kay Francis* 11

SPECIAL ARTICLES:

Scared of Spring—*The Months That Play Havoc with Stars* Sonia Lee 12

Dancing Lover—*Fred Astaire* . . . . . Dana Rush 14

Franchot Thaws—*Franchot Tone* . . . . . Madeline Glass 27

First-class or Nothing—*Kitty Carlisle* . . . . . Frances Fink 32

Young With Old Ideas—*Robert Young* . . . . . Mabel Duke 33

Strange Handicap—*Madge Evans* . . . . . Laura Benham 34

She Takes It on the Chin—*Ann Harding* . . . . Harry N. Blair 38

Honest Admission—*Leslie Howard* . . . . . Dan Wheeler 40

Star—1935 Model—*Jean Muir* . . . . . Ben Maddox 41

A Slave No Longer—*Dolores del Rio* . . . . . Mark Dowling 42

Anne Shirley's Own Story . . . . . Helen Ludlam 44

Big-time Trifles—*Chance Events Which Opened the Road to Fame* Whitney Williams 46

Minus Claque or Clique—*Myrna Loy* . . Malcolm H. Oettinger 58

DEPARTMENTS:

What the Fans Think—*An Outlet for Private Opinions* 6

Information, Please—*Replies to Eager Fans* . . . . . The Oracle 8

Hollywood High Lights—*The Low-down on Film Celebrities* Edwin and Elza Schallert 16

They Say in New York—*Sprightly Bits of News About Stars in the Metropolis* . . . . . Karen Hollis 28

The Screen in Review—*An Honest Estimate of Recent Films* Norbert Lusk 48

Casts of Current Pictures 52

Addresses of Players 82

ART GALLERY:

Favorites of the Fans—*Jean Harlow, Merle Oberon, Helen Mack, Maureen O'Sullivan, Mae Clarke, Greta Garbo, Ketti Gallian, Franchot Tone, Myrna Loy* 19

CONTEST:

The Third and Last Set of Contest Rules and Photos 30

FASHIONS:

A Dip with a Splash—*Bathing Suits Are in the Swim* 36

PREVIEWS:

Glimpses of Future Films—*"The Wedding Night," "Mississippi," "The Woman in Red," "After Office Hours," "Princess Charming," "Roberta," "The Little Colonel"* 60

Monthly publication issued by Street & Smith Publications, Inc., 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y. George C. Smith, Jr., President; Ormond V. Gould, Vice President and Treasurer; Artemas Holmes, Vice President and Secretary; Clarence C. Vernam, Vice President. Copyright 1935, by Street & Smith Publications, Inc., New York. Copyright, 1935, by Street & Smith Publications, Inc., Great Britain. Entered as Second-class Matter, March 6, 1916, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Subscriptions to Cuba, Dom. Republic, Haiti, Spain, Central and South American Countries, except The Guianas and British Honduras, $1.75 per year. To all other Foreign Countries, including The Guianas and British Honduras, $2.25 per year.

We do not accept responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts. 16

To facilitate handling, the author should inclose a self-addressed envelope with the requisite postage attached.

STREET & SMITH PUBLICATIONS, INC., 79 7th AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

We Want Donat!

That's the cry of fans, of stage producers and the studios of England and Hollywood. Ever since Robert Donat appeared in "The Count of Monte Cristo" he has been "tops" with Picture Play readers as well as everybody else. Hardly a day passes without letters of inquiry and comment directed to the Editor, The Oracle, or "What the Fans Think." And so we are particularly proud to present in the May issue an interview with Mr. Donat in his London dressing room. He tells his plans and reveals himself more completely than in any other article about himself. Also, he sends, in his own handwriting, a message to his fans which will endear him all the more.

About Joan Crawford

Reams have been written about her, thousands of photographs published, millions of paragraphs of gossip and surmise have been printed. In short, Miss Crawford pays the price in a big way for her supreme popularity. But nothing has ever been published that approaches Richard Griffith's penetrating, intelligent and sympathetic discussion of Miss Crawford in next month's Picture Play!

Novarro Is Free!

Acknowledging Picture Play's loyalty to him and his fans, Ramon Novarro frankly discusses his reasons for breaking away from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer after thirteen years and outlines his plans for the future. Already, one senses a "new" Ramon and a happier and more successful career. Every admirer will wish to read what he says.

Why Gary Abhors Interviews

Mr. Cooper forsakes his reticence to tell the truth about a troublesome problem which throws new light on the perils of stardom. Another reason why May Picture Play will be better and stronger than any other film magazine.

"Spanish Blonde"

By JAMES A. DANIELS

When she's bad, she's very, very good! That's Marlene Dietrich's success story in one short sentence. • The wickeder she is on the screen the more the screen-goers love her. The more masculine hearts she shatters the louder the fans cheer. • Look at the record: In "Blue Angel" she played an alluring but heartless siren who wrecked the life and career of a man who adored her. The fans promptly voted her the biggest box office attraction of the day.

"Blue Angel"

"Shanghai Express"

"Morocco" added new legions of Dietrich fans. And when their Marlene swept devastatingly across the colorful Chinese background in "Shanghai Express" the whoops of delight from her admirers could be heard from Times Square to Timbuctoo. So here's the good news of the day: La Dietrich is back in character—this time as the

"Morocco"

"Carnival In Spain"

heartless and exotic blonde Spanish dancer in Paramount's "Carnival in Spain." • Once again she exercises the fatal charm that brings men to her feet. And once again she tramples on their hearts. As that rarest and most alluring of racial beauties, the Spanish blonde, Marlene takes everything and gives nothing. • Directed by Josef von Sternberg, "Carnival in Spain" unfolds a gripping story of the love of two men for the Spanish Blonde, the idol of all Spain. Unhappiness and tense drama follow in her wake. And through it all, this loveliest of all sirens, continues to prove that, when she's bad, she's very, very good!

WHAT THE FANS THINK

Is Fredric March Going Hollywood?

WHEN a far-sighted critic, such as your own Norbert Lusk, in January Picture Play describes Fredric March's performance in "We Live Again" as "nothing short of dazzling," I feel compelled to comment.

Anne B. takes exception to the praise given Fredric March by Norbert Lusk and opines that the actor is merely repeating himself.

I have often taken to task those who persist in denouncing an actor merely because they don't approve of his ears or his hair. However, when an actor has proved himself capable of greatness and then falls several degrees lower than that, some one should mention it. I'm afraid Mr. Lusk really was "dazzled" by March's performance, dazzled not so much by his acting in that particular film, but by his *reputation* as an actor.

True, no one will ever forget him in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" or "Death Takes a Holiday." In these two movies, high samples of the art, one was not conscious of March's acting as such, but sensed, instead, the groping futility and tragic speculations of the characters. But what has happened to this potentially fine actor? In his last two ventures, "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," and "We Live Again" we find, not *Prince Dmitri* and *Robert Browning*, but Fredric March, the main difference between the rôles a mere change of costume and setting.

Is March going Hollywood? What else accounts for the feeling that persisted as I watched him in these last two films that I was seeing only a rather revolting reincarnation of *Little Jack Horner* shouting, "See, what a big boy am I!" All this annoys me because I know what heights this man can attain. Such lapses as those mentioned are two too many for a person of his ability.

Contrary to Mr. Lusk's opinion, I thought March's prayer for guidance in the Sten picture was the hammiest exhibition of acting seen in years. His prancing about in the rôle of *Browning* would have driven me, had I been Miss Barrett, even closer to my father.

If he continues giving such slatternly examples of acting, March will soon be just another leading man instead of a possible leading actor.

ANNE B.
146 East
19th Street,
New York City.

"Ralph Bellamy hasn't been trained in the school of gangdom or the prize ring," says a Canadian admirer who advises a campaign to boost gentlemanliness.

Gordon Sellett declares that Elissa Landi's gracious charm and incomparable acting make one forget oneself.

Laura Howell visited Hollywood and discovered John Boles to be the handsomest man she saw.

From Manila, Lucas Arciaga proclaims Evelyn Venable "a divine actress."

Close-up Views.

I'VE always enjoyed reading other fans' opinions of the stars in person. So maybe they would like to read

Continued on p. 10

THE GREATEST COMEDY FIND SINCE CHAPLIN!

JACK HULBERT JACK AHOY

THE FUNNIEST COMEDIAN
THE FUNNIEST DANCER
THE FUNNIEST SINGER
THE FUNNIEST LOVER
Discovered since Charlie Chaplin

COMING TO YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE

GEORGE ARLISS in THE IRON DUKE
JESSIE MATTHEWS in EVERGREEN
EVELYN LAYE-HENRY WILCOXON in PRINCESS CHARMING . . .
NOVA PILBEAM in LITTLE FRIEND
CHU CHIN CHOW • POWER
EVELYN LAYE in EVENSONG
MAN OF ARAN . . . . . .

GB PRODUCTIONS

Information, Please

Your puzzling questions about players and pictures are answered by the man who knows.

By The Oracle

INTERESTED.—Jean Parker was born in Deer Lodge, Montana, August 11, 1915; five feet three, weighs 105, dark-brown hair, hazel eyes. "Divorce in the Family" was her first film, followed by "Rasputin and the Empress." We published interviews with her in October, 1933, and December, 1934. These will give you complete details of her career, and may be had by sending your order with remittance to our Subscription Department.

BERNICE C.—June Knight was born in Los Angeles, California, January 22, 1913; Edmund Lowe, San Jose, California, March 3, 1892; Billie Burke, Washington, D. C., August 7, 1886; Aline MacMahon, McKeesport, Pennsylvania, May 3, 1899; Anna May Wong, Los Angeles, California, January 3, 1907.

JOANN GARRY.—If you read the article in last month's Picture Play entitled "The Fate of Your Fan Letter," you will know that Joan Crawford is very conscientious about her fan mail, and I'm sure you would receive an answer if you wrote to her. She is at MGM studio.

S. M.—"Our Daily Bread" was released September 28th. I hope you didn't miss the Frankie Darro interview in last month's issue. Pat O'Brien, Roland Young, and Raquel Torres celebrate their birthdays on November 11th.

MARGARET OLIVER.—Joan Blondell's son, Norman Scott Barnes, made his appearance on November 2, 1934, and Mamma Joan promises to return to the screen when she feels she can trust her offspring to a nurse. Don't be impatient, for we feel that the studio and her many admirers will cause her to return to the screen real soon.

PETE S.—Ginger Rogers's next film is "Roberta," with Fred Astaire and Irene Dunne. Frank Lawton is five feet nine, dark hair and eyes. For stills of Metro-Goldwyn films, write the Publicity Department, 1540 Broadway, New York City, and Paramount in the Paramount Building, New York.

JEAN T.—Jackie Cooper must be about five feet three or four, but he is growing so fast these days that it is a job to keep an accurate account of his height. He was born in Los Angeles, California, September 15, 1923, and has blond hair, hazel eyes.

H. J. B.—George Raft was represented in Picture Play as follows: 1933: An interview in the May issue; roto stills with Sylvia Sidney in "Pick Up," and small photo with article, "Brickbat, I Love You!" June; roto stills "The Bowery," November. 1934: Article, "Fans, Mrs. Raft!" March; roto stills "Bolero," April. Jack LaRue also appeared in the November, 1933, issue, in roto stills from "To the Last Man." In 1934, a photo with article "Hell Over Hollywood," January, and in October, an interview.

ARTHUR DUNKLIN.—Tullio Carminati is now under contract to Columbia. Phillips Holmes you might address at Fox studio. "A Midsummer Night's Dream" has in its cast James Cagney, Dick Powell, Joe E. Brown, Verree Teasdale, Jean Muir, and Anita Louise. Marlene Dietrich in "Caprice Espagnole"; Maurice Chevalier in "Folies Bergère de Paris"; Helen Hayes in "Vanessa, Her Love Story."

ARDENT FAN.—In "His Glorious Night," Catherine Dale Owen played the part of *Princess Odsolini.* Miss Owen became the bride of Milton F. Davis, Jr., stockbroker, last December. I doubt very much if she will return to the screen.

S. L. M.—That was Glen Boles in "Rainbow Over Broadway," "Road to Ruin," "The Quitter," and "Guilty Parents." He is a free-lance player, with no permanent studio address.

R. R. S.—Douglass Montgomery is still unmarried. He was born in Los Angeles, California, October 29, 1907; six feet tall, weighs 170, blond hair, brown eyes. Latest is "Mystery of Edwin Drood." In January we ran a story about Douglass, which I guess you must have missed or you wouldn't be asking us to publish another one so soon. Miriam Hopkins is not much more than five feet.

EDDIE BORTS.—Virginia Bruce recently completed "Only Eight Hours" for Metro-Goldwyn, so you might address her at that studio. No doubt you've already seen her in "The Mighty Barnum." Martha Sleeper also is at MGM studio. Write Hazel Forbes at RKO studio.

PEE WEE.—The Paramount Publicity Department is in the Paramount Building, Times Square, New York City; Mayfair Pictures, 1600 Broadway, New York; World Wide Pictures, 1500 Broadway, New York; Supreme Pictures, 1509 North Vine Street, Hollywood.

ROSE MAUREEN.—It is a pleasure to hear from you again. John Halliday, as you know, is appearing on the stage with Jane Cowl in "Rain From Heaven." He is a former stage player, and at one time studied mining engineering. Born September 14, 1886, in Brooklyn, New York. Made his screen début in 1929. Married to Eva Lang. Sidney Blackmer was born in Salisbury, North Carolina, in 1894, six feet tall, black hair, brown eyes. Divorced from Lenore Ulric. Latest film is "I Murdered a Man."

C. F.—That was Una O'Connor as the servant in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." She is also in "Father Brown, Detective." Made her American movie début in "Cavalcade."

O. J. S.—The leading players in the stage version of "Strictly Dishonorable" were Muriel Kirkland and Tullio Carminati. However, Miss Kirkland was later succeeded by Margaret Perry, who was with the play for the greater part of its run.

MARY LOUISE KINNEY.—The frontispiece of the May, 1933, issue of Picture Play was a still from "The Barbarian," the title of which was first announced as "Man on the Nile." This shows Ramon Novarro and Myrna Loy in costume. The film was reviewed in July, 1933, accompanied by another still. In September, 1931, we published a story about Rudolph Valentino, with photographs in costume from "The Four Horsemen" and "The Sheik." George Raft is five feet ten.

FRANKIE DARRO FAN.—If you have March Picture Play you will find that your favorite has been covered in an interview which answers all your questions. David Holt was born in Jacksonville, Florida, August 14, 1927; Wally Albright in Los Angeles, California. The little girl in "Men in White" is not listed in the cast, but I believe it was Edith Fellows.

SARAH ANDREWS.—If you read last month's issue, you will know that Picture Play has recognized the ability of Ross Alexander by publishing a very nice interview with him. He was very good in "Flirtation Walk" as Dick Powell's roommate, and now Warners are casting him in "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

BETTE DAVIS FAN.—Your favorite was born in Lowell, Massachusetts, April 5, 1908; five feet three and a half, weighs about 118; blond hair, blue eyes. Playing in "Bordertown." Next is with Edward G. Robinson in "Money Man." Married to Harmon O. Nelson, since August, 1932. Billie Burke, in Washington, D. C., August 7, 1886; five feet five, auburn hair, blue eyes. She is the widow of Florenz Ziegfeld, and has a grown daughter. Latest are "After Office Hours" and "Only Eight Hours."

JOAN.—Clark Gable with Constance Bennett in "After Office Hours." Ralph Bellamy in "The Wedding Night." Carl Brisson in "All the King's Horses."

Continued on page 74

OLUME XLII
UMBER 2

STREET & SMITH'S
PICTURE PLAY

APRIL
1935

v Elmer Fryer

EOUS, delectable Kay Francis, refreshed by a long vacation in Europe, offers this new photograph as proof that more striking than ever before. Too, it is the forerunner of her new film, "Living on Velvet," which you will be right away. Making up for lost time, she is at work on another, "The Goose and the Gander," George Brent and Ralph Forbes on either arm.

Scared

Because almost all the exciting things in Hollywood occur during players have come to regard that season as the trouble-making happen. In the past as well as the present, it would certainly

WHEN the mischievous months of March, April, and May approach, Hollywood gets set for a collective headache.

Spring gets into Hollywood's blood, and a stimulating juggling of emotions instantly results.

It's in these naughty months, stirred by turbulent and restless impulses to make changes, that almost anything is likely to happen in Cinematown. And almost anything does.

New romances bloom and old ones die. The rumor market does a lively business. Hollywood bachelors have a dickens of a time remaining single, and few escape. Old marrieds strain at the bonds that not only bind, but practically paralyze. And the aviation companies get used to the idea of tuning up a plane for a sudden flight to Yuma or Reno. Just as fancy or the marital status dictates.

This last November and December gave the romantic spring months a run for their money. Evelyn Laye and Frank Lawton, Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres, Margaret Sullavan and Director William Wyler, June Knight and Paul Ames all said their "I do's," Miss Knight changing hers to "I won't" after a few days. But give the spring credit; most of them were assured events when the birds began to trill "l-o-ove"!

In this silly spring season, Charles Chaplin inevitably announces that he is about to start his new picture. And it usually is fall before anything happens, if then.

Mary Brian is authentically reported engaged—at last. Stars walk out of studios and wait to be coaxed back with increased pay checks. And spicily diverting little quarrels ripen into physical encounters at otherwise placid parties. And the parties promptly become not so placid.

Looking at vital statistics, we find that almost all the exciting things in Hollywood happen during the mischievous months.

Take this last spasm for example. What do we have? First and foremost, the Jean Harlow-Hal Rosson separation. Now Jean had decided to wait a while, until fall perhaps, to announce that her third marriage had failed. But there came a Saturday night when one word led to three others and, just like that, the divorce was set in motion.

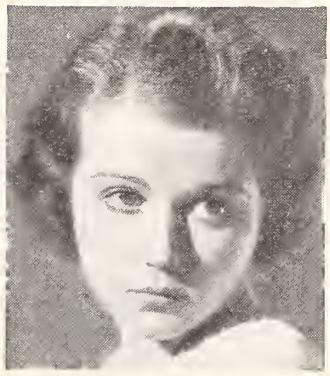
Ruth Chatterton and George Brent, too, called it a day, even after repeated denials of a rift. Perhaps if this trouble-making period weren't upon them, they might have hurdled their difficulties. But they couldn't—and didn't. Chalk up another score for the trouble-making months.

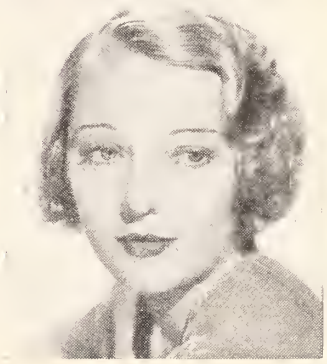
Now that we're on divorce and separation, let's get the unpleasantness over. There was Kay Francis and Kenneth MacKenna, who just couldn't go on another

# of Spring

March, April, and May, the months when anything might indicate a time of upheaval.

By Sonia Lee





minute; Dorothy Mackaill who asked to have the matrimonial bonds severed; Sidney Fox and Charles Beahan began playing their now-famous game of "now-I-want-a-divorce and now-I-am-in-love." And Esther Ralston won her divorce from George Webb; and Doris Kenyon filed suit against Arthur E. Hopkins, the Syracuse broker, who was her husband for exactly fifty-four days.

Spring was knocking at [illegible] door and stars in turn knocked at the doors of divorce cou[illegible]

There w[illegible] d Pat de Cicco agreed to disagree, and Virgini[illegible] took the first steps toward the sever-ance [illegible], Latvia, Laura La Plante obtained a div[illegible] n Seiter, with the familiar incompati-bili[illegible] expressed a desire to be legally parted fr[illegible] don, who, she averred, never gave her a[illegible]

[illegible] weather with his wife, from whom he [illegible] to define his status only caused Mrs. [illegible] th alimony.

[illegible] n barrister, called it quits; Katharine [illegible] n her much-denied husband, Broker [illegible] Blair Newell discovered that their [illegible]

[illegible] mer, the playboy of Europe.

[illegible] precipitate quarrels which end in [illegible] been out of step with their mates [illegible] takes on a new lease of life, when [illegible] lots, the restlessness spreads to [illegible] nsitive to the highest degree, find [illegible] ir important decisions. Or crystal-[illegible]

[illegible] he divorces of the stars. Chalk up [illegible] f Jack Dempsey and Estelle Taylor; [illegible] Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, [illegible] e end of the romance between Jack [illegible] he lute of Pola Negri's and Serge [illegible] r. Janet Gaynor and Lydell Peck; [illegible] found that spring was housecleaning

[Continued on page 70]

Fred, with sister Adele, at the time they were appearing in small-time vaudeville.

DANCING LOVER

Fred Astaire has no illusions of being the most handsome and romantic movie hero, but certainly he introduced a new type of personality on the screen when he danced his way into the hearts of every one in "The Gay Divorcee." Here is a close-up of his real self.

By Dana Rush

He dances on the stairway
  And through revolving doors,
And on a table or a chair
  As well as ballroom floors.
He has the well-known rhythm,
  And with a "Continental" air
He dances into girlish hearts.
  Who? Fred Astaire.
  ELVIA GRAHAM MELTON.

ONE doesn't know whether to introduce Fred Astaire as the man who has made Hollywood tap-conscious, the man who may capture Vince Barnett's title of ace "ribber," the newest screen lover, the brother-in-law to the son of a bona fide English duke, or just as a regular feller.

"Regular feller" perhaps is the most fitting, because no matter what he is doing or where he is doing it, he's regular. That's the way they speak of him on Broadway, in Park Avenue drawing-rooms and in exclusive clubs. And because of which, and other appealing qualities, he was accepted by London's Mayfair long before sister "Dellie" married Lord Charles Cavendish.

There are so many facts which qualify him for the title that I scarcely know which to choose. He merits the adjectives "generous," "loyal," and "kind." Then there's his grand sense of humor.

Speaking biographically, Omaha, Nebraska, has claim to his birthplace. He turned up in the Austerlitz family in the year 1900, just two years after sister Adele made her appearance as the daughter of Fred and Ann (Geilas) Austerlitz. His father was a brewer until Nebraska, along with Maine and Kansas, went dry.

Dellie and Freddie had been entertaining Omaha with their dancing and singing in a nonprofessional way. When father's

amed
good
eir previous

ısiness was declared illegal, the mother secured ıgagements for her two prodigies in small-time ıudeville. That was in 1905.

These United States are not united in all their ws. Nebraska prohibited the sale of beer and perıitted the child-actors to go unmolested while New ork and many other States reversed that order of ings. The "Gerry" society, officially known as he Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Chilen, made their career as child-actors a checkered ıe and kept them out of the mecca of all stage lk—New York.

In 1908, father's fortune took an upward turn, ving them respite as breadwinners of the family ıd enabling them to move to New York, where dele was given dancing lessons by the ballet master the Metropolitan Opera.

In those days brother was just fat little Freddie. oreover he was pigeontoed! And so a career as a ıncer was not considered seriously by his family. ut Freddie tagged along, as little brothers will do hen they have attractive big sisters, and while the alian coached Dellie in toe dancing, Fred stood in ıe rear and practiced the same steps.

Father's fortune took another flop and again a rother-and-sister act toured the hinterland. In hich Adele was described as a lovely wisp of a rl, lithe as a willow, and fat little Freddie was onsidered comic relief, for his personality even those puppy days ı magnetic.

ilıed Wayburn's racing school resed Fred from his ınocuous ballet caeer and taught him ıp dancing, which e evolved into rag teps. For in those rewar days rag was he form of rhythm hich we now know s jazz.

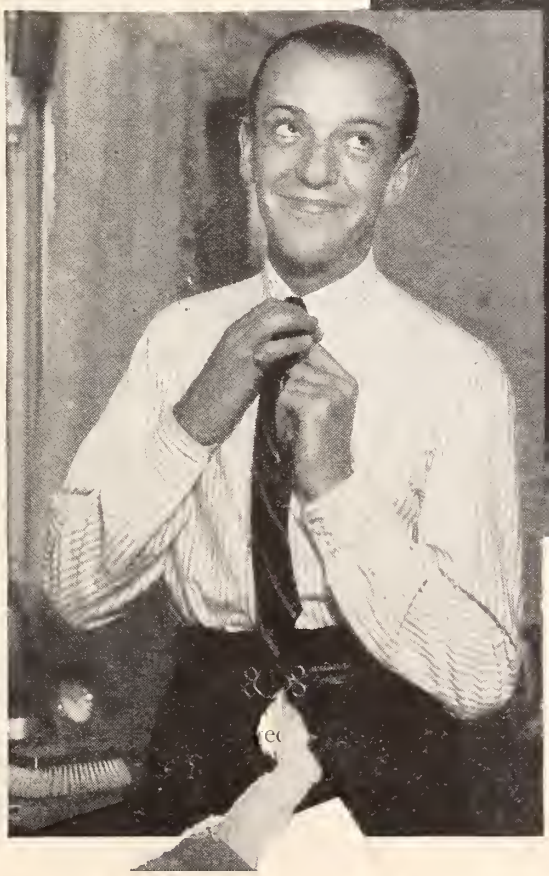
In 1916 the Asıire kids were sixeen and eighteen and o longer feared that he big, bad wolf vould huff and puff hem out of the theter, but the perverity of fate now ıade the managers efuse to let them in ecause they had outrown the cute stage f childhood and had ıot reached graceful ıaturity.

It was about this ime that Fred met George Gershwin. he Gershwin who ıas since made a ıame as the comoser of that symhonic jazz number, Rhapsody in Blue," nd who has just finshed a twenty-six veeks' engagement n the radio.

In 1916, George, an office boy with a music publishing house, had ambitions to be a composer, and Fred, a child vaudeville performer who had outgrown his job, was ambitious toward the musical-comedy stage. They met at the music publisher's where Fred came to try out new songs, and became chummy and confidential over lunches at hot-dog stands. You see, when one is young and hopeful, a meager lunch will satisfy the appetite.

Continued on page 54

When the dancing star of stage and screen is not engaged in ribbing, you'll find him occupied with learning the routine of his next picture.



In a typical roguish mood we find Fred adjusting his tie. He is noted for his grand sense of humor.

HOLLYWOOD

This festive group is an enlivening detail in a big song number of Al Jolson's and Ruby Keeler's new picture, "Go Into Your Dance."

See what a really sweet child Jane Withers is in real life! She's the little vixen who caused Shirley Temple so much trouble in "Bright Eyes," you remember. Her tantrums won her a $150-a-week contract with Fox.

Gleams from the giddy whirligig of news and gossip in the studio colony.

By Edwin and Elza Schallert

WHAT a relief to see a mean little girl on the screen for a change! One does get so fed up with the sweet ones. Here's Jane Withers, who was Shirley Temple's rival in "Bright Eyes." She has signed with Fox, her contract netting her $150 a week to start with, and graduating up to $1,000. Off screen, little Miss Withers wouldn't harm anything. She's really sweet. But she knows how to act, and Fox plans to star her with Jackie Searl, who generally plays bad boys in the films. He's a fine lad, incidentally. Jane Withers's salary, of course, doesn't compare with that of Shirley Temple, but it may some day.

Shirley Safeguarded.—It seems that there's quite a scare about Shirley fading out rapidly, and consequently writers were put to work to look up stories for the child that have more adult appeal. Which may mean that Miss Temple will turn sophisticated. This child star is being guarded nowadays almost like a Garbo, and it wouldn't be astonishing if she were completely removed from contact with the public. She never makes any personal appearances any more, and only participated in a very few in the past.

Oh, How Boring!—Just too, too wearisome are these Johnny Weissmuller-Lupe Velez flare-ups. That recent suit for divorce had the usual happy ending, and it was a repeat. Last summer their differences, real or [illegible], got into the courts for a brief while, and then occurred the customary [illegible]ation. Every few weeks there are those reports of trouble. And by no[illegible] knows it is just an act.

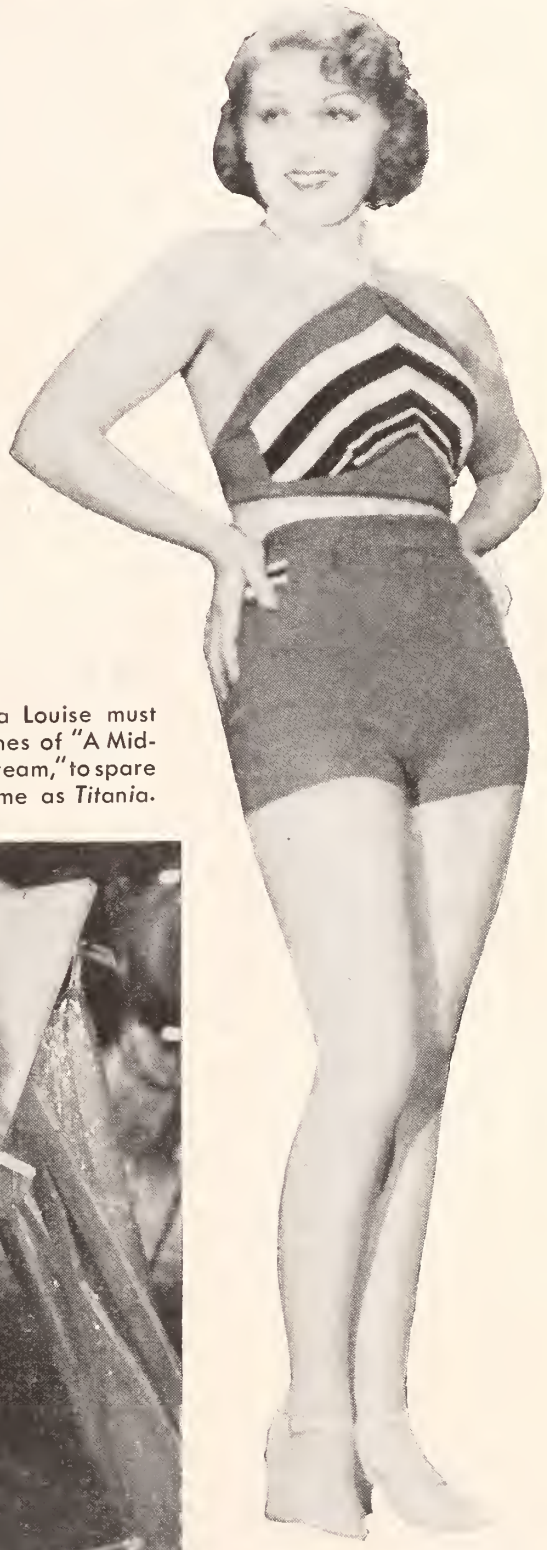
HIGH LIGHTS

Unlucky In Horses.—The film folk just have no luck on the ace track. Neither in person nor by proxy. A horse called Bing Crosby is a contender, but decidedly an also-ran. Another named Al Jolson did achieve second place in a race and caused a sensation by so doing. The very first time out Clark Gable's steed, Beverly Hills, came in seventh, and there was only one other slower than his. Also the stars are generally losers in the betting, but they still flock to the races. Santa Anita and Agua Caliente are the settings for the handicaps that intrigue the picture people, and the Santa Anita opening drew any number of them. Racing, with bets, hasn't been permitted in California since there was a Hollywood, until now.

Love Never Dies.—Carol Lombard, capricious lady, is still very friendly with William Powell. She even gave him a dog recently, and he is taking care of her canine pets while she is in Europe. Robert Riskin, who used to escort Glenda Farrell around—and we thought they would surely get married—is now devoted to Carol. It is expected that they will meet abroad later. Carol is making a fashion survey while she is over there, with Travis Banton.

Mayfair Resuscitated.—The Mayfair Club appears to have taken a new lease on life, after almost fluttering out of existence last season. It has always been debatable just where the dances

Continued on page 56



A water nymph as well as a screen siren, Grace Bradley is impatient to try out her 1935 swimming suit. So she gives the camera an eyeful while awaiting her first plunge of the season.

Fredric March reports for work at United Artists studio, an elevator taking him to his dressing room to make up for "Les Miserables." It's just one magnificent rôle after another for this grand actor.

This is how Anita Louise must rest between scenes of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," to spare her fragile costume as *Titania*.

The bigger you are the harder you'll fall for Shirley in "THE LITTLE COLONEL"

Another honey from the greatest trouper of them all—Shirley Temple. Watch fans of all ages go for this one. Here is the darling you adore in a new type of story . . . the kind of *dramatic* entertainment you'd expect with Lionel Barrymore as co-star!

What a heart-stirring team they make! . . . this tiny star with Lionel Barrymore, veteran of a thousand hits

"Now we're going to boptize Henry Cloy just like the big folks do."

"If the old Colonel ever finds out where we got these sheets, he'll boptize us good."

You're going to laugh, cry, lose your heart as Shirley steals the heart of Lionel, her grandfather, an embittered Kentucky Colonel of the hectic 70's . . . as she charms him into forgiving her mother (Evelyn Venable) for marrying a Yank (John Lodge). And you're going to cheer Bill Robinson, who'll show you some high and fancy steppin'.

And the finish—GUESS WHAT! A gorgeous, Technicolor sequence, showing Shirley with her peach complexion, golden curls, smiling, blue eyes and dimpled cheeks!

So take the whole crowd to see "The Little Colonel." It's another in the list of "must-see" pictures coming from the Fox lots this month!

John Lodge and Evelyn Venable

Shirley TEMPLE Lionel BARRYMORE in "THE LITTLE COLONEL"

A B. G. De Sylva Production

Based on the story by Annie Fellows Johnston which thrilled millions!

More BEST BETS from the Fox Studios!

WILL ROGERS in "LIFE BEGINS AT 40"

The riotous story of a modern country editor. With Richard Cromwell, Rochelle Hudson, George Barbier, Jane Darwell and Slim Summerville supporting your favorite star. Suggested by Walter B. Pitkin's best seller.

GAYNOR & BAXTER in "ONE MORE SPRING"

This unusual story from Robert Nathan's stirring novel tells what happens to two men and a girl when a winter of discontent melts into a spring of romance. With Walter King, Jane Darwell, Roger Imhof, Grant Mitchell, Stepin Fetchit and others.

GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS OF '35

The big musical smash of the year! Beauty, Songs, Comedy with George White himself, Alice Faye, Jimmy Dunn, Ned Sparks, Lyda Roberti, Cliff Edwards and gorgeous gals.

FOX

FAVORITES of the FANS

JEAN HARLOW

PHOTO BY GEORGE HURRELL

Photo by Clarence Hewitt

THE steady invasion of foreign players has brought to our shores na more interesting a personality than that of Merle Oberan. All her European-made films have been enthusiastically received by the public. Now that she is under contract to United Artists, we are eager to see her first American-made picture opposite Maurice Chevalier in "Folies Bergère de Paris."

MERLE OBERON

HELEN MACK

EVEN in a pensive mood is Helen Mack appealing. Though only twenty-one, she is considered one of the screen's most talented dramatic actresses. Her next opportunity is in "Captain Hurricane," in which James Barton makes his screen début.

Photo by Robert W. Coburn

Photo by Stephen McNulty

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN

WITH so many recent outstanding performances to her credit, no one can deny that Maureen O'Sullivan isn't forging ahead as a popular player. From her latest triumph, "David Copperfield," she was rushed into "West Point of the Air," in which she is fathered by Wallace Beery and loved by Robert Young.

AE
ARKE

WHEN Mae Clarke was forced to leave the screen several months ago because of illness, the picture world was saddened by her absence. However, the news of her recovery and return is the occasion for this charming photograph.

Photo by Russell Ball

Photo by Clarence Sinck

GRETA GARBO

WHILE all the world continues to discuss the possibility of Garbo r turning to her native country, whether or not she is a great actress, ju how interested she is in George Brent—we pause to reflect on h past performances and to applaud a successful career which has no extended over a number of years.

Photo by Otto Dyar

KETTI GALLIAN

A FOX official in London on vacation was so impressed by Ketti Gallian's performance in a stage production that he signed her for the leading rôle in "Marie Galante." Now the French charmer is making "Thunder in the Night," with Warner Baxter as her leading man. And she is fast learning English, too.

FRANCHOT TONE, more frank than usual, and more friendly, in the story on the opposite page, says that he has never been in want of material things. He wishes that life had not been so easy, and wonders how he would react if disaster did overtake him. You should read this interview to know him better.

Photo by George Hurrell

FRANCHOT THAWS

Mr. Tone takes the trouble to explode the legend which says that he is grim, aloof and sardonic by proving to be amiable and mildly humorous. But you have to know him more than casually before his lurking friendliness comes to the surface.

By Madeline Glass

Paired with Jean Harlow, in "Reckless," Franchot Tone thinks that he has played too many man-about-town rôles since coming to Hollywood. He'd like to do characters like Spencer Tracy's.

CONTRARY to popular belief, a studio set is not usually dramatic or glamorous. Strange and fantastic, yes; like a masquerade party gone askew. My original contention in the matter was recently sustained by a visit to an MGM set where "Reckless" was in the throes of production.

My presence was for the purpose of talking with Franchot Tone, conspicuous member of the cast. The prospect of meeting Mr. Tone, after hearing on all sides of his general haughtiness, even downright disagreeableness, had so affected my nervous system that I had been unable to eat lunch.

Mid-afternoon found me waiting glumly on the set in a great warehouse type of building where distant corners were lost in gloomy shadows, and where an acre of cold concrete flooring was largely buried under scenery, cables, scaffolding, temporary dressing rooms, horse stalls, with their logical occupants, and all the paraphernalia necessary to the making of pictures.

Many small men, in gay jockey garb, sat about, for "Reckless" contains a race-track sequence. Jack Mulhall, former star, was doing extra work. Likewise Barbara Worth, whom you may remember. Jean Harlow flitted about, her ivory-colored hair contrasting strongly with her saffron-coated skin. Through the open door of a dressing room William Powell could be seen lying on a couch.

At a distance the much-discussed Franchot was rehearsing a scene over and over. Due to such obstructions as a few hundred extras and studio employees, to say nothing of towering wood and steel constructions, I was unable to see more of him than his feet.

Of the many stories which I have heard and read concerning this actor, none has been of a particularly endearing nature. Prefaced by such adjectives as grim, aloof, and sardonic, they have described his uncoöperative attitude toward interviewers, his defiance of directors, and his general contempt of nearly everything Hollywood. Remembering, also, his socially prominent background, his Cornell education, his Theater Guild dramatic training, and his European travels, it seemed quite possible that a youth so favored by the gods should be unable to understand or make allowance for provincialities out where the Pacific begins.

Well, there was nothing for it but to make the best of a disagreeable interview, which I had decided to call "The Man Who Plays God." At last the scene was shot to the satisfaction of Victor Fleming, and Franchot was led up and introduced.

"It seems impossible that a picture can ever evolve out of all this noise and confusion," I remarked.

"It isn't confusion to us," said Franchot, amiably. "We understand the reasons for everything. That makes a great difference."

A slight, thin-lipped smile hovers on the Tone façade. He appears much the same as on the screen—slender, urbane, and rather surprisingly juvenile. An assortment of smallish features surround a pair of nice hazel eyes.

"Do you expect to remain in pictures indefinitely?" I asked.

"No, I'll return to the theater. I like picture work, but I can do better acting on the stage. There's more opportunity to create characterizations in a medium where one studies and rehearses a rôle for weeks. Pictures are made too rapidly for one to get a genuine understanding of the part one plays. Too much is left to chance. On the stage a rôle is developed gradually. In the end one has a complete characterization.

Continued on page 77

They Say in

By Karen Hollis

Carol Lombard is vacationing as intently as if each hour were her last.

Honors for All.—Leslie Howard has always been an irresistible magnet to the emerald-and-sable set, but now he is a cinema idol, too. Film fans in the audience gasped, hurriedly consulted their programs, and then broke into a welcoming ripple of applause when they discovered that the personable blonde in a small rôle really was Blanche Sweet.

She does very well with the little intrusted to her and is definitely headed for bigger rôles on Broadway if pictures don't capture her again after long ignoring her.

Of all the stars in town, and there are droves of them, only Madge Evans was present at the Howard first night. And she, like every one else, was rhapsodizing over the sheer magic that the theater holds occasionally, that the screen has not yet captured.

Pacifier for Film Fans.—The country at large will have a chance to see Leslie Howard in the near future in "The Scarlet Pimpernel," which he filmed in London recently. It is breaking all records in England. When you see it, Mr. Howard would like to have you know that Harold Young, who directed it so shrewdly and suavely, was always relegated to a cutting room in this country. He had to go to England to get a chance to direct. And any day now you are likely to hear that Hollywood recognizes him as two or three of the ten best directors.

Frankie Thomas is off for Hollywood to do "A Dog of Flanders."

Adrienne Ames recently returned from Europe where she made "Abdul Hamid."

NEW YORKERS now have something to point out to visiting firemen besides Radio City, Sally Rand's bubble dance, and Mae Murray. We have current picture stars lending glamour to every first night and brightening the corners of musty ex-speakeasies—every one from Helen Hayes to Carol Lombard, from Paul Muni to Freddie *(David Copperfield)* Bartholomew. But most important of all, we have Leslie Howard. We are likely to have him for some time to come. At the première of his new play, "The Petrified Forest," the first act was just well under way when seasoned cynics began tossing superlatives around nominating the quiet and casual Englishman as the greatest romantic attraction in the modern theater, and the play for the Pulitzer prize.

NEW YORK—

Hollywood celebrities are lurking in all the highways and byways of Manhattan.

A real treat to Broadway is the return of Blanche Sweet in the Leslie Howard show.

Margo is beginning to feel the restrictions of fame. Her studio objects to her appearing in a night club.

Nils Asther's New York vacation was spent in a dense fog down the Bay.

Photo by Wide World

Lost in a Fog.—Although MGM was urging him to rush back to Hollywood to make tests for "The Good Earth," Nils Asther planned a two-day vacation in New York en route from London where he played the lead in "Abdul Hamid." He wanted to see his baby daughter to make sure that she was faring well in the midst of Great Danes, song writers, and all the general hullabaloo that makes up the normal life of the Duncan sisters. He spent the two days on board the fog-bound *Majestic,* pacing the decks in a fury that would rout any ideas you might have about the Scandinavian temperament being phlegmatic. And when he landed he had to head straight for a train.

He'll Never Be Able To Prove It.—Adrienne Ames, who also worked in "Abdul Hamid," was a fellow passenger of Asther's on the *Majestic.* While she lamented the delay in the fog-bound harbor, her restless husband, Bruce Cabot, was pacing the dock. Elated over getting permission to ride down to meet her on the cutter, he spent two days on the water front waiting. And when the cutter finally shoved off, he was nowhere to be found. He had gone to get a sandwich.

The lush magnificence of the costumes she wore in the picture seem to have affected Miss Ames's choice of clothes for what is whimsically known as her private life. She who wears sleek and starkly simple black crêpe so well has gone in for frocks and hats that are girlishly flossy.

Second Choice.—Celebrity-hunters and autograph-seekers can't get very far with Katharine Hepburn. Occasionally she is to be found at the oasis known as "21," sipping a glass of sherry, but always she is so intently talking to her companions that she looks neither to left nor right and barely nods if spoken to. So, in a burst of inspiration, Mooney, her former butler and chauffeur, has become bartender at the Winona on upper Park Avenue.

If you can't talk to Katharine, you can at least have his assurance that you are getting everything just the way she liked it. Already he can shake cocktails with one hand while giving autographs with the other.

The Irrepressibles At It Again.—Hecht-MacArthur and Lee Garmes, who annoy Hollywood no end by persisting in making pictures in New York after all the wiseacres said it could not be

Continued on page 67

See Films

Picture Play's contest, the most unusual ever sponsored by a film magazine, has caught the fancy of fans everywhere and they're excited about it. Here is the third and last group of pictures to puzzle and inspire contestants. To compete it is necessary that you see photographs published in February and March. These issues of the magazine may be obtained by sending your order, with remittance, to the Subscription Department.

WHO is wearing the beautiful gown in the picture numbered "1" on the opposite page? Who displays the trick back in Number "2"? And in what films do these charming actresses appear thus costumed? Each is wearing the exact gown used in her current picture.

That is the principle of this contest, and that is why it appeals to intelligent fans rather than kindergarten classes.

There are fifteen pictures in all, of which these are the last five. One group in February Picture Play, another in March, and now this concluding quintet.

You must identify each player as well as give the name of the film in which that star appears. This is not all, however. A letter must accompany your coupons, a letter of not more than two hundred and fifty words, giving your opinion of the acting of one—just one—of the players in the chosen film. You may praise or you may blame, just so your criticism is positive and as frankly expressed as in letters to "What the Fans Think." That's all.

Five hundred dollars is the prize for the most nearly correct answers and the best letter. Five hundred dollars for two hundred and fifty words! Two dollars a word for seeing films and writing about them!

To repeat: $500 first prize, $250 for the second, $200 for the third award, and $100 as fourth prize. Together with a year's subscription to Picture Play for fifty contestants whose entries show merit. Prizes to be given for the most accurate identifications, accompanied by a criticism of one performance in not more than two hundred and fifty words. In the event of ties, prizes of identical value will be awarded the tying contestants.

The letter needn't be typewritten, but must include the name and address of the sender at the head. It should be sent with your coupons to Contest Editor, Picture Play, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y., *and mailed not later than April 15, 1935.* We cannot return letters nor enter into correspondence with contestants.

Just to give you a clew to the name of the slimly attractive star in Picture Number 5, she is making her return to films in a picture named after a song made famous by her husband on the screen, himself a leading star.

Now go on with the contest—and good luck to one and all!

Contest Editor, Picture Play,
79 Seventh Avenue, New York:

I identify players in April Picture Play as follows:

1. _____

2. _____

3. _____

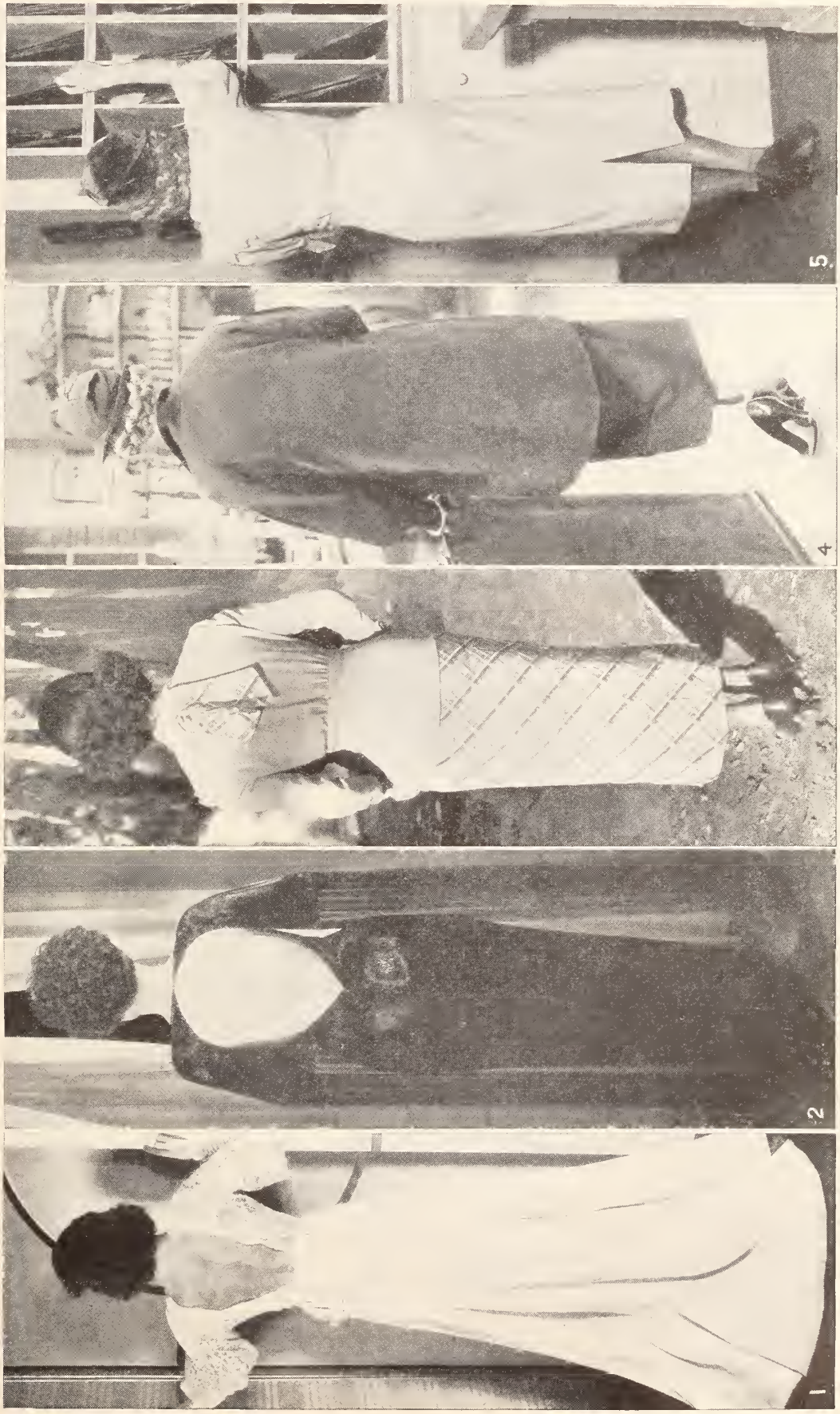
4. _____

5. _____

Name. .....

Address. .....

and Earn Money



FIRST-CLASS OR NOTHING

By Frances Fink

Photo by Richee

Kitty Carlisle in her first interview amazes by the vehemence of her pronouncements. She wants to be a top-notch singing actress and she wants to be let alone. "If Hollywood tries to get into my private life I'll get out of Hollywood," she proclaims.

KITTY CARLISLE is a young lady who has learned either a great deal or nothing at all about Hollywood. She is both adult and naïve in her sincerity and determination. She knows just what she wants and what she doesn't want. What's more, she is certain how she will achieve her purpose and there isn't the vaguest possibility—in her mind—of deviating one iota from her chosen path.

Kitty wants to be first-class as a singing actress. And she wants to be let alone outside the studio. She is as indifferent to Hollywood's social side as she is to the Continental society she shook off for the cinema town. Her private life must be strictly, unconditionally her own.

"Isn't there a chance that you'll change your point of view when you've been in pictures a while longer?" we asked rather timorously in the face of such positive decision. "Your progress may demand that you let down the bars just a trifle."

She shook her head and the abundant dark hair quivered.

"Not a chance," said Kitty. "I have good reasons for feeling as I do."

And well she may have reasons. Perhaps one of them is that some magnet will always draw to her the thing she has decided she wants. Another may be that the alert mind back of those dark eyes has mapped out a campaign of work to which Kitty clings as faithfully as her unalterable principles. Prize packages have dropped into her lap from the day she decided to go into show business until now. Probably they will continue.

Kitty Carlisle might still be flitting about Europe in the best society manner, if her mother hadn't an unshakable conviction that a girl must be able to do one thing well besides ornament dinner dances.

Mrs. Carlisle didn't plan on her daughter's singing so well that vocalizing would become her chief reason for existing. Kitty herself had no idea of appearing professionally when she first began to mi-mi-mi in order to satisfy her parent. But when she decided that the stage was the place for her, the stage opened its arms, that is, a stage door, and in went Kitty as blithely as could be. [Continued on page 55]

Kitty looks mild, but oh my! "Never will I pose for a stunt picture, a naked-looking picture, or a picture in my home. I will never answer questions about my life outside the studio. That will never be necessary to my career," says she.

By Mabel Duke

In contrast to the winning smile that is the trade-mark of Bob Young, we doubt if fans would recognize him as the solemn young man, above.

YOUNG with OLD IDEAS

On the screen Robert Young is so obviously the exponent of youthfulness and gayety, that it is inconceivable that privately we find him to be a serious young business man who admits in all earnestness that he is "disgustingly normal."

IT is an interesting commentary on the nature of fans that they invariably expect actors to conform in private life to the traits they assume for their screen rôles.

And having met and known many players in my day, I am still at heart as gullible as any fan. Invariably I expect Glenda Farrell to wisecrack every time she speaks, Janet Gaynor to simper, and Roscoe Ates to stutter. Some stars do, by accident of nature or design of press agent, have characters similar to their screen personalities, and this, I always feel, is as it should be. Thus, it delights me to find Robert Montgomery a jocular young smart-Aleck, Ruby Keeler as sweet—but thank Heaven not quite so simple!—as she acts, Jeanette MacDonald always sparkling, and Ned Sparks still sour-faced away from the cameras.

And it is with never-ceasing surprise that I find Maurice Chevalier's charming effervescence fizzed down to a glum reticence off the set, Alice Brady poised and not at all kittenish in person, and worst of all, for I admit it was the biggest surprise, Robert Young as seriously mature in person as he is boyishly gay on the screen.

Perhaps it is because Mr. Young's screen personality seems so natural and unaffected, so lacking in pretense or pose, that I expected it to be a reflection of his own boyish disposition. But, as a matter of fact, he isn't boyish at all. He is a very serious young business man who happens to spend his working hours making pictures rather than manufacturing refrigerators or selling automobiles.

Having met Robert Young, it isn't difficult to imagine him as a business executive with six push buttons under his thumb from nine to five. As far as glamour is concerned, his daily routine is about as exciting as a bond salesman's. Not like a movie star at all. All this he admits. He states very earnestly that he is "disgustingly normal."

[Continued on page 68]

STRANGE

By Laura Benham

Challenged to explain her steady, unexciting career, Madge Evans makes the amazing discovery that adaptability is a great drawback to a player. "The fact that I am easily cast has prevented my getting really good rôles," she confesses in this unusually intelligent discussion of a popular actress's problems.

EVER since the first mummer strutted across the scene of an early Greek tragedy it has been the habit of performers to declaim long and lustily against portraying a series of similar characters. To be "typed" is generally deemed the major menace to any career.

It remained for Madge Evans, small, slim, and convincingly curved in the right places, to explode this pet tradition of stage and screen.

Not that Madge is an explosive person. Rather, she tends toward the demure in manner, with her soft-brown hair lightly touched with gold, gray-blue eyes, pale fair skin and teeth that are attractively irregular. It was by accident on her part, but design on mine, that the conversation drifted to the subject of stars, and meteors, in the theatrical profession.

For Miss Evans herself belongs somewhat in the latter category, having blazed a trail of glory across the Hollywood firmament when she first returned to films as an adult, and with the destination of her star as yet unknown. To date, she has not realized the promise and the hopes held so high for her. She works constantly, it is true, and is considered one of the most dependable leading women in Hollywood. But that is all.

Miss Evans did not evade the issue nor challenge my charge. Regarding me seriously from beneath lashes devoid of make-up, she was silent for a moment as if to marshal her thoughts. Then:

"Adaptability is a great handicap to a player," was her amazing observation. "In my own case it has hindered me more than any other one thing. The fact that I am easily cast in almost any type of rôle has prevented my getting really good ones.

"And success in pictures depends upon three things: a competent player, the right rôle, and a good picture.

Photo by Bull

Miss Evans is rather demure in manner, with soft-brown hair lightly touched with gold, gray-blue eyes, pale fair skin and teeth attractively irregular. She says that she enjoyed playing in "David Copperfield" so much that she dreads going into another baseball or horse-racing picture.

"That's where a player's limitations count, and count favorably. The actress who, for various reasons, is limited in her scope, has the opportunity to establish herself in a certain type of characterization and when such parts are being cast, that actress is immediately called. Recognition and real success then follow.

"Glance around Hollywood at the actresses who have made the biggest names for themselves and you'll see what I mean.

"First, there's Garbo. Limited by her unusual stature and appearance, and her accent, too, she was forced to confine herself to exotic rôles, playing women of mystery and physical allure. Women that capture the imagination and become the outstanding, dominant figures in a film. An actress can really 'do things' with such parts.

HANDICAP

"Joan Crawford's name is immediately associated with smart, sophisticated young women who dance their days and nights away. Kay Francis is known for wearing clothes superbly in her pictures. Ann Harding is usually a wronged-but-really-pure girl. Constance Bennett is the woman of the world. Mae West is—Mae West.

"Every one of these women means something definite to public and producers alike.

"Therefore, when the best and most important rôles are to be assigned, the producers quite naturally intrust them to some one who has *proved* her ability to portray such characters successfully.

"And the undistinguished and uninteresting rôles are given to me because I can play the coach's daughter in a football picture, or *Lady Sylvia* in an English locale, a young business woman in New York, or a trained nurse in China.

"As a result, I'm still waiting and hoping for my big chance and trying not to get *too* discouraged over the state of my career at present."

Of course, Miss Evans has no real cause for discouragement. Though her progress has not been as rapid as was hoped, her record will honorably withstand any scrutiny.

The only star ever to slip into pictures on a cake of soap, she was the original mite who asked wistfully "Have You a Little Fairy in Your Home?" from her precarious perch on a mammoth bar of that well-known cleansing agent.

Once she had faced the camera's fitful lens, Madge decided—or rather her mother made that decision for her—that there were other products worthy of displaying the fair Evans countenance. And posing for commercial photographs soon led to a theatrical début when a friend reminded Mrs. Evans that there was gold on the stages and in the film studios in and around New York.

Success soon crowned Madge's early histrionic efforts and she achieved child-stardom with the old World Film Company, remaining with that organization for several years. Later, it was "Classmates," opposite Richard Barthelmess, that sounded her fortunate exit march from the flicker factories. Fortunate, because in the light of events destined to come, it was the cause of her later preparedness.

"The picture was awful and I was worse," she admitted with a ruefully reminiscent smile. "I had reached the awkward age where I was all hands and feet, and I had absolutely no poise. I was too old for the child rôles I had played until that time, and not old enough for the ingénue I was supposed to be in 'Classmates.'

"In fact, I had reached the proper age for an actress to retire," she added with a spark of humor flickering in her expressive eyes. It was evident that the Evans girl does not take herself—nor life—too seriously.

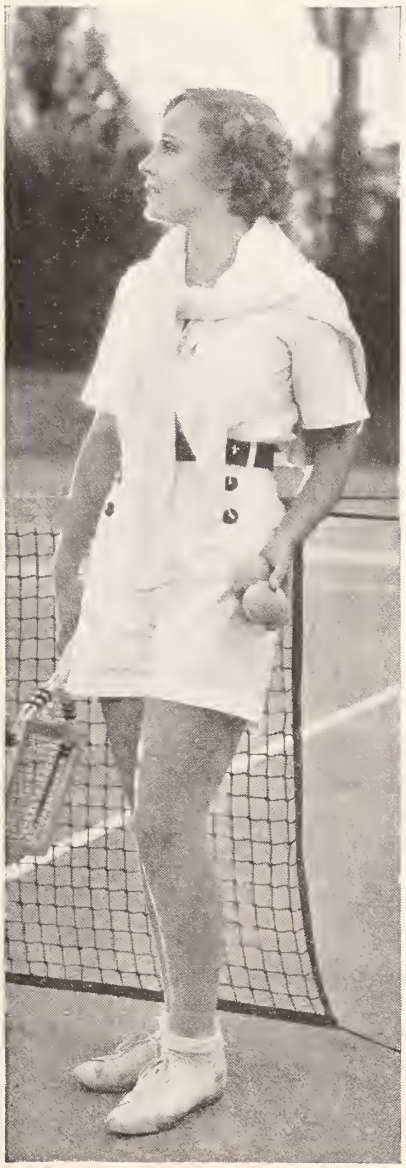
For retire she did, to devote the next several years to studying voice and dramatics, preparing herself for an assault on the bulwarks of Broadway. A season in stock was next on her program, and then the Great White Way, which proved susceptible to her charms and greeted with approval her appearance in a number of more or less successful plays, among them "Our Betters" and "Philip Goes Forth."

Continued on page 57

Photo by Wide World

"I'm terribly fond of Tom," says Madge of Mr. Gallery who is her frequent companion, "but I'm not planning on marrying him or anybody else for a number of years."

Photo by Bull



In four years Madge Evans has appeared in over thirty-four films, almost always as leading lady, and she's still waiting for her big chance to justify her faith and that of others in her ability.

A DIP WITH A

If you would know what the screen beauties in-
weather eye over these up-to-the-minute bathing

Mary Carlisle, above, shows something very new in this heavy rib suit with multi-strand straps in front and back, and braided belt.

A halter neck of flat braided banding is Irene Hervey's choice, left. Side straps fasten through loops at the side of the neck.

Quite the smartest thing is Jean Parker's black cellophane suit, left. It has a low, sun tan back.

Muriel Evans, right, prefers this olivette-green-and-brown suit. The sash pulls through loops at the back and ties in front.

SPLASH

tend to wear in the surf this summer, cast your suits. They'll make you drown all your troubles.

A novel feature about Mary Joe Matthews's suit, above, is the round cork buttons which adorn the front. The halter neck has a small, flat collar.

And Betty Furness steps out in her white-and-brown knit, above. Square in front, and a belt of pearling, knitted into the suit.

Here we have a front view of Irene Hervey's white rib knit suit with olive-green trimming.

Elizabeth Allan chooses this two-piece suit with shorts of checkerboard knit and bandanna top.

SHE TAKES IT

This sympathetic analysis of Ann Harding as star and woman discloses that she is most misunderstood of all Hollywood celebrities. And she has paid the highest price for her success. But because of her inherent honesty and unswerving principles, she meets life without murmur or complaint.

THERE is but one candidate for the rôle of the screen's most misunderstood woman. Her name is Ann Harding. Few stars have built up so much resentment. None, save Garbo, has so closely approached the legendary status.

Ann Harding is "in wrong" with the press because she refuses to give out interviews. Hollywood, feeling that her attitude is patronizing, gives her the cold shoulder. Those few understanding souls who have sought to penetrate her cool exterior with a gesture of warm friendliness have been repulsed. In some quarters, Miss Harding's divorce proceedings and recent court experiences have been criticized as flagrant attempts to gain publicity.

Yet the record speaks otherwise. All criticism to the contrary, Ann Harding has always conducted herself with womanly dignity and charm. She has made her own way unaided and on the strength of her unusual ability as an actress, plus a lyric style of ash-blond loveliness which puts her in a class by herself.

Where other lesser stars have been aided by advantageous marriages, Ann Harding's excursion into matrimony was with a man whose position never at any time approached her own.

In the face of these facts, let us then proceed to analyze the charges brought against her. First, with respect to Ann, the actress, and then to Ann as woman and mother.

It is true that she will not see interviewers. Yet this was not always the case. At the beginning of her screen career, she was most gracious to the press. However, she has been so often misquoted and misrepresented, she says, that her sense of logic and reason rebelled and all relations with the press were called off. In a recent issue of *The Screen Guild's Magazine*, she explained

Again Ann Harding faces a legal battle with her divorced husband, Harry Bannister, this time for the sole custody of their daughter.

Photo by Wide World

Ann Harding's sister, Edith, shares the star's lovely hilltop estate with, of course, six-year-old Jane Bannister. Between them, they compensate Miss Harding for the disappointment and heartache that fame has brought her.

ON THE CHIN

By Harry N. Blair

With two pictures current, "Biography of a Bachelor Girl" and "Enchanted April," Ann Harding is soon to make her début in a film photographed entirely in color. Her tests for the rôle turned out so beautifully that she exclaimed, "Do I *really* look like that?"

her attitude as being in defense of the illusion so necessary to screen favorites.

Says she: "The fan identifies himself with the hero in an hour of high adventure and emotional release. He doesn't enjoy coming out into a sweltering or freezing or otherwise uncomfortable world, to find on the nearest magazine stand that the person whose talent and personality have the blessed power to lead him into a land of dreams is a driveling fool, a fake, or a monster. He feels, somehow, that he himself has been insulted, too."

Miss Harding goes on to say that the actors have been forced to lock themselves "behind gates of reticence for sheer self-preservation."

While there is some basis for such criticism, it has been suggested that Miss Harding, instead of denying herself to all interviewers—who, after all, must make a living, too—single out those who have never been known to offend and limit her coöperation to such a group.

Still speaking of Ann Harding, the actress, vague rumors of temperament on the set have sifted out from behind the closely guarded confines of the studio. None of these has been serious, however, and may be excused on the ground of ill health, since she has never fully recovered from a nervous breakdown which she suffered in the early days of her career.

Thus, with a few reservations, Ann Harding, the actress, emerges from the welter of criticism with colors flying.

Now let us turn to the star in what is, perhaps, her greatest rôle—that of woman and mother. For it is thus that she reveals the qualities upon which her very existence is founded and for which she has battled so valiantly.

In the military background which Ann Harding knew from babyhood, lies the answer to her attitude toward life. The code of the soldier, devotion to duty, respect for principle, refusal to accept defeat.

Of such stuff is composed the seemingly fragile piece of femininity whom a legion of fans worship because she has dared to forge ahead along individual lines, setting her own pattern.

Any one familiar with the atmosphere of the average military camp can well understand how such a girl would be different. Never really settled, the families of army officers move from post to post, some of them in foreign lands. About it all there is a glamour, a sense of danger behind rigid discipline, which quickens the pulse and heightens the imagination.

That is why, when Miss Harding's parents finally settled in the lovely, yet prosaic, town of East Orange,

Continued on page 69

Photo by Bachrach

Thorough-going Briton though he is, Leslie Howard surprises by saying that England can't compete with Hollywood in picture-making and probably never will. Then he explains why, frankly and sincerely.

In everything that Mr. Howard says, and in the way he says it, there is the same honesty and sincerity, the same intelligence, which characterize his work, and which has captured, more than any physical good looks, the admiration of thousands.

HONEST ADMISSION

By Dan Wheeler

IS Hollywood's position as world center of the picture industry threatened by London? Will England ever become a serious competitor of America in making pictures?

Leslie Howard, thorough-going Briton though he is, says no to both questions. I talked to him just after he had returned to America from England, where he had made "The Scarlet Pimpernel," and in his incisive, clipped manner he told me just why Hollywood is, and will remain, cock of the picture walk. And you can't accuse Leslie of disloyalty to his native land, either, because he has excellent reasons for everything he says. He's that kind of man.

He takes himself and his work seriously. You can tell that by looking at him, even before you hear what he has to say. He looks older off the screen than he does on it, and when I saw him he was tired, too, after the intensive work of a day's rehearsal on his play, "The Petrified Forest," which has since become a Broadway hit.

Yet in spite of weariness, he was alertly willing and eager to discuss pictures and the stage. In everything he said, and in the way he said it, there was the same honesty and sincerity, the same intelligence, which characterizes his work, and which has captured, more than any physical good looks, the admiration of thousands of fans.

Although Leslie would like to make more pictures in England, it's my guess that he will continue for some time to make most of them in Hollywood. For one thing, there's his contract with Warners, a very pleasant document which allows him time for frequent stage appearances. For another thing—well, if you are going to make pictures, Hollywood is the best place in the world in which to make them, that's all.

"I like London," he said. "My home is there. When I act in an English picture I can be at home, and at the same time be working. Some day, Heaven knows, I may have more leisure than I want, but right now if I'm not working, either in a picture or a play, I feel that I'm lazy.

"But as far as personal comfort goes, Hollywood is a much easier and more pleasant place to work in. We have a short summer in England—only a few weeks of sun and warmth. In the winter the long trip through the fog and cold from London to Elstree is unpleasant and sometimes difficult. In Hollywood one lives ten minutes from the studio, and can drive there in an open car. Life is much less stern in Hollywood than in London or New York."

"But isn't that an advantage on the side of London?" I asked. "I've always understood that the best creative work was done in a harsh climate, where living wasn't too easy."

[Continued on page 76]

By Ben Maddox

STAR—1935 MODEL

Of all the girls trembling on the verge of stardom, turbulent Jean Muir is still the best bet in the opinion of many, especially those who know her well. This revealing insight into her character and methods is written by a keen observer of stars past, present and future.

Photo by Fryer

Miss Muir hasn't tried to look like a glamour girl and is noted as the only actress who doesn't use lipstick on or off the screen. Naturally, Hollywood calls her "odd" and "highbrow."

JEAN MUIR is the advance guard of the new deal in Cinderellas. Aside from her sudden rise, however, she has little in common with yesteryear's sort. She hasn't even tackled this business of being a movie actress in orthodox fashion.

She hasn't tried to look like a glamour girl. She hasn't done herself up like one. And Heaven knows her thoughts and behavior don't follow the Hollywood tradition. Her objective is also vastly different. Astonishingly, she wants to become an actress rather than to glitter gaudily.

Only those who are well acquainted with her understand her. They find her a talented and terribly ambitious student of the theater, temporarily routed to Hollywood. They admire her zeal for the drama, respect her thoughtful opinions, and consider her extremely honest, democratic, and interesting as a person.

But she is still classed as "odd" by the film colony as a whole, although since she has reconciled herself to the sad fact that there is little likelihood of her effecting needed reforms, and has smothered her frankness with tact, she has almost been accepted as one of the regulars. She is, actually, a sister under the skin to the city girl who settles down on Main Street and, astounded by the imperfections, sincerely proposes civic improvements. The natives can't take it.

Perhaps her background can be blamed for her "highbrow" notions. She wasn't a beauty-contest winner nor a night-club darling. Well-bred and competently educated near New York, at least she hasn't had to learn to be refined. This naturally has saved her a lot of time and energy.

Two years ago she was existing excitingly on six dollars a week, attempting to crash Broadway. She had studied for a while in Paris and had climbed out of the amateur ranks by brief engagements on the road and in stock. Smart Warner scouts glimpsed a screen test she made and, labeling her the best bet of the season, hastily shipped her West.

To-day, she has won the acclaim of the critics and the more discerning fans. At first she was literally appalled by Hollywood's inartistic standards. Jean is still inwardly rebellious and hasn't stopped searching for appropriate stories. But she is putting up a diplomatic front, remembering that she is being well paid and is building a name which will have box-office value when she eventually returns to the theater.

This worship of the stage is an ingrained part of her, and will never be supplanted by any glory the films can offer. Her chief desire at present is to vacation in New York, where she could get around to a new play every night. She attends every local production and rushes backstage if she knows any of the actors. There she is nearly overcome by nostalgia for Broadway.

All branches of stagecraft intrigue her fancy. She

Continued on page 78

A Slave No Longer

BY MARK DOWLING

All photos by Elmer Fryer

Dolores del Rio is one of the few actresses with courage enough to live her own life. This remarkable interview tells what traditions she scorns in giving her career second place and why freedom as an individual means more to her than stardom.

DOLORES DEL RIO is Hollywood's foremost smasher of tradition, both in private and professional life. Self-appointed prophets may cry, "The public won't like this!" or "Don't you dare do that!" but she doesn't even listen. There's an ancient Hollywood maxim that it's obligatory to entertain those who are in power at the studios. The mere thought of this horrifies the Del Rio, who is just as intense and dramatic in conversation as she is on the screen.

"Imagine," she cries, "running after people just because you hope they'll do something for you! Imagine inviting them to your home for such a reason! I won't be bothered with people unless I genuinely like them. I choose my guests because they have charm and personality, because they are people I love. The other way is—prostitution. It's pretty sad if you have to get ahead that way."

The fact that she's one of Hollywood's most perfect hostesses, whose invitations are so valuable that many a studio magnate would make rash promises to receive one, makes this firm stand all the stronger.

"I'm one of the few actresses who really live their own lives. I avoid all the things about a career that are nuisances. I used to be a slave to the movies. I worried feverishly over my rôles, my career, and my public. I talked movies continually, ate them and breathed them. I had the movie fever. Now I don't get feverish any more. I get"—she searched for a word—"happily excited."

This courage to be different makes her more interesting, personally, than a dozen more conventional actresses. Magnificently, she indulges her whims. While it's almost obligatory in Hollywood nowadays to adopt the line, "I'm just

Nowadays it's the smart thing for a star to say, "Oh, I'm just an everyday, ordinary human being." But Dolores del Rio is not that and doesn't try to be. She's exciting, glamorous, and exotic besides being far more beautiful than even these lovely pictures indicate.

Frankly, Del Rio says that she avoids all the things about a career that are nuisances. "I used to be a slave to the movies," she explains, adding that she had to make a wreck of things before she learned what she knows now.

She refuses to be bothered with people unless she genuinely likes them, and an invitation to her home is more significant than is usual in Hollywood where the prominence of a guest is likely to be considered first.

an everyday, ordinary human being," Del Rio is frankly different, glamorous, and exotic.

If she likes gardenias, she plants fifty or sixty bushes of them in her garden, and fills her bedroom and her dressing room with their fragrance. She adores her dog, an English bull terrier, and spends hours, rolling on the floor, playing with him. "He's so understanding!" she cries rapturously. She loves to travel, and refuses to sign contracts, no matter how remunerative, if they require her presence in Hollywood longer than some twenty-six weeks a year.

"This leaves me over half the year free to enjoy myself," she says, frankly delighted. What cares she for the tradition that a star's career should absorb her utterly, leaving no room for other pleasures? "Now I can go to Europe, to New York, to Mexico—wherever I choose. Why not? Life isn't so long that you can waste time over things that don't bring you happiness."

The inside story of her success in "Madame Du Barry" is proof of her theory that you succeed best if you go your own way.

"When I decided to play parts other than native girls, producers warned me that I'd lose all my fans. They argued that I'd reached the top in pictures like 'Bird of Paradise' and that to see me in a Paris evening gown instead of a sarong would be a fatal jolt to my public. But I refused to admit that I was so limited as an actress, and I made the decision. [Continued on page 72]

ANNE SHIRLEY'S

Being asked for her autograph by studio newsboys is an exciting experience for Anne Shirley even though she has lived in the atmosphere of the movies all her life. That's because she used to be an autograph-hunter herself.

What of the poignant, new heroine of "Anne of Green Gables"? Where did she come from and how did she learn to act with such sureness, freshness and charm? Here are tender recollections of her by one who has known her since she was three years old.

HAVING recently seen Anne Shirley in "Anne of Green Gables," to me it seems that no story could be quite so perfect for the first starring picture of this interesting girl just stepping into radiant womanhood. Because *Anne Shirley* of the picture and the real-life Anne are as close to each other as a fictional character and a real person can be.

It is not surprising that the orphan child, so imaginative, so romantic and eager for affection is the real Anne's favorite character in fiction, nor that when it seemed advisable to change her name from Dawn O'Day to something else she chose the name of her heroine.

What does startle me is the fact that out of the hundreds of girls applying for the coveted rôle, she who wanted it most, and who undoubtedly could play it best, was given the part. That doesn't often happen in life; it almost makes one believe in Santa Claus.

Anne is not an orphan and nothing in her real life remotely resembles the experiences *Anne* went through in the film. But what I am about to tell you will explain what I mean when I say that the girl in the story and the girl who has grown up in Hollywood dreaming her dreams and hugging them to her heart, are very much alike.

You have not heard much about Anne Shirley in the past because she has never been in the limelight, but you will want to know *all* about her after you have seen "Anne of Green Gables." I know you will because in the audience with me there was an unusual number of young men and women, and it interested me to see that they began gulping and tugging at their handkerchiefs even before their elders did. Every young heart in that house reacted to the romantic yearning of youth for something beautiful, utterly desirable and seemingly impossible of attainment.

The real Anne Shirley's hair isn't red; it is a very dark auburn. Her eyes are not green; they are a deep velvety brown, and her skin is clear and creamy white. She is just over five feet tall, and perhaps that is as high as she will go. She probably never will have to

OWN STORY

By Helen Ludlam

submit to the Hollywood diet for she is consumed with a nervous energy that seems to burn up all superfluous flesh.

She loves to swim and she can speak French and Spanish. She can cook and she can sew, but she can't drive a car because until now she never has been able to afford one. In fact, she often walked to the studio to save carfare after she and her mother moved from the canyon into a modest apartment in Hollywood.

It will surprise Anne, when she reads this, to know that years ago when she was only a baby she impressed me as a child whose great talent should be carefully fostered and not allowed to grow too rapidly. Life has taken care of that.

Although she has done excellent work in parts that might have given her a really good break, something always happened to hold her back—to further temper her spirit. And now she is ready for whatever may come to her.

Anne Shirley of the picture and the real-life Anne are as close to each other as a fictional character and a real person can be without having had similar lives.

Anne made her film début at the age of three in William Farnum's "Moonshine Valley" when she was known as Dawn O'Day. Here she is with the star in a scene that Miss Ludlam touchingly describes.

Did you notice the scene in which she returns from a secret meeting with her sweetheart and finds the two people to whom she owes everything in the world waiting for her? And one word from the woman reproaching her for ingratitude sent her flying upstairs with her hands over her ears, sobbing, "Don't, oh don't!" It was done quickly, simply, beautifully. And it showed a dramatic instinct that gave Anne an understanding of life far beyond her years.

When I first knew her she was three years old. And there was nothing very wistful or very shy about her then. I don't mean to say that she was bold, but at three Miss O'Day—her name then—had a very definite personality, a young lady whose feet were firmly planted on a studio set and she didn't like it. She didn't like it and she didn't hesitate to say so in a manner so lacking in deference that older, wiser heads shuddered. She didn't like the star, who was William Farnum, and she didn't think much of pictures. She wanted to be places where there was nice grass, not a dirty old studio floor.

It was important that she like the star, because in the story she was supposed to be devoted to him, but Mr. Farnum, when he was introduced to the baby, could hardly have expected her to write fan letters on his appearance. [Continued on page 71]

BIG-TIME

In most instances it was some insignificant event which precipitated the careers of our big stars, but which at the time they did not dream would have so much bearing upon their lives.

By Whitney Williams

While scanning the Want Directory for a cartoonist's job, Gary Cooper came across an ad for extras who could ride horseback.

AS a grain of sand can change the course of mighty rivers, so have trivial incidents completely swerved the lives of the Hollywood great, piloted them up the road of destiny to fame and riches.

For instance, a crumpled newspaper picked up on the street can be thanked by Joan Crawford as starting her off on what was to be one of the most glamorous ascents to fame ever known in movies.

Joan had arrived in Kansas City, after several years of monotonous toil in convents and schools, hoping to find a job. She had little money, no influential friends. When she saw a discarded newspaper lying in the street, she retrieved it and turned to the want ads.

Without the slightest hope she would find the vacancy still open, she answered one of the ads, and got employment in a store. About a month later, one of her fellow clerks, who had taken a liking to Joan, introduced the wide-eyed little girl to a theatrical agent. The agent was so entranced with Joan's fresh appearance and radiant personality that he asked if she had any stage aspirations. Her reply was so emphatically affirmative that he interested himself in her behalf.

So Joan started on the stage, a career that took her first to New York, thence to Hollywood. But what would have happened if she hadn't picked up that newspaper, got the job, and met that particular salesgirl? Strange indeed are the dictates of fate and fortune.

Jack Holt might still be trekking into the far places of the globe had a hotel bill not been in arrears.

The year was 1915. Holt, who had been riding the range in Oregon for months, became obsessed with a

Low of funds, Jack Holt eagerly accepted a chance offer to appear in films.

While still a student in a dramatic school, Stuart Erwin, lower right, was called upon to fill a vacancy in a stage play.

A famous dancer happened to be in a restaurant where Novarro was dancing and took him into her company.

As a stenographer in a real-estate office, Alice White saw an ad for a script girl at First National.

IN REVIEW

BY NORBERT LUSK

PICTURE PLAY'S HONOR LIST

"David Copperfield" is not only the grandest picture of the month, but it is likely to be the capital prize of the year.

Every player in it gives a "best" performance, though neither they nor you will begrudge first honors to Freddie Bartholomew.

Other honors go to Gary Cooper and Franchot Tone, in "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer"; Paul Muni and Bette Davis, in "Bordertown"; and to Leslie Howard and Merle Oberon, in "The Scarlet Pimpernel."

"THE IRON DUKE."

George Arliss excites multitudes to admiration no matter what he plays just so he exhibits his familiar technique and personality. They will like exceedingly his Gaumont-British picture while the more critical minority will find it unsatisfactory. To them it will seem too deliberate to be exciting or dramatic, and Mr. Arliss's light comedian sort of *Wellington* will not tally with their image of the man of iron who crushed *Napoleon* and won the Battle of Waterloo for England. They will wish this *Duke of Wellington* would speak of *Napoleon* as *"Boney"* less often and display some military genius instead. Actually, as the picture is arranged, he is shown more as a drawing-room tactician in conflict with the *Duchesse d'Angoulême*, niece of *King Louis XVIII* of France, who attempts to ruin his reputation by newspaper gossip. Gladys Cooper, eminent star of the London stage, is coolly arresting as the *Duchesse*, and you feel that every detail of the handsome production is more than usually correct.

"BORDERTOWN."

Bette Davis has done it again! She gives another scorching performance which equals, if not surpasses, her startling exhibition in "Of Human Bondage," and once more proves that her slant on girls that are not nice is more arresting and courageous than that of stars who insist on being sympathetic and commonplace. Miss Davis prefers admiration for her acting and she certainly gets it in this film. But she is not the sole attraction. There is Paul Muni, the magnificent. Out of their conflict emerges a drama which isn't comforting and pleasant by a long shot, but it's stronger than most. Mr. Muni, a poor Mexican embittered by defeat in Los Angeles, rises to glittering success as proprietor of a night club across the border in Mexico. Miss Davis, wife of his partner, murders her husband to clear the way for her burning desire for Mr. Muni. Frustrated and furious, she implicates him in her crime and her conscience drives her mad. Mr. Muni's love affair with a society girl has a tragic termination, too, and he returns mournfully to his own people.

"THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL."

An elegantly costumed and mannered story of high adventure, this gives splendid opportunities to Leslie Howard and Merle Oberon for picturesque acting in their first film together, which happens to be one of England's best. You who may not have read Baroness Orczy's novel are asking what the title means. It is a wildflower, the nickname of *Sir Percy Blakeney*, leader of a group of British noblemen whose daring exploits in rescuing French aristocrats from the guillotine of the new republic earns them the hatred of *Robespierre* and his henchmen. Mr. Howard's rôle is a fascinating one because it has two sides—the dashing *"Scarlet Pimpernel"* and the drawing-room fop he pretends to be as a disguise. Miss Oberon, as his wife who is ignorant of his secret activities and vexed by his open frivolities, is fragilely beautiful and brimming with emotion in an exquisite performance while Mr. Howard is, as usual, deft and sure and satisfying. The picture is not as exciting as it was meant to be, but it is absorbing because of the intelligence and beauty that inspires every bit of it.

THE SCREEN IN REVIEW

"ENTER MADAME."

The temperamental didos of an operatic prima donna are outmoded as the principal interest in a full-length picture. That is why they do not qualify Elissa Landi's new film as a first-rate success. Her performance is brilliant, however, and the film itself is lively and richly mounted, but the story is definitely old-fashioned and is only tolerably entertaining. It shows us a singer with the effulgent name of *Lisa della Robbia* married to an American, Cary Grant. She will not settle down, but is forever dashing to the far ends of the earth in response to enticing offers. His patience exhausted, her husband divorces her and becomes interested in another woman. Whereupon, *Lisa*, piqued and jealous, sets out to win him back, vanquishing her rival. Her ex-husband willingly steps back into harness as they sail for South America, so the mad, hectic life begins all over again for them. Two operatic episodes from "Tosca" and "Cavalleria Rusticana" are splendidly staged, with Miss Landi gorgeously visualizing *Floria* and *Nedda* while Nina Koshetz invisibly and pulsingly sings.

"THE NIGHT IS YOUNG."

This is the straw that broke the camel's back—and Ramon Novarro's thirteen-year tenancy of a Metro-Goldwyn dressing room. So, if insignificant as entertainment, the film already is historic though not easy to remember except by name. Evelyn Laye, Una Merkel, Charles Butterworth, Donald Cook, Edward Everett Horton, Rosalind Russell, and Herman Bing are visible and flash brightly from time to time, but the sum total of their efforts is obscured by a cloud of futility. One doesn't quite know why. Scenes of pre-War Vienna are beautifully reproduced and there is evident a lavish hand in spending money to make the picture worth while. More than anything, though, the story falls short. It has the *Archduke Paul Gustave* trifling with *Lisl* of the opera ballet until he falls in love with her. Then he must give her up and marry a countess for reasons of state while she must eat her heart out for the sake of her country. The trouble is that no one cares about the picture-book problems of the principals.

"CLIVE OF INDIA."

Ronald Colman and Loretta Young, with the help of a large cast and a handsome production, fail to quicken interest in the story of the poor clerk, *Robert Clive*, who won India for England in the eighteenth century and was badly treated by his country for his patriotic service. Probably the picture will be more significant to British audiences than it is to us who find "Lives of a Bengal Lancer" more colorful and dramatic, even if it is fiction and hasn't the historical data of the "Clive" lecture. Anyway, the perils of modern soldiering in the exotic Far East are more interesting to the majority than the troubles of *Lord Clive of Plassey*. In spite of the exciting material at hand, the picture is more concerned with Clive's domestic life than his military exploits. For he is forever leaving his home in England to harken to India's call and *Lady Clive* doesn't like it, this being all there is of romantic conflict in the picture. The rôle is not one of Mr. Colman's best for it permits none of his ingratiating light comedy.

"THE WHITE COCKATOO."

Jean Muir gives to any film in which she appears an interesting quality. This serene, low-voiced young woman has a cool competence which bespeaks intelligence and holds one's attention every second she is visible. She makes no effort to be striking, glamorous, or any of the things that we have come to accept as the stock-in-trade of an ambitious newcomer. Consequently, she makes this undistinguished effort at story-telling worth while. She is an American lodger at a French provincial hotel who expects to inherit her late father's fortune, but from the moment you are introduced to the guilty-looking guests you know that Miss Muir will not come into her money without opposition. Three murders are committed, as many suspects are under fire, but Miss Muir unmasks the criminal. Pauline Garon, who used to be prominent, plays a small rôle with an amount of skill that entitles her to quick elevation into more important parts, and the complete cast, which you will find on page 52, tells you how many other clever players are present.

"It's a Gift."—Paramount. Two phases of W. C. Fields's remarkable talent are currently on view. If you would enjoy his skill in portraying character, then by all means see his *Micawber* in "David Copperfield." Not only does he make *Dickens's* immortal creation a human being and not a caricature, as many players have done, but he qualifies as a dramatic actor of skill and restraint in the scene of his denunciation of *Uriah Heep*. If, however, you are content to laugh at Mr. Fields solely as a comedian, you must not think of missing him in his Paramount offering. Thinnest of stories, it is really a series of lengthy episodes which permit Mr. Fields to continue his monologue without interruption of plot and with little interference from other players. Thus we have him opening the picture with an attempt to shave in his bathroom while his daughter monopolizes the mirror, as funny a scene as you will find anywhere. Then his desperate effort to sleep on the back porch in the face of incredible disturbances is a masterpiece of comedy, together with that episode in his grocery store where he tries to save his stock from destruction by a blind man who stumbles in the wrong places. These are only three of as many more high lights in a very funny picture. Disappointing, though, is the small chance given Baby LeRoy to crab Mr. Fields's act. Aside from throwing something or other at the star, he has nothing to do. Mr. Fields is the whole show.

"The Man Who Reclaimed His Head."—Universal. Again we are given the opportunity to admire that sardonic actor, Claude Rains, and to exclaim at his ability to be unlike any other star. Here he is well cast in a picture that is interesting, but not as powerful as it would have been had more courage entered into its making. However, its story is unusual and the acting is excellent throughout, especially on the part of Joan Bennett and Lionel Atwill. The latter, as a suave and powerful publisher, employs Mr. Rains to write editorials denouncing war and the greed of munitions makers who encourage it. Mr. Rains and Miss Bennett, as husband and wife, forsake the poverty of their Paris apartment for a mansion while Mr. Atwill's newspaper makes money and he smugly takes credit for the fine writing of his anonymous employee. Then the capitalists buy him off and he becomes a turncoat, advocating war with the vehemence his newspaper formerly demanded peace. Mr. Rains, disillusioned yet tolerant, enlists when war actually is declared. At the front, he learns that Mr. Atwill sold out to the munitions makers and in his absence is making love to his wife. His revenge is properly ghastly.

"Evergreen."—Gaumont-British. American fans now have the opportunity to see one of the leading stars of English musicals in Jessie Matthews, who will remind them, in flashes, of Colleen Moore and Irene Bordoni, incongruous as that may seem. Rather tall and very slim, Miss Matthews is an unusual dancer who displays a rhythmic grace which makes her movements a delight while her acting in the very complicated story is individual and excellent, all making this by far the best musical film that England has so far sent us. The story begins in the gay '90s when Miss Matthews is seen as a music-hall favorite, *Harriet Green*, the toast of the town as the saying goes, on the eve of her marriage to a title. The marriage a failure, *Harriet* disappears, and years later her daughter, also named *Harriet*, comes back to London in search of a job as a chorus girl. Her resemblance to her mother is so striking that old friends think they see a ghost. Eventually, young *Harriet* is seen impersonating her mother on the stage, with complications in her private life. All this is nicely, tastefully projected and with considerable gayety and charm, too, with tuneful music and attractive settings and costumes. Without being a sensation, the picture is distinctly pleasant and so is one's introduction to Miss Matthews.

"Helldorado."—Fox. So unreal as to be fantastic, this is nevertheless attractive because of favorite players—and in spite of three of them being miscast. Therefore, Richard Arlen, Madge Evans, and Ralph Bellamy, the unfortunates, step aside and let Henry B. Walthall take first honors for he has the advantage of being very well cast indeed besides, of course, giving a touching performance. But Mr. Arlen as a bumptious hitch-hiker, Miss Evans as an unnaturally snobbish society girl and Mr. Bellamy as a purse-proud millionaire just aren't in their element. They're all too genuine and likable to make their respective masquerades convincing or pleasant. Naturally, the fault lies in the writing of their rôles and the direction given them. Anyway, they find themselves in a mining town haunted by vanished glories and with but one ghostly inhabitant, Mr. Walthall, who is ridden by hallucinations. That's about all you need know of the goings on which are entertaining enough, but entirely unbelievable and the picture is far below the standard expected of a film sponsored by Jesse L. Lasky.

Pensive and lovely when she is not heart-wrenching, Helen Hayes gives a glimpse of herself in her new film, "Vanessa: Her Love Story," in which Robert Montgomery is her hero.

"Mystery Woman."—Fox. A conventional spy melodrama, most of it taking place on an ocean liner, this has its points nevertheless. One of them is the return of Rod La Rocque, a test of fan loyalty if there ever was one, for he is part of screen tradition. He appears briefly in this as the husband of Mona Barrie unjustly sentenced to Devil's Island. Subsequent activities have Miss Barrie intriguing to get the papers necessary to proving his innocence and freeing him. Of course Miss Barrie succeeds handsomely both as an actress and a *mondaine* in a blond wig, worsting those sophisticates, John Halliday and Gilbert Roland.

CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES

"DAVID COPPERFIELD."—MGM. From the novel by Charles Dickens. Adapted by Hugh Walpole. Directed by George Cukor.

CAST:

Micawber.....W. C. Fields
Dan Peggotty.....Lionel Barrymore
Dora.....Maureen O'Sullivan
Agnes.....Madge Evans
Aunt Betsy.....Edna May Oliver
Mr. Wickfield.....Lewis Stone
David, the man.....Frank Lawton
David, the child.....Freddie Bartholomew
Mrs. Copperfield.....Elizabeth Allan
Uriah Heep.....Roland Young
Mr. Murdstone.....Basil Rathbone
Clickett.....Elsa Lanchester
Mrs. Micawber.....Jean Cadell
Nurse Peggotty.....Jessie Ralph
Mr. Dick.....Lennox Pawle
Jane Murdstone.....Violet Kemble-Cooper
Mrs. Gummidge.....Una O'Connor
Ham.....John Buckler
Steerforth.....Hugh Williams
Limmiter.....Ivan Simpson
Barkis.....Herbert Mundin
Little Em'ly, the child.....Fay Chaldecott
Agnes, the child.....Marilyn Knowlden
Little Em'ly, the woman...Florine McKinney
Dr. Chillip.....Harry Beresford
Mary Ann.....Mabel Colcord
The Vicar.....Hugh Walpole

"ROMANCE IN MANHATTAN."—RKO. From the story by Norman Krasna and Don Hartman. Adapted by Jane Murfin and Edward Kaufman. Directed by Stephen Roberts.

CAST:

Karel Novak.....Francis Lederer
Sylvia Dennis.....Ginger Rogers
Attorney Pander.....Arthur Hohl
Frank Dennis.....Jimmie Butler
Officer Murphy.....J. Farrell Macdonald
Miss Anthrop.....Helen Ware
Miss Evans.....Elly Malyon
The Judge.....Oscar Apfel
Landlady.....Lillian Harmer
Customs Inspector.....Reginald Barlow
Minister.....Donald Meek
Sergeant.....Sidney Toler

"ENTER MADAME."—Paramount. Screen story by Charles Brackett and Gladys Lehman. Based on the play by Gilda Varesi Archibald and Dorothea Donn-Byrne. Directed by Elliott Nugent.

CAST:

Lisa della Robbia.....Elissa Landi
Gerald Fitzgerald.....Cary Grant
Farnum.....Lynne Overman
Flora Preston.....Sharon Lynne
John della Robbia.....Frank Albertson
Aline Chalmers.....Cecilia Parker
Tamamoto.....Wilfred Hari
Bice.....Michelette Burani
Archimede.....Paul Porcasi
Doctor.....Adrian Rosley
Carlson.....Torben Meyer
Bjorgenson.....Harold Berquist
Mr. Massey.....Wallis Clark
Hotel Clerk.....Fred Malatesta
Ship's Officer.....Tony Merlo
Stage Manager.....Dick Kline
Waiter.....Gino Corrado
Operator.....Diana Lewis
Second Stage Manager.....Frank G. Dunn
Reporter.....Matt McHugh
Woman Reporter.....Mildred Boothe
Cameraman.....Jack Byron
Scarpia.....Richard Bonelli
Spoletta.....Bud Galea

"CLIVE OF INDIA."—United Artists. Adapted by W. P. Lipscomb and R. J. Minney from their own stage play. Directed by Richard Boleslawski.

CAST:

Robert Clive.....Ronald Colman
Margaret Maskelyne.....Loretta Young
Captain Johnstone.....Colin Clive
Edmund Maskelyne.....Francis Lister
Prime Minister.....C. Aubrey Smith
Mir Jaffir.....Cesar Romero
Governor Pigot.....Montagu Love
Sergeant Clark.....Lumsden Hare
Admiral Watson.....Ferdinand Munier
Mr. Sullivan.....Gilbert Emery
Mr. Manning.....Leo G. Carroll
Mr. Warburton.....Etienne Girardot
Mr. Pemberton.....Robert Greig
Mr. Kent.....Ian Wolfe
First Director.....Herbert Bunston
Suraj Ud Dowlah.....Mischa Auer
Old Member.....Ferdinand Gottschalk
Colonel Townsend.....Wyndham Standing
Mrs. Nixon.....Doris Lloyd
Clive's Butler.....Edward Cooper

"THE LIVES OF A BENGAL LANCER."—Paramount. Screen story by Waldemar Young, John L. Balderston, Achmed Abdullah, Grover Jones, and William Slavens McNutt, suggested by Francis Yeats-Brown's book. Directed by Henry Hathaway.

CAST:

Captain McGregor.....Gary Cooper
Lieutenant Forsythe.....Franchot Tone
Lieutenant Stone.....Richard Cromwell
Colonel Stone.....Sir Guy Standing
Major Hamilton.....C. Aubrey Smith
Hamzulla Khan.....Monte Blue
Tania Volkanskaya.....Kathleen Burke
Lieutenant Barrett.....Colin Tapley
Mohammed Khan.....Douglas Dumbrille
Emir.....Akim Tamiroff
Hendrickson.....Jameson Thomas
Ram Singh.....Noble Johnson
Major General Woodley.....Lumsden Hare
Grand Vizier.....J. Carrol Naish
The Ghazi.....Rollo Lloyd
McGregor's servant.....Charles Stevens
Afridi.....Mischa Auer
Solo Dancer.....Myra Kinch

"THE IRON DUKE."—Gaumont-British. From the story by H. M. Harwood. Directed by Victor Saville.

CAST:

Duke of Wellington.....George Arliss
Duchess of Wellington.....Ellaline Terriss
Duchess of Angoulême.....Gladys Cooper
Hill.....A. E. Matthews
Louis XVIII.....Allan Aynesworth
Lady Frances.....Lesley Wareing
Bates.....Emlyn Williams
Marshal Ney.....Edmund Willard
Duchess of Richmond.....Norma Varden
Uxbridge.....Felix Aylmer
Castlereagh.....Gerald Lawrence
Talleyrand.....Gibb McLaughlin
Metternich.....Farren Souter
Webster.....Walter Sondes

"BORDERTOWN."—Warners. From the novel by Carroll Graham. Screen play by Robert Lord, Laird Doyle, and Wallace Smith. Directed by Archie Mayo.

CAST:

Johnny Ramirez.....Paul Muni
Marie Roark.....Bette Davis
Dale Elwell.....Margaret Lindsay
Charlie Roark.....Eugene Pallette
Padre.....Robert Barrat
Mr. Elwell.....Henry O'Neill
The Drunk.....Hobart Cavanaugh
Brook Manville.....Gavin Gordon
Dr. Carter.....William Davidson
Manuel Diego.....Arthur Stone
Dale's Friend.....Vivian Tobin
Mrs. Ramirez.....Soledad Jiminez

"THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL."—London Films. From the story by Baroness Orczy, Robert Sherwood, and Arthur Wimperis. Directed by Harold Young.

CAST:

Sir Percy Blakeney.....Leslie Howard
Marguerite, Lady Blakeney....Merle Oberon
Suzanne de Tournay.....Joan Gardner
Comte de Tournay.....O. B. Clarence
Chauvelin, the Butcher.....Raymond Massey
Armand St. Just.....Walter Rilla
Sir Andrew Ffoulkes.....Anthony Bushell
Robespierre.....Ernest Milton
Jellyband, an Innkeeper.....John Turnbull
Priest.....Bramwell Fletcher
Romney.....Melville Cooper
H. R. H., the Prince Regent....Nigel Bruce
Sally.....Gertrude Musgrove
Burke.....Lawrence Hanray
Pitt.....Bruce Belfrage
Comtess de Tournay.....Mabel Terry-Lewis
Rene de Grammont.....Edmund Breon
Lord Granville.....Allan Jeayes
Bibot.....Edmund Willard
Barber.....Gibb McLaughlin
Vicomte de Tournay.....Roy Meredith
Aristocrat.....Billy Shine
Doman.....Brember Wells
Treadle.....Morland Graham
Wilmot.....Hindle Edgar
Codlin.....Kenneth Kove
Lady W.....Annie Esmond
Lady Q.....Renee Macredy
Renad.....Harry Terry
Mericres.....Douglas Stewart
Captain of the Guard.....Arthur Hambling
Members of the Pimpernel League....Philip Strange, Carl Harbord, William Freshman, Philip Desborough, Hugh Dempster, Peter Evan Thomas, Derick deMarney.

"THE NIGHT IS YOUNG."—MGM. From the story by Vicki Baum. Adapted by Edgar Allan Woolf and Franz Schulz. Directed by Dudley Murphy.

CAST:

Paul Gustave.....Ramon Novarro
Lisl.....Evelyn Laye
Willy.....Charles Butterworth
Fanni.....Una Merkel
Szereny.....Edward Everett Horton
Toni.....Donald Cook
Emperor.....Henry Stephenson
Countess Rafay.....Rosalind Russell
Nepomuk.....Herman Bing
Riccardi.....Charles Judels
Moeller.....Albert Conti

"THE WHITE COCKATOO."—Warners. From the novel by Mignon G. Eberhardt. Screen play by Ben Markson and Lillian Hayward. Directed by Alan Crosland.

CAST:

Sue Talley.....Jean Muir
Jim Sundeam.....Ricardo Cortez
Mrs. Felicia Byng.....Ruth Donnelly
Greta Lovscheim.....Minna Gombell
Marcus Lovscheim.....Walter Kingsford
Francis Talley.....John Eldridge
Dr. Roberts.....Gordon Westcott
David Lorn.....Addison Richards
Marianne.....Pauline Garon
Marcel.....Armand de Bordes
Michael Stravsky.....Bentley Hewlett
Commissaire of Police.....Andre Cheron
Pierre.....Georges Renavent
Elsie.....Noel Francis

"EVERGREEN."—Gaumont-British. Directed by Victor Saville.

CAST:

Harriet Green.....Jessie Matthews
Leslie Benn.....Sonnie Hale
Maudie.....Betty Balfour
Tommy Thompson.....Barry MacKay
Marquis of Staines.....Ivor MacLaren
Treadwell.....Hartley Power
Lord Shropshire.....Patrick Ludlow
Mrs. Hawkes.....Betty Shale
Marjorie Moore.....Marjorie Brooks

"THE MAN WHO RECLAIMED HIS HEAD."—Universal. From the play by Jean Bart. Adapted by Miss Bart and Samuel Ornitz. Directed by Edward Ludwig.

CAST:

Paul Verin.....Claude Rains
Adele Verin.....Joan Bennett
Henri Dumont.....Lionel Atwill
Linette Verin.....Baby Jane
De Marnay.....Henry O'Neill
Curly.....Wallace Ford
Marchand.....Lawrence Grant
Charlus.....William Davidson
Laurent.....Henry Armetta
Excellency.....Gilbert Emery
Jean.....Rollo Lloyd
Louise.....Bessie Barriscale
Baron.....Ferdinand Gottschalk

"IT'S A GIFT."—Paramount. Screen story by J. P. McEvoy, Charles Bogle, and Jack Cunningham. Directed by Norman McLeod.

CAST:

Harold Bissonette.....W. C. Fields
Baby Dunk.....Baby LeRoy
Amelia Bissonette.....Kathleen Howard
Mildred Bissonette.....Jean Rouverol
Insurance Salesman.....T. Roy Barnes
John Durston.....Julian Madison
Everett Ricks.....Tammany Young
Norman Z. Bissonette.....Tom Bupp
James Fitchmueller.....Morgan Wallace
Mr. Muckle.....Charles Sellon
Mrs. Dunk.....Josephine Whittell
Miss Dunk.....Diana Lewis
Harry Payne Bosterly.....Guy Usher
Mr. Abernathy.....Del Henderson

"HELLDORADO." Fox. From the story by Frank Mitchell Dazey. Directed by James Cruze.

CAST:

Art Ryan.....Richard Arlen
Glenda Wynant.....Madge Evans
J. F. Van Avery.....Ralph Bellamy
Sam Barnes.....James Gleason
Abner Meadows.....Henry B. Walthall
Miss Fife.....Helen Jerome Eddy
Mae.....Gertrude Short
Flo.....Patricia Farr
Truck driver.....Stanley Fields
Sam Ed.....Lucky Hurlic
Ulysses.....Stepin Fetchit

hoto by Virgil Apger

FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW

UNTIL you see him in "Dovid Copperfield" you have not seen the ultimate in child octors, ond you will discover that you have been saving your last tear for him. His performance as the boy *David* is so poignant and heart-wrenching, such a perfect example of speech and feeling and acting, that you will hang upon every word he utters, fearful thot bringing *Copperfield* to maturity will rob the picture of all its appeal. It doesn't, of course, but you remember that his is the greatest performonce—a performance that Picture Play calls the best of the entire month.

Dancing Lover

Continued from page 15

They pledged that the day would come when Fred would star in a musical show written by George. Eight years later their dream came true when Fred and Adele made their first sensational hit as stars in "Lady, Be Good," with the score by Gershwin.

Before that time, Fred and his sister had been featured in "Over The Top," and in Fritz Kreisler's "Apple Blossoms." It was as *Johnny* in the latter show that Broadway recognized Fred's startling ability as a dancer. The inimitable Alexander Woollcott, as critic on a metropolitan paper, wrote at that time, "Astaire is one of those extraordinary persons whose sense of rhythm and humor have been all mixed up, whose very muscles, of which he has an extra supply, are downright facetious."

The Astaires with their graceful, stimulating routines held sway over American and English audiences for the next fifteen years. As brother and sister who had been trouping since they were babies of five and seven, they had achieved a glorified harmony in their work. When sister Dell retired from the stage in May, 1932, to live at Lismore Castle, the Irish estate of her husband, Lord Cavendish, second son of the Duke of Devonshire, Broadway and Piccadilly predicted that brother Fred was done for.

And which was just another wrong guess on the part of the theatrical world. A few months after his sister's marriage, his close friend, "Jock" Whitney, of the Harry Payne Whitney family, put up the money to prove that Fred could make good on his own. "The Gay Divorcee" was the result. In turns, New York, London, and the cinema pronounced it and its star most delightful.

However, "The Gay Divorcee" was not Astaire's first appearance in films. Metro-Goldwyn, seeking a dancer for Joan Crawford's "Dancing Lady," offered Clifton Webb, another terpsichorean genius of Broadway, the spot. Webb demanded equal billing with Joan. Metro-Goldwyn refused and Astaire modestly stepped into his first movie rôle, never hoping to click, for he has no illusions of being the ideal movie hero. However, no one can predict what the feminine heart will thrill to, and at the moment RKO reports that Fred of the unfair face is receiving more fan mail than any other star on their lot.

And as for the stars of the film colony, they are not going to let any one tap-tap their fans away.

Nancy Carroll has just finished a course in tap dancing. Others who have preceded her are Bing Crosby, Marion Davies, Arline Judge, Polly Walters, Peggy Conklin, Constance Cummings, Ruby Keeler, and during her recent Christmas holiday in New York, Katharine Hepburn turned up at Jack Blue's every morning at ten o'clock to master the hard-shoe dance. Yes, Fred Astaire is responsible for Hollywood going tap-conscious.

But I don't know what Vince Barnett will do to defend his place as ace ribber in Hollywood now that Fred has moved into that circle. One of the practical jokes George Gershwin tells of his boyhood friend pulling on sister Dellie, occurred on that young lady's birthday when she was starring in "Funny Face." Just before the curtain, a delivery boy arrived at the stage door with a Thibetan llama (plain goat). A card around his neck tied with red ribbon read: "To Adele, from a devoted admirer."

The doorman, with some misgivings, led the llama to her flower-decked dressing room. Adele refused to accept the gift. She ordered the goat turned out on an unsuspecting Broadway, which forced brother Fred to confess that he was the offender and if the animal were not returned to the zoo he would have to forfeit fifty dollars.

However, Lady Cavendish is not the only subject of Fred's ribbing. Andy Anderson, stage manager of "The Gay Divorcee," during that play's run, says that no one knew what Fred would do next. In self-defense, the company organized to turn the jokes on him. The fifteen-minute call which stage managers give actors as a warning to be ready for the rise of the curtain is usually a gentle knock on the dressing-room door with a soft-voiced announcement, "Fifteen minutes, sir." At one time a clatter of tin plates substituted the gentle knock. "Louder, please!" called Fred, and Andy responded with several revolver shots.

Fred's pet dance step is a side twist of the ankles. During rehearsals he boasted that no one could do that step but himself. Secretly, the chorus under Andy's guidance practiced the step. When again Fred bragged about his step, the chorus and all members of the company, including the stage hands, went into the side twist.

Does Fred resent having the laugh turned on himself? His reward for Andy's efforts was to place bets on horse races for him. If the horse won Andy received the winnings and if the bet was lost the star failed to mention it.

Another form of ribbing which the dancing star enjoys is sending his black-face valet, Walter, for a glass of water. When the water has been fetched, Astaire says, "I didn't ask you for water—it's a towel I want." Of course, when the towel arrives it is not the right thing and Walter, with Negro diplomacy, brings his master to penitence by saying, "Mr. Fred, one thing's certain. Either you or me is just plain crazy. I don't think it's me, and I hates to think it's you 'cause I loves you so."

Yes, Fred Astaire is the kind of ribber who makes you love it and him, too, for he's regular and boyish every minute.

Oliver Hardy sponsors the film career of his twin nieces, Mary and Margot Sage. They'll play small rôles in "The Live Ghost," the new Laurel and Hardy comedy.

Continued from page 32

"If I had even an inkling of how much work and sacrifice must be put into the thing to be really first-class, well, I don't think I'd have dared."

She didn't have an inkling and she did dare. If Kitty had seen her screen test, she says, she'd never have signed her Paramount contract.

However, let's go back a few years, four to be exact, to the time when a very young Kitty's sophistication hadn't reached proportions any larger than the usual bump of knowledge on the nicely waved head of any débutante.

She had been drifting about Europe with her mother from the time she was a child, had gone to finishing schools and was convinced that life was a pleasant if hectic routine of parties, night clubs, and tea dances. She thought such an existence entirely natural.

"Do I miss all that now?"

Kitty's laughter was so vehement that it disturbed the delicate petals of the flowers with which admirers had cluttered her living room.

"Why"—she was entirely serious—"I've never lived such an un-Hollywood life since I quit that endless dashing about. Working in pictures is far less a strain than partying all day and night practically every day and night. If you didn't sit up all night and tear about to luncheons and bridges and tea dances you were a flop. I did as the other girls in my crowd did. But as for missing that crowd—who'd miss a lot of riffraff without a brain in their heads?"

To return to the time when she enjoyed the aimless partying, Mrs. Carlisle was firm on the point of at least one definite accomplishment for her daughter. Among the smart set of Paris, Kitty Carlisle's study of voice and dramatics became a little joke. When her dark head and wide, sweet smile appeared less and less frequently at the endless gatherings she was warned of the pitfalls that awaited any carefree pleasure-seeker who became entangled in serious work. Her friends were of the opinion that work was harmful to the complexion.

"I had no intention then," Kitty admits, "of doing anything more than learning to sing and act, but from my very first lesson I enjoyed it so that I felt I wanted to go on. I still enjoy doing them together. That combination is the only thing that amuses me and that's the kind of picture work I shall always do."

Firm tones appeared in her voice at the word "always." Our pencil stopped of its own volition. It does that. Just an old yellow pencil, but it has convenient habits. It had underlined the word "always" twice.

"How," we asked following our smart pencil's suggestion, "do you know you'll always get that type of story? Isn't it possible that you'll be cast in a nonsinging part?"

She shook her head resolutely, folded her arms on the white satin bosom of her pajamas.

"It isn't possible," she said, "because that's what I want to do and nothing else interests me."

Only the future and Paramount can affirm or deny that. Our pencil, properly put in its place, went on with Kitty's début as a professional performer.

"I was the last one on the list at my first and only audition. I was the only singer who clutched my music in a perspiring hand—and I was terrible. I don't know why they gave me the part, probably because I looked it."

Jessie Matthews snuggles by her fireside in England, only vaguely aware that in "Evergreen" she captivated American fans with her dash and charm and extraordinary dancing, reminding old-timers of a curious combination of Colleen Moore and Irene Bordoni.

That was the singing lead in a tabloid version of "Rio Rita." At the first performance, Kitty's knees shook and they haven't conquered the habit yet. But when the unit finally wound up its thirty-three-week tour, Kitty was offered a leading rôle in "Champagne Sec," in New York. And when that musical had been going only a few weeks, a screen test hopped into her lap.

"I haven't got over my self-consciousness yet," she says frankly, "and I always think I'm terrible. I hate to look at the day's rushes."

"Do you think you're being paid and starred because you're no good? Come, now, surely way down in your secret heart you approve of yourself once in a while."

Kitty stirred restlessly and gave us a blank stare.

"Is my attitude uncommon?" she asked at last. "I don't know how most women feel about themselves. I've met only one woman star, Miriam Hopkins, and she was lovely. Told me where to stand and what to do. But since I don't know her socially, I haven't any idea of how she regards herself. But the men I've worked with are always sure they're no good. I only know that I've come up quickly and that I must keep going up more rapidly. That's why I take two lessons a day and one when I'm working. I must be first-class or nothing."

After her first picture, "Murder at the Vanities," Kitty was cast opposite Bing Crosby, and Kitty wants the world to know he is an angel, wonderful to work with, although fearfully, schoolboyishly shy of love scenes. Their first together resulted in a smudgy kiss that ended somewhere on the Carlisle chin.

Kitty hails from New Orleans where her father died when she was a child. Since then she and Mrs. Carlisle have lived abroad.

"Never"—Kitty was laying down law again—"will I pose for a stunt picture, a naked-looking picture, or a picture in my home. I will never answer questions about my life outside the studio. That will never be necessary to my career. An actress must appeal to and satisfy the imagination of the public. She must preserve a glamour and she can't do that by describing her breakfast or signing articles entitled 'How to Hold Your Husband.'

"Fans wouldn't want me to do that sort of thing. Any advice I might give them would be far from expert as I'm neither a student of nor an authority on anything. I'm just trying to be perfect in the work I'm doing. They'll have to like me on that basis.

"I," Kitty expounded with her increasing assurance, "will never go to places where I'm sure to be seen if I don't want to be seen. And if I should ever marry I shan't shout it from housetops, but I won't make a secret of it either. Change my mind? If Hollywood tries to get into my private life I'll get out of Hollywood."

Whereupon we, almost on the point of asking whether there had been or might be a love interest in Kitty's life, departed hastily from the smiling but inexorable young lady who will either break all the rules or change them.

Continued from page 17

should be held to the greatest satisfaction of all. But recently they were shifted back to the Ambassador, where the Sixty Club, a predecessor socially, formerly reigned. The Mayfair has had the longest existence of any of these organizations, one reason being that it is rather stanchly supported by the producers as well as the actors. Actors don't generally cling together eternally, especially in the movies.

The Barrymore Rumors.—With John Barrymore still away, the rumors continue to circulate that he and Dolores Costello have come to the point where the trail divides. It's always denied, but the reports go on. Heretofore Dolores has always accompanied him on his trips. But because this was a more extended journey than usual, she didn't see how she could join in the journey, owing to looking after the children and all.

Who'll Win Statuettes?—Our guess on the winners of the academy prizes this year includes Norma Shearer for "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," even though we *do* think that Bette Davis deserves the honor perhaps even more for her portrayal in "Of Human Bondage."

The man will probably be William Powell for "The Thin Man," or else Robert Donat for "The Count of Monte Cristo." And we can swear that we haven't any inside tip, aside from that furnished by our own discerning eyes.

Treasures That Vanish.—Curious indeed is the decline in value of the effects of various stars. Nothing more remarkable, perhaps, than the depreciation of Rudolph Valentino's estate. His home was once worth $100,000, and its sale was recently confirmed at $18,000. An auction of Betty Compson's possessions—she has been in China—was recently held, and some articles sold at three cents on the dollar. Unique was the fact that a picture of Betty herself in a silver frame was bid in for fifteen dollars. The bidding started at one dollar.

Honors Almost Even.—Somebody took the trouble of counting up the divorces and marriages in filmland during the past year, and found that the marriages only led by fifteen. There were sixty-five weddings and fifty split-ups. At that rate, it won't be long until the majority in the colony are "free souls."

Tracy Reconciliation.—Reconciliation of Spencer Tracy with his wife, the former Louise Treadwell, seems to be the final chapter in the romantic interlude between this actor and Loretta Young. It has been bruited about, and even admitted as a possibility. Loretta appears to have no other special interest any more. She is seen with her sisters much of the time, and otherwise appears to concentrate on professional activities.

Fantastic Press Agents.—If there's the least chance for anything to be dramatized in Hollywood, it will be. Warner Baxter recently broke his finger while playing tennis, and immediately some publicity agent sent out a story to the effect that he had been bitten by the deadly Black Widow spider. When Lowell Sherman passed away during the filming of "Becky Sharp," reports immediately stated that Miriam Hopkins had suffered a collapse or something because of the death, and that makes Miriam burn because she is never sick. Also there was the star who was supposed to have been bitten by a snake about a year or two ago, and you'd be surprised if you knew the real truth about that.

Clamored for by Hollywood after his sensational success in "One Night of Love," Tullio Carminati has been handed another striking rôle in "Let's Live To-night," with Lilian Harvey.

Erich, Jr., Succeeding.—Even if Erich von Stroheim is broke—he recently confessed to having only a few dollars in his pocket when brought to court on an alimony complaint—his son is able to carry on, and is believed to have a big future. The boy will be seen in "Gold Diggers of 1935," and may be given a permanent contract by Warner Brothers. This, of course, is Von Stroheim's older offspring, and he is considered quite a capable youth. In the "Golddiggers" the son of Carlyle Blackwell and the daughter of Jacqueline Saunders, both old-timers in the movies, also appear.

Elizabeth Allan Free.—Elizabeth Allan goes places with Mrs. Ernest Torrence, the widow of the actor who was so well liked during his lifetime. The two women have been friends for a long time. Just recently Elizabeth divorced Wilfred James O'Bryen, but that doesn't prevent their chatting together whenever they meet.

Grace Moore Hollywooding.—Grace Moore, looking gorgeous, is seen about regularly with Valentin Perera, which marriage looks quite steady. Perera would be a hit on the screen, in all probability, if he could get the right chance. He does well in Spanish pictures. Miss Moore is now in the midst of her second operatic screen enterprise, "The Wings of Song."

Tower of Babel.—The battle of the languages was certainly fought on the "A Midsummer Night's Dream" set. Most of the actors were, of course, good plain-speaking Americans. But Max Reinhardt knows very little English, while Madame Nijinska, who directed the ballets, spoke mostly Russian. The doorkeeper made the remark that he was trying to learn to sing "Die Wacht Am Rhein" and the Russian national anthem so as to be neutral. Nijinska, by the way, had a flare-up and quit the production before it was over. She is the sister of the famous Russian dancer.

Separation Threatened.—A sad parting may be in order for Ivan Lebedeff and Wera Engels. The immigration officials are thinking of shipping the attractive actress back to Germany, and Heaven knows when she'll be able to come back again! However, various prominent stars and others have been interceding for her.

Battle Not Ended.—While Ann Harding has won full custody of her child by virtue of a Nevada court decree, that may not be the end of the controversy between Harry Bannister and herself. The scene of battle is likely to be transferred to the California courts.

Dancer Hates the Dance.—It's hard to believe, but Fred Astaire really loathes dancing. He'd much rather act without the steps. It's understandable why Astaire doesn't like the talent which has made him famous. Dancing is the most stren-

uous work that any one can do in pictures. Hours and hours are generally required for the photographing of the scenes, and Astaire has to keep going every minute of the time.

Soirée à la Russe.—Anna Sten's Russian parties are becoming famous for lasting and lasting. To-day practically all social festivities in Hollywood continue until dawn, but the doors closed on the last guest departing the Sten manse recently at 10 a. m. And one of the very latest to leave was none other than Marlene Dietrich. Can you imagine that?

On the occasion mentioned, Miss Sten entertained members of the Monte Carlo Ballet Russe, and Frank Morgan greatly diverted this group by doing a number in his own special brand of Russian.

Midnight Revelry.—Some sight to see Chester Morris doing an adagio dance in the wee sma' hours of the last Mayfair party with Mrs. Robert Montgomery, lifting that little lady off her feet and high into the air. Meantime Bob was dancing with Chester's delightful wife, famous for the silken white of her hair.

Glittering Gertrude.—Gertrude Michael is very devoted to Rouben Mamoulian, the director. And Gertrude, in case you might be interested, is one of the loveliest, young actresses in the colony. She has grace and charm, and is improving herself constantly. Also she has marked gifts as a pianist, and may sometime be heard on a concert tour.

Jane Baxter displays an interesting and unusual corsage in "Enchanted April." Overlapping rows of narrow lace, closely ruffled, set off her red taffeta evening gown.

Offending the Bard.—Freakish beyond words is the storm that has been called forth by the injecting of a *Mrs. Bottom* into "A Midsummer Night's Dream." She is supposed to be the wife of *Bottom the Weaver,* chief comedy character, and that very clever actress, Sara Haden, is doing the rôle. All the Shakespearean sharpshooters have been firing telegrams and letters at the Warner studio, wanting to know how come that they have the nerve to change a play of the bard to the extent of putting a new character in the film.

Love in a Garden.—Van Smith is a very faithful attendant on Nancy Carroll. At the wedding of Jocelyn Lee and James Seymour they amused themselves in a swing in the garden. Van, frock-coated and all, sent Nancy flying properly heavenward in the apparatus. Real youngish, we calls it.

Will Love or Art Win?—Tom Brown and Anita Louise would both like to take a little flyer over to England for pictures, but it looks as if Anita will have to stay right on in the Coast movies, since Warner Brothers have her tied up. So Tom is debating whether or not he'll go—probably torn between love and art. It's going to be risky to leave so beautiful a girl as Anita for any length of time.

A Love that Lingers.—Greta Garbo and George Brent are still very, very friendly. It's the most enduring companionship ever for the Swedish star. But then it will probably end some day soon, as do all Garbo friendships.

Strange Handicap

Continued from page 35

It was her work in the last-named that attracted the attention of Metro-Goldwyn and she was tendered a contract by that organization. During the four years since, she appeared in over thirty-four pictures, the latest being "David Copperfield," about which she is most enthusiastic.

"George Cukor, the director, planned an *Agnes* with more color and character than is usually allowed Dickens's heroines. He let me give her a sense of humor and make her a real, living, breathing human. I enjoyed creating *Agnes* so much that I dreaded to break my spell of happiness by going into another baseball or horse-racing picture.

"That's the main reason I asked the studio to let me come to New York for a visit. Now, I've come to earth and am ready to go back to the usual routine."

This means, aside from her work, a rather quiet life. She lives simply, with her mother and brother, and seldom joins in the gay social round of the cinema capital. Her frequent companion, whose name has been linked with hers romantically for several years, is Tom Gallery, ex-husband of Zasu Pitts.

Naturally, I was curious as to the exact status of their relationship and Madge is too honest a person to deny the affection that exists between them.

"I'm terribly fond of Tom," she said sincerely, too sincerely, in fact, to convey an impression of very intense feeling. "But I'm not planning on marrying him or any one else for a number of years.

"Granted that on occasion divorce becomes inevitable, I still feel that if, and when, I do marry, I want to believe that it's going to last. And I couldn't believe that at present.

"It isn't that I feel a career and marriage can't be combined," she went on. "It has been done successfully many times, but both parties to the bargain have to be in a position to give a great deal toward making their marriage last and I'm not in a position right now to do my part.

"After all, I've been on the stage and screen for so long that acting is really a part of me. I can't think of ever giving it up. And I'm in such a precarious position, professionally, at present that I must keep myself free to move from Hollywood to New York, to England, or to Australia, at a moment's notice, if my work demanded it.

"And that's no way to be if you're married and serious about achieving success and permanence. For that reason, I'm determined not to marry until the time comes when I'm secure enough in my work to allot it just a proper share, instead of all my time and interest."

Not her actual words, but the clear thinking and analysis behind them, told a more eloquent story than Miss Evans realized. They told me that she is not really in love, despite her avowal of affection for Mr. Gallery.

For when a woman is really in love, she loses the power to analyze and think so clearly, and believes that love and nothing else will make everything come out all right. I mentioned this opinion to her and she smiled.

"Perhaps you're right. Maybe I will lose my perspective and forget all my caution some day. But I hope that's a long time off. I have a lot of work I want to do first. I want to prove to myself and to those who have believed in me, that I can reach a really important place in pictures and do a job of sincerely fine acting."

Photo by Lippman

Myrna Loy is gracious, coöperative, and polite to interviewers, but she won't say much about herself. Instead, she introduces her stand-in, Melrose Hooper, as better story material. Thereby she breaks another Hollywood rule.

MINUS CLAQUE OR CLIQUE

Myrna Loy is one of the eminently successful members of the tiptoe cult in Hollywood, keeping her private life a complete secret and acting only in the studio on the set. Here is a penetrating analysis of the reasons why.

By
Malcolm H. Oettinger

METHODS differ in Hollywood. Some succeed to the accompanying blare of publicity; others get the same sweet results without benefit of ballyhoo. The first group sobs to the press about love affairs, baby yearnings, and thwarted ambitions. Souls are bared Wednesdays and Fridays, by appointment. Nothing is too intimate to be page-one copy. Life is an open book with pretty badly thumbed pages.

The other smaller group is content to go its way quietly, acting only in the studio on the set, advancing steadily artistically, winning more popularity with each picture, keeping the private life a complete secret.

Myrna Loy is one of the eminently successful members of the tiptoe cult. Garbo is the ringleader, of course, but Myrna is second to none in minding her own business, keeping her pretty mouth shut, and performing only for the cameras. Myrna is a bright young woman who used to have a flair for looking Oriental and mysterious. She has been in pictures long enough to know what it's all about. So she stepped out of the slinky category, played modern ladies with humor and elegance, and developed a highly practical sense of values.

You never hear of Miss Loy's specifications for her ideal man or Dream Prince. You never see her posing with the Past President of the Pipe Organ Pumpers or the General Chairman of Bail-bond Providers. You can't recall having seen her launch a walkathon contest, christen a battleship, wave good-by from an ocean liner, sponsor a bicycle race for monopeds, or endow an aviary for homeless homing pigeons. She doesn't go in for that sort of thing.

You have seen her play opposite Clark Gable in three consecutive pictures that were good for the box office. You have seen her recalled by Warner Baxter to team with him for a third time. And now Metro-Goldwyn is teaming her again with William Powell after the success of "The Thin Man," "Manhattan Melodrama," and "Evelyn Prentice."

Nobody in Hollywood knows much about Myrna except that she is in the higher altitudes to stay. She has the equipment, as it's called in the film belt, she has common sense, and she has the all-important sense of balance.

It's hard to get her to talk about herself. She will be gracious, coöperative, and polite. But she won't say much.

She doesn't care for the go-places-and-do-things life. She prefers to entertain at home. Never many people. Too noisy. She lives with her mother and younger brother in Beverly Hills. One car. One cook. One maid. Not too lavish, you see, but comfortable.

When I met Miss Loy she was working in a picture with the debonair, devil-may-care Mr. Powell of "Thin Man" fame.

Off the set the lady is still lovely, but I was surprised to see large hands, generously freckled. They were not in character. The Loy eyes slant provocatively, but there is nothing of coquetry in her manner. She is matter-of-fact and impersonal for the most part.

She told me that she escaped playing seductive Eastern ladies with veils and harem pajamas by the simple method of balking. [Continued on page 75]

MYRNA LOY

MALCOLM H. OETTINGER surmises that somewhere in her past Myrna Loy has been deeply hurt and her impersonal attitude is erected as a guard, lest she suffer again. That is why nobody in Hollywood knows much about her except that she is in the higher altitudes to stay. But read Mr. Oettinger's keen and sympathetic story about Miss Loy on the opposite page.

THE SOUL OF MANYA

AGAIN Anna Sten promises a fine picture, this time in company with Gary Cooper, Ralph Bellamy, Helen Vinson, and Siegfried Rumann who are pictured on this page in "The Wedding Night." A fascinating story, it tells of a Polish girl who works in the tobacco fields of Connecticut and her sacrifice for love.

MASTERFUL

Clark Gable, as a vigorous newspaper editor, tames Constance Bennett who owes her job as reporter to social connections. And they're both mixed up in a murder mystery. There you have the ground work of "After Office Hours."

THE striking portrait of Mr. Gable, above, shows him in action as a crusading editor who spares no one in getting the news. Miss Bennett preens while Stuart Erwin, above, right, reminds that duty calls. Below, Miss Bennett is with Harvey Stephens.

THE popular British comedian, George Grossmith, is seen with Miss Laye at the top of the page, who is with Mr. Wilcoxon in the other two photographs. They are principals in a love story which has Miss Laye leaving her kingdom to marry the ruler of a neighboring principality and falling in love and marrying his emissary, the stalwart Mr. Wilcoxon.

MELODY

Evelyn Laye will soothe your cares away in "Princess Charming," with Henry Wilcoxon opposite her in a musical romance of a mythical kingdom.

really doesn't
to know what
cture is about
se it's sure-
nough to say
he song hits
e the popu-
moke Gets In
yes" and the
round is that
fashionable
shop in Paris.
e way, the
blonde with
Dunne, left,
ginia Reid.

not
ons
is
an
ng
le
le
ay,
st-
me
it!

Continued from page 29

done, now have them gnashing their teeth again. They have captured Noel Coward to act in a film. Furthermore, they have persuaded the exquisite Julie Haydon to appear opposite him. And as if that weren't enough, they have Hope Williams in the picture, the same Hope Williams who RKO hoped to star a few months ago, but who didn't care much for their choice of stories.

Actors adore this trio. They know that Hecht and MacArthur will give them thrilling and dramatic lines to speak whether or not the slowest mind in the audience can be expected to grasp them, and they know that Lee Garmes's photography will make them look like interesting human beings rather than painted dolls.

The First Alumna.—Margo, the tempestuous little Mexican who made her début in the first Hecht-MacArthur film, "Crime Without Passion," would rather not speak of her second. It is "Rumba," made in California with George Raft and Carol Lombard. It is, I dare say, just another picture. And Margo is ambitious. She is the most ingratiating child. She wants to be a natural actress like Helen Hayes. She wants to study dramatic art with some one like Ouspenskaya of the Moscow Art Theater, and stylized dancing of the modern school. She pores over the *Theater Arts Monthly,* always scrupulously giving credit when she quotes from it. She giggles when people pretend that they remember her as an extra in Hollywood years ago. "I was always the four hundredth extra in a scene where they used four hundred. They couldn't have seen me in pictures. I never could find myself," she insists.

One Price of Fame.—When Margo came back to New York after finishing "Rumba," newspapers made much of the fact that she was going back to the Waldorf-Astoria to dance in the Empire Room at supper. That's what she was doing when pictures discovered her. But Paramount put a stop to that. Said it wasn't dignified for one of their featured players. Margo doesn't care much; it gives her more time to study. Meanwhile, the attraction there is Jane Winton, formerly of films, who has developed a really thrilling singing voice.

All-star Cast at Mayfair.—A recent Mayfair dance put forth the most glittering array of Hollywood beauties they have offered this season. Marian Nixon, now a tawny blonde, looks more and more like one of those fragile mauve orchids. Merle Oberon looked like an Asiatic princess with Paris polish, while Carol Lombard and Adrienne Ames looked like every film fan's idea of what a star ought to look like—a little flashy.

An inspired trio was also there—Bebe Daniels, Ben Lyon, and Skeets Gallagher—having so much fun and keeping every one near them in such an uproar that one didn't notice at first how Bebe looked. P. S. She looked as grand as ever. These three inseparables are to do a Broadway play soon.

Just for the Love of It.—A lot of young actors who have suddenly been catapulted into fame and big money developed nostalgia for the good old days of a summer stock company when they devoted themselves to the theater without much encouragement. The good old days when they were featured players one week, scene shifters the next, and ticket takers the next. And always wondering if the evening's receipts would cover real meals or just sandwiches and milk for the company.

This picture of Felix Knight is especially for those whose excited queries followed seeing him as *Tom-Tom* in "Babes In Toyland," and who await him in another film.

A few of them got together, decided they would like to produce plays, and Stage Associates was formed. Two days later a telegram bristling with indignation was received from Margaret Sullavan.

"What's the idea of leaving me out?" she asked, going on to say that she was ready at any time to give up her extravagant Hollywood salary to join them in their adventure.

The Song of the Lark.—Kitty Carlisle lingers on in New York, crowding her days and nights with experiences to see her through the long months that she will spend working in Hollywood. She doesn't go to Hollywood parties and likes to save her voice for the microphone. She loves to meet celebrities and gets as completely tongue-tied as if she hadn't spent most of her life in Europe meeting people eminent in every field.

She had just met Nazimova, a lifelong ambition, when I dropped in at her Ritz Tower apartment to call. Watching Nazimova prepare tea for her guests, Miss Carlisle suddenly realized that she was still startled to find that her idols come down from their pedestals to do practical little things in a wholly natural way.

This devoted fan of Miss Carlisle's understands the feeling. After meeting droves of picture stars, I was still impressed by finding her cordially companionable.

Now He Will Know the End.—Frankie Thomas, who bears his stage and screen laurels as casually as he swings a baseball bat, has gone to Hollywood to play in "A Dog of Flanders." When Jackie Coogan starred in the silent version, Frankie was too young to see the film. He started reading the book once, getting it from a library in the city where his parents were playing on the stage. But the show moved on before he finished, and he never did read how Ouida's story ends, because suddenly he was acting and he was kept pretty busy learning lines.

He likes to learn all of his father's and mother's lines too, hoping to prompt them some night noisily from the wings.

Belated Honeymoon.—Evelyn Laye and Frank Lawton rushed through New York en route to London knowing that they had to be back within a few weeks. Films have not yet caught the delicate charm that is hers, but the camera does right well by him.

Backstage at "Accent on Youth," they held a grand reunion with Constance Cummings whom Britishers adopted whole-heartedly last year in London. Almost any one would like to adopt her. She is a clever actress and poignantly beautiful. Which must make up to her in a small way for the time a few years ago when Sam Goldwyn dropped her from his company because she could not act and did not photograph well. It would be nice if he would come to New York and discover that she is just the girl for "The Dark Angel."

Young with Old Ideas

Continued from page 33

On the day I met Mr. Young, I first watched him go through a few scenes of "West Point of the Air." The company was on location, shooting exteriors. That engaging and almost perpetual grin and that youthful exuberance of his seemed spontaneous and real as he went through the action of the scenes and repeated his lines. But when the camera ceased grinding he shed both like a pair of gloves.

As he left the set we were introduced. He shook hands graciously, but his face remained grave. The set was packed with the crowd of spectators who always throng locations outside the walls of the studios.

"Let's sit in this car over here," he suggested. "We'll never find a place on the set to talk." We walked toward the car and were immediately surrounded by a swarm of schoolgirls eager for his autograph. He stopped at their request and solemnly wrote in several books as the crowd continued to grow. At last he said, pleasantly, but with no trace of a smile, "I'm sorry, I'll have to go now. Do the rest of you mind waiting until later?"

At last we reached the car and piled in the rear seat.

"I'm afraid you'll find me poor copy," he began. "There's really not much to say about me. Just the other day I was in conference with the press department. They told me I should develop some 'angles' for stories, but I don't know how to go about it. I don't do anything spectacular. If I played polo like Spencer Tracy, or raced horses like Clark Gable, I guess that would make copy for stories. But I'm such an average sort of person. At first there were Cinderella stories about how I was discovered, and then romantic yarns about my marrying my school-days sweetheart. Except for those two angles, there's nothing much more to write. I lead a pretty commonplace existence."

I smiled at his earnestness, but he continued, as serious as a judge. As he talked I realized that the winning smile that continually wreathes his face on the screen, and which has endeared him to audiences, is, in person, so infrequent as to be almost rare.

I glanced at his expression now as he talked. His forehead was drawn into vertical lines, as if he were earnestly searching his mind for some "good copy" to tell me. He reminded me of a business man worrying over the failure of the company's promotion department to keep up its end of the business as well as the production, engineering and auditing departments did theirs.

"Well, let's not worry about angles, and something might pop up," I said, laughing to reassure him. "You're pretty businesslike about your career, aren't you?"

"Acting *is* a business," he replied. "I haven't much patience with the viewpoint of some in regarding the theater or studio as an art center or a place for self-expression. Of course, acting is a more highly sensitized business than, for example, making automobiles, but it's a business nevertheless."

"Has Hollywood disillusioned you?" I asked in alarm.

"I had no illusions about Hollywood to begin with," he answered emphatically. "Frankly, I've no patience, either, with all this talk of Hollywood and what it does to people. Places can't alter us. If a person is emotionally unstable, he will blame life instead of himself for his shortcomings and failures whether he's in Hollywood or Keokuk. I think illusions and ideals have their place in love and marriage and friendship and other relationships, but they've no place in business. Bank clerks don't go into the banking business with all kinds of high-flown ideas and illusions about their jobs. Actors shouldn't go about their jobs that way, either."

Demurely, Ruby Keeler knits away the time she must wait between scenes of "Go Into Your Dance" while costar and husband, Al Jolson, gives her good advice about reading lines.

As this very serious young man continued talking, I studied his appearance as if to discover the secret of the great difference between the reel and the real Bob Young.

He is twenty-seven, I am told. On the screen he looks and acts even younger. He is the typical juvenile. In person he looks about that age, but acts thirty-five. It was a little depressing. Taking courage, I asked this earnest young man if he was aware of this wide divergence between the appearance and the actions of his market product, so to speak. I wondered if perhaps responsibilities or heavy obligations in his earlier years had left their influence upon him.

He considered my question thoughtfully a moment before replying.

"Yes, I did have responsibilities as a boy. Not great ones, but I felt them keenly. I worked, as all boys do, after school. As a matter of fact, I had an unhappy youth. Not from outside forces. My home life was happy. I don't regret having to work, either, because I believe it's good business training for boys to go to work young. But many boys are unhappy in adolescent years, and I was particularly morbid and sensitive. I felt the weight of the world on my shoulders. I don't believe I'm overly serious now, and I'm certainly not morbid. But I suppose I am, as you say, more mature than I appear in pictures."

With his name on a high school diploma, he debated whether to work his way through college or get a steady job at once. Two factors influenced him toward the college idea. He yearned for the social contacts of college life, and, already having been bitten by the acting bug, he wanted to study dramatics. But working after school would leave little time for acting or fun.

Then he hit upon a plan. Since acting and the opportunity for making friends were for him the principal appeals of the institutions of higher learning, instead of working at night and going to school by day, why not reverse the process? Work by day and go to school, act and make friends at night. A bank clerk's job by day and Pasadena Community Playhouse activities in the evenings solved his immediate problems.

For four years he carried on thus. Then an actors' agent saw him at the Playhouse and offered to get him a movie contract. Robert had thought of the movies—as what Southern California boy or girl has not? But he lacked the self-confidence to attempt crashing the gates unaided. When the agent got him a job with MGM he was happier than he had ever been in his life.

He likes the juvenile types of rôles he's been playing, and has no yearning for heavy histrionics. When he wants a particular part, however, he fights for it. He worked eight months for the "West Point of the Air" rôle he now has. For a time it looked as if Robert Montgomery would draw the plum, but Mr. Young's businesslike efforts to ob-

tain the part influenced the powers that be, and he was notified he could have the rôle of Wallace Beery's son in the army aviation opus.

And what does this young business man do outside of office hours? In the evenings he and Mrs. Young go to the movies or listen to the radio, or occasionally go out to dinner and dance, just as thousands of married couples all over the country spend their evenings. His favorite sport is penny-ante poker with a bunch of cronies. His particular friends among picture people are James Dunn, Cliff Edwards, Roscoe Karns, and Edward Sedgwick, the director.

He reads contemporary fiction. Hates bridge and plays a duffer's game of golf. Belongs to the Hollywood Athletic Club, and plays squash or handball for exercise. The Youngs are buying a home in Beverly Hills, which they selected primarily as a financial investment, he admits frankly.

"So you see, I really am 'disgustingly normal,'" he said at last, and this time his face broke into that infrequent but charming smile of his. "Just one hobby I have that's even a little unusual," he confided. "Theoretically, I'm interested in surgery. I like to read books on the subject, and I'm always saying I'm going to the hospital to watch unusual operations, but I can't get up the courage to go. I suppose that still makes me just an average chicken-hearted individual, like almost everybody else."

Disgustingly normal? Yes, Robert Young is. And it's a pleasant relief to meet an actor with no illusions of grandeur or temperamental idiosyncrasies. One who won't assume a pose for publicity purposes. Mr. Young is an honest, sincere, and likable person.

But I wish he weren't such a solemn young man. Can't you smile a little, Robert, except when the cameraman says, "Now, see the little birdie?"

She Takes It on the Chin

Continued from page 39

New Jersey, so that Ann—then Dorothy Gatley—might pursue her high-school studies uninterrupted, the girl's pent-up emotionalism turned to amateur theatricals as an outlet.

This also explains why Ann, the mother, wishes to have sole custody of six-year-old Jane, whose father is Harry Bannister. She quite naturally means to give the child the advantage of a permanent home with opportunities for any artistic leanings to be developed under the best possible conditions. Yet she faces a legal battle with her ex-husband for this privilege.

Regarding her apparent aloofness, much may also be said in defense of it. In the first place, the failure of her marriage has been a great emotional shock and one which she believes she must work out alone. In the past, she has placed her trust in friends, only to have that trust violated.

In one instance, a trusted employee and confidant even resorted to blackmail. On another occasion, a close friend betrayed her trust and indulged in petty, malicious gossip. That is why Ann, bereft of love and friendship, finds haven in the lovely hilltop estate which she and her husband built as a setting for their great happiness.

Sequestered, fearing kidnapers and extortionists, she leads a solitary life save for the companionship of little Jane and her sister Edith, the former Mrs. Robert Nash.

Ann, extremely intellectual and accomplished, is not dependent upon outside contacts. She finds repose in her library, recreation in her garden. Besides this, she plays the piano beautifully, difficult, classical selections. She abhors jazz music.

On rare occasions when her spirit demands a wider domain, she leaps upon a high-spirited horse and rides for miles over mountain trails. Her riding has the skilled abandon of one who has ridden since childhood. She likewise enjoys motoring and drives like a demon when out on the open straightaway of the desert, often at the reckless speed of ninety miles an hour. Whatever Ann does, she does fully and well.

Rested and refreshed from a much-needed vacation, a new, more glamorous Ann is about to emerge triumphantly.

The art of the motion picture, marching forward to perfection, has cast off its restrictions and taken on the added dimension of color. Thus, the real beauty of Ann Harding is soon to emerge in all its loveliness.

As one of the privileged few who have seen the advance color tests of Ann taken for her rôle in "Peacock's Feather," I feel it my duty to prepare her fans for the thrilling sur-

Continued on page 73

Hip, hip, hooray, the first glimpse of Mae West in "Now I'm a Lady!" She doesn't seem complacent about the elevation, though, but is doing her darndest to tantalize Fred Kohler.

Scared of Spring

Continued from page 13

But balancing the annual divorce epidemic are the romances. And they fortify the old adage that "in the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love."

The moment Kay Francis was freed from Kenneth MacKenna, Maurice Chevalier, who at last has learned to laugh, even though the cameras aren't grinding, became her constant cavalier.

And of course you've heard that Greta Garbo and Rouben Mamoulian raised a mutual temperature. They even went off on a little publicity-free excursion of their own. Unfortunately, the newspapers caught up with them. Come spring and even Garbo seems defenseless. For her interlude with Gilbert, too, spanned the tremulous months.

One look and Charles Boyer and Pat Paterson were afire. In ten days they were married. Oh, well, it was spring. And the mischievous months were getting in the pleasant part of their labors.

Over in London, Cary Grant and Virginia Cherrill took the final step, and in Hollywood, Martha Sleeper and Hardie Albright arrived at the apartment-hunting state. Laura La Plante said "I do" to Irving Asher, a Warner executive, right after she'd finished saying "I don't" in Russian. Dick Powell began beauing Mary Brian about, and Lyle Talbot narrowed down his romantic interests. Norma Talmadge finally married George Jessel after a nine-years' wait. Possibly the season had something to do with it.

In years past, the romantic announcements almost invariably were forthcoming during the three months of upheaval. Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon became engaged in March. It was April when Phyllis Haver stepped off with Billy Seaman. Mary McCormic married Serge Mdivani, Pola's ex, whom she in turn divorced. But, of course, that doesn't count on our estimate sheet. Bill Powell and Carol Lombard announced their engagement; and Ann Dvorak and Leslie Fenton eloped.

The spring months seem ominous for Jack Gilbert, for he wooed and won and then divorced Virginia Bruce during a mischievous month.

Adolphe Menjou, too, likes the spring. He and Kathryn Carver became engaged during March, and in the most recent March, Verree Teasdale became his adored, with the proper disposition, made in the meantime, naturally, of the old love. Billie Dove married Robert Kenaston in a May, and Greta Nissen and Weldon Heyburn announced that they belonged to each other forever and ever in the foolish season. Lily Damita and Sidney Smith did their bit toward adding to Hollywood's romantic spring lore.

Love is not only a funny thing, but it starts action. Minna Gombell, meticulously attired in riding clothes, "eloped" with Joseph W. Sefton, San Diego banker and rancher, to Yuma. Were it November, or even December, Minna undoubtedly would have stopped to put on a sport suit, at least.

But the mischievous months don't always connote a happy ending for love.

They sort of complicated matters for Herbert Marshall and Edna Best, presumably the ideal marrieds of the screen. And now Hollywood is wondering if Gloria Swanson, once free of Michael Farmer, will make Herbert husband Number Five.

Dashing Carl Brisson is too hearty a chap to fret over the long delay since his hit in "Murder at the Vanities," because he knows that such things will happen. Now he's ready to greet you in "All the King's Horses."

It was during the spring of 1931 that the first rumors of estrangement between Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford became rife. And it was a mad month that marked the first rift between Buster Keaton and Natalie; the "parting forever" between Mae Clarke and Colleen Moore's ex.

The mischievous months are studded by excitements other than marriages and divorces and romances a-bloom and romances a-fading.

It's the gay time for rumor hounds. For that busy *ps-st-st* which goes on incessantly and irresponsibly. Sometimes the rumors are fact. Oftentimes they are flimsy testimony to the erratic behavior March and April and May induce.

Last spring Robert Montgomery was in for it! The rumor hounds had it that he and his wife were definitely through.

And how *did* Kay Francis get that slashed wrist? If you had listened to the gossips you would have heard seventeen versions, ranging from a suicide attempt to the truth which is that she accidentally cut herself in opening a window.

And who gave Margaret Sullavan that black eye, with which she came back from a fishing excursion? Margaret explained that she inexpertly landed a lively trout which biffed her in the orb. But try and get Hollywood to believe *that!*

The perennial rumor that Charlie Farrell will divorce Virginia Valli and marry Janet Gaynor is always revived in the spring, tra-la, and Charlie can't do a thing about it.

And is Charlie Chaplin married to Paulette Goddard? "My dear, I have it on good authority," goes the whispering. And so, far, far into the night.

And is there a war on between Dietrich and Von Sternberg? And comes spring and Garbo is going home, never to return, and settle down to the prosaic life of a Swedish landowner.

Feuds, too, come to life in the spring. That best-dressed woman tag is riotously contended for just about wardrobe-buying time. And the stars who are just girls together are all upset over rôles they didn't get.

Claudette Colbert, Miriam Hopkins, Gloria Stuart, Margaret Sullavan, Joan Crawford, and Connie Bennett all have had their pet peeves over cherished parts.

French leave-taking is also a part of the spring rites in Hollywood. Stars walk off and hope for the best, which in almost every instance is more money. And Jean Harlow and Jimmy Cagney and Bette Davis and Dick Powell all embraced spring as an occasion for a declaration of independence.

Inevitably the mischievous months usher in lawsuits. Stars are sued for breach-of-promise by ladies they've never seen; by motorists whose fenders they were unlucky enough to scrape; by servants they've discharged; and by wives and parents with itching palms.

And don't forget it's in the spring that Mr. von Sternberg begins lunching a likely young actress who blossoms out with new artistry once his kindergarten class is over. Last spring it was Gail Patrick. Other years it's been other starlets. And Miss Dietrich sits at another table and watches with interest.

Oh, well, anything is likely to happen during those mischievous months —and almost everything does!

Continued from page 45

He was supposed to have become a tramp and for the occasion had grown a three weeks' beard and donned a dirty, ragged suit. No girl would hanker to have him escort her to the Beaux Arts Ball. But until a frightened look appeared on the little upturned face as the star, usually an idol with children, tried to pat her head, a baby's reaction to this fearful-looking person had not been considered by the scenario department.

It took days and days and many strategic moves to win her, but finally in a scene where she was supposed to be ill and the tramp who worshiped her picked her up in his arms and prayed for her life to be spared, Mrs. O'Day breathed a sigh of relief and said to the director, "See that?" Anne was twirling her finger around and around Mr. Farnum's ear. "You won't have any trouble with her from now on. She never does that except to people of whom she's very fond."

The mother was right. Anne and Bill Farnum became the best of friends. She even allowed herself to be put in a washtub and given a bath on the set. She shrieked with delight to see the soap bubbles that billowed and broke all about her. She made a game out of the whole thing and the cameraman, knowing that bathing babies and puppies always goes over big on the screen, took scene after scene.

But enough is enough—of anything. Right there Anne showed herself to be a young person of discrimination, for when the time arrived from her point of view that this nonsense had gone far enough, she rose from the tub in a deliberate manner and, swathed only in the snowy bubbles, trotted off the set and to her dressing room. As far as she was concerned the scene was over.

After that picture, "Moonshine Valley," and her screen début, her mother took her to Hollywood where picture engagements did not follow as rapidly as they might, but the pair got along. Out of Anne's earnings a tiny house and plot were purchased on a sunny hilltop of Laurel Canyon where the child had her own room, a large slice of which was given over to her children. They were dolls that different stars with whom she had played had given her and she named each one after the doner.

When next I saw Anne she was ten. During those few years the firm little face and straightforward eyes had changed. The child-mouth drooped and the eyes that had been so clear and fearless were wistful, shy, and held in them, far, far down in their depths, a hint of tragedy. What had touched the life of this child to bring the change I do not know. I seldom saw her, but since that time she has often been in my thoughts. She was such a quiet little girl, but so eager-eyed and sad as though she longed desperately for something she could not name but needed very much. Imaginative, sensitive children are often like that.

She seemed a lonely little thing in those days. I don't mean actually lonely, but lonely of soul. She spent many hours with her dolls, dressing and undressing them, crooning them to sleep and making their clothes. Friends sometimes came upon her in a secluded spot in the garden sobbing her heart out with one of her dolls crushed in her arms. What child tragedy made her creep away from her companions and pour into the mute ears of her dolls her wealth of sorrow?

She would design and cut their new clothes herself and was a familiar little figure to passers-by as

How Picture Play readers deluged The Oracle with questions about Jan Kiepura! Now they're about to see him in "My Heart Is Calling," which will be followed by a visit to Hollywood for another picture.

she sat on the front steps of her home waiting for the car that took her to school when she was not working and to the studio when she was, carefully stitching her dolls' clothes.

After a particularly dull period for Anne, it was heard that a child was needed to play the youthful Janet Gaynor in "Four Devils." Anne's mother was ill at the time and a friend took her to the casting office. It was remarked that while she was the type they wanted, the part was not open to her because of her hair which was far too curly. The friend sent a scathing look at the director. As though a little thing like hair that was too curly could not be managed! Anne was whisked to a hairdresser and in two hours was back at the studio, her dark lustrous hair lying in soft, shining, orderly waves.

The director was taken aback. "Is that the same child?" he asked. Anne's large dark eyes searched his face. She wanted the part so very badly! She didn't know it but the wistfulness of that look landed the job for her. If she could send a man's heart into his throat in sympathy with whatever it was that gave her such appeal, she could reach right into the hearts of her audience and rest there. And she did.

Anne might have started another vogue with her work in that picture had not Mitzi Green set the world rocking with laughter and established the ideal child actress for that year.

But perhaps it was just as well. Anne has in her the quality that will take years to develop into its full power—the dramatic force of a true artist. If she had been exploited as a child, the world would have wearied of her and the best that she has to give might have been wasted. It is very hard for children in pictures who have made a sensational success to keep on startling the world. And so Anne had to go on dreaming her dreams and meeting disappointments and poverty a little longer.

I have not seen her since then, but I know that at fifteen she has lost much of that shyness and hint of tragedy and has assumed a charming conviviality. Or rather she has outgrown her shyness and grown into the conviviality which makes her very popular. Only now and then the little-girl look creeps into her eyes, just enough to let you know that the soul of her is the same.

I know, too, that imagination still plays a large part in her life for she hopes one day to live in a house surrounded by a white picket fence, not unlike Green Gables perhaps, if you should ask her. And her life-long ambition has been to visit Catalina Island.

How she ever escaped getting there I can't think, unless the very force of her desire pushed the dream from her. She never had the luck to go there on location, and her mother never felt that they could afford the trip for pleasure, so Anne never saved up for it. There was an old lady who lived near them and it seemed so much more urgent to run in now and then to chat with her and leave something substantial in the larder when Anne left.

Her real ambition, an even deeper one than the visit to Catalina Island, is to be a great dramatic actress some day.

Well, I think she will be.

A Slave No Longer

Continued from page 43

"Then I sat at home and waited one solid year for some producer to give me a chance. They sent me scripts and offered me excellent parts, but when I began to read them and found the words *native girl,* I stopped right there. I didn't want to risk finding a good story and changing my mind."

Being off the screen so long challenges tradition in itself, for old-timers have always reasoned that an actress who stays off the screen risks oblivion. Dolores didn't care. "I would have waited two years, or three, rather than surrender," she told me. "Eventually I might have tried the stage. But it wasn't necessary." She smiled a little. "Finally, they came to me."

A serene confidence in herself is obvious when you meet her. She looks as if she were enjoying each moment of life to the full. She never hurries. "The fretful period of my life is over," she says decidedly. Her home, her marriage, and her professional life are run with a smooth perfection that is the despair of her friends. They call her, enviously, "the most sophisticated woman in Hollywood."

"I deliberately set out to get that smoothness," she admits. "It's taken years of trials and disappointments. My home, for instance, is perfectly run because I've learned from my own former errors. Now, mistakes don't happen. I have a staff of experts in every line. And I spend time and thought in seeing that things go right.

"The first thing in the morning the cook comes to my bedroom. I give her the menus for the day. Then my secretary comes, and I give her orders for the day. I tell her when I shall leave for the studio, when the chauffeur is to be ready at the door, what flowers I want in a certain bowl. I haven't time to do it all myself, but I supervise every detail. Each morning I devote an hour and a half to this planning.

"Then when I dress and go out, I enjoy myself without a second's worry. I know that everything will run smoothly. If I have guests for dinner, it has been planned so thoroughly beforehand that I can have as carefree a time as if I were a guest myself.

"My marriage is the same. You have to work to make a marriage succeed just as you must work to succeed in anything. This is the most vital factor in your life—how could you be happy if there were trouble at home? It's difficult to describe the means by which I achieve this. There are so many little ways. Tolerance and understanding, I believe, are the foundations of a happy marriage. To be understanding," she added, "you must have lived."

This is another way in which she differs, refreshingly, from many stars. She will not prescribe easy recipes for success and happiness for the benefit of her reading public. She offers, for instance, no five-minutes-a-day formula to achieve sophistication.

"Only people who have lived can be sophisticated," she told me. "People who are not small and petty, who have an *ample* way of looking at things. Having lived gives me the power of independence in my career. I had to make a wreck of things before I learned what I know now. I had a manager and a publicity expert who believed that I should live in complete seclusion. My life was spent between my home and the studio. I couldn't go out, and they didn't want me to be surrounded by friends.

Errol Flynn, a young Irish actor, arrives to join Warners and that other Irishman, George Brent, to divide chores as leading men.

"They believed this was glamorous, that the public would lose interest if they saw me in shops, on the street. I had to go through years of this before I realized that my career, after all, was only a part of my life. Now I go where I choose, see my friends, and live a more natural, well-balanced life. Even if the theory is true that a star should be secluded, there aren't so many of my fans living in the neighborhood of Hollywood to see me!

"I had to be unhappily married for six years to learn what I know now. Less than sixteen when I married Jaime del Rio, I became mistress of a house of six servants. Imagine how badly it was run! My husband was much older than I, and when he announced that he was bringing a distinguished friend home to dinner, I'd become so petrified that I almost went out of my mind. I would even cry. Now, having made so many mistakes, I can organize a party of thirty or forty people and get terrific fun out of it!

"Having been married before, I believe, is one reason why my present marriage is a success. I am a great believer in the chances of second marriages. People who have failed once are more tolerant. They have learned appreciation, which isn't easy. They've been knocked around a little. They've learned what leads to quarrels, and consequently how to avoid them. They know how unhappy it makes one to fail in marriage."

Even her home is revolutionary, for the modernistic house she and her husband built in Santa Monica Canyon was the awe of the neighbors long before Anna Sten built hers of glass. There are, incongruously, chickens, roosters, and ducks. "I have vegetable gardens and flower gardens," she told me. "I can raise anything from a carrot to a tropical flower."

Her husband, Cedric Gibbons, despite his work of designing settings for some fifty Metro-Goldwyn pictures every year, still finds time to take trips with her. Meantime she entertains her friends, gives marvelous Spanish parties for Leo Carrillo, José Mojica, and others of the Spanish colony, knows Garbo as a friendly neighbor—who envied her, she told me, her recent trip to Mexico—and plans, among other things, to make three more "clothes pictures" and then, just for variety, a native one.

This extremely diversified pattern for living is the reason her friends call hers the best-rounded life of any woman in Hollywood, and she is able to live it because of her intense power of enjoying every moment, and her brave refusal to bow to current prejudices, taboos, and traditions.

She Takes It on the Chin

Continued from page 69

prise which awaits them. Even Ann, herself, who has never felt that she was any great shakes as a beauty, was moved to remark, incredulously, "Do I *really* look like that?"

Having once regained her health, she will come through with the same undaunted spirit as her warrior father who taught her never to know the meaning of the word "defeat."

Despite criticism, despite misunderstandings, Ann Harding, true to inbred tradition, come what may, will always be a good soldier.

HOPELESS TASK

I've stood before my mirror for hours out and in,
I've wriggled every muscle from my forehead to my chin,
But it's all in vain. I just get a silly grin
Trying to look like Bob.

I've practiced all expressions from a simper to a leer.
The sore-tried muscles of my face ache from ear to ear.
I've ruined my pleasant features because you asked me, dear,
To try to look like Bob.

That expression of Montgomery's is nothing but a gift,
And if that look you still demand—now please, dear, don't be miffed—
My affections to another I'll be forced to shift
And let you try for Bob.

—E. H. Rhett.

Pert Kelton and Richard Gallagher find it easy to say "Here's how" because that's the name of the refreshment they are drinking. It's made of pineapple juice and a dash of this and that—in fact almost anything.

Read this *Glorious News* about Gray Hair!

A Startling New Development now makes coloring gray hair no more trouble than a manicure! No more costly than a jar of good face cream! Yet transforms gray hair with youthful lustre...*We invite you to* TEST IT FREE *in 10 short minutes on a single lock from your hair . . . Read this unusual news. Then mail the coupon and find real freedom from gray.*

Now, in an unheard of short space of time, you can transform the gray in your hair into youthful lustre and loveliness. You can start this morning and before evening the gray in your hair will be gone. You can do it easily, quickly, yourself at home. No experience needed. No "skin-test" required. Medical authorities pronounce it SAFE—harmless to hair and scalp.

Just the three simple steps above are necessary. No delay or waiting except for the hair to dry.

No matter what the natural color of your hair, (black, brown, auburn, reddish, or blonde) Mary T. Goldman's new method blends with natural shade so evenly that detection need never be feared. It will not wash out, fade, nor rub off on clothing and linens. You can wave or curl your hair just as always.

This new method was developed by a leading scientist after special research. His results place gray hair coloration on an entirely new plane. You are not asked to take our word for it, nor to believe a single statement in this advertisement without a fair, free trial.

Send us the coupon below. We will supply you FREE with a sufficient quantity in an unmarked package to test on a small lock snipped from your hair. You can judge the results for yourself.

If you prefer, your druggist or department store can supply you with the full-sized bottle for complete treatment. Money-back guarantee.

Mail the coupon now. The day you receive your FREE Single Lock Test Package, you will realize that your gray hair problem is ended for good.

THE NEW IMPROVED
Mary T. Goldman
COLOR FOR GRAY HAIR

FOR *FREE* TEST PACKAGE

MARY T. GOLDMAN ✓ ✓ 4793 Goldman Bldg. ✓ St. Paul, Minn.
Please send me your FREE Single Lock Test Package as checked below.

Name.....
Street.....
City.....State.....

CHECK COLOR OF HAIR ✓ ✓ ☐ Black ☐ Medium Brown ☐ Auburn and Reddish ☐ Dark Brown ☐ Light Brown ☐ Blonde

Continued from page 8

MARY STEP.—In "She Loves Me Not," *"Buzz" Jones* was played by Eddie Nugent. He now has the lead opposite Marian Marsh in "A Girl of the Limberlost."

CARRIE W.—David Manners has the title rôle in "The Mystery of Edwin Drood." Claude Rains, Douglass Montgomery, and Heather Angel also are in the cast.

BRUNETTE.—Ramon Novarro's right name is Ramon Gil Samcniegos. Durango, Mexico, is his birthplace.

PATRICK ELLIS.—Gertrude Michael was born in Talladega, Alabama, twenty-four years ago; five feet five, weighs 120, light hair, blue eyes. Picture Play for December, 1934, contained an interview with her which, if you missed it, may be had by sending your order with remittance to our Subscription Department. Write to her at Paramount studio.

EDNA S.—The players in "Going Hollywood" included Marion Davies, Bing Crosby, Fifi Dorsay, Stuart Erwin, Ned Sparks, Patsy Kelly, Bobby Watson, Three Radio Rogues—Eddie Bartell, Jimmy Hollywood, and Henry Taylor.

GRACE DOELLER.—Norma Shearer will be thirty-one on August 10th. Her son, Irving Thalberg, Jr., was born August 24, 1930. The stork is expected to arrive about the same time this year. Skeets Gallagher is not under contract, but Paramount may be able to supply his photo. Write to Metro-Goldwyn for one of Helen Hayes.

JUST ME.—Jean Harlow is making "China Seas." Here are some September birthdates: Richard Arlen, 1st, 1898; John Mack Brown, 1st, 1904; Virginia Bruce, 29th, 1910; Kathleen Burke, 5th, 1913; Grace Bradley, 21st; Maurice Chevalier, 12th, 1893; Claudette Colbert, 13th, 1907; Jackie Cooper, 15th, 1923; Donald Cook, 26th, 1901; Ralph Forbes, 30th, 1901; Greta Garbo, 18th, 1906; Neil Hamilton, 9th, 1899; Otto Kruger, 6th; Frank Lawton, 30th, 1904; Paul Muni, 22nd, 1895; George Raft, 26th, 1903; Helen Vinson, 17th, 1907; Fay Wray, 16th, 1905.

ANTONE ROEMLE.—Douglas Walton has played in such pictures as "Secret of Madame Blanche," "Looking Forward," "Lost Patrol," "Madame Spy," "Murder in Trinidad." He is free-lancing. Sorry no biographical information seems to be available.

LOLA LEE.—In "The Thin Man," Cesar Romero played the rôle of *Chris*, the gigolo husband of Minna Gombell. His latest are "Strange Wives" and "Clive of India." Also Marlene Dietrich's leading man in "Caprice Espagnol."

M. ALLEN.—Loretta Young was born in Salt Lake City, Utah, January 6, 1913; five feet three and a half, weighs 100, light-brown hair, blue eyes. With Ronald Colman in "Clive of India."

EVELYN WAGNER.—It is true that Louise Closser Hale died in Los Angeles on July 26, 1933, after two strokes of apoplexy. This stage and screen actress was born in Chicago, Illinois, October 13, 1872, the daughter of Joseph A. Closser, a grain dealer, and Louise Paddock Closser. She was educated in the public schools of Indianapolis and at the Boston College of Oratory. Married August 17, 1899, to Walter Hale, artist and actor. Mr. Hale died in 1917. In 1929 she entered the films, and had just finished "Another Language" with Helen Hayes and Robert Montgomery before her death.

CLARA LANGLEY.—John Lodge, who was *Count Alexei* in "The Scarlet Empress," is married to Francesca Braggiotti, former dancer. They have a seven-year-old daughter. Jeanette MacDonald's next is "Naughty Marietta," with Nelson Eddy opposite.

NANCY D.—Norma Shearer is scheduled to make "Marie Antoinette"; Fredric March, "Les Miserables"; Carol Lombard now in "The Bride and the Best Man," and Madge Evans in "Helldorado." The following have March birthdays: Warner Baxter, 29th, 1891; George Brent, 15th, 1904; Joan Crawford, 23rd, 1908; Robert Donat, 18th, 1905; Jean Harlow, 3rd, 1911; Rochelle Hudson, 6th, 1915; Charlotte Henry, 3rd, 1914; Edmond Lowe, 3rd, 1892; Gloria Swanson, 27th, 1898; Charles Starrett, 28th, 1904; Onslow Stevens, 29th, 1906; Verree Teasdale, 15th; Claire Trevor, 8th, 1911.

Cora Sue Collins has landed a contract, proving that she's getting to be a great big girl like other MGM stars, but there isn't a sweeter one on the lot than Mrs. Collins's little treasure.

A. FAN.—Dolores del Rio was born in Durango, Mexico, August 3, 1905; Ann Dvorak, New York City, August 2, 1912; Claire Dodd, New York City, December 29, 1908; Bebe Daniels, Dallas, Texas, January 14, 1901; James Cagney, New York City, July 17, 1904; Ruth Chatterton, New York City, December 24, 1893; Mary Carlisle, Boston, Massachusetts, February 3, 1912; Jackie Cooper, Los Angeles, California, September 15, 1923.

GLORIA SMITHE.—Claire Dodd is five feet six; Irene Dunne, five feet four; Patricia Ellis, five feet seven; Gary Cooper, six feet two; Jackie Coogan, about five feet ten. June Knight was born January 22, 1913; Elissa Landi, December 6, 1906; Greta Garbo, September 18, 1906; Nancy Carroll, November 19, 1906; Boots Mallory, October 22, 1913; Sari Maritza, March 17, 1910.

NORMA.—The rôle of *Allan* in "The Last Gentleman" was played by Frank Albertson whose next is "A Call to Arms."

F. R. T.—Ginger Rogers with Francis Lederer in "Romance in Manhattan"; Joan Bennett in "The Man Who Reclaimed His Head"; Charles Bickford in "Wicked Woman."

NELLIE R.—Neither of Elissa Landi's parents is English. Having been born in Italy, Miss Landi was educated in England. "Old Clothes," with Jackie Cooper, was released in 1925.

CHARLOTTE.—A story about Donald Woods appeared in the January issue. You'll see him in "Sweet Adeline," with Irene Dunne. Frank Morgan is to play opposite Ann Harding in "Enchanted April." Jean Parker in "Sequoia" and "Wicked Woman."

C. M. R.—Shirley Temple with James Dunn and Judith Allen in "Bright Eyes." June Clayworth was born in Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, June 9, 1912; five feet four and three quarters, weighs 110, chestnut-brown hair, brown eyes. With Roger Pryor in "Strange Wives."

ANDY.—Claudette Colbert is playing in "The Gilded Lily." Claude Rains who was "The Invisible Man," and the lawyer in "Crime Without Passion," has the lead in "The Man Who Reclaimed His Head." Mr. Rains was born in London, England, November 10, 1889; five feet ten and a half, weighs 165, black hair, brown eyes.

JOSEPHINE K.—Katherine DeMille is a Canadian by birth, born in Vancouver, June 29, 1911. Dick Powell and Gloria Stuart in "Gold Diggers of 1935." David Manners in "The Perfect Clue," a Majestic picture. "Happiness Ahead" was Josephine Hutchinson's first screen appearance. Next is "The Right to Live," with George Brent, followed by the more serious "Oil for the Lamps of China." An interview with Miss Hutchinson appeared in the January issue.

BILLIE.—That was Joan Gale as *Flora* and Billie Seward as *Barbara Hartwell* in "Blind Date." The latter was born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, October 23, 1912; five feet five, weighs 120, brown hair and eyes.

L. S. T.—The cast of "Folies Bergère de Paris" includes Maurice Chevalier, Merle Oberon, Ann Sothern, Reginald Owen, Robert Greig, Walter Byron, Eric Blore, Ferdinand Munier, Ferdinand Gottschalk, Gilbert Emery, Phillip Dare, Frank McGlynn.

J. P.—Helen Westley was *Marilla* in "Anne of Green Gables." Next is "Roberta." Fred Astaire's right name is Austerlitz; Ralph Forbes's, Taylor; Bob Steele's, Bradbury; Carol Lombard's, Jane Peters; Leslie Howard's, Stainer; Helen Hayes's, Brown.

S. K.—Betty Furness was born in New York, January 3, 1915; five feet four, weighs 109, ash-blond hair, blue eyes. In "Wicked Woman" and "The Band Plays On."

MONA.—You'll soon see Bing Crosby in "Mississippi," in which W. C. Fields, Joan Bennett, Gail Patrick, and Queenie Smith, also play important parts. David Manners is playing in "The Mystery of Edwin Drood."

BUDDY.—Tullio Carminati will be the hero in "Once a Gentleman," with Lilian Harvey opposite. Phillips Holmes was born in Grand Rapids, Michigan, July 22, 1908; six feet, weighs 155, blond hair, blue eyes.

Minus Claque or Clique

Continued from page 58

"I finally became so tired of doing the one part over and over," she said, "that I refused a few assignments to see what would happen. Well, for one thing I was placed off contract, which is like being placed on contract except that your salary stops. You still can't work anywhere else. It's charming. For another thing, I was called ungrateful, stubborn, and I believe, selfish. What there was selfish about it was this: I was trying to save a fairly promising career from going on the type rocks."

Her campaign, costly at first, worked, when she was lent to Metro-Goldwyn for an American-girl rôle in "Emma."

She clicked in this and in successive white-face rôles. So effectively did she click that MGM signed her for a long term. The studio has done well by her. And Myrna appreciates it.

Tut, tut, Robert Montgomery, watch your calories! Let it never be said that success has gone to your waistline. How about some strenuous polo after the finish of "Vanessa"?

"You know, you shouldn't be doing a story about me," she said. "I'm not story material. Now *there's* a girl who should be written up." She indicated a beautiful Titian-haired girl, who was absorbed in a book. "My stand-in," said Myrna. "Melrose!" she called. The attractive redhead came over to us.

"This is Melrose Hooper," explained Myrna. "From Oklahoma. Allisterville, isn't it, Melrose?"

"McAllister," corrected the stand-in. She was a duplicate Loy, but a trifle more beautiful.

"Tell Mr. Oettinger about yourself," said Myrna.

The stand-in was shy. Urged, she said she graduated from Tulsa High School, went to California, studied dancing, and registered at the Central Casting Agency for extra work in pictures.

"I had a call to do a picture at MGM," she said diffidently, "when some one saw a resemblance to Miss Loy. The studio signed me as her stand-in which I've been ever since. A year."

"She hopes to act, and she will," added Myrna. "How about a picture for your story? Johnny will do a still for us."

This was done in such a genuine way, that I felt Myrna was sincere in wanting to give the little Hooper girl a hand. The picture accompanies this recital.

"She's beautiful," said Myrna thoughtfully, as the girl left us. "But you need a firm hand, besides beauty. Without being strait-laced or puritanical, I avoid going out in public because I think it brings the wrong kind of publicity. I'd rather have none. What you do on the screen counts most, not what the gossip columns say about you."

The gossip columns have never had anything to say about Myrna. Certainly a red-headed beauty with green eyes has her cavaliers, but so discreetly does Myrna conduct her private life that whispers never touch her.

It was not easy to find out even such prosaic things as this: the Loy taste runs to beach-sunning, autobiographies, etchings, solid colors for rugs, gowns, and hats, caviar sandwiches with cocktails, and suggestions from the director instead of details.

She feels that she has been appearing too often for her own good. Too many pictures in a row tend to lessen one's popularity, says Myrna. "And they don't improve one's health, either," she added.

Somewhere in her past Myrna Loy has been deeply hurt, I would guess, and her impersonal attitude is erected as a guard, lest she suffer again. She has humor, but she holds it in restraint; talent she certainly has. Any one who can hold her own with Powell and Gable has glamour. And in "Stamboul Quest," she made one overlook the marionette George Brent and the wax-works Lionel Atwill, another distinct accomplishment.

As I made my departure, Myrna had a final word for the Titian-haired stand-in. "Don't forget Melrose Hooper," she smiled.

I wonder if some one once forgot Myrna Loy.

IT CLEARED UP MY SKIN IN *NO* TIME!

Improved Pasteurized Yeast Safely Corrects Skin Troubles, Constipation, Indigestion, "Nerves"

WHY put up with a blotchy, pimply, unattractive skin when this simple treatment will do so much for you?

Your distressing skin condition, like so many cases of indigestion and "jumpy" nerves, has probably been brought on by a sluggish system. Your trouble is internal and needs internal treatment.

Science now knows that very often the real cause of slow, imperfect elimination of body wastes is insufficient vitamin B complex. The stomach and intestines, deprived of this essential element, no longer do their work properly. Your digestion slows up. Poisons accumulate in your system.

Yeast Foam Tablets supply the vitamin B which is necessary to correct this condition. These tablets are pure *pasteurized* yeast — and yeast is the richest known food source of the vitamin B complex. This improved yeast quickly strengthens your internal muscles and gives them tone. It stimulates your whole digestive and eliminative system to normal, healthy function.

With the true cause of your trouble corrected, pimples and blotches soon disappear. Indigestion stops. Headaches go. Pep returns. You *look* better and *feel* better!

Don't confuse Yeast Foam Tablets with ordinary yeast. *These tablets cannot cause fermentation in the body.* Pasteurization makes Yeast Foam Tablets utterly safe for everyone to eat.

Any druggist will supply you with Yeast Foam Tablets. The 10-day bottle costs only 50c. Get one today.

YEAST FOAM TABLETS

Will he remember your EYES?

He can't forget their beauty if you use

Maybelline

ON YOUR LASHES

More than any other feature, your eyes express YOU. When he meets you, the first thing he looks at is your eyes. If they are beautiful and attractive, they will be what he remembers most when he thinks of you. So, make them unforgettably alluring with pure, harmless Maybelline. Just a touch of this delightful mascara, and your lashes instantly appear long, dark and luxuriant. Your eyes become lovely, bewitching pools . . . brilliant, fascinating, indiscribably charming.

But, you must use genuine Maybelline, otherwise the effect is not all that it should be. Moreover, Maybelline is the tear-proof, non-smarting, harmless mascara that has won the unconditional approval of Good Housekeeping and other leading authorities. Obtainable in Black, Brown and Blue in a stunning metal vanity. 75c, at all leading drug and department stores.

Honest Admission

Continued from page 40

Leslie's lean, sensitive face broke into a grin, and he chuckled. "Oh, but the movies aren't creative!" he said. "They can't be. Who's to do the creating? There are too many people involved in making one of them. The director——"

He broke off, and removed the horn-rimmed spectacles which he wears away from the screen and stage. Thoughtfully massaging the spot on the bridge of his nose where the spectacles had rested, he continued:

"The director is far more important in the making of a picture than any other one person, but a great deal depends on the writer as well.

"I suppose the nearest thing to real creative work is done in the few cases in which the director writes his own scripts, or at least works in close cooperation with his writer.

"Alexander Korda, who directed 'The Scarlet Pimpernel,' 'The Private Life of Henry VIII,' and 'The Private Life of Don Juan,' works that way. He does a good deal of the writing himself, and confers constantly with his scenario writer. His head man, incidentally, can't write English, although he is a wonderful writer in his own language.

"Several Hollywood directors, those who are successful enough to demand and get a free hand, follow the same plan, but most pictures are the result of dozens of varied talents and personalities.

"Of course, the same thing is true of the stage, but not to as great an extent. The individual actor can be important as an artist on the stage, if he is good enough; on the screen it is difficult for him to be important except as a *personality*—a medium for the director, the writer, and the technical men to work with."

Having disposed of the question of why movies are not really creative work, Leslie told me why he doesn't think England ever will be able to compete with Hollywood.

"Elstree has neither the general standards nor the output of Hollywood. That's the really important thing, the output. Only a certain percentage of the pictures made by any company or country in any given year can be good pictures. That is, if Hollywood makes six hundred pictures in a year, one hundred of them, say, will be good ones. If England makes only sixty pictures in the same year, the same percentage applies, and only about ten of them will be good.

"In England they are beginning to realize the possibilities of pictures, but I should say that it would be years and years before they will have exploited them as much as Hollywood has already. And in the meantime, naturally, things won't be at a standstill in Hollywood. They will be making progress there, too.

"Making pictures is a haphazard job, of course. Haphazardness is more or less inherent in it. You can't avoid it. But in England it is less systematized, less a business, than in America.

"For instance, one day while we were making 'The Scarlet Pimpernel' the company was called for some exterior scenes. It rained, and after we had stood around for a while waiting for it to stop, Korda told us all we could go home. In Hollywood that couldn't have happened. They would have had an alternative schedule all ready for interior scenes. That sort of thing makes it a little harder on the actor, and, what is more important, it sends production costs up.

"At one time"—and here Leslie smiled ruefully—"it looked as though we never *would* finish 'The Scarlet Pimpernel.' But Korda argues that it is not a waste of money to spend a great deal of it in getting things just right, because to do so makes money in the long run. He takes life easily, and since he is his own producer he is responsible only to himself for the expenses."

Another reason for Leslie's belief in the continued dominance of Hollywood is the purely physical one of climate and surroundings.

"Even if England should suddenly decide to take the picture industry as seriously as Hollywood takes it," he pointed out, "nobody would be able to change the English climate, or to bring certain locations as close to London as they are to Hollywood.

"No, England has turned out some fine pictures in the last year or so, and will turn out more, I expect, but it can't compete with Hollywood—not for a long time, and more likely never."

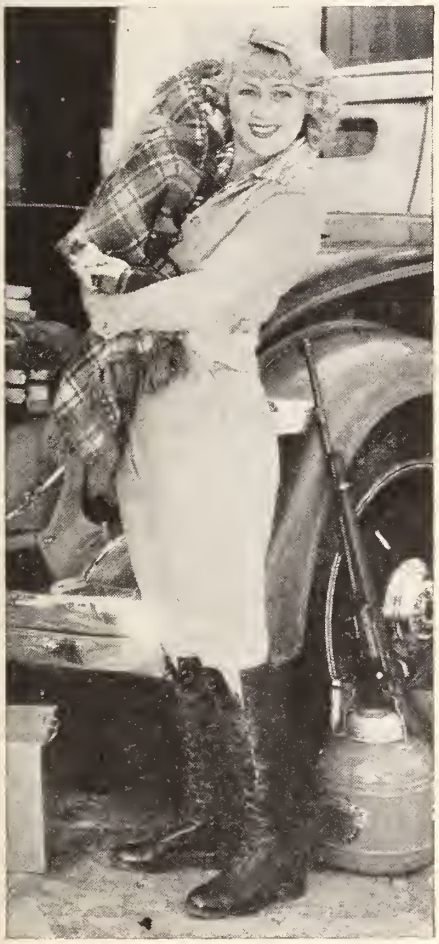
Leslie is still faithful to his earliest love, the stage, and he will never say good-by to it permanently for the screen, even though he will be back in Hollywood as soon as his present engagement on Broadway is completed. Right now, preparations are going forward at the Warner studio on "Anthony Adverse," in which Leslie may play the title rôle. After that—well, it's a safe bet that Hollywood can be trusted to keep as good an actor as he is busy for as long as he'll stay.

Franchot Thaws

Continued from page 27

"Then, as you know, an actor isn't typed on the stage as he is in pictures. I've played too many man-about-town rôles since coming to Hollywood. Perhaps I look the part of a playboy, but I want to do characters similar to those played by Spencer Tracy. He's a fine actor."

All this affability and responsiveness didn't correspond to my preconceived portrait of him. Remembering items I had heard regarding his behavior during the making of "Lives of a Bengal Lancer," I decided to hurl a javelin that would shake his well-bred composure and



Joan Blondell, whose motherhood means more to her than stardom, doesn't believe that babies should be swathed in swansdown and breathe filtered air. That's why she's taking Norman Scott Barnes on a camping trip.

expose his true colors. During the making of that picture, Franchot is said to have unleashed a volley of temperament that stood the production staff on their respective ears.

"Is it true, Mr. Tone," I asked, "that directors age perceptibly while directing you?"

His ready smile deepened and he showed no sign of resentment.

"Perhaps it would be better to ask them," he suggested. Then: "I suppose you're thinking of my latest picture. That was the only time I've asserted myself since coming to Hollywood, and my work in the production has proved to be the best I've done in pictures.

"Some of my dialogue was poor, so I changed it. I also insisted on doing some of my scenes the way that I felt would be most effective. I wouldn't work on Sunday as my contract stipulated that I need not."

Although not much impressed by directors in general, Franchot feels that Josef von Sternberg is an artist. He also casually complimented his rival, Clark Gable. Hoping to get at some less abstract information, I inquired if he had ever experienced any hardships.

"No," said he, quickly. "I've never been in want of material things. Sometimes I wish that life hadn't been so easy for me. A few hard knocks would have been beneficial, I think. At times I wonder how I would react if disaster did overtake me. I might crack up because of no previous experience in dealing with severe trials."

Either he has reformed in his attitude toward interviewers or, as I suspect, innate shyness has caused him to take refuge from argus-eyed reporters behind a barrier of aloofness. He strikes me as being a person whom one must know more than casually before his lurking friendliness can adequately manifest itself.

As he regretfully admits, there have been no dramatic sacrifices or tribulations in his well-ordered life. His birth at Niagara Falls, in the month of February, his high scholastic attainments at Cornell, and his success on the stage and in the movies seem to constitute the milestones in his twenty-eight years of pleasant existence.

His Korean houseboy came to tell him that he was wanted on the set.

"I'll be back," called Franchot, as he promptly obeyed the summons. "Will you wait?"

I did wait, but you know what rehearsals are. Eventually I approached the set and told him good-by, then hurried home to raid the refrigerator. I never was much of a hand to suffer for my art.

Incidentally, I realized that "The Man Who Plays God" would not be an appropriate title for a story about Franchot Tone.

TEST...*the* PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE
. . . at our expense!

WE want YOU to test the Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere *at our expense!* Test them for yourself for ten days absolutely FREE! We are so sure that you can be your slimmer self without diets, drugs or exercises, that we make this unconditional offer . . .

REDUCE Your Waist and Hips 3 INCHES in 10 DAYS

. . . or no cost

Massage-Like Action Reduces Quickly

■ Worn next to the body with perfect safety, the tiny perforations permit the skin to breathe as the gentle massage-like action removes flabby, disfiguring fat with every movement . . . stimulating the body once more into energetic health!

Don't Wait Any Longer — Act Today

■ You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely in 10 days whether or not this very efficient girdle and brassiere will reduce your waist and hips THREE INCHES! You do not need to risk one penny . . . try them for 10 days . . . at no cost!

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.
Dept. 664, 41 EAST 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ *State* _____

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Post Card

IF YOU HAVE
GRAY HAIR
and DON'T LIKE a MESSY MIXTURE....
then write today for my
FREE TRIAL BOTTLE

As a Hair Color Specialist with forty years' European American experience, I am proud of my Color Imparter for Grayness. Use it like a hair tonic. Wonderfully GOOD for the scalp and dandruff; it can't leave stains. As you use it, the gray hair becomes a darker, more youthful color. I want to convince you by sending my free trial bottle and book telling All About Gray Hair.
ARTHUR RHODES, Hair Color Expert, Dept. 8, LOWELL, MASS.

YOUR FACE CAN BE CHANGED

Straight regular features! Charming new beauty! They can be yours. Dr. Stotter (grad. of University of Vienna) reconstructs faces by famous Vienna Polyclinic methods. Unshapely Noses, Protruding Ears, Large Lips, Wrinkles, Signs of Age, etc., are all quickly corrected. Low cost. Write or call for Free Booklet "*Facial Reconstruction*," (mailed in plain wrapper.)
Dr. Stotter, 5D East 42nd St., Dept. 37-M, New York

BEAUTIFUL PHOTO ENLARGEMENT 15c
Two for 25c, four for 45c, ten for 95c. Our complete catalog of photographic art 5c. Send your best negatives (films) enclosing this ad and remittance (cash or money order). Enlargements shipped postpaid. Negatives returned.
UNIQUE · ART · SERVICE, 550 W. 144 St., N. Y. C.

DEAFNESS IS MISERY

Many people with defective hearing and Head Noises enjoy conversation, go to Theatre and Church because they use Leonard Invisible Ear Drums which resemble Tiny Megaphones fitting in the Ear entirely out of sight. No wires, batteries or head piece. They are inexpensive. Write for booklet and sworn statement of the inventor who was himself deaf.

A. O. LEONARD, Inc., Suite 667, 70 5th Ave., New York

Fortune Teller's Cards

FREE! Jayne's Card Chart
(Used with ordinary cards)
Show at a single glance what every card on table means. Makes you a popular expert instantly. Included FREE with order for Jayne's special Fortune Telling Cards at 25c. (Send coin or stamps). 75c value. Write at once to Dr. D. Jayne & Son, Inc., 2 Vine St., Phila., Pa. Dept. F-63.

HELP Wanted in INSTITUTIONS & HOSPITALS
• MALE & FEMALE • INEXPERIENCED & EXPERIENCED
All kinds of Positions Practically Everywhere. Help constantly needed, so why remain unemployed? Write now enclosing stamp.
SCHARF BUREAU, Dept. 4-14, 145 W. 45th St., NEW YORK

We Buy PENNIES
Send 10c for Coin Catalog and receive FREE, latest Buying List for used and unused Stamps
Will pay up to $53 for certain Indian head pennies. Up to $2 for certain Lincoln heads. Up to $100 for certain nickels. Other rare coins up to $2500. Save all old money. Also stamps. May be worth a fortune. Send dime (coin) for complete, large size Buying Catalog.
COIN COLLECTORS CLUB
DH—700 East 63rd St., Chicago, Ill.

GET RID OF YOUR FAT
Free Trial Treatment
sent on request. ARREN TABLETS have helped to reduce thousands of persons without starvation diet or burdensome exercise, often at a rapid rate. Let us send you proof at our expense.
ARREN PRODUCTS CO., INC.
Desk B-71, 307 5th Ave., New York

WHAT DOES YOUR FUTURE HOLD

Consult LEON DEVOLE, famous Character Analyst, Scientific Mentalist, who understands human perplexities. His advice has helped THOUSANDS. He will tackle YOUR problem from a new and different angle and get RESULTS. Let him guide YOU to success, if worried and perplexed about business, family troubles, love, marriage, employment, the future, etc. ALL WORK STRICTLY PERSONAL, INDIVIDUAL and GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY. Obtain his new, just off the press Giant 10,000 word Astrological Forecast. It reveals secrets, friends, enemies and important affairs of your life. It predicts by exact days, date and months coming events of 1936, based on YOUR Zodiacal sign, lucky and unlucky days, etc. BE SAFE! Consult it before making business deals, forming partnerships, marrying, etc. Send ONLY $1.00 bill for your forecast and LEON DEVOLE will answer four questions on any subject FREE (money refunded if not satisfied). Include exact birthdate and self-addressed stamped envelope.

4 QUESTIONS ANSWERED FREE WITH EACH READING

DEVOLE, P. O. Box 748, Dept. A-4, Chicago, Illinois

Star—1935 Model

Continued from page 41

misses the stimulating conversations she used to have with leading playwrights whom she managed to contact in the East. Currently she is contemplating getting in with some local theater group where she can try her hand at directiing. When Max Reinhardt put on "A Midsummer Night's Dream" in the Hollywood Bowl last summer, Jean was an avid student of his methods. She even made several trips to San Francisco to watch Europe's drama master present his Shakespeare there.

On the surface Jean is little changed. She is tall, willowy, and pretty in a serene, thoroughbred way. Give the average actress a make-up kit and she emerges a symphony of artificiality. The less fussing she has to do with her face the better Jean is suited. Hers is the ungilded type.

Strangely, she has a complex for disparaging herself. She proclaims that she has no sex-appeal and that she is a dud socially. And what Cinderella, arrived at the ball, ever did that?

The youthful intolerance evident a year ago is wearing off. She is not yet greatly impressed with the problems of others, but she is no longer sure her own ideas are the only ones. She thought the world was waiting for a marvelous actress and firmly was convinced that she was destined to fill the aching void. Now she says she realizes how unimportant any one individual is. A few months ago she gathered this by dabbling a bit in astronomy and geology.

If she has matured to the point where she declares she knows that when her fling at fame is over nobody will care a hang except herself, she still is naïve about love.

Lately she has remarked that she can visualize giving up all for a perfect love. She has opined that children are what count most for a woman, and that ego is preserved only via heredity. Such talk from Jean indicates that at last she may have met a man who fascinates her. He will have to be a powerful personality, though, to distract her until she has made her mark as an actress.

Strongly independent by nature, economical and analytical, she pays attention to every phase of this career on which she has started. She allows herself one sport, horseback riding. Diligently she goes to all momentous previews and she regularly scans all the reviews and box-office data. The new Cinderellas are to be sage, you see.

Jean goes in for books, too. Instead of buying them by the batch in the grand manner, she patronizes a circulating library on the Boulevard. She is proud of her shiny black Ford and drives it herself. Her father is dead and her mother, a distinguished-looking woman, sold her bookshop in New York last summer and now lives with Jean.

Rosalind Russell entered Hollywood quietly, but she soon quickened her step as she rushed from picture to picture, always leaving a fine impression behind her. Her next, "Reckless."

Given sympathetic treatment by Hollywood, Jean Muir will go far in pictures. She has a lovely way and more—she appeals also to your intelligence. Those who have deplored the circus touch in her Cinderella predecessors are delighted with her. Of all the girls trembling on the verge of stardom, this turbulent twenty-four-year-old is, in the opinion of many, still the best bet.

Big-time Trifles

Continued from page 47

This served as the "open sesame" to the screen for the slight Mexican lad, for as one of Miss Morgan's dancers he attracted a certain amount of attention. A very different story might have been written had Miss Morgan not been dining that evening at this particular restaurant.

Another type of pain was the spark that kindled Stuart Erwin's screen career. The character comedian was studying dramatics at the Egan School of the Theater, in Los Angeles, and as a student was watching rehearsals of "The Waning Sex." One of the actors was seized suddenly with a violent attack of indigestion and at the last moment Erwin took his place. This led to the beginning of a stage career which eventually brought him to the screen.

When the blond and bubbling Alice White first landed in Hollywood she earned her living as a stenographer in a real-estate office. In checking the ads placed by her firm one day, she casually glanced at the Help Wanted column on the opposite page and saw First National's advertisement for a script girl.

She answered the notice immediately and success rewarded her hasty trip to the studio. After some months in that position, the late Milton Sills took an interest in her, realizing that in this cute little bag of tricks was hidden an actress. Her work in "Sea Tiger," her initial appearance before the camera, bore out the star's faith in her.

Mae Clarke attracted the attention of Earl Lindsay, a New York revue producer, who placed her in one of his floor shows as a result of their first meeting.

In trying out for Lindsay, Mae—then aged fifteen—seemed to get off on the wrong foot. She started to sing the wrong song, finally changed to the tune the orchestra was playing, then slipped and fell in her dance routine. Terribly discouraged, she sat sobbing in the dressing room when she felt a tap on her shoulder and there stood the producer. Grinning, he told her she would make a good comic—and he could use her.

Had her try-out progressed in apple-pie order, Mae might not have received that chance, since her engagement with Lindsay later led to the stage.

Jean Harlow, on the other hand, had no long-felt desire to go on the stage or screen. Spending the winter in Los Angeles with her mother, she went to lunch one day with a girl friend who played extra in pictures. Later Jean drove her friend to the studio, and at the gate three men spoke to her companion. One of them regarded Jean with interest and gave her a note to the Central Casting Bureau.

Even then Jean felt no interest in getting into pictures. A few days later at a party, however, a bet was made that she didn't have courage enough to try it. She took the note to the casting bureau, got an extra's job—and climbed to stardom. But suppose she hadn't met the man who gave her the note, what then? The screen probably never would have vibrated to her platinum-haired beauty.

While still in his early twenties, Clark Gable drifted into a lunch room near a theater in Akron, Ohio, where he worked for a rubber company. Two actors happened to sit at the same table. They became acquainted, and invited Gable to see their show from behind the scenes.

What he saw backstage fired young Clark with the urge to act. He got a job as call boy, then a small rôle, traveled over the country with road companies, and finally his impersonation of *Killer Mears,* in "The Last Mile," led to his entrance into pictures. The rest is screen history.

If Gary Cooper hadn't read an advertisement for extras who could ride horseback, he probably wouldn't be a screen star to-day. Ten years ago Gary was trying to find work in Los Angeles as an illustrator or cartoonist. Fortune failed to smile on him, and when his funds began to run dangerously low he scanned the want-ad columns daily.

He didn't care to work in pictures, but the five dollars a day just to ride a horse, a sport he enjoyed thoroughly, appealed so strongly to him that he applied for the job. This led to his portrayal of *Abe Lee* in "The Winning of Barbara Worth," and he was definitely on his way to stardom.

It was in the state of Texas that Ginger Rogers suddenly tasted of fame. Paramount staged a Charleston dance contest and Ginger won first prize. She was given a contract for stage shows in the Paramount-Publix houses and a picture test that turned out so favorably that she was immediately signed for an important rôle in "Young Man of Manhattan," which costarred Claudette Colbert and Norman Foster.

The smallest event *can* wield the most far-reaching influence upon the fates of future stars. These instances leave no doubt of that.

Kidneys Cause Much Trouble Says Doctor

Successful Prescription Helps Remove Acids—Works Fast.

Dr. T. J. Rastelli, famous English scientist, Doctor of Medicine and Surgeon, says: "You can't feel well if your Kidneys do not function right, because your Kidneys affect your entire body."

Your blood circulates 4 times a minute through 9 million tiny, delicate tubes in your Kidneys which are endangered by drastic, irritating drugs, modern foods and drinks, worry, and exposure. Beware of Kidney dysfunction if you suffer from Night Rising, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Dizziness, Circles Under Eyes, Acidity, or Loss of Pep.

Dr. Walter R. George, for many years Health Director of Indianapolis, says: "Insufficient Kidney excretions are the cause of much needless suffering with Aching Back, Frequent Night Rising, Itching, Smarting, Burning, Painful Joints, Rheumatic Pains, Headaches, and a generally run-down body. I am of the opinion that the prescription Cystex corrects such functional conditions. It aids in flushing poisons from the urinary tract, and in freeing the blood of retained toxins. Cystex deserves the indorsement of all doctors." If you suffer from Kidney and Bladder dysfunction, delay endangers your vitality, and you should not lose a single minute in starting to take the doctor's special prescription called Cystex (pronounced Siss-tex) which helps Kidney functions in a few hours. It is swift, safe, and sure in action. Gently tones, soothes, and cleans raw, sore membranes. Brings new energy and vitality in 48 hours. It is helping millions of sufferers and is guaranteed to fix you up and make you feel like new in 8 days, or money back on return of empty package. Get guaranteed Cystex from your druggist today.

Dr. W. R. George

I'll PROVE in 7 Days I Can make YOU a NEW MAN!

I changed myself from 97-lb. weakling into twice winning title "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man". I'll put layers of powerful muscle all over your body. If you're fat, flabby, I'll pare you down to fighting trim—or build you up if you're skinny.

FREE—Write for my book "Everlasting Health and Strength". Tells how my natural method of Dynamic Tension gets quick results. Contains actual photos, valuable body facts. Send for your copy—NOW! It's FREE! **CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 164, 115 East 23rd St., New York, N. Y.**

Meet your favorite movie star

all original photos of your favorite stars and scenes from any of your favorite recent photo plays, size 8 x 10 glossy prints, 25c each. 12 for $2.50. *Positively the finest obtainable anywhere.* We have the largest collection of movie photos in the country. Just name the star or play you want. Remit by money order or U. S. 2c and 3c stamps.

Bram Studio—Film Centre Bldg., Studio 412, 630-9th Ave., N. Y. City

RICH IN VITAL ENERGY!

This natural food product keeps pep UP. Rich in Vitamins B, E, and G. Also a known source of Vitamin A, along with other vital elements. Use in raw state or as cooking ingredient. Recipes on package. 3-day test size 12c. One month diet size $1.00.

FEDERAL MILL,
570 Race St., LOCKPORT, N. Y.

Aging Skin

If you have wrinkles, crowsfeet, eye pouches, eye puffs, drooping mouth lines, puckery lines around the lips, sagging neck skin, excessively dry skin, then—regardless of your real age—you are in serious danger of developing a case of ugly, old-age skin. Why jeopardize your happiness and success any longer—now that science has produced a remedy? UVO, as proved in thousands of cases, quickly and safely smooths out all lines of age and, by stimulating the natural functioning of the skin, tends to restore the smooth, firm, clear and radiant skin-texture of youth. It would cost you $1.00 to get one UVO treatment in the world-famous salon of the brilliant beauty scientist who created UVO. But for $1.45 we will send you enough UVO to *give yourself* 20 to 30 treatments. Money Order, check or C. O. D. Plain-wrapped; all postage prepaid. Money-refund guarantee. Further information in plain, sealed envelope free upon request.
Uvo Co., 210 Fifth Ave., Suite 1112, New York City

Continued from page 10

To Katie's Defense.

IN December Picture Play I read the most astounding letter. I refer to the one by "Me" from Norwich, Connecticut. I have no doubt the facts were true, but such nonsensical facts!

I know one thing about that Me person, and that is, she is jealous of Katharine Hepburn, so she tried to think of all the mean things she could about our Hepburn, and sent them in.

According to her, one would think that being a wallflower, and not being asked to join the Hartford Junior League was the most terrible thing imaginable. She says in a very shocked way, "think of that!" I did think, and I still can't see what is so awful about that.

We all know that Miss Hepburn is a wonderful actress. No other player can put that "something" into her rôles that makes them seem so very real. Yes, Hepburn is our greatest actress, and I think Connecticut has something to be very, very proud of in Hepburn.

Oh, yes, I hope Me succeeds in showing the world that Connecticut has the "real stuff." What that is in her mind is beyond me. JANETTE GRAVES.

21 Adams Street,
Lexington, Massachusetts.

Those Burning Remarks.

I RESENT the remark in Cleo Fleming's letter in the November issue in which she insults four fine players.

Kay Francis is one of the screen's real sophisticates. All of her recent pictures have been interesting, and Kay is very lovely.

As for Irene Dunne, it was joy indeed to hear her sing in "Stingaree." It is impossible to understand any one being bored by her. She radiates charm, sincerity and naturalness.

Madge Evans is always dainty, refreshing and real. If only given some decent rôles, she could show her talents.

Ann Harding's recent films have brought her up near the top again. Her voice is splendid, and her acting always intelligent.

There is a player who is full of pep and personality, who is sincere and natural, who can sing and dance, play dramatic or comedy rôles with equal ease. She was neglected for a while, but lately good luck has come her way, and her rise has been rapid. She deserves every bit of praise. Give up? Ginger Rogers, of course! Couldn't possibly be any one else. Just recall her latest films, and you'll see what I've said is true. May you go far, Ginger dear! MARION L. HESSE.

154 Elm Street,
Elizabeth, New Jersey.

Wise Hepburn.

AM I boiling! I read Marjorie's letter in October Picture Play, and one of her remarks got under my skin.

I should like to know if she ever read "Little Women"? If she did, she would know that Madge Evans—pastel, feminine, delicate—could never play the part of *Jo*, a swaggering, vigorous tomboy. Katharine Hepburn is the living, breathing personification of *Jo*, and I defy any one to say she isn't.

I like Douglass Montgomery, but I don't think he's "adorable." Who wants an "adorable" man, anyway?

As for Hepburn's attitude, she knows what she's doing. She wants to make people argue about her. It's just that much more publicity for her. This reader's tirade is really helping Miss Hepburn, as it is good publicity. People who never have seen her will be interested in Marjorie's slant, and will go to see Katie.

Let me say again that the name Katharine Hepburn is synonymous with that of my favorite heroine, *Jo March*.

ELISABETH.

Wollaston, Massachusetts.

As You Were, Mr. Ayres.

IN the Hollywood heaven of stars, there was none brighter than Lew Ayres after "All Quiet on the Western Front." We who admired this young actor were equally proud of his work in "The Doorway to Hell."

What has happened to him? Fox gave him a good part in "State Fair," the critics praised Lew's work, and he certainly held his own with Janet Gaynor and Will Rogers. But what happened? I admit that I don't know. I saw "She Learned About Sailors" and Lew displayed a sense of comedy. He and Miss Faye are a charming couple. However, Mr. Ayres's fans demand a return of the old Lew Ayres! The boy doesn't lack a thing, and I think the girls will admit he has more than his share of good looks.

Let's have a rally day for fans of Lew Ayres. Let's write the Fox studio, and let's write a line of encouragement to Lew. Let's all get together and see if we can't make his star shine as brightly as of yore.

GLENN A. BROQUIST.

711 28th Street,
Rock Island, Illinois.

Born Gifted.

IN October Picture Play, T. Marion Edmundson, of Union City, Tennessee, said that any one could act as well as Gene Raymond. I would like to see *her* act as well as Mr. Raymond. His acting in "Sadie McKee" was simply wonderful. Just that one example showed talent that no mother could teach or pay to have taught. It was natural talent.

Naturally, if at an early age, his mother was wise enough to see that he was gifted, she paid to have this talent developed. He is trying to repay her now that he is famous.

No one can teach a person the art of acting when he already has that talent. It can be improved, but never can any one take a person without any talent and expect him to be anywhere near as good as Gene Raymond.

Gene is my favorite, and I think one of the best liked actors of the screen.

DONNA JO O'CONNOR.

Los Angeles, California.

Gable No He-man.

BRAVO for you, Marjorie Payn, for expressing yourself as you did in the Picture Play for September. One reads so much slush about all these so-called stars, no wonder their heads are turned and that they consider themselves gods. One hears Clark Gable called a "he-man." Might as well say Shirley Temple has sex appeal!

Has any one ever seen a he-man with a mustache? Whoever started the craze for misplaced eyebrows anyway?

Instead of fans boosting their idols to the skies and going maudlin over them, it would be better to advise their idols to act like ordinary mortals.

HOWARD BRIDGE.

Grand Hotel, Vienna, Austria.

Marlene's Severest Critic.

THE story about Marlene Dietrich in September Picture Play was marvelous. I have always had the same ideas about her as were in that article. May I add a little more to it?

First, why must that silly-looking Von Sternberg always direct her? In "The Scarlet Empress" you see nothing but statues, funny-looking faces, and Von Sternberg's art(?). Listen, Paramount, we don't want any of Sternberg's odd ideas. Give us Marlene Dietrich, and please let her be *herself!* Then, we'll have real art.

Now, Miss Dietrich, why do you keep wearing those pants when you know they do not help you?

Why are you so indifferent to the press when you can't afford to be since your pictures are so few, and lately, poor?

Are you going to let your director spoil your career? You are playing second lead

Much publicized as Jean Porker is, she's always incredulous when she reods anything nice obout herself. Here's Robert Young telling hei if she's proised in the papers she must be good.

to his so-called arty ideas. And the worst of it is nobody appreciates him but himself.

Marlene, I'm telling you as a loyal fan, wake up! You cannot and will not last at the rate you are going. You are my idol, but I'd rather see you back in Germany than to see you make any more pictures like "The Scarlet Empress."

"All for Dietrich."

Norfolk, Virginia.

A Bouquet for Paul Kaye.

OCCASIONALLY there comes to the screen an actor who stands apart from the usual run of players as to inspire immediate attention and interest from a fan in the know.

Certainly every one who saw "Easy to Love" must have noticed and approved Paul Kaye in his skilled handling of a comparatively inconspicuous rôle.

Most impressive to me was Mr. Kaye's truly praiseworthy voice—forceful, yet pleasant, with each intonation reflecting thought.

The increasing talent and ability which marks his appearances in "Romance in the Rain," and "Night Life," is encouraging to those of us who appreciate good acting.

With his unquestioned talent and graciousness toward his fans, I predict a bright and starry future for quite the most promising of all the newer leading men—Paul Kaye.

Jack Hitt.

204 Main Street,
Hattiesburg, Mississippi.

Hepburn's Million Moods.

I AM just a fifteen-year-old schoolgirl, but also an ardent Hepburn fan—a boiling one, too.

Why am I boiling? Because of Marjorie's slamming of Hepburn in October Picture Play. For all Marjorie knows, Hepburn may have had a perfectly good reason for telling those "idiotic lies." Why not give Katharine the benefit of the doubt?

I admit Madge Evans is a splendid actress, and she is certainly pretty, but she couldn't play the part of *Jo March* as well as Hepburn did. Her very prettiness is one of the reasons. They call "Hep" the "girl of a million moods." Wasn't *Jo* moody? Sure. Can you imagine Madge Evans being moody? Not much. Hepburn is not pretty. No, but was *Jo?*

Nobody, not even if surrounded by the best directors, cameramen, et cetera, could interpret *Jo* in "Little Women" as well as Hepburn did, unless she could act.

Go to it, Heppy, old kid, you have the younger generation behind you.

S. A. Bent.

R. R. No. 3,
Bridgetown, Nova Scotia, Canada.

Hail! Douglass.

AFTER reading all the letters in September Picture Play, I'm rather disgusted.

Every one is making such a fuss about whether or not they like Garbo, Gable, Crawford, Tone, Hepburn, et cetera but I have yet to hear them say anything about the younger and more promising players. For instance I haven't seen a thing about young Douglass Montgomery, no words of praise for him. Well, here goes a good share of what he should get.

I have read where Doug is from a good family, and that's something to brag about in Hollywood. I also read that because he loved the theater so much he spent most of his time in one and in organizing dramatic clubs during his school days. All this time spent in working out his own character and training himself for higher things I see was *not* wasted.

I read that he will not take a part that he thinks won't fit him. That's fine! Not enough stars do it.

I have seen Douglass Montgomery in every picture in which he has played under his own name; I think he has real talent. He throws himself, heart and soul, into his part and, because he is so "choosy" about the rôles he plays, his acting is very natural.

I'm all for Douglass Montgomery, not only because he is a grand actor, but also because he is very prompt and polite in answering letters from his fans. I wrote asking him for his picture, and also telling him how much I enjoyed "Little Man, What Now?" He answered quickly by sending an autographed picture.

Nell Hudgens.

515 Pettigru Street,
Greenville, South Carolina.

Hepburn Triumphs Again.

I DIDN'T think it was possible for Katharine Hepburn to top the performance she gave in "Little Women," but she has! In "The Little Minister" she surpassed the high quality and well-known story, but her radiant spirit completely dominates the picture. She has made the lovable gypsy *Babbie* live in an unforgettable manner.

There are two big surprises in "The Little Minister." First and greatest is the sweet and lovely singing voice she possesses, which in no small way adds to the whimsicality of the rôle she plays. Her thrilling melody entrance long before she is seen is very effective. I wonder why she has kept that voice hidden all this time!

The other surprise is her charming portrayal of *Lady Barbara*, at whose first appearance there was an audible murmur over the entire theater. It seemed almost unbelievable, the rapid, complete change of characterization which she was capable of portraying.

RKO is to be congratulated upon presenting Miss Hepburn in "The Little Minister," and Miss Hepburn is to be congratulated upon what is, without doubt, the finest acting the screen has ever seen. She is a true artist and a great actress. With each new picture she justifies my belief that she is the outstanding star of the screen. "The Little Minister" is a great Hepburn triumph.

I am proud to sign my name as a most ardent admirer and firm supporter of Katharine Hepburn.

Josephine B. Becker.

3625 Stettinius Avenue,
Hyde Park, Cincinnati, Ohio.

TYPEWRITER ½ Price
Easy Terms
Only 10c a Day
Save over ½ on all standard office models. Also portables at reduced prices.
SEND NO MONEY
All late models completely refinished like brand new. FULLY GUARANTEED. Big free catalog shows actual machines in full colors. Lowest prices. Send at once.
Free course in typing included.
10-day Trial
International Typewriter Exch., 231 W. Monroe St. Dept. 426, Chicago

Alviene School of the Theatre
Graduates: Lee Tracy, Peggy Shannon, Fred Astaire, Una Merkel, Zita Johann, Mary Pickford, etc. Drama, Dance, Speech, Musical Comedy, Opera, Personal Development, Culture. Stock Theatre Training appearances while learning. For catalog, write Sec'y LOREE, 66 West 85th St., N. Y.

LINCOLN AND INDIAN HEAD
PENNIES WANTED
WE PAY UP TO $2 EACH IF MORE THAN 11 YEARS OLD
and up to $500 for certain U. S. Cents
Send 10c. today for 16 page fully illustrated catalog
NATIONAL COIN CO.
Box 731 P.P. MILWAUKEE, WIS.

GRAY FADED HAIR
Women, girls, men with gray, faded, streaked hair. Shampoo and color your hair at the same time with new French discovery "SHAMPO-KOLOR," takes few minutes, leaves hair soft, glossy, natural. Permits permanent wave and curl.
Free Booklet, Monsieur L. P. Valligny, Dept. 37, 254 W. 31 St., New York

The Book of Etiquette
Postage Prepaid 60 CENTS ORDER BY MAIL
CHELSEA HOUSE
79 SEVENTH AVE., NEW YORK CITY

NO JOKE TO BE DEAF
—Every deaf person knows that—
Mr. Way made himself hear his watch tick after being deaf for twenty-five years, with his Artificial Ear Drums. He wore them day and night. They stopped his head noises. They are invisible and comfortable, no wires or batteries. Write for TRUE STORY. Also booklet on Deafness.
Artificial Ear Drum
THE WAY COMPANY
742 Hofmann Bldg. Detroit, Michigan

IMPORTED PERFUME
High class French extracts, special low offer ¼ oz. bottle 30c. Send postcard for list of 12 odors and other bargains also free offer on sachet.
KAMMER, BOX 574-P., TERRE HAUTE, IND.

So Easy to Develop a Gorgeous Form!
DO people rave about your gorgeous curves? Or is your figure flat and shapeless? Do ugly hollows and sagging lines spoil your silhouette? Let me tell you my secret of a beautiful form. You'll be amazed how easily you can develop the full, rounded contours that are so alluring. Fill out and firm those scrawny tissues. Mould your figure to exquisite, feminine beauty. Let me send you my easy instructions and a large container of my special Massage Cream. They won't cost you a penny if you are not convinced you can have a stunning, shapely figure.
READ
"It is wonderful how my figure developed after using your method just a short time."
Just Give Me 10 Days
Here's what I'll do: Just send me your name, address and only $1.00 and I'll mail you my instructions and Cream at once, in a plain wrapper. Try my method 10 days. Then get your dollar back if you are not delighted. You have nothing to lose, so write me today, enclosing only $1.00.
JOANE MORGAN, Dept. T-4
6811 FIFTH AVE. -:- BROOKLYN -:- NEW YORK

ADDRESSES OF PLAYERS

Columbia Studio, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Jean Arthur
Tala Birell
John Mack Brown
Tullio Carminati
Nancy Carroll
Walter Connolly
Donald Cook
Richard Cromwell
Wallace Ford
Lilian Harvey
Jack Holt
Victor Jory
Peter Lorre
Edmund Lowe
Marian Marsh
Tim McCoy
Grace Moore
Virginia Pine
Florence Rice
Edward G. Robinson
Billie Seward
Ann Sothern
Raymond Walburn
Fay Wray

Fox Studio, Beverly Hills, California.

Rosemary Ames
Lew Ayres
Warner Baxter
Madge Bellamy
John Boles
John Bradford
Henrietta Crosman
Alan Dinehart
James Dunn
Sally Eilers
Alice Faye
Norman Foster
Ketti Gallian
Janet Gaynor
Tito Guizar
Rochelle Hudson
Nino Martini
Frank Melton
Jose Mojica
Herbert Mundin
Pat Paterson
Valentin Perera
Gene Raymond
Kane Richmond
Will Rogers
Raul Roulien
Shirley Temple
Spencer Tracy
Claire Trevor
Jane Withers

Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California.

Brian Aherne
Elizabeth Allan
Edward Arnold
John Barrymore
Lionel Barrymore
Wallace Beery
Charles Butterworth
Mary Carlisle
Leo Carrillo
Maurice Chevalier
Mady Christians
Jackie Cooper
Violet Kemble-Cooper
Joan Crawford
Jimmy Durante
Nelson Eddy
Madge Evans
Preston Foster
Betty Furness
Clark Gable
Greta Garbo
Gladys George
Jean Harlow
Helen Hayes
June Knight
Otto Kruger
Evelyn Laye
Myrna Loy
Paul Lukas
Jeanette MacDonald
Una Merkel
Robert Montgomery
Frank Morgan
Ramon Novarro
Maureen O'Sullivan
Jean Parker
William Powell
Esther Ralston
May Robson
Mickey Rooney
Rosalind Russell
Norma Shearer
Martha Sleeper
Lewis Stone
Gloria Swanson
Franchot Tone
Henry Wadsworth
Johnny Weissmuller
Diana Wynyard
Robert Young

Warners-First National Studio, Burbank, California.

Ross Alexander
Loretta Andrews
John Arledge
Joan Blondell
George Brent
Joe E. Brown
James Cagney
Colin Clive
Ricardo Cortez
Dorothy Dare
Marion Davies
Bette Davis
Claire Dodd
Robert Donat
Ann Dvorak
John Eldredge
Patricia Ellis
Glenda Farrell
Kay Francis
William Gargan
Leslie Howard
Josephine Hutchinson
Allen Jenkins
Al Jolson
Ruby Keeler
Guy Kibbee
Margaret Lindsay
Anita Louise
Aline MacMahon
Frank McHugh
James Melton
Jean Muir
Paul Muni
Dick Powell
Phillip Reed
Barbara Stanwyck
Lyle Talbot
Dorothy Tree
Helen Trenholme
Warren William
Donald Woods

RKO Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Fred Astaire
Nils Asther
John Beal
Bill Boyd
Clive Brook
Bruce Cabot
Frances Dee
Dolores del Rio
Richard Dix
Irene Dunne
Betty Grable
Ann Harding
Katharine Hepburn
Kay Johnson
Francis Lederer
Mary Mason
Virginia Reid
Erik Rhodes
Ginger Rogers
Anne Shirley
Bert Wheeler
Gretchen Wilson
Robert Woolsey

United Artists Studio, 1041 N. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, California.

George Arliss
Constance Bennett
Eddie Cantor
Charles Chaplin
Ronald Colman
Miriam Hopkins
Fredric March
Merle Oberon
Mary Pickford
Anna Sten
Loretta Young

Universal Studio, Universal City, California.

Binnie Barnes
Noah Beery, Jr.
Phyllis Brooks
Russ Brown
Andy Devine
Sterling Holloway
Henry Hull
Baby Jane
Lois January
Buck Jones
Boris Karloff
Bela Lugosi
Douglass Montgomery
Chester Morris
Zasu Pitts
Roger Pryor
Claude Rains
Onslow Stevens
Gloria Stuart
Margaret Sullavan
Slim Summerville
Irene Ware
Alice White
Jane Wyatt

Paramount Studio, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, California.

Gracie Allen
Adrienne Ames
Mary Boland
Grace Bradley
Carl Brisson
George Burns
Kitty Carlisle
Claudette Colbert
Gary Cooper
Buster Crabbe
Bing Crosby
Katherine DeMille
Marlene Dietrich
Frances Drake
Mary Ellis
W. C. Fields
Cary Grant
Charlotte Granville
David Holt
Roscoe Karns
Jan Kiepura
Elissa Landi
Charles Laughton
Baby LeRoy
Carol Lombard
Pauline Lord
Ida Lupino
Helen Mack
Fred MacMurray
Margo
Joan Marsh
Herbert Marshall
Gertrude Michael
Ray Milland
Joe Morrison
Jack Oakie
Lynne Overman
Gail Patrick
George Raft
Charles Ruggles
Randolph Scott
Sylvia Sidney
Alison Skipworth
Queenie Smith
Sir Guy Standing
Kent Taylor
Lee Tracy
Mae West
Henry Wilcoxon
Toby Wing

Free-lance Players:

Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood. Ralph Bellamy, Sidney Fox, 6615 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood. Ralph Forbes, 10111 Valley Spring Lane, North Hollywood. Joan Bennett, Lila Lee, Marian Nixon, Sharon Lynn, Mary Brian, 430 California Bank Building, Hollywood. Lionel Atwill, Estelle Taylor, Dorothy Peterson, Cora Sue Collins, 1509 North Vine Street, Hollywood. Neil Hamilton, 351 North Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, California. Fifi Dorsay, care of Vernon D. Wood, 210 Pantages Theater Bldg., Hollywood.

IN AINSLEE'S you will find the most modern stories published in any magazine. Smart love stories with up-to-the-minute situations and genuine emotion. Each issue carries two serial novels and eight complete stories besides an astrological feature by the eminent astrologer, Junius B. Smith.

Learn to draw.
LEARN to draw beautiful girls' heads and figures for pleasure and profit—most fascinating—romantic—highly paid branch of the art profession. If you like to draw you can learn to draw—at home—by mail. Amazing NEW, easy course uses methods of the large academies and art institutes at less than one-tenth the cost—YOU STUDY FROM BEAUTIFUL, LARGE PHOTOGRAPHS OF ARTISTS' MODELS JUST AS THEY POSE IN THE CLASSROOMS. A real opportunity for those who cannot take the time or afford great expense of going to large cities to study art.
Be an artist—make big money. No experience necessary. Complete course consisting of simple instructions, comprehensive charts, diagrams and pictures of beautiful artists' models ready to draw. Entire course now offered at very low price and on easy terms.
First Lesson Free
Start your art career today by sending your name and address and only 10c to cover mailing cost and we will send you the first lesson—TRY IT FREE. You will be delighted with the quick and certain progress you can make right from the start. Send coupon today for free lesson and special offer.
Towertown Studios, Dept. 416, 111 N. Canal St., Chicago, Ill.
Please send me FREE your first lesson and special offer. I enclose 10c to cover mailing cost.
Name .....
Address .....
City .....State.....

ONTENTS COPYRIGHTED 1935

STREET & SMITH'S PICTURE PLAY

MAY

15 CENTS
ENGLAND

NRA CODE

MERLE OBERON
by
ALBERT FISHER

The VICTOR HERBERT'S GREATEST— BIG MUSICAL OF ALL TIME!

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer rings up the curtain on its greatest achievement ...a glamorous pageant of drama, mirth and beauty...mightier than any musical yet seen on the screen! You'll thrill to its glittering extravagance...you'll laugh at its bright comedy...and you'll cheer those new sweethearts, Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, who found their love under the creole moon. It's the screen's musical masterpiece!

Jeanette MacDONALD • *Nelson* EDDY

NAUGHTY MARIETTA

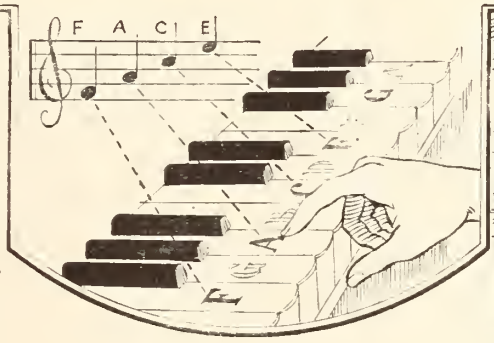
a W. S. VAN DYKE PRODUCTION
Book and Lyrics by Rida Johnson Young

with
FRANK MORGAN
Douglas Dumbrille
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
Produced by HUNT STROMBERG

SHE LIED TO LIVE HER NIGHTS OF LOVE

Half a Million People

have learned music this easy way



You, too, Can Learn to Play Your Favorite Instrument Without a Teacher

Easy as A-B-C

YES, over 700,000 delighted men and women all over the world have learned music this quick, easy way.

Seven hundred thousand—what a gigantic orchestra they would make! Some are playing on the stage, others in orchestras, and many thousands are daily enjoying the pleasure and popularity of being able to play some instrument.

Surely this is convincing proof of the success of the *new, modern method* perfected by the U. S. School of Music! And what these people have done, YOU, too, can do!

Many of these 700,000 didn't know one note from another—others had never touched an instrument—yet in half the usual time they learned to play their favorite instrument. Best of all, they found learning music *amazingly* easy. No monotonous hours of exercises—no tedious scales—no expensive teachers. This simplified method made learning music as easy as A-B-C!

It is like a fascinating game. From the very start you are playing *real* tunes, perfectly, by *note*. You simply can't go wrong, for every step, from beginning to end, is right before your eyes in print and picture. First you are *told* how to do a thing, then a picture *shows* you how, then you do it yourself and *hear* it. And almost before you know it, you are playing your favorite pieces—jazz, ballads, classics. No private teacher could make it clearer. Little theory—plenty of accomplishment. That's why students of the U. S. School of Music get ahead *twice as fast—three times as fast* as those who study old-fashioned plodding methods.

You don't need any special "talent." Many of the 700,000 who have already become accomplished players never dreamed they possessed musical ability. They only wanted to play some instrument—just like you—and they found they could quickly learn how this easy way. Just a little of your spare time each day is needed—and you enjoy every minute of it. The cost is surprisingly low—averaging only a few cents a day—and the price is the same for whatever instrument you choose. And remember you are studying right in your own home—without paying big fees to private teachers.

What Instrument For You?

Piano
Organ
Violin
Banjo (Plectrum, 5-String or Tenor)
Clarinet
Flute
Harp
Cornet
Piccolo
Guitar
Hawaiian Steel Guitar
Drums and Traps
Mandolin
Ukulele
Trombone
Saxophone
'Cello
Trumpet
Sight Singing
Voice and Speech Culture
Harmony and Composition
Automatic Finger Control
Piano Accordion
Italian and German Accordion
Juniors' Piano Course

Don't miss any more good times, learn now to play your favorite instrument and surprise all your friends! Change from a wallflower to the center of attraction. Music is the best thing to offer at a party—musicians are invited everywhere. Enjoy the popularity you have been missing. Get your share of the Musician's pleasure and profit! Start Now!

Free Booklet and Demonstration Lesson

If you are in earnest about wanting to join the crowd of entertainers and be a "big hit" at any party—if you really *do* want to play your favorite instrument, to become a performer whose services will be in demand—fill out and mail the convenient coupon asking for our Free Booklet and Free Demonstration Lesson. These explain our wonderful method fully and show you how easily and quickly you can learn to play at little expense. The booklet will also tell you all about the amazing new *Automatic Finger Control.* U. S. School of Music, 533 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

Thirty-sixth Year (Established 1898)

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC
533 Brunswick Bldg., New York City

Please send me your free book, "How You Can Master Music in Your Own Home," with inspiring message by Dr. Frank Crane, Free Demonstration Lesson, and particulars of your easy payment plan. I am interested in the following course:

.....Have you Instrument?.....

Name .....
(Please Write Plainly)

Address .....

City ..... State.....

Volume XLII MONTHLY Number 3

STREET & SMITH'S

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION $1.50

PICTURE PLAY

SINGLE COPIES, 15 CENTS

CONTENTS FOR MAY, 1935

The entire contents of this magazine are protected by copyright, and must not be reprinted without the publishers' consent.

FRONTISPIECE:

Love Will Find a Way—*Joel McCrea and Joan Bennett in "Private Worlds"* 11

SPECIAL ARTICLES:

A Woodland Fantasy Lives—*Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream"* Myrtle Gebhart 12

Extra! Novarro Quits!—*Ramon Novarro* . . . Ben Maddox 16

We Want Donat!—*Robert Donat* . . . . Dorothy Hope 27

Don't Think, Joan—Feel—*Joan Crawford* . . Richard Griffith 28

Why I'm Afraid to Talk—*Gary Cooper* . . Samuel Richard Mook 32

Spice of the Show—*Patsy Kelly* . . . . . Dena Reed 38

Tireless Trouper—*Irene Franklin* . . . . Fanya Graham 39

He Tops Them All—*Charles Laughton* . . Malcolm H. Oettinger 40

The Proper Thing to Do—*Manners on the Screen* Lillian Montanye 42

A Wife the Sun Shines On—*Verree Teasdale* . . . Franc Dillon 44

Calm Señorita—*Margo* . . . . . Helen Ludlam 46

You Asked for This—*Nils Asther* . . . . Madeline Glass 47

Gentlemen's Choice—*Patricia Ellis* . . . . Leroy Keleher 58

DEPARTMENTS:

What the Fans Think—*Readers Express Themselves Without Restraint* 6

Information, Please—*The Answer Man Is at Your Service* The Oracle 8

They Say in New York—*Around Town with Visiting Celebrities* Karen Hollis 30

Hollywood High Lights—*Coast Stars at Work and Play* Edwin and Elza Schallert 34

The Screen in Review—*Films Honestly Appraised* . . Norbert Lusk 48

Casts of Current Pictures 52

Addresses of Players 82

ART GALLERY:

Favorites of the Fans—*Marlene Dietrich, Ruby Keeler, Madge Bellamy, Chester Morris, Colin Clive, Paul Kelly, Charles Boyer, Sidney Blackmer, Victor Varconi, Paul Lukas, Victor Jory, Shirley Temple, Jean Parker, Robert Donat, Patricia Ellis* 19

FASHIONS:

A Touch of Spring 36

PREVIEWS:

Glimpses of Future Films—*"Gold Diggers of 1935," "Laddie," "Naughty Marietta," "How Am I Doin'?" "My Heart Is Calling," "Reckless," "Becky Sharp"* 60

Monthly publication issued by Street & Smith Publications, Inc., 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y. George C. Smith, Jr., President; Ormond V. Gould, Vice President and Treasurer; Artemas Holmes, Vice President and Secretary; Clarence C. Vernam, Vice President. Copyright, 1935, by Street & Smith Publications, Inc., New York. Copyright, 1935, by Street & Smith Publications, Inc., Great Britain. Entered as Second-class Matter, March 6, 1916, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Subscriptions to Cuba, Dom. Republic, Haiti, Spain, Central and South American Countries, except The Guianas and British Honduras, $1.75 per year. To all other Foreign Countries, including The Guianas and British Honduras, $2.25 per year.

We do not accept responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts. 16

To facilitate handling, the author should inclose a self-addressed envelope with the requisite postage attached.

STREET & SMITH PUBLICATIONS, INC., 79 7th AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

MYRTLE GEBHART LOOKS BACK

Most beloved of Picture Play's writers, Miss Gebhart, who is just Myrtle to most of the world, has spent ten years reporting the foibles of filmdom. Her five scrap-books of newspaper width bulge with fourteen hundred signed articles, some of them quoting groups of stars instead of one. In all, about four thousand interviews.

She has seen stars come and go, she has survived million-dollar epics and periodic depressions, meteoric careers and transient reigns—all the fluctuations of Hollywood.

Now Miss Gebhart looks back and recaptures some of the impressions of her exciting work and some of the glamour of the stars she has known. In short, this favorite writer reminisces.

HER DELIGHTFUL RECOLLECTIONS

Picture Play for June takes pleasure in publishing some of her pungent impressions of players you all know. Some are no longer on the scene, but their memory lives. Some of them are at the top to-day. And on all Miss Gebhart turns the spotlight of a humorous, zestful and sometimes sentimental enjoyment of their company.

HOLLYWOOD HONEYMOON

Another most unusual article is Winifred Aydelotte's description of a wedding trip to the cinema capital, what a couple of fans, strangers in a strange land, must spend in order to see the sights and the stars.

What they see, what they fail to see, and exactly what it costs to pass five days in Hollywood.

The New Stream-Lined MAE WEST

by SUSAN HARTWELL

Just a brief two years ago Mae West changed the feminine contours of the world when she swept across the cinematic heavens in "She Done Him Wrong."

Now the versatile Mae is about to do the same thing again, to the delight of the fashion designers and her legions of feminine and masculine fans. But this time she's offering a stream-lined silhouette instead of the full-rounded curves of two seasons ago.

It's all part of the radical change in the character Miss West portrays in her newest Paramount Picture, "How Am I Doin'?" No longer is she a swaggering gal of the Gay Nineties; this time she is the personification of the spirit of 1935. The Westian curves are still there, of course, but they are streamlined in the modern manner.

And the story and background of "How Am I Doin'?" offers just as much contrast to her previous vehicles as the Mae West of 1935 does to the Mae West of 1933. The fashionable spots of smart, present-day society—Long Island, N.Y. and Buenos Aires, Argentina, for instance—replace the Bowery of the Nineties and gay spots of New Orleans a generation ago as the setting for the action of her new picture.

Even her leading men have undergone a radical change. Gone are the prize-fighters and gamblers of an older era; instead honors are shared by Paul Cavanaugh, suavest of suave Anglo-American actors and Ivan Lebedeff, ace of the heel-clicking, hand-kissing, heart-smashers.

So watch out for the New Mae West. She is going to set a new standard in entertainment, in wise-cracks, in fashions and in the feminine form divine when Paramount's "How Am I Doin'?" reaches the screens of the world.

WHAT THE FANS THINK

An Injustice to Merle Oberon.

IT has been a source of great pleasure and interest to watch the progress of our English players who are acting in American pictures, but I must confess myself a little puzzled over Picture Play's article about Merle Oberon. The article, I admit, does seem suitable to her exotic screen appearance, but it is so very different from the information given out about Miss Oberon in England.

Margaret Munton, an English fan, is eager to see what effect Merle Oberon's first American film will have on her personality.

Articles here have stated that her real name is Estelle Merle O'Brien Thompson, born in Tasmania, went to live with her uncle in Calcutta, worked in a department store, came to England and started in films as an extra, was signed by Korda and had a prominent part in "Wedding Rehearsal" and "Men of To-morrow" before her sensational rôle as *Anne Boleyn*.

No doubt the idea here has been to build her up as rising from the ranks, while in America she will be publicized as a ready-made exotic. Really, your article does not do sufficient justice to the development of her screen personality.

"There's a fellow who deserves more credit than he receives," says Roger Strawn of Richard Cromwell.

Ketti Gallian impressed Hicksville, Ohio, as being "a little different" and deserving of a chance at stardom.

I saw her in "Wedding Rehearsal," in which she played the part of a social secretary, wore glasses and had about as much glamour as a suet pudding.

It is with the greatest interest that I am looking forward to her American film with Chevalier; to see how her personality develops under Hollywood conditions. To have created such an impression in so few films seems to indicate genius, but I hope there is no more of this mystery background. Such different versions will be too much for anybody's sense of humor.

Chevalier hardly seems to fit as a suitable partner for Miss Oberon. As *Lady Blakeney* in "The Scarlet Pimpernel," with Leslie Howard, her performance is very effective and charming, though a little cold.

Lorne S. Waddell deplores the fate that consigns Thelma Todd to short comedies instead of big features.

MARGARET MUNTON.
44 Chesson Road,
West Kensington, W. 14,
London, England.

Praise for a Bengal Lancer.

I WOULD like space in your valuable column to express my esteem and regard for that sincere and natural actor, Richard Cromwell.

There's a fellow who deserves much more credit than he receives. Didn't he show us in "Tol'able David" that he had the makings of a star? But instead of better material he was given mediocre parts and held down to the ordinary featured position.

Now just wait until the producers see his work in "Lives of a Bengal Lancer." I was greatly pleased to learn that he had been

Continued on p. 9

Clair Krebs defends his favorite, Claudette Colbert, against Norbert Lusk's criticism of her acting as "a well-dressed promenade."

☆

Clap Hands for Another Honey from Warner Bros.—a Lyrical Miracle that Runs Away with April's Blue Ribbon! Even if Its Drama and Music Weren't Blended So Magically into Entertainment That Is Sheer Enchantment, You'd Still Insist on Seeing It Because It Teams for the First Time on the Screen

Al JOLSON and Ruby KEELER

in

"GO INTO YOUR DANCE"

Famous "42nd Street's" author, Bradford Ropes, wrote this story of a girl who played with death for her man's life—staged against the thrilling backdrop of New York's hot spots. And you'll like Archie L. Mayo's smart direction for First National Pictures.

☆

Information, Please

Your puzzling questions about players and pictures are answered by the man who knows.

By The Oracle

ZIMMY.—The Binnie Barnes you ask about appeared here in the English-made "The Private Life of Henry VIII" and "The Lady Is Willing." Perhaps you've already seen her in Universal's "There's Always To-morrow." Miss Barnes was born in London, England, March 25, 1908; five feet six, weighs 122, reddish hair, dark-brown eyes.

MARJORIE CANNEDY.—You did not inclose a stamped envelope, so I must reply to your letter through the magazine. Gene Raymond's right name is Guion. He is of French descent, and has one brother. His latest is "Transient Lady," with Frances Drake and Henry Hull. Glad to know you had a favorable reply from Buddy Rogers.

EVELYN SCRIVEN.—Irene Dunne's first film was "Leatherneckings," released in 1930. In 1931 she made "Bachelor Apartment," "Cimarron," "Great Lover," "Consolation Marriage." 1932: "Symphony of Six Million," "Back Street," "Thirteen Women." 1933: "Secret of Madame Blanche," "No Other Woman," "Silver Cord," "Ann Vickers," "If I Were Free." 1934: "This Man Is Mine," "Stingaree," "The Age of Innocence," "Sweet Adeline." "Roberta" is her first for 1935.

DOROTHY HUBER.—Since his success in "The Count of Monte Cristo," all the companies seem to be seeking the services of Robert Donat. One wants him for "Captain Blood," another for "Peter Ibbetson," but I wouldn't be surprised if United Artists used him first in "Beau Brummel." Marlene Dietrich was twenty-nine on December 27th.

HARRY W. HAGUE.—See *Evelyn Scriven* for a list of Irene Dunne's films.

EDITH G. COE.—In "The Mad Game," Claire Trevor played the rôle of *Jane Lee*. Lee Tracy played in the mystery drama, "Doctor X." Lupe Velez with El Brendel in "Hot Pepper." For stills of the serial, "The Wolf Dog," address Mascot Pictures, 1776 Broadway, New York City.

BETTY AND SYLVIA O'TOOLAN. — Norma Shearer will be thirty-one on August 10th; is five feet three, weighs 112, and has brown hair, blue eyes. Married to Irving Thalberg. Their son was born August 24, 1930. Another arrival is expected some time this summer. That is Shirley Temple's right name. Her birth date is April 23, 1929.

VIRGINIA PLATZ.—I have been unable to identify the Joan Crawford picture from your brief outline. I'll be glad to mail you a complete list of her films upon request. Rudolph Valentino died August 23, 1926; Fred Thomson, December, 1928; Louise Closser Hale, July 26, 1933, and in 1934 the following: Lilyan Tashman, March 21st; Lew Cody, May 31st; Marie Dressler, July 28th; Russ Columbo, September 2nd.

ELOIS SMITH.—Myrna Loy is five feet six and weighs about 100; Drue Leyton is five feet six and weighs 118; Mary Carlisle, five feet one, weighs 100, natural blond, born February 3, 1912; Mitzi Green, now about five feet, weighs about 95, born October 22, 1920; Bette Davis was born April 5, 1908. That is Rochelle Hudson's right name.

BEATRICE WAINSHEL.—Address Pat O'Brien at Warners, and Pearl Argyle, of "Chu Chin Chow," at Gaumont-British Pictures, Ltd., Film House, Wardour Street, London, W. 1, England. The following have April birth dates: Elizabeth Allan, George Arliss, Wallace Beery, Bruce Cabot, Charles Chaplin, Virginia Cherrill, Walter Connolly, Gavin Gordon, Leslie Howard, Harold Lloyd, David Manners, Mary Pickford, May Robson, Shirley Temple, Spencer Tracy, Lee Tracy, Nick Stuart.

A. W. W.—Clothes worn by the stars on the screen are studio property, and upon completion of a picture are filed away in the wardrobe department. Later they are remade and used in other films.

HENRIETTA.—Ralph Bellamy was born June 17, 1904. His next is with Ann Sothern in "Eight Bells."

OHIO.—The leading players in "Flaming Gold" were Mae Clarke, Bill Boyd, and Pat O'Brien. Miss Clarke was born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, August 16, 1910. You might address her at Metro-Goldwyn studio, Hollywood.

MARIE C.—The rôle of *Tessa Sanger* in "The Constant Nymph" was played by Victoria Hopper, whom you may address in care of Gaumont-British Pictures, in London. You probably don't realize that the magazine is made up weeks in advance of its appearance on the news stands, which is why your answer couldn't possibly appear any sooner.

J. R. F.—Rochelle Hudson has appeared in: "Are These Our Children?" "Fanny Foley Herself," "Beyond the Rockies," "Hell's Highway," "Penguin Pool Murder," "The Savage Girl," "She Done Him Wrong," "Love Is Dangerous," "Notorious But Nice," "Doctor Bull," "Walls of Gold," "Wild Boys of the Road," "Love Is Like That," "Mr. Skitch," "Harold Teen," "Such Women Are Dangerous," "Imitation of Life," "The Mighty Barnum," "Life Begins at Forty."

ALMA P.—Anita Page has been on a personal-appearance tour, which accounts for her absence from the screen. She had a part in "The Easiest Way," in which Clark Gable also appeared, and in Ramon Novarro's "The Flying Fleet. Write to Leila Hyams at Universal, and June Knight at MGM. You'll find the address of Mary Brian and Alan Dinehart in the back of the magazine under Addresses of Players.

E. STATON.—Gene Raymond is the direct descendant of French Huguenots who came to America in the seventeenth century. His real name is Raymond Guion, and he has one brother, Robert. Gene plays the piano very well. His next picture, "Sure Fire," with Ann Sothern, is still in the making.

JO.—Felix Knight, who played *Tom-Tom* in "Babes in Toyland," is a radio recruit, and I wouldn't be surprised if Metro-Goldwyn gave him another opportunity to use his fine tenor voice. Katharine Hepburn was born May 12, 1908; five feet five and a half, weighs 105, reddish-brown hair, green-gray eyes. Jean Parker, Deer Lodge, Montana, August 11, 1915; five feet three, weighs 105, dark-brown hair, hazel eyes. Rochelle Hudson, Claremore, Oklahoma, March 6, 1915; five feet three, weighs 105, brown hair, gray eyes.

MAXINE ELLIOTT.—It is the policy of the magazine not to discuss the religion of stars. Lanny Ross's full name is Lancelot Patrick Ross. He was born in Seattle, Washington, January 19, 1906; six feet one and a half, weighs 165, blue-gray eyes, medium-brown hair. Began his singing at the age of six in the choir of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, in New York City.

VINTON H. GRAVES.—The actress who sang the words to "The Continental" on the balcony in "The Gay Divorcee" is not listed in the cast, but she is Lillian Miles.

VIVIAN G. WICKER.—John Wayne was born in Winterset, Iowa, May 26, 1907; six feet two, weighs 200, dark-brown hair, blue eyes. In 1933 he married Josephine Saenz, daughter of the Panamanian consul. Tom Tyler was born in Port Henry, New York, August 8, 1903; six feet one, weighs 190, brown hair, gray eyes. Not married.

Continued on page 73

Continued from page 0

added to the already magnificent cast, and his boyishness and pleasant performance is a worthy tribute of his art.

ROGER STRAWN.

3442, Ste. Famille,
Montreal, Canada.

Give Thelma Todd a Chance.

WHY doesn't Hollywood give Thelma Todd a chance for real stardom? Why is she put in comedies with Zasu Pitts or Patsy Kelly? She should be cast in a real picture. She well deserves the chance to get some honest-to-goodness praise.

Miss Todd, here's wishing you success.

LORNE S. WADDELL.

Leonardo, New Jersey.

A Word from Hicksville.

HOW any one can rave about Joan Crawford is more than I can understand. She always looks as if she had lost her best friend, and that painted mouth! Her coiffures are ridiculous, too. In "Chained" she wore her hair about fifty different ways and only one was really smart. She may be a good emotional actress, but why don't the directors correct her awful make-up?

I do not care for blondes, but I hope Ketti Gallian gets her chance at stardom. I saw her in "Marie Galante" and she left me the impression that she was a little different.

What has become of Charlie Farrell? I miss seeing him and Janet Gaynor together. Speaking of screen couples, there is none better than Ruby Keeler and Dick Powell. I just saw them again in "Flirtation Walk." That was a picture! No one should miss it. It was humorous, yet at times it came very near being tragic.

I will end by saying that Bing Crosby should be sent home to sing his lullabys to his babies. Oh, yes, I cannot close until I say a good word for Gene Raymond. He always seems to be good, regardless of the rôle.

"FOR AND AGAINST."

Hicksville, Ohio.

Movies or Fairy Tales?

HERE comes a fan to the rescue. I just read the letter by "Two Worried Mothers" in February's "What the Fans Think" column.

Now isn't it just too bad that two children aged ten and eleven prefer seeing movies to listening to fairy tales? And, as far as the actors and actresses named are concerned, I have yet to see a picture with any of them that would harm any child of that age.

What characterization could be more innocent than that of *Elizabeth* in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" as given by Norma Shearer?

If I had a child, I would take him to see every Joan Crawford picture I could. Then when I got home I'd tell him of the splendid struggle made by Miss Crawford to reach her present success. I think this would have more influence than the moral of fairy tales.

Heaven help the box office when they put Clark Gable and James Cagney in fairy tales! It burns me up to think that any one would suggest that the performances of the above actors and actresses have an evil influence.

NEVA TOPE.

727 Leland, St. Louis, Missouri.

Claudette Is His Ideal.

THE first time I saw Claudette Colbert was in "I Cover the Waterfront." I went to this show upon the insistence of a friend who is an ardent admirer of this actress.

"Three Cornered Moon," "It Happened One Night," "Four Frightened People," "The Torch Singer," "Cleopatra," and lastly, "Imitation of Life," came next in my enjoyment of Miss Colbert. With the exception of the Egyptian spectacle, I am still a true admirer of Miss Colbert. In the other vehicles, the actress really *was* the person she portrayed.

Norbert Lusk called the part of *Bee Pullman* a "well-dressed promenade" in "Imitation of Life." I'd like to see him try it. I am going to say that in the estimation of this poor male, Miss Colbert is far lovelier in a white evening gown than the darker shades. White seems to bring out the softness of her rounded cheeks and almost-roguish eyes. When she smiles those cheeks are devastating.

"Cleopatra" is the only film in which I did not like Claudette.

Claudette may not be an opera singer, but I will say that her low voice is especially adapted to a real torch singer. She has the sort of voice which can make one close his eyes and drift away in dreams.

I am anxiously waiting the arrival of "The Gilded Lily." I know it will be another period of real enjoyment. I would like to see Miss Colbert and Warren William teamed together again. They pull splendidly.

Fred MacMurray will soon have fans crazy about his friendly, easy-to-take personality if he isn't careful. He's been in only three pictures, "The Gilded Lily," "Grand Old Girl," and "Car 99" and already he's become a habit with many.

If this gives you the impression that I am a rabid Colbert fan, it has served its purpose. You see, I like the lady.

CLAIR KREBS.

R. 1, Box 206. Boulder, Colorado.

South African Observations.

SAY, how does Merle Oberon do it? Perhaps it is Indian magic or something. In December Picture Play Dorothy Fox says she was "born in Calcutta of a high caste Indian mother and an English officer." Another film paper says, "Incidentally, Miss Oberon hails from Tasmania"—and this latter statement is corroborated by an Australian friend of mine. So what? Also, according to the English papers, her engagement to Joseph Schenck terminated almost as soon as it began. As for the Prince of Wales statement, it sounds rather far-fetched to me. I mean to say, H. R. H. has much more tact than that!

Mr. Harwell gets rather hysterical about Mae West. Certainly there is no need to sling mud at her. But neither is there any need to rave about her. She is so unutterably boring.

Shake, Ted George, and "Straightforward." The Great Purity Push is a lot of rot. Such bigoted narrow-mindedness belongs 'way back in the dark ages, when the ordinary person was not allowed to have a mind of his own.

Glad you like British pictures, Ernst Grant; and I agree with you that they are improving greatly. But hasn't *any one* in the States seen the vivacious Jessie Matthews? She's great! Especially in "Evergreen" and "Friday the 13th." And she is *unique;* not a carbon copy of a Hollywood star.

Sure, "Michael" me boy, Ann Harding is exquisitely beautiful, but has she got asthma? Or does she just talk like that because she likes to?

ALEX KNOX.

17 Kruger Avenue,
Vereeniging, Transylvania,
South Africa.

The DeMille Technique.

JUST a word of appreciation for "Cleopatra." I enjoyed it so much. It quite took me back to the days of my early youth. DeMille's technique hasn't changed since then. However, his talent for wasting historic drama, massive sets, and skilled actors has mellowed and matured with the years, and is set forth fully ripened in this, his latest opera.

His Ziegfeldian archæology is always intriguing, such as the French heels he puts on ladies of antiquity, and the serpents decorating the headdresses of *Cleopatra's* slaves. Of course it makes them recognizable as Egyptian even to those completely unversed on historic costume, but in my quaint way I had always thought the uræus was reserved for the exclusive use of members of the royal family.

And some of the clothes! Nothing like those dresses worn by *Cæsar* and *Octavian* has been seen since the Adrian-Garboesque evening gown he put on Fredric March in that hilarious affair alleged to be "The Sign of the Cross." No wonder Chaplin is returning to protect his reputation as leading comedy producer.

Of course C. Aubrey Smith is always fine and dependable, but otherwise the only bit of real acting was sneaked in by Joseph Schildkraut when DeMille wasn't looking. Luckily his part was cut to about five minutes, or he would have walked off with the picture, scenery, and all. The rest is merely a lot of tinsel-decked ham—high-school dramatics before a million-dollar drop. Truly an appalling waste.

But one thing can be said for DeMille, at least. His history never smacks of schoolrooms. It's always as original as his writers can make it.

And therein lies my quarrel. The true story of the Siren of the Nile is far more glamorous and colorful than anything likely to emanate from the cranium of a Hollywood scribe. Why not be *really* original once, and film biographical drama as it actually happened? As, for instance, that choice morsel of tripe labeled "Mata Hari." The true story of that redoubtable lady makes pallid indeed the film epic purporting to be a record of her exploits. Garnished with a "genuwine" Javanese temple dance that drew raucous laughter from all whoever saw anything really Oriental, and doubtless caused the shade of Mata Hari to blush with shame at having her thrilling memory so grossly maligned.

But three cheers for pictures like "Barretts of Wimpole Street," "The Affairs of

Cellini," "Crime Without Passion," "The Thin Man," and "What Every Woman Knows." Glad Brian Aherne got another chance. He's splendid. We'll be happy to forget "Song of Songs." And a cheer for "Love-time." It should go far toward placing Nils Asther near the top where he belongs.

Bouquets for: Diana Wynyard, who will never get another "Cavalcade," but does nobly with whatever she's handed. Robert Donat, for good work in "Monte Cristo"; Bette Davis. Now who would ever have thought the girl could act! Ralph Bellamy. Why doesn't he get better parts? Alice Brady. Fine actress, but let her do something worthy of her emotional stature. Buster Crabbe. Why not give him a real part and let him show what he can do? And what's become of Barry Norton?

Thumbs down: Mae West. Her first was swell, second not so good, and the "Belle" didn't ring at all, while just one genuine emotion from that gal would be a big help. WILLIAM THOMAS.

365 East Grant, Marion, Indiana.

More Reproof, Miss Payn.

MARJORIE PAYN. Your letter of criticism regarding American stars, for there was not a word of criticism regarding any foreign star, was in very bad taste and showed a decided lack of discernment. Such brutal remarks can only make one think that your sense of discrimination is practically nil.

Pointing out such defects as Katharine Hepburn's "unnaturally flaring nostrils" and "that really hideous mouth" in her "bony, starved-looking face" was shocking. If you had complained of her acting it would have been excusable, but to remark in such a manner of natural physical characteristics can only invite protest.

Aside from the fact that people do not go to the theater purely to see "that handsome man" or "that beautiful woman," your comments regarding Clark Gable's ears, the insipidness of Garbo, the almost "too much innocence" of Ruby Keeler, and your astonishing remarks about Ann Harding, were meaningless and only make one think that you penned your flaming epistle as a means of seeing your name in print. Is that not so?

Perhaps I and many others find weak points in your English theater world, but if you can show me any such slurring remarks written by an American I will gladly write an apology. However, I am sure that you will find that the real theater-goers in our country are more interested in the dramatic abilities of our actors and actresses than in the sex appeal of our men and the pulchritude of our women.

If the atmosphere of Hollywoodism induces such an intense feeling of boredom, why do you attend showings of Hollywood-produced pictures? I'm sure it isn't compulsory.

Perhaps it would be wise for you, after this, to conceal your likes and dislikes regarding the cream of our picture crop more skillfully, at least in an open letter, and remember what good taste is.

I do not feel that I need say more. I know that I have only written what many people must have thought when they read your startling letter. Please do not regard this as a personal challenge, but merely as a reproof to your misdirected criticism.

GLORIA HUNT.

1103 Kilson Drive,
Santa Ana, California.

Spotting the Good Ones.

MAKE way for two players who are destined to become our new idols. Who can ever forget the character of that mature, rotund, hard-boiled, heart-of-gold nurse in "The White Parade"? She is none other than Jane Darwell, a famous unknown who has played screen bits for years. Her "kicked about" days by the producers are over. Why she has not been discovered before is a mystery to me. She is also splendid in a landlady bit in "Gentlemen Are Born."

Cesar Romero, who plays the poisonous, snakelike gigolo in "The Thin Man," is excellent screen-lover material. Gable, Grant, and March are in for some heavy competition.

Darwell and Romero bear repeating. Unknown names to-day, household names to-morrow. GEORGE A. ABBATE.

630 Mary Street, Utica, New York.

Those Dancing Feet.

A NEW discovery! Something new in movieland! He can't hold a candle to Clark Gable's screen tactics, Robert Montgomery's wit, or "Tarzan" Weissmuller's body, but he has two dancing feet that dance right into the hearts of millions of movie-goers everywhere. He was a big favorite in New York's stage production of "The Gay Divorce," but he is a bigger favorite on the screen.

Right from a minor rôle in "Dancing Lady" through "Flying Down to Rio" and to his best work in "The Gay Divorcee," Fred Astaire shows us that a screen star need not necessarily be tall, dark, and handsome to get across with the movie fans of America. All you need do is move your feet to a catchy rhythm and presto! You're made.

He and his lovely dancing partner, Ginger Rogers, certainly made America "Carioca" crazy, and now it's the "Continental."

My hat's off to Fred Astaire, who, I'm sure, has a long road of success to dance through. ESTHER HADER.

1774 West 12th Street,
Brooklyn, New York.

An Open Letter to Malcolm H. Oettinger.

IT rather sounds as though you got the works, Mr. Oettinger, on your visit to Hollywood. They put you through the regular visiting-fireman paces. Maybe you shouldn't have told them you were a writer; perhaps then they would have spared you a couple of tricks and you could have come up with something new about the town. "Fabulous, deranged, screwy"—but we like it that way.

Our night life is "in rompers"? Well, Malcolm, old boy, what did you expect? Are you chagrined that we conduct ourselves respectably in our night clubs? Did you hope for carrying-ons in public? Did you want us to orgy right out in front of a visiting outsider?

Hollywood has its moments; the tall tales you hear are not all myths, but not in full sight of people like you. Where you live, for instance, don't people sit about in night clubs and gang up at dances with a modicum of good behavior and then drift away as the night wears on, in couples and small groups? And aren't there favorite hillside drives, or maybe wooded roads, where an evening's going-to-town invariably ends? Hollywood follows the same formula—only more extravagantly, of course.

And our famous feminine beauties lose their allure when you meet them in the flesh? Of course. These gals are no fools. Glamour is their stock in trade. They can't afford to squander it on sight-seers. Don't let that lower lip of yours quiver just because the tinsel wears off so readily. Be brave; life is like that.

You're fair enough in naming Charles Laughton as one of the minds about town, but don't let us off with the impression that he's got the monopoly on gray matter. Chaplin can talk you into a corner in several languages, and Paulette Goddard is no slouch. Jimmy Cagney is not only "soft-spoken, modest, and charming," but he's got plenty between the ears. I don't insist that Joan Crawford is a mental giant—the fetish she's making of culture to the contrary notwithstanding—but take Aileen Pringle, for instance; there's a wiz for you.

Francis Lederer manages to devote more time to a cause quite remote from pictures than he does to his career. I don't ask you to take *too* seriously the forthcoming book of Jean Harlow's, or the published works of Patsy Ruth Miller's or Doug Fairbanks, Jr.'s, but what Lew Ayres knows about astronomy would make your head whirl.

The way players are rushed through quickies *is* something frantic, I admit, but I seem to have missed the lavish suppers that follow the press showing of these pictures. They're usually previewed at ill-heated neighborhood houses where a couple of unshaven producers glare at any one who goes through on a press pass—by means of intimidating them into giving the picture a good notice.

By and large, studios *are* impenetrable to outsiders, and if you were about town very long and saw the pretexts people resort to in order to crash, you'd think the barriers weren't rigid enough. At the same time, newcomers *do* appear in almost every picture, so there must be ways of making the grade—nice, clean ways, too.

And as the final pay-off, Mr. Oettinger, you tell us that no one in Hollywood is happy anyway. And are the people in your town simply deluged with bliss? Don't the same ingredients that make for dissatisfaction, frustration, and misery work as inexorably in your part of the country as they do in California?

Of course, there is greed in Hollywood. As long as there is emphasis on material wealth, there's bound to be greed. But, at the same time, with this same emphasis on material wealth existing, people are likely to be happier with all the luxuries of life than they would be as usherettes or soda-jerkers, *hausfraus* in infant-littered houses, or salary-harassed bank clerks.

Do come see us again soon, Mr. Oettinger. And don't fail to get in touch with me. I've some swell telephone numbers to give you. M. L.

Hollywood, California.

Misdirected Genius.

WHAT in the name of all the angels is MGM trying to do to Garbo?

Here they have a miraculous *Joan of Arc*, a superb *Portia*, an enchanting *Rosalind*, and they put her in a shallow and absurd adaptation of "The Painted Veil." It is odd that in all the years Garbo has been in Hollywood, her own studio has not yet discovered her. They think she is still the *femme fatale* they created for box office.

In truth she is a great actress, deeply in need of great material, and by that I don't mean "Anna Karenina," either. Her studio should be utterly condemned for wasting her genius on such a trite affair as "The Painted Veil." There is no possible excuse for it. JOHN BRYAN.

44 Morton Street,
New York, New York.

An Unexplainable Riddle.

I WONDER how some would-be actors get away with it while the really good ones are often left by the wayside.

Continued on page 80

STREET & SMITH'S

VOLUME XLII
NUMBER 3

PICTURE PLAY

MAY
1935

Photo by Eugene Robert Richee

JOAN BENNETT and Joel McCrea steal away from the sorrows and heartbreaks of "Private Worlds" to visualize a calm, happy future for themselves as the young lovers in the picture. An original and striking study of mental cases in a hospital, Claudette Colbert, Charles Boyer and Helen Vinson also play significant rôles.

Titania—Anita Louise—and her train of elves recoil at the approach of Oberon who demands that she yield to him the little Indian boy she is protecting.

A WOODLAND FANTASY LIVES

The exquisite poetry, rare comedy and fantastic enchantment of Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream" are captured by the screen in a lavish outlay of time, money and technical ingenuity.

By Myrtle Gebhart

VICTOR JORY strums romantic music on moonbeams. Anita Louise steps lightly along a path of lily pads. A queen, crowned with abalone shell, waves a jeweled wand. Enormous bats' wings whir, and silvery drapery made of tiny icicles tinkles musically.

Such things, and stranger still, are going on with "A Midsummer Night's Dream" weaving its fragile charm for the cameras. "The pert and nimble spirit of mirth" has replaced the clamor of gangster activities at the Warner studio, where Max Reinhardt is screening a spectacular fantasy.

"Lord, what fools these mortals be!" quoth *Puck,* in a moment quasi-serious. But it's fun to be foolish—sometimes. Aren't we all children at heart? Come on, let's play! Let's pretend we mean it, too. While we gambol on the green, we shall forget depressions and divorces. The caviar chatter of

It is mischievous, prankish *Puck,* played by Mickey Rooney, who squeezes the juice of a night-flower on the sleeping eyelids of lovesick characters which causes them to become violently amorous toward persons they dislike.

Sweetly dolorous is *Helena* —otherwise Jean Muir— who has some of the loveliest of Shakespeare's lines to speak.

Properly romantic is Dick Powell as *Lysander* when he laments, "the course of true love never did run smooth."

our sophisticated screen gives place to reedy pipings, to nonsensical nothings.

The Austrian maestro insists that care-worn humans need a periodic revel in the realm of fantasy. His thirty-year success in producing imaginative romanticism for the stage, indicates that he is right when he says, "The theater fulfills its highest mission only when every one in the audience is an actor, and joins in the play."

His idea is that in this dream-world of extravaganza anything might happen and seem real. Grown-ups must let themselves dream vividly again, and believe with a cross-my-heart-it's-true faith.

Poor humanity, starved for color and music and joyous abandon, has forgot how to play naturally. So he lures us to release our inhibited play-selves, along with Shakespeare in his most delightfully elfin mood.

The lily rafts are firmly anchored, and the moss plastered against the hundreds of trees planted on the big indoor stage looks very real. Fantasy is built on a scaffolding of facts. Threading its way through the forest a stream cascades over gray, odd-shaped rocks.

A whistle shrills. Softly, a musical note sounds, trembles, swells into a dance. Mendelssohn's music symbolizes in tone and theme each turn of the fantastic plot.

The creatures of the woods hide with the revealing day, but come forth joyously for their nocturnal ballet when the moonlight drips its fan-shaped filaments of silver over their leafy abodes.

The human lovers sleep, tired with the day's heartaches. The woodland is still. *Puck* darts about, flourishing a veil, and the forest awakens. The wind sighs through the boughs, the trees groan, and the leaves set each twig a-trembling. The waters of the brook ruffle in gay flutings, the quiver spreads to the willows, and the reeds bend in tremulous anticipation.

Into the pallid light slip strange creatures. The night birds

Titania, under the spell of *Puck's* flower, falls in love with *Bottom* who is James Cagney disguised as a donkey. "Pluck the wings from painted butterflies, to fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes," she says in ecstasy.

Here are Ross Alexander and Olivia de Haviland as *Demetrius* and *Hermia*, another ramantic pair whase emotions are put askew by *Puck*.

It is Victor Jory as the wicked *Oberon* who inspires *Puck* to mischief, but he repents in time for the happy ending which is stoged ta the tune of Mendelssahn's "Wedding March."

summon all the spirits. Shadows become sprites, goblins dance grotesquely under the shifting, playful moonbeams.

Across the meadow comes swiftly *Oberon* in a dark chariot drawn by four black horses, rearing and prancing in their fear. Crowding close to their monarch are the elves, their white faces raised in ecstatic worship. Fairies, poised for instant flight, stand daintily, and among them dart evil-visaged gnomes, up to sinister mischief.

A startling, iridescent being wings its way from flower to flower, a gauzy butterfly, her wings a-flutter. Beside her queen, *Titania*, she takes refuge, folding her brilliance.

Dream creatures all—some beautiful, others misformed—come to life under the night-light that mantles the human unbelievers. From the hollows and bushes they emerge, from the treetops they drop gracefully to dance and flutter.

So the modern necromancer weaves his spell of enchantment. The whole production is "the stuff dreams are made of." Crazy, some may call it; lovely, others will exclaim, held by its rhapsodic beauty.

Into the throne room of *Theseus, Duke of Athens,* with its spiral columns carved with laurel-wreathed angels, troop the mummers, to perform their juggling gayety. Over the throne is a silvered canopy. The scene is like a rich, warm tapestry.

But it is in the pastoral scene of the fairy symphony that the keynote is softly, subtly woven into melody and movement.

The picture is primarily entertainment. It is a teasing plea to people to turn from our complex, modern life of tensed tempo into a joyous jamboree.

There are no stars in a Reinhardt production. Though Joe E. Brown parts his wide mouth in the grimaces of the bewildered *Flute*, and Jean Muir is pretty as *Helena*, and

Continued on page 54

Nini Theilode as *First Fairy* leads all the dancers as she skims over woodland pools and caquets with flowers as lightly as a humming bird.

Photo by Eugene Robert Richee

MARY ELLIS

OPERA, musical comedy and drama have in turn been given distinction by Mary Ellis, but it is only now that she looms upon the cinema horizan and she bids fair to remain there, a fixed star. The preview of her first film, "All the King's Harses," with Carl Brissan, was greeted with such acclaim by Paramount that Miss Ellis was ushered at once into another, "Paris in Spring," with Tullio Carminati.

Photo by Bull

Says Ramon: "Of course there has been something vitally wrong with my career. There has been no *progress*. I have matured. I'm not interested in the problems of the twenties any more. I don't want to hang on to the yesterdays. What was the use of making another film with the same old theme?"

EXTRA!

By Ben Maddox

IS Ramon Novarro really finished with pictures? Has fame and the struggle for it disillusioned him? Where are his plans pointing? What is he like now?

For thirteen years Ramon has had a lease on romance. Handsome to the point of perfection, he won the hearts of millions with one beautiful screen love-tale after another. And the glamour of his own personality marked him as a unique figure on the Hollywood scene. Idealists the world round have made him their special idol.

However, something has been increasingly wrong with his career. Gradually his tremendous box-office draw lessened. His films have lacked the old thrill.

Just before the first of this year he finally parted from MGM, the studio which has produced all his pictures. They had scheduled another musical to follow "The Night Is Young." It was all ready to start and there was to be the customary big salary.

Suddenly Ramon requested that it be called off and that he be granted his release. He thereupon disappeared from the limelight and all kinds of rumors have since sprung up.

To get the correct answers to the questions that have poured in, I wrote him a note directly. He replied by asking me to his home the next afternoon.

He is living with his family in a huge, rambling place, the very same one that he bought years ago for himself, his mother and father, sisters and brothers. On an unpretentious Los Angeles street, far from the showy neighborhoods where stars usually reside, it isn't the elaborate ménage you might expect.

Rather it is an old-fashioned house which has been remodeled in comfortable, family style. Glass-inclosed porches stretch across the front, downstairs and up. Inside there is a happy, lived-in atmosphere instead of the flourishes of an interior decorator.

A brother was reading on the front porch, waiting for me. "Won't you come up to Ramon's room?" He led me upstairs and, halfway down the hall, knocked on a bedroom door. Ramon, laying aside a script which he was correcting, received me with a genial handshake.

He wore a gray sweatshirt and cords and looked like a college senior. That is, the way a collegian would appear if possessing Ramon's looks. None of the Novarro charm is gone.

With absolute frankness he explained his situation.

"Through with pictures? No! If I know about anything, I know about pictures. Certainly I wouldn't stop working. Lost my ambition? Why, a man who isn't ambitious is half dead.

"But I may not do another picture for a while, because I am fed up with the kind of stories in which I've been playing. Of course there has been something vitally wrong with my career. And do you know exactly what? There has been no *progress*. I have been at a standstill for a long, long time. For the past five years I have done nothing on the screen which was worth the doing!"

Extraordinary honesty? Yes. But then Ramon has always been a remarkable person. Other veteran stars may kid themselves, but not Ramon.

In the silent era when he was scoring so brilliantly it was because he was wholly sincere. He was, literally, that young, naïve, dreaming hero.

"But I have matured," he asserts emphatically now. "I don't want to hang on to the yesterdays. I don't want to keep remaking the same stories. Viennese romances, football pictures! I left MGM amicably, but that's the reason. What was the use of making another film with the same old theme?

"I'm not interested in the problems of the twenties any more. I no longer feel as I did ten years ago, even if I can pass for years younger than I actually am." Under contract until he made his recent break, Ramon has had no say about his rôles.

NOVARRO QUITS!

At last Ramon breaks the tie that bound him to one studio for thirteen years. He confesses that for the past five seasons he has done nothing on the screen that was worth doing—his career was at a standstill. This exclusive interview gives the reason, reveals his plans and presents a striking close-up of Novarro himself.

"I've had no satisfaction from what I've been doing, so I said to myself, 'Why go on?' In 'The Night Is Young,' I was supposed to be twenty-five! In going on with that sort of thing I can, at best, only be an imitation of myself in past hits.

"So far as that goes, it has not been easy, either. It's extremely difficult being a romantic young actor year in and year out, endeavoring to be different. An actress can fall back on gowns, on fancy coiffures, new make-ups."

There was that naughty-but-nice twinkle in his eye as he continued.

"I'm finishing a play which I have written, and I'd like you to hear the first act. The hero is a man who's been a romantic movie star for ten years, and I open on his last day at the studio. Voluntarily he is leaving Hollywood for London, where he hopes to star in a play of his own authorship."

"Autobiographical?" I probed.

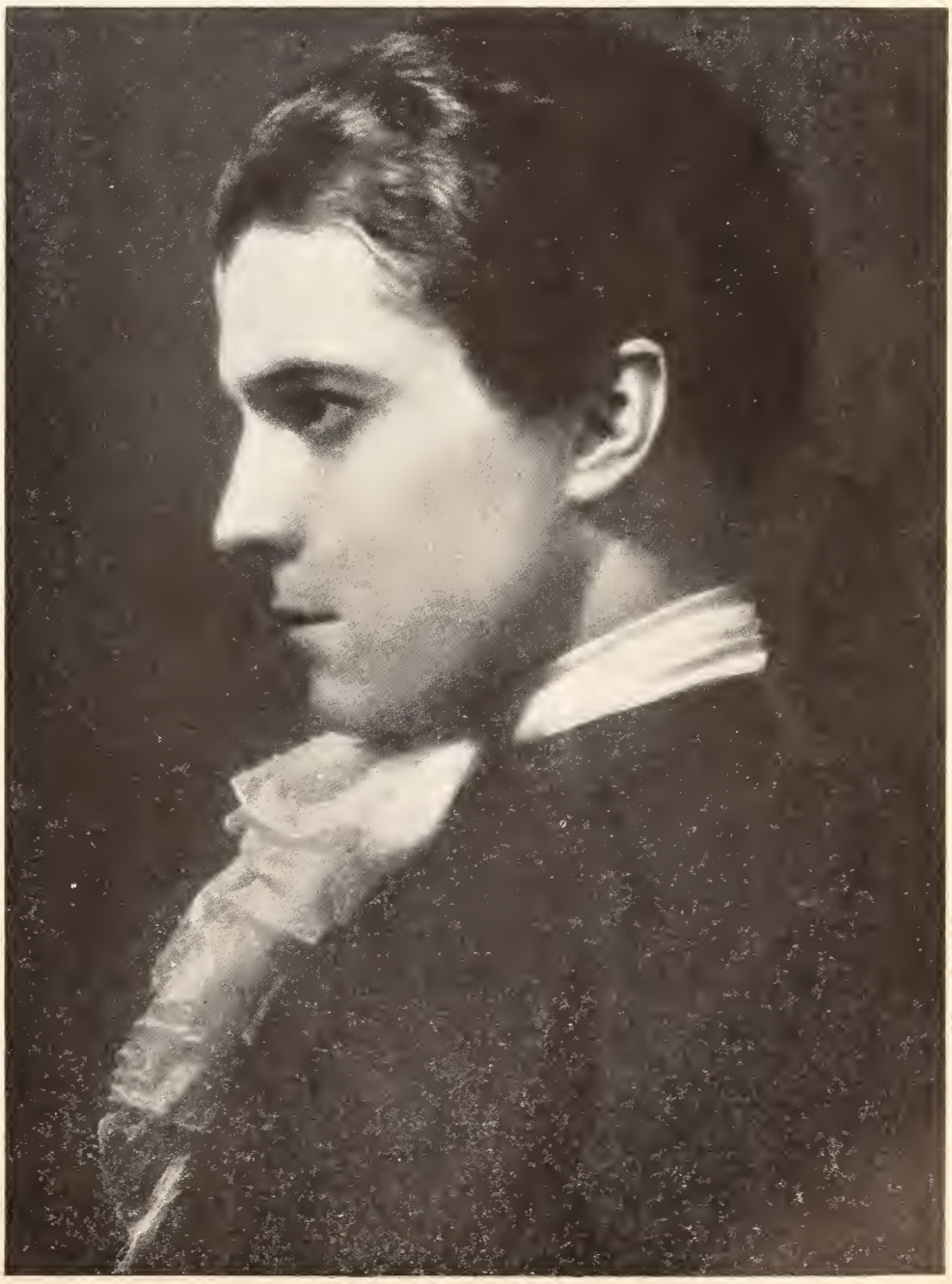
"Well, when we begin to write we generally have to depend on our own experiences, don't we?"

He read aloud to me, and what sly satire and stern truth he has incorporated! For instance, there is the parting interview. His hero says to the fan magazine representative. "Yes, I think I'm tired of screen work. The public believes I'm versatile, but in my heart I know it isn't so. I have been playing the same part in different costumes, with different people, all the time!"

Ramon said I might quote that—as his own attitude at present. The title of his drama is "It's Another Story." He will not discuss the sacrifices he has made for his

Continued on page 56

Photo by Waxman



Novarro says the public thinks he is versatile, but in his heart he knows it isn't so. With omazing honesty he soys that he has been playing the same part in different costumes, with different people, oll the time. Here he is in "Scaramouche," beloved of his fans.

FLASHES from GEORGE WHITE'S 1935 SCANDALS

by Jerry Halliday

IT'S TOPS.. this year more than ever!

Take it from me—this new Scandals is 365 times greater than last year's . . . and what swelegant entertainment *that* was! Only George White himself could have outdazzled his 1934 creation.

You're going to zoom from loud "ha-ha's" at the comedy to gasping "a-ah's" at the beauties to thrilled "o-oh's" at the romance. And you're going to dance out both your shoes this spring to the swingy rhythms of six hit tunes!

A frolicking foursome bubbling with the gaiety of the Gay Nineties number

STARS
GIRLS
SONGS
DANCES
LAUGHS
SPECTACLE

Keep your eye on Alice Faye, Fox Films' new glamour gal. She has what it takes to hit the cinema heights.

with

ALICE FAYE
JAMES DUNN
NED SPARKS

Lyda Roberti **Cliff Edwards**
Arline Judge **Eleanor Powell**
Benny Rubin **Emma Dunn**

GEORGE WHITE

Entire Production Conceived, Produced and Directed by George White

Alice plays her grandest role in this picture. And what a marvelous singin'-steppin' duo she and Jimmy Dunn make! • As for Lyda Roberti . . . *well* . . . team up Poland's gift to Hollywood with Ned Sparks and Cliff Edwards . . . then look out below! • Fox Studios have staged this musicale with a lavish hand. And what a great, big hand YOU will give it!

Watch the sparks fly!

Sumptuous settings! Spectacular Dances! Gorgeous girls including 30 beauty contest winners!

Hollywood cheered this masterpiece of that master showman, George White

HUM-ABLE, SING-ABLE, DANCE-ABLE TUNES!

"According to the Moonlight"
"It's on Old Southern Custom"
"Hunkadolo"
"Oh I didn't know (you'd get that way)"
"I was born too late"
"I got shoes—you got shoesies"

FOX

FAVORITES OF THE FANS

MARLENE DIETRICH

Photo by Eugene Robert Richee

RUBY KEELER

SWEET little Mrs. Jolson is in the seventh heaven for she is to appear with her own Al in a big musical, "Go Into Your Dance." The title might be every one's admonition to Ruby and a warning to the Warners, becouse she hosn't danced enough in her recent films to suit the majority. Here's hoping she does right by us in this.

Photo by Bert Longworth

oto by Otto Dyar

MADGE BELLAMY

. FEW years' absence from the screen has neither mmed Madge Bellamy's beauty nor diminished her verve nd ability to act. She chose to take time out for rest nd meditation and study away from Hollywood's dizzying hirl. Now she's back for "The Great Hotel Murder" and "Doubting Thomas."

CHESTER MORRIS

COLIN CLIVE

PAUL KELLY

CHARLES BOYER

WHATEVER THE CAL

SIDNEY BLACKMER

PAUL LUKAS

VICTOR VARCONI

VICTOR JORY

THEY NEVER FAIL

Photo by Otto Dyar

SHIRLEY TEMPLE

HAPPY birthday, Shirley dear! If all of us who love you could thank you on April twenty-third for the sunshine you have brought into lonely lives and the tenderness you have stirred in selfish hearts, you would know that our love will keep you as sweet at sixty as you are at six.

oto by Clarence Sinclair Bull

JEAN PARKER

EVEN wild animals are tamed and turned into accomplished ctors by association with Jean Parker. It happened in Sequoia," that most magnificent of nature films which the hole country is applauding to-day, and a timid deer joins e fellowship of stars by reason of the same quality that akes Jean the preëminent ingénue—sweet naturalness.

ROBERT DONAT

MODEST, unassuming Robert Donat is elated by the enthusiasm of American fans and looks forward with eagerness to his next Hollywood picture while in the midst of a British film and a London stage play. Dorothy Hope's interview, opposite, reflects his character and personality as no other story about him ever has. Read it, you clamorers!

Photo by F. W. Schmidt

WE WANT DONAT!

This insistent demand has gained momentum each day since fans saw Robert Donat in "The Count of Monte Cristo." Now studios here and abroad are echoing it while the modest cause of all the clamor speaks of his return to Hollywood and sends a message to his new friends.

By Dorothy Hope

UNHERALDED, unsung, and almost unknown, Robert Donat has flashed into great prominence. True, regular theatergoers in the West End of London had noticed a young actor portraying rôles with a sincerity unusual in British actors, and, equally true, a great many more people, instead of joining in the pæan of praise for Charles Laughton in "The Private Life of Henry VIII," asked "Who was the good-looking young man who played *Culpepper?*"

Nevertheless, the great film public had never really heard of Mr. Donat until he appeared in "The Count of Monte Cristo."

To-day, English studios, American studios, and the London stage are clamoring for his services. "We want Donat!" is their cry.

I've had thousands of letters from friends in America and as I have read every one of them myself I feel I know the senders very well indeed. My great hope is that they will like my future pictures as much as "Monte Cristo"

Robert Donat

After visiting the screen's great in their homes and sunny beach cottages of California, it was quite a change to walk, in a dense fog, up a gloomy little alleyway to the stage door of His Majesty's Theater in London, where Robert Donat is playing in "Mary Read." But once in his dressing room, sitting in a comfortable chair, which he had thoughtfully drawn close to the fire, I felt that I was back in Hollywood, for Robert Donat talked of it glowingly. He has, of course, been there quite recently, and had obviously enjoyed it.

"It has wonderful climate"—and he sighed a little regretfully, as, with the entrance of a parcel of clean laundry, some of the "pea-soup" fog drifted into the room.

With the door shut again we settled down to chat. "Have a sandwich"—and he offered me some of the lunch which takes the place of his evening meal. "I'm scared of sandwiches," he went on, "though I hardly ever get time to eat anything else. They remind me of an unfortunate experience on the *Berengaria*. Some one gave a frightfully formal party, conversation was at its lowest ebb, when I entered hurriedly and sat down on a plate of sandwiches which was inadvertently placed on a chair. It was a sticky mess, but everybody laughed, so that broke the ice."

This little story gave me a fresh clew to Mr. Donat's character. He didn't mind a story on himself, a sure sign of a sense of humor.

The sandwiches finished, we talked of mutual friends, ships, and traveling, forgetting how time was slipping by, until a knock at the door was followed by "Ten minutes to overture, Mr. Donat."

He hastily took up a stick of grease paint, and with a murmured "You don't mind, do you?" proceeded to smear his face. "Go right ahead, please," and I drew a little closer to the fire. "Let's talk of California," I said. "It will make me feel warmer."

"Unfortunately," said Mr. Donat, carefully greasing his nice straight nose, "I had no time really to see much of it. The two months I was there I was so busy at the studios that I never even went to Palm Springs. I did get quite near to Mexico, though." Again came the disarming smile. "Do you know Olvera Street in Los Angeles?" I nodded. "Elissa Landi took me there one night. We went to a little Mexican restaurant, full of atmosphere, but the food was awful.

"Elissa's great fun," he went on. "I owe all my Hollywood knowledge to her. We went around everywhere together, and when there was time we rode and swam—my favorite sports."

"Overture, Mr. Donat!" shouted the call boy, with a louder thump at the door. I got up. "No, don't go yet. We can squeeze in another ten minutes." I sat down.

"I shall have to hurl questions at you," I said, taking out my notebook and pencil. "Any you like," came the ready answer. "Go ahead."

ME. "Where were you born?"

ROBERT. "Near Manchester, at a place called Withington."

ME. "I've heard that you are of French descent."

ROBERT. "Not strictly speaking. My parents are English, though one of my ancestors was a Huguenot who fled from France during the massacres and settled over here."

ME. "When did you first decide to become an actor?"

Continued on page 76

DON'T THINK,

This keenly intelligent analysis of Miss Crawford's career and mental state is one of the most challenging and sympathetic articles ever written about her. Every admirer of the star and every student of the artistic temperament should read it.

By Richard Griffith

YOU'RE tired of new angles on Crawford? Who isn't? How about an old one, then?

But first, I think it's necessary to know Joan's past if one wants to understand her as she is to-day.

Of course, every star develops, passes through phases, as she climbs. Usually it happens so slowly that you don't realize the change. Not so with Joan, though. Her name has become almost synonymous with change.

Twice a year the publicity department announces that she has shed another cocoon and gone onward and upward to something better. Well, something new, anyway. This semester it's her determination to improve her acting by going on the stage. Last season it was the consolation she got from the platonic love of Franchot Tone. And before that she brooded over her failure to make a go of it with Doug.

Joan didn't calculate her acting in 1926. Camera angles and costumes meant nothing to her and everything she did bore the stamp of simplicity and truth. You forgot you were watching an actress in "Paris."

In and out of this maze of print flits Joan, having another portrait sitting, giving interviews, grinning at photographers from her Mayfair table, and making a picture now and then.

Why? What is back of all this hectic activity? Something's wrong somewhere, and Joan knows it. She will tell you so herself.

Twirling a flower between her fingers as she paces up and down her dressing room, she pours out to every interviewer who comes along her latest theory about what is wrong with her life. Then, after a nervous glance out of the window, she will drop into a chair and laugh it all away. "I'm not really sure what I want at all. I just try things out. Maybe this one will work."

Look into the eyes Miss Crawford turns upon you from the screen and you will see a woman for whom life has turned sour, and who doesn't know why. What has it profited Joan to gain the world and yet lose the radiant happiness that used to shine around her?

JOAN—FEEL

That's the Joan we see to-day. Gay and gallant, she gives everything a chance, trying to be amused, trying to like Hollywood and acting. Trying not to *think*. But take a look into the eyes she turns upon you from the screen and you'll see a woman for whom life has turned sour, and who doesn't know why.

Perhaps it's natural that she doesn't know. Change and chance catch at us all. We're carried along by the current without much time to stop and think. Behind everything we do a question throbs and burns. But I wonder if, down deep in her realest self, Joan doesn't remember that it wasn't always this way with her.

Because there was a time when she was happy—completely, unconsciously happy. It was just after she made her first hit, during what ought *not* to be called her hey-hey day again. She was a raw kid, fresh from the chorus, and everything was new to her. Hollywood, agog at her youthful vitality, "discovered" her.

Another glimpse of her in "Paris," when she was the most promising actress of the year.

Gay and gallant, Joan Crawford gives everything a chance, trying to be amused, trying to like Hollywood and acting, trying not to *think*.

She became the studio's dancing daughter, the queen of the jaded town's night clubs. She lived freely and fully. There wasn't a dare that madcap Joan wouldn't take. She never felt the necessity to pick and choose, to judge herself by rigid standards. She was content to take things as they came, make the best of them—and like them.

All this was reflected in her work at the time.

I remember a picture called "Paris," one of those things in

Continued on page 67

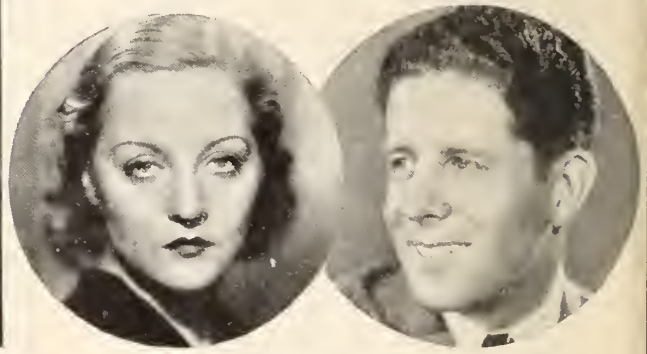
They Say

By Karen Hollis

years ago after seeing her first rehearsal. Think nothing of it. It happens that she is heartily grateful to him for saving her from attempting the rôle before she had the technical proficiency and understanding to do justice to it. She isn't the vengeance-is-mine type of person anyway. One of her outstanding characteristics is her live-and-let-live attitude.

Glory Divided By Three.—Let the Academy awards pile up in Norma Shearer's hands, let the greatest bulk of fan mail go to Mae West, let Joan Crawford set styles for ruffles cropping out in unexpected places, there are still only three girls in the stage or screen spotlight who fill the bill of wholly glamorous creatures. They are Greta Garbo, Elisabeth Bergner, and Tallulah Bankhead.

Merle Oberon, left, captivates all who meet her. Below, Tallulah Bankhead has scored a triumph in a stage revival of "Rain," and Rudy Vallée has won over the hard-hearted press.



BROADWAY thought it had seen the most thrilling play openings of the year when Leslie Howard appeared in "The Petrified Forest" and Elisabeth Bergner arrived in "Escape Me Never." There was more to come, however; much more. Tallulah Bankhead, that vivid, unpredictable, quite implausible personality staged a revival of "Rain." If you know a better word than "triumph," use it as the label for that evening when the mercurial Tallulah, survivor of fatuous pictures and shoddy plays came out in a rôle that measured up to her talents.

Of the famous film stars in town, only Gary Cooper was at the opening to learn what electric tension can be transmitted to an audience when a player gives an inspired performance. Other Hollywood visitors are swarming to the theater now, though, including producers who want to lure Miss Bankhead back into films.

Kill That Legend.—There is a widely circulated story to the effect that Tallulah wanted to play *Sadie Thompson* in America principally to spite Somerset Maugham who had her dismissed from the London cast

The first two are known to the public, and to a great extent to the press, chiefly through their coworkers, because of shyness that is a downright terror of meeting strangers. Tallulah sweeps through whatever town she is in like a comet, meeting all comers with warmth, candor, and splendid graciousness. Incidentally, did you know that she got her start when little more than a schoolgirl by winning a screen-opportunity contest in Picture Play years ago?

Another Entry for Glamour Stakes.—A few months from now you will have an opportunity to see Noel Coward in a picture written and directed by Hecht and MacArthur called "Miracle in 49th Street." He is the only man in public life whose name is invested with glamour enough to dim the Prince of Wales as the world's prince charming. Coming up from poverty, he has in ten years made himself an outstanding figure in the theater as actor, playwright, producer, composer. You may wonder why the author of "Cavalcade," "Bitter Sweet," "Design For Living," and others, prefers to make his début in films in this way instead of taking any of

IN NEW YORK—

The royal red carpet is out and flags are flying this month in honor of two newcomers and an old friend.

A new arrival in pictures is Natalie Paley who ushers in a different type of screen beauty.

Margaret Sullavan, upper right, is off to Europe on her honeymoon.

Hollywood's offers to be headman of his own company. He wants to learn about films, and "Crime Without Passion" convinced him that Hecht and MacArthur and Lee Garmes were the boys to teach him.

The Place Will Be Mobbed Now.—Number 21, that famous ex-speakeasy that was featured in the "March of Time" film, played the part of fate in bringing the boys together. Hecht and MacArthur met Beatrice Lillie there to discuss a film they were writing for her, and hearing from a waiter that her old friend Noel Coward was upstairs, they went to join him.

"Grab him for a picture," Bee Lillie counseled unselfishly. "I can wait, but it's the chance of your lifetime to get him while he is interested in studying film-making." The deal was set right then and there.

Julie Haydon Gets a Break.—Two months ago I told you about the jinxes that were camping on Julie Haydon's career. They are all chased away now. She is playing in the Noel Coward film, and although Rosita Moreno, Hope Williams, and Martha Sleeper all have showy parts, hers is the sympathetic one. Also she is the player in whom Mr. Coward is taking a real interest.

Continued on page 55

Alice Faye is all set for a grand New York vacation.

Photo by Dyar

Gary says that most stars try to be gracious about interviews because they realize the value of them. But, he adds, there are same topics which players dan't care to talk abaut for publication.

WHY I'M

Gary Cooper, baring his own problem and that of other stars, describes the dangers that lurk in being interviewed. He attacks this bugaboo of stardom with typical candor and courage, revealing new vexations that assail those favorites of the fans who recognize a duty to the public and speak for publication—and then pay the penalty.

RECENTLY Gary Cooper and I sat in his living room. "You and I," he observed, "have been friends long enough for me to tell you that actors take an awful beating from interviewers."

"How's that?" I asked.

"Now, don't get me wrong," he remarked hastily, "but when we first come to the screen, if we have any measure of success, they come to interview us. There's no doubt that the magazines and writers play an important part in the success of any newcomer, and, as a matter of fact, of any established star.

"Our life story is duly written up, and the manner in which we happened to get a break. It's gone over again and again. Then, when the biographical dope is exhausted they start casting about for other subjects. First thing you know, they're getting a little too personal for comfort. Then they begin printing things about us that we don't want printed, and speculating about things that are no one's business but our own. Eventually we find it necessary to safeguard ourselves in some way, and the only way we have of doing it is by declining to give any more interviews.

"No sooner do we announce that we won't have any more interviews than we're dubbed swell-headed and high-hat. No one bothers to figure out *why* we don't want any more interviews. They don't stop to think that perhaps we've been badly treated, and that the chances of no publicity might be better than the kind we've had.

"All writers seem to remember is that when one first came to pictures he was darned glad when they came around to write you up, and that you're a heel now because you won't see them. You can't make out a list of writers whom you *will* see and another of those you *won't*. The only thing you can do is not see *any* of them. They take their revenge by writing slurring remarks, and the public wonders what's come over you. A lot of fans who used to like you read those things and don't like you any more.

"I feel some explanation is due for my recent attitude, and I'd like to make it. It is things such as I have mentioned that have occurred.

"I think I lead as nearly a normal life as it is possible for any one in pictures to lead. There's nothing extraordinarily colorful about it. But writers want stories. If they write that I get up at seven when I'm working, and ten when I'm not, that I breakfast, go to the studio,

Photo by Jones

When Mr. Cooper married he felt that as his wife wasn't in pictures, there couldn't be any interest in her. So he made a rule not to talk about his marriage. Interviews were arranged with this stipulation. Then he was asked how Mrs. Cooper compared with other women he had known. And didn't he burn!

AFRAID TO TALK

By Samuel Richard Mook

make pictures all day, and then spend the evening at home, people think: 'What a dull guy *he* must be!' Or else they think: 'What an uninteresting story.' So the writer feels he's fallen down on the job. That's one way of writing an interview.

"The other way is to invent a 'hot' story. When I was single I did what any fellow does—had dates. It's an impossibility for a man to marry every girl he takes out and it is rarely that a man only takes out one girl in the course of a lifetime. But every time I took a girl out it was chronicled in the chatter departments of magazines and newspapers.

"Even that would have been all right if they hadn't kept speculating. I'd be continually reading 'Gary Cooper and Inez Magoom were here and there last night. Is it possible that Inez is going to put a ball and chain around the elusive Gary?' *Elusive!* How do you like that?

"You can imagine how I'd feel the next time I called for Miss Magoom. I'd be wondering if she'd seen the item—knowing that she had—and what she thought of it. And she would be wondering if I'd seen it—knowing that I had—and if I really thought she was trying to ball and chain me.

"If I didn't squawk too much, presently a bunch of writers would drift into my dressing room—one at a time, of course. There would be some inconsequential chatter for a while, and then, in a very casual way, Inez's name would be brought up. Didn't I think she was a nice girl? Naturally I did. And then would come the inevitable question, 'Are you going to marry her?' What did the questioner have to lose?

"You may admire many traits in a girl and still not want to marry her. And she may get a big kick out of your company and still never entertain a thought of you as a husband. What can you say in a case like that? If you say 'No!' it makes you out a cad, and the girl feels you're making her ridiculous. If you say 'Yes!' you're either making a liar or a fool of yourself.

"When I married I felt that as my wife is not in pictures, there couldn't possibly be any interest in her. So I advised the publicity department in arranging interviews that I would not talk about my marriage. The writers invariably agreed with me. But as soon as they were safely in my dressing room, invariably they'd pop the question, 'How does your wife compare with other women you've known?'

"Once when I had been married *three weeks,* three different writers came and asked what I thought of marriage. Why, men who have been married fifty years are hardly qualified to talk on that subject. What could I say?

"Here's another thing that turns picture people against interviews. When you first enter pictures you know practically nothing. Writers come and want

Photo by Bull

Because Gary Cooper is reticent and self-contained, he has suffered more from gossip and innuendo than most actors, few interviews ever giving a true picture of the man. One of the most laughable falsehoods occurred when he was called socially ambitious because of several London coats and suits.

to talk to you about this and that. Your better judgment tells you that is not a subject that should be discussed for publication. You demur, politely.

"They start arguing with you and assuring you the story will do you no harm, that it's an inconsequential little yarn. They are very friendly, and you think, 'Oh, well! They've been in this racket a lot longer than I have, and this chap wouldn't do anything that would hurt me. If he says it's all right, I guess it is.' So you go ahead and give the story. It appears in print, and maybe a word has been changed here and there, and you appear

Continued on page 75

Bing Crosby tries to think up a bedtime story for his sons, below, but Gary Evan puts baby arms around him in an effort to make him sing instead. The twins, however, will take what he gives them and like it.

Una Merkel doesn't mind occupying the corner of this page as she weeds her garden, because she knows that wherever she is her lovable smile will almost make her picture speak.

Photo by International

You can't wonder at Warners keeping track of these chorines, can you? Their last number in "Gold Diggers of 1935" completed, Peggy Graves, Vivian Foster, Georgia Spence, and Ethelreda Leopold punch the time clock.

In intimate pursuit of the news and gossip of the movie colony.

By Edwin and Elza Schallert

HOLLYWOOD

KAY FRANCIS always "goes to town" as a party-giver. Last year she gave a barnyard costume affair, and this year everybody came in sailor togs to a function that she staged at the Vendome Café. She called the divertissement a "nautical party," and several producers who received telegrams of invitation were puzzled as to what to wear. They thought the party had something to do with sex.

Kay had the Vendome decorated like a big ship at a cost of $5,000, and thirty workmen were busy for a day preparing the setting. Everybody had to enter by a gangplank and then slide down a chute. It was regarded as rather an arduous proceeding even for so unique an event. It's funny how Kay remains unobtrusive three hundred and sixty-four days in the year, and then suddenly emerges with one of these spectacular social splurges. She lives more simply than almost any other star in Hollywood.

Jean Negulesco escorts Elissa Landi and Countess Zenardi-Landi and doesn't seem to realize his luck as the band plays and the crowd cheers and only he is glum.

will be about the only games permitted these gold-coining children before the crusade is over, and probably even mumble-the-peg will be prohibited since that's played with knives.

The drive started when Mickey Rooney broke his leg during the filming of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," which interfered with his doing the rôle of *Puck* for a few weeks. Mickey had been in football games all season, and came out without a scratch, but he went tobogganing in the mountains, did a spill, and emerged with a fracture. George Breakston had to substitute in the long shots.

Always the Unexpected.—Mary Ellis turned out to be a real surprise hit in the movies. Nobody around the studio thought much of her chances when she started working before the camera, but every one seems to

Continued on page 71

HIGH LIGHTS

Eleanor Powell, acclaimed as America's queen of tap dancers, makes her film début in George White's "Scandals," with the promise that she'll make a star-sized hit.

How Garbo Hates Publicity!—The impression in Hollywood now is that Greta Garbo likes more than ever to be spotlighted when the right opportunity affords. It has all grown out of that famous evening when she made a grand entrance into the Trocadero Restaurant, while Marlene Dietrich was there. It is thought that Garbo rather dreads the increase in Dietrich's popularity and prestige, especially since there is some talk that Dietrich may sign with MGM

The most amazing thing about Garbo's arrival at the restaurant was that practically everybody knew in advance it would occur. In other words, the information was pipe-lined around the town. And those things just don't happen, except by design.

Garbo is known to seek quiet and solitude whenever she goes to New York by visiting the most populous hotels, and wearing dark glasses.

Movie Ponies Lame Ducks.—Racing luck of the stars is still in a decline and the doldrums. Even the horses they own spend most of their time coming in to the finish line last. However, Connie Bennett's horse Rattlebrain—and don't we love that name!—did stage a sudden spurt recently, and arrived with the winning group. And were Connie and Gilbert Roland overjoyed! Especially Gilbert, who in chivalrous fashion, always bets heavily on *la* Bennett's steed. Poor old Beverly Hills, Clark Gable's nag, has limped along through the season, but Clark believes he'll prove a top-spotter yet. The Santa Anita race track has had a terrific play, participated in very largely by the movie crowd.

Sports Must Be Innocent.—There's a terrific drive on in the studios to prevent the child actors from injuring themselves while they are at play. Marbles and mumble-the-peg

Blue and white organdie gives a youthful effect to this party frock worn by Diane Cook, right.

Sophistication is the keynote of Kay Sutton's gown, below, of black mirror-like ciré net over a ciré slip, with flounces of spangled net.

The bathing suit, below, worn by Jane Hamilton, is in Mexican pottery colors with dark wool trunks. There is a cape to match.

Just the thing for spring is June Clayworth's plaid skirt of black, yellow and green, and tailored linen coat.

A TOUCH

Iris Adrian, right, introduces a blue-and-white printed version of the pareo, the latest in beach togs.

Below, June Knight's fuchsia-colored chiffon formal gown, with necklace and buckle to match, is perfect for a spring evening.

Interwoven cellophane and silver is June Clayworth's choice for formal evening wear. Prystal rings, through which the drapery is drawn, are the only trimming.

A pin check silk in black and white is what Dorothy Libaire, left, chooses for daytime wear. The bodice is held together at the shoulder with black braid and bone buttons.

OF SPRING

SPICE of the SHOW

When Patsy Kelly flips that right hand of hers in finlike fashion, it is the cue for outbursts of laughter. But Patsy is a born comédienne, so the slightest gesture on her part lends itself to comic relief in any picture.

By Dena Reed

DO you remember the play called "The Patsy," which told the story of a girl who somehow was always the goat, until she finally took matters into her own hands and broke the jinx? Well, a gal by the name of Sarah Veronica Kelly saw the play and decided that the heroine's plight and her own were so much alike that she adopted the name of Patsy for her own use. And that, you see, is how Patsy Kelly came to be born.

Patsy told me the story of her early struggles with that right paw of hers flipping back and forth like a seal's fin. That gesture of hers has not been acquired. Neither has the dead pan. They were as much a part of Sarah Veronica Kelly as they are now of Patsy Kelly. She is that rarity—a natural comédienne who is funny without even trying.

"I was always left holding the bag at home," she said quite seriously. "I came of a typical large Irish family of Brooklyn, you know, and somehow the rest of them would get all the breaks, and I—well, the only break I'd ever get would be a fracture of the ankle as a result of playing with the boys on the block. I had too much energy. It was always getting me into trouble."

One can't escape being attracted to Patsy's likable unassuming personality and good nature. And her Irish wit and flair for comedy add to these virtues.

Then one fine day Patsy saw the play which was to change her destiny. She decided that life was not being kind, and that it was up to her to do something about it. She went to her mother and asked permission to take lessons in tap dancing—that being the first thought that came into her head.

"Mother agreed," Patsy continued, with that wistful drollery we have come to associate with *la* Kelly of the films. "I guess she got tired of looking at this mug of mine around the house, and was glad of an excuse to keep it moving."

Strange as it may seem, Patsy never had any intentions of going on the stage. The dancing lessons were for pleasure, not profit. But her big brother had Thespian leanings. He had tried for a part in a show that Frank Fay was putting on. Mr. Fay promised it to him if he could learn a dance routine.

"I went along to see that the right thing was being done brother," said Patsy, "and the joke of it was that Frank Fay took me, not him."

Here was Patsy Kelly's first break. Her dancing, her natural flair for comedy, her broad Irish wit, her likable, unassuming personality, and her good nature won her rôles in musical comedies. She became the featured comédienne in "Sketch Book," Earl Carroll's "Vanities," and "Flying Colors." It was inevitable that the movies and Hollywood should beckon.

"I didn't want to go to Hollywood," said Patsy. "I had heard of the high society there, and Broadway was plenty good enough for me. But a couple of producers who didn't have anything better to do at the moment asked me if I'd like to go into pictures. When I saw the salary I was to get, and that my bank book registered a couple of zeros, I forgot all about my vow to stick close to the white lights, and I was on my way West."

I asked Patsy how she liked Hollywood and pictures.

"Every one was swell to me," she said enthusiastically. "It was all so much different from what I had expected. The big stars didn't wear diamond tiaras in the daytime, and Garbo didn't have big feet. I liked the director, and I liked Thelma Todd, who's a grand person to work with, and I liked every one and everything." Her face grew sad—you wouldn't think it, but her face can look very sad.

"Everything would have been hunky dory if it hadn't been for the accident." If you remember, it was shortly after Patsy's advent into Hollywood that the automobile tragedy in which Jean Malin was killed and she seriously injured occurred.

She closed her eyes for a moment, then went on

Continued on page 68

One of the great stars of vanished vaudeville, Miss Franklin bought a yacht from the royalties of the song she wrote and which made her famous, "Redhead." Now she's on her way to film fame, thanks to her ability to laugh at life and herself and to make audiences laugh at her.

TIRELESS TROUPER

Irene Franklin's amazing career began on the stage at the age of six months. When you read what she has done since then you will agree that her entry into pictures is cause for celebration.

By Fanya Graham

SALOME, despite her seven veils, hadn't a thing on Irene Franklin!

For this blond and buxom actress, who has been in nine pictures since her screen début a year ago, has achieved success in seven professions.

One career may be enough for you and you, but not for the vivacious and versatile Miss Franklin. A child prodigy, a musical-comedy actress, a vaudeville headliner, a song writer, a radio entertainer, an author, and a screen actress!

"And you ain't seen nothin' yet!" declares the effervescent Irene. Under the heading of "miscellany" she groups her accomplishments as housewife, mother, cook, seamstress, and gardener. Unlike *Lady Macbeth,* she spends no time checking up.

For the Franklin slogan is "Up and at 'em!" Is she content because she has made nine pictures during her first year in Hollywood? Hardly!

"Pooh! That's nothing," says she. "Half the time I have to go twice to make sure I'm still in the picture."

Just in case you didn't go twice—personally, we never found it necessary—we'll summarize briefly Miss Franklin's screen career. She made her début in "The Cat and the Fiddle," and then appeared in "A Very Honorable Guy," "Registered Nurse," "Down To Their Last Yacht," "Change of Heart," "Lazy River," "Women In His Life," and "The President Vanishes." She has just completed her ninth and most important rôle in "Death Flies East."

We will admit that Irene Franklin—her middle names are Lucille Marguerite, but she labeled herself Renée at the age of three—had a head start. Never a laggard, she was doing all right at the age of six months. Her stage-struck mother saw to that.

Irene is of English, German, Irish, American, and Jewish descent. "Call it plaid," she remarks helpfully. She was born in St. Louis, Missouri, on a Friday the thirteenth of June. When Irene was six months old, her mother saw a "baby wanted" theatrical advertisement in a Chicago newspaper. Other youngsters hadn't a chance to impress the director of "Hearts of Oak." Irene's blue eyes, her grimaces and giggles, turned the trick. And her shock of red hair, standing up on end, literally put everything else in the shade.

The Franklin career began then and there. For several months she was carried onto the stage once daily, twice on matinée days. One dollar a performance was her stupendous stipend. Then little Miss Franklin took a three-year lay-off. "I wanted to learn to walk and talk," she says. "Something told me those accomplishments might come in handy later."

When Irene was three and a half, she made her comeback in a repertory show. Just to keep from going stale, she did a song and dance between acts. "I was the child wonder, the Shirley Temple of my day. Just a product of the gay '90s, that's all."

Miss Franklin was a seasoned veteran when she crashed Broadway at six. The play was "The Prodigal Father." "I didn't play the father," explains Irene. "But it was my first speaking rôle. I was getting on in the profession.

"I must have been good, for the play ran five years. At the end of the first year I could repeat my lines in my sleep. The second year I began to get bored. The third year found me yawning. And in the fourth year of the five-year stretch—I believe in capital punishment myself!—I started to read joke books. At the end of the fifth year I had read all the jokes in the world and memorized most of them. I was a walking and talking edition of everything Joe Miller had ever written."

So much for Irene's child-prodigy days. At fifteen she went to Australia with a vaudeville team and re-

Continued on page 67

HE TOPS THEM

Preëminent as an actor, Charles Laughton is awarded the interviewer's gold medal for revealing a personality as uninhibited as his opinions.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

AMONG the actors currently making faces at the camera, none is better than that British, rakish, superbly endowed artist, Charles Laughton. In Hollywood he is looked upon as the preëminent star of the moment. His acting is universally acclaimed.

From his triumph as *Henry VIII,* which won him the Academy award, he has duplicated in such widely variant rôles as *Mr. Browning* and *Ruggles of Red Gap.* His range is as broad, apparently, as his waist—and he needs no padding to roll into those *Henry VIII* costumes.

He was loath to be pinned down for publication, but after a surprisingly small amount of wire pulling he permitted me to invade his dressing-room bungalow.

"You shall have to content yourself with a few snores, I'm afraid," said Mr. Laughton, pushing his luncheon tray aside and letting his ample body sag into the cushions of a red studio couch. "I'm a bit logy after eating."

Then he proceeded to unleash the best talk I heard during my entire stay in Hollywood.

Here is one actor who needs no script, who has ideas and can express them, who is the exception to the rule that actors are an inarticulate lot.

As any bright child knows, Mr. Laughton came to these shores three years ago with a considerable reputation won on the London stage. He registered immediate personal successes on Broadway in "Payment Deferred" and "The Fatal Alibi" before the cinema snared him. In pictures he has specialized in monstrous fellows such as were found in "Devil and the Deep," "Island of Lost Souls," and "White Woman."

His shaggy mane made him resemble a Shetland pony or a sheep dog. Bleached as it had been for "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," it still retained eccentric streaks of white, running into natural blond. No comb had disturbed it for days.

Mr. Laughton stuffed a final sprig of bacon into his hungry-looking mouth. "Drink?" he asked. A messenger was dispatched. He tousled his hair with a world-weary, futile gesture, and eyed me appraisingly, a bit distrustfully.

He doesn't like interviews, thinks they are quite silly, sees no reason for them at all; said so frankly.

"How can an interview help me or hinder me?" he demanded, not unreasonably. "I reach millions on the screen, all over the world. If I'm good what greater good will could I create? That's all I have to consider—my work. This publicity thing is a huge joke." He subsided sulkily into his cushions.

Elsa Lanchester, who is Mrs. Laughton, will next be seen in "Naughty Marietta," with Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy.

Here is a glimpse of Charles Laughton as *Javert* in "Les Miserables," a famous character in fiction which he is sure to make a masterpiece of acting.

Photo by Bull

Among Charles Laughton's many departures from the ordinary is his enthusiasm for Hollywood and pictures. He says he has received excellent treatment in business dealings and has encountered some truly great souls—Irving Thalberg and Josef von Sternberg among them.

"Hollywood isn't such a madhouse, you know. There's a reason in almost everything they do. I'd heard so much about it. Seen 'Once in a Lifetime,' things like that. Heard about the incompetency, the inefficiency of those in high places. Well, I should like to say that I've not only received excellent treatment in contracts and all business dealings, but I have also encountered some truly great souls, Thalberg, Von Sternberg, others. Hollywood is a vast show place, a theater in which all the bows are stolen."

Laughton was destined to be an innkeeper, as his father and his father's father had been before him, but he found innkeeping distasteful business.

"I venture to say that I should have been stuffed and placed in a glass case as the horrible example of how a hotel man should not act. I found the speaking tubes particularly fascinating. If you blew into the one on the fourth floor and some one answered on the second, you could surprise him delightfully by blowing water down. But the guests didn't like it.

"I was always the ingenious one. If you like a touch of the human side you might recount how I was sacked from my first form—grammar school you call it. It seems I was supposed to have kissed a girl behind the door. That might be incorporated to prove that I had sex-appeal when very young."

He grinned malignantly. His lower lip hangs loosely when he smiles, his eyes almost disappear into slits, and his whole face widens fantastically. He reminds one of a walrus in tweeds impersonating all the mad monarchs of history.

"Why is it, do you suppose, that I have gone as far as I have?" he wondered idly, as he kicked his foot in the air gently. "Other actors just as good—Huston, Connolly, Menjou—haven't caused any furor. Is it because I suggest *fleur de mal*, a dash of the decadent, a bit of the bestial, do you think?"

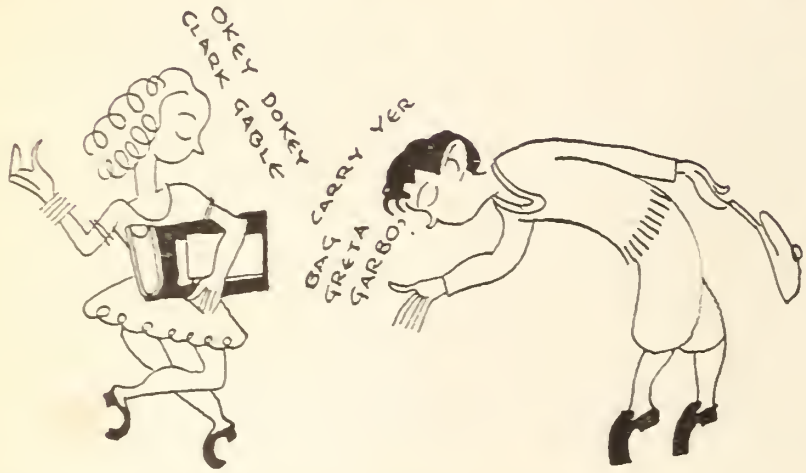
He pulled himself up to a sitting position, with great reluctance.

"You know, I've assigned myself a job, at that, making myself entirely different in each picture. The Robert Montgomerys and Leslie Howards and Clark Gables do themselves, which is quite sufficient. Their pictures

Continued on page 69

THE PROPER THING

Good manners begin at the movies, says this article which commends certain players for their perfection of deportment and reproaches others for their lack of it.



School boys and girls are influenced by what they see their favorites do on the screen.

SOME one with a flair for figures has estimated that out of the thirty million people in this country who attend the movies every week, a large percentage are children under fourteen years of age. No one, then, can seriously question the assertion that the movies are a powerful influence in forming standards of taste and conduct.

We asked two bright young grade teachers if they found their pupils better mannered because of the movies.

"Decidedly not," answered one teacher with asperity. "About once a month a film lent by one of the movie companies is shown in the assembly room of our building. Each child who attends pays a nickel, and the proceeds go to the school fund. Well, you should see what it does to their manners!

"They are told beforehand that they must remain in their seats, that they must not talk or move around. But the minute the picture begins they are transformed into a bunch of hoodlums. They yell, stamp, applaud, and are all over the place, absolutely beyond control."

"But that's just while the picture is being shown," defended the other teacher. "I believe one reason for their behavior is that the film companies bring the cheapest, least worth-while films they have—wild West stuff, rough and noisy. That's their idea of pictures for children, and the youngsters think they must live up to them, and cut loose. My theory is that if they were given good pictures they would behave like human beings, not like little savages.

"I honestly think," she observed seriously, "that good movies teach good manners. I frequently notice little acts of courtesy performed by my pupils that they could have learned in no other way, knowing their environment.

"I was amused the other day when I happened to walk behind one of my pupils, a girl, when a boy from her class fell into step beside her, giving her the outside of the walk.

"'Have you heard,' she inquired politely, 'that a gentleman takes the outside when walking with a lady? And what about your hat, since you seem to be wearing one?'

"'O. K.,' he replied. 'I've been to the movies, too'—relieving her of her book bag, transferring himself to her other side, and removing his hat with a sweeping bow. 'How's that for Clark Gable?'"

We mentioned before the doffing of hats, yet we feel moved to refer to it again. Maybe we're old-fashioned that way, but we were brought up to believe that hats should come off indoors when ladies are present, unless it's in an office building, or store, or elevators, or when it would be death and destruction to your hat; also when you meet some one you know, and when you're introduced to some one. Yet in the movies men so often go wandering in and out of rooms with their hats on, as though they didn't know what to do with them.

For instance, in a nice picture cleverly performed, like "Servants' Entrance," you wouldn't expect the hero, disguised as a chauffeur, and his employer to forget to remove their hats when greeting the pretty heroine, Janet Gaynor, even though she was supposedly one of the servants. They need not have been ostentatious

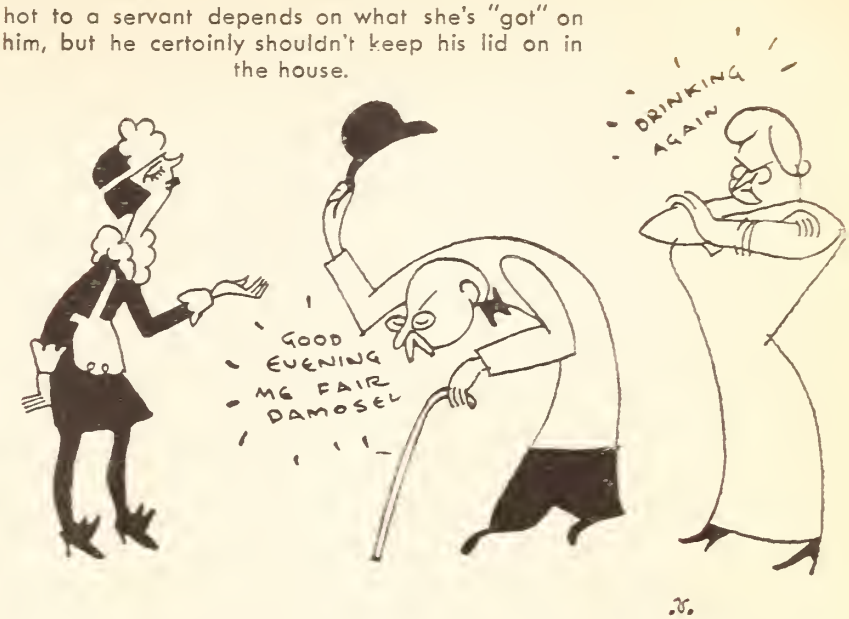
Wild West films, when shown in schoolrooms, often excite young pupils to the point of forgetting what they learn from society pictures.

TO DO

By Lillian Montanye

Illustrated by Alfred Bendiner

Whether the master of a household should lift his hot to a servant depends on what she's "got" on him, but he certainly shouldn't keep his lid on in the house.



about it, but even servants appreciate a bit of courtesy.

And in the romantic "Age of Innocence," did you notice the mysteriously glamorous lady, the *Countess Olenska,* in the person of Irene Dunne, and John Boles, the perfect lover, go wandering about the Metropolitan Museum which served then, as now, as a lover's retreat? Yet during this long and apparently heart-breaking session of renunciation and farewell, the Boles hat remained securely planted on its owner's head.

In another scene we see a man friend, Lionel Atwill, very polished and man-of-the-world-ish calling on the countess. Her lawyer, the man she loves, is also present. When tea is brought in, the countess is not in the room, but the visitor, showing displeasure at the other man's presence, and to show how thoroughly he is at home in *Countess Olenska's* drawing-room, seats himself at the tea table, pours his tea and proceeds to eat.

Otherwise, this is a most decorous, well-cast and well-acted film. And many pictures, we're glad to admit, are excellent examples of polite conduct as depicted by civilized men and women of the screen.

Turning one's glass upside down to indicate that no wine is wanted went out with buttoned shoes and feather boas. Joan Crawford shouldn't have done it in "Chained."

One superbly acted picture is "Chained," featuring the glamorous Crawford and Gable pair. Not much to "pick on" here, for it's ideal so far as good taste, restraint and correct deportment are concerned.

One thing that slightly mars the picture at one point, though, is where Miss Crawford's mascara runs with her tears. Now, in private life, a lady avoids this contingency by wise choice and careful application of eye cosmetics. Women of good taste use eye make-up to-day with no obvious or unsightly effect; and it does seem that the make-up artists and cosmeticians could get together and devise a process by which the defenseless star can cry a few needed tears without getting them all mixed up with mascara.

Blood-red finger nails should suit the occasion but should not be used at any and all times. The new trend is toward the paler shades among women of good taste.

Another item, though we're loath to call attention to what seems like a social error on the part of the ambitious Miss Crawford, is the scene in which she turns her glass upside down to indicate that she wants no wine. This may have been correct once upon a time, but not in these modern days, when a negative gesture of the hand is all that is necessary.

Now that people are again serving wine at their tables, we are aware that there are civilized traditions and standards and niceties in the gracious art of wining. A bit of observation will convince one that drinking wine fast is as unmannerly, and shows as great a lack of proper discrimination, as gulping one's soup. A connoisseur sips his wine, rolls it on his

Continued on page 79

A Wife the Sun

All photos by Welbourne

The Teasdale-Menjou bedroom offers a beautiful contrast of colors, deep amethyst and old ivory. The odd porthole arrangement displays oddities of rose quartz, jade, and precious glass placed against a mirror indirectly lighted.

Verree Teasdale has everything to make her a famous husband as lavish as he is devoted. An as she liked it. And an exciting career for herself. tiful woman need be. For she refuses to consider

WHEN Hollywood and Warners simultaneously and vehemently "discovered" Verree Teasdale after she had worked in pictures for a year and a half, there was no lack of belated praise heaped upon her fair brow.

Verree only smiled, for she knew she was no more capable as an actress at the time of her "discovery" than she had been during the dreary months when she had waited around, unnoticed.

After all, she had won recognition and proved her ability in the difficult medium of the stage long before she ever went to Hollywood. It had been her portrayal of a beautiful but dumb young woman in the New York stage production of "The Greeks Had A Word For It" that brought her to Hollywood with a year's contract in the first place.

This contract, however, brought only bitter disappointment, and it was by clear thinking that she fought her way out of a most discouraging situation; won the praise of the critics by her consistently brilliant performances; signed a new contract; married Adolphe Menjou, Hollywood's best-dressed actor, and is soon to be billed as one of Warners' brightest stars.

No woman as attractive as Verree has any business being

"Of course I like my work," says Verree Teasdale Menjou, "but I don't live for my art. It isn't my life's blood. And put my career before Adolphe? Never!"

intelligent as well, but Verree began thinking for herself one windy March morning in Spokane, Washington, and has never stopped.

When she was quite young her parents moved with her to New York, and her first serious thought was that she would like to be a Broadway star. She attended the nicest girls' schools, her education including music and painting, either of which she could have turned into a profitable career if she hadn't thought of acting first.

Her family thought it a passing fancy, and offered but the mildest objection when she announced her determination to attend dramatic school. They smiled indulgently when she enrolled at two, thinking if one school were good, two would be quicker.

After a few months' training she reasoned that if you want anything you must ask for it, so she asked for and got a rôle in "The Youngest," and found herself on Broadway without a struggle. One rôle followed another; she was fortunate in appearing in plays that enjoyed long runs; eventually she was costarred and then came Hollywood.

Her first picture, "Skyscraper Souls," brought to her enthusiastic praise, high hopes, and the most serious disappointment she had ever had in her life. With flattering criticism ringing in her ears, she naturally expected to be kept working, but she was not assigned to another picture.

She waited, at first eagerly and then, as her hopes faded, nervously, discouraged. When other producers asked to borrow her for important rôles they were refused. For a year she drew her salary each week, but was given no work to do. Time after time she went to the studio and begged for something to do, but was always told there were no rôles for her type. During the last month of her contract she was lent to another company for two slapstick comedies.

"I can't tell you how depressed I was," she told me. "It was a situation I couldn't fight. There was nothing I could do."

"Voo-voo, come home," her mother wrote her. "You don't have to stay in that terrible place."

But Verree refused to give up, because underneath that feminine exterior she has a real fighting spirit. Perhaps her ancestry has something to do with that. The story is that the smoke of battle had hardly cleared away after the Civil War before Verree's grandfather, a young Northern officer, rushed to his sweetheart in the South and married her. It was the first marriage uniting the North and South. She comes from fighting stock and she resolved to stay and fight it out with Hollywood.

"I had never had to fight for anything before," she told me. "Perhaps I hadn't appreciated my success on the stage because I hadn't worked hard for it. Perhaps," she added with a laugh, "I wasn't a success to the Great American Public, but I had a personal satisfaction in my work. I was happy over it. Here was the first opposition I had ever experienced and I was determined to beat it. I *had* to."

At the end of her contract she began free-lancing. It was slow at first and then came "Fashions of 1934" in which she shone in a rôle that in inexperienced hands would have passed unnoticed. Warners offered her a

Continued on page 78

Shines On

By Franc Dillon

darling of the gods. A exquisite home he built But she is wiser than a beau- her acting all-important.

Hollywood hasn't always appreciated Miss Teasdale by any means. A hit in her first picture, she was given a contract and then allowed to remain idle for a year, finally being lent for slapstick comedies. Imagine!

Photo by Eastman

Margo is Mexican, yes, but with a difference. Thoughtful, introspective, she has none of the coquetry of the Latin soubrette. She never wants to think of herself as a star, never to be called one. "It's the deadliest poison that Hollywood can give," she says.

By
Helen Ludlam

Insisting that she is not pretty, Margo says that she must learn a great deal and work hard to give more than a beautiful girl ever is required to give.

CALM SENORITA

THE leading lady of "Crime Without Passion" and the sex-menace of "Rumba" came tripping across the lobby of the hotel which is her New York home. In the swiftly moving, graceful little figure there was no resemblance to the suffering exotic of the screen. Clad in a swagger coat and saucy, peaked hat with a thing-a-bob on top of it, an intense joy of living radiates from this fascinating girl who is the very spirit of the youth of to-day.

Indeed, she opened my eyes to the fact that the youth of to-day *is* different from the youth of any other age. These are the children of the depression. In every walk of life they have been the inspiration and consolation of their bewildered parents.

There always have been young people who have had the financial burden of a family to shoulder, but it was not the usual thing. Since 1929 it is the usual thing to see children still in their teens contributing to the family budget and bucking up the spirit of the older people not with mere words, but words with experience behind them and action to back them up. In many cases the four-year college course has been exchanged for special courses so that a part-time job could be swung.

"I think youth to-day is wonderful," Margo exclaimed, her whole being pulsing with enthusiastic admiration. "Six years ago there was so much money that all young people thought of was to spend it. Joy riding with a bottle in each hip pocket was the thing to do; there was no incentive to build anything. To-day it's not like that. We drink and smoke, yes, but we don't make a vocation of it.

"There is such an advantage in getting an early start in what one wants to do in life. I am Mexican and in Mexico we have been slow to reconcile our minds to young women going into public life. When I was twelve we were living in Los Angeles. Our fortune had been swept away and we, like so many others, faced a very uncertain future.

"It seems extraordinary that a child of twelve should see the necessity of planning a career to provide for his own future as well, perhaps, as the future of other members of the family. But it isn't extraordinary to-day. The youth of every age is given the weapon it needs in the battle of life. Our grandmothers needed a smattering of music, art, embroidery, and coquetry."

Margo wrinkled her cute little nose in distaste while her dark eyes danced like imps in the firelight. No one could imagine this vivid girl either a helpless heroine or a coquette. She is too vital, too straightforward for that.

"I'm so glad I wasn't born then. I should have been smothered. There is nothing more wonderful in the world, I think, than developing the natural resources God has given each of us. That is our job to-day. To be a person, to be firm, to be helpful, to be interesting and to express something constructive, something beauti-

Continued on page 74

YOU ASKED FOR THIS

By MADELINE GLASS

Month in and month out admirers of Nils Asther demand an interview with their beloved *General Yen*—when they aren't berating Hollywood for not giving him another rôle to equal it. Here, then, Mr. Asther speaks for himself—at last!

Mr. Asther answers those fans who are for and against his wearing a mustache on the screen by displaying the beard he wears in "Abdul the Damned," the picture he made in England with Adrienne Ames.

I FOUND Nils Asther in the throes of a dilemma. Since coming to the United States eight years ago there have been discouraging periods when obtuse producers found no place for him in pictures. At this writing he has so many offers that he doesn't know which to choose.

An English company wants him to return to London and star in a stage play, which he would also make into a picture. On a recent visit to his home town in Sweden he was offered a film contract. The Shuberts in New York want him for a musical comedy. He has had an offer from the Theater Guild. Metro-Goldwyn is considering him for the principal rôle in "The Good Earth." Universal has a gentlemen's agreement with him to make two pictures. Not to mention the other Hollywood producers who are seeking his services.

Photo by Bull

Nils is somewhat confused by all these attentions. Certainly it is high time producers were taking notice of his four-dimensional artistry. Asther fans, who strike a high average in discernment, have protested long and loudly because Hollywood moguls have worked narrow veins of talent while their favorite's rich mine of dramatic endowments remained scarcely tapped.

"I do not know if Universal wants me just at this time," said Nils. "The English offer looks very good, and I must decide this week whether or not I shall accept it. If I do I shall have to leave for England at once."

"For Heaven's sake, don't accept a stage engagement," I wailed, thinking only of myself and other Asther fans. "We see you seldom enough on the screen as it is."

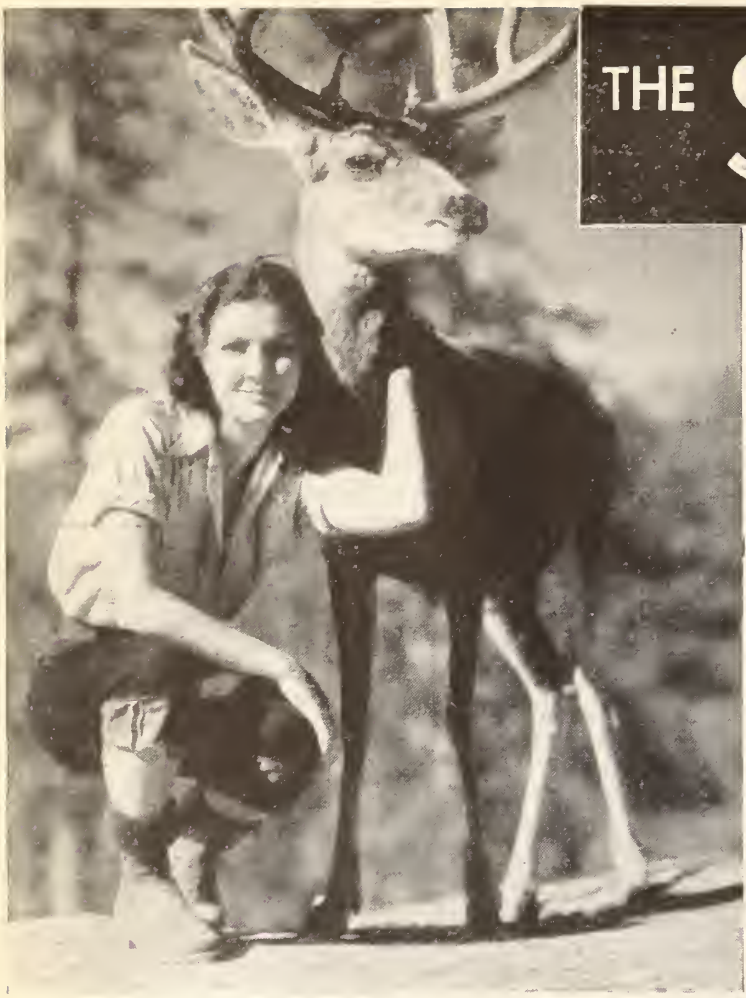
It was a radiant and somewhat thinner Asther who sat with me in the spacious and beautiful lobby of his apartment house. His recent European trip had obviously been a soothing reward for the several chastening years in his immediate past. The sobriety of his black suit was relieved by a shirt of lilac hue. A luminous pearl reposed in the satin folds of his tie. His Nordic complexion was highlighted with the glow of health and high spirits.

"I brought down a charming letter that came this morning," said he. "I have a Chinese chest in which I keep my most important fan letters.

Continued on page 70

Nils Asther, whose taste really does incline toward things Oriental, has a Chinese chest in which he keeps his most important fan letters. Now don't all try to get your letters into it at once!

THE SCREEN



"SEQUOIA."

This is an animal picture and there's no getting away from that classification in spite of Jean Parker, Russell Hardie, Samuel Hinds, and Paul Hurst. Not that the players ask you to. They're apparently content to let a deer and a puma be the leads and get all the ohs and ahs. The status of the film settled, one should wait no longer to proclaim it very fine. It is honest, natural and is beautifully photographed. Perhaps best of all, it isn't unduly sentimental nor agonizing. You see, it tells of the friendship of a fawn and a baby puma rescued by a girl who lives with her father in the California woodland and rears the wild strangers in their household. The argument set forth is that animals do not prey on each other because of natural enmity, but only when hunger impels them to attack. Be this as it may, the two young captives have many charming scenes together until finally the girl is forced by the authorities to let them go. The camera follows them through the forest and the months as they mature and meet with logical adventures, including the mating of the deer *Malibu* and the return of the animals to the cabin to look tamely inside and seemingly beg to return to the arms of their former mistress. Their enemy is a hunter, of course, whose brutal antagonism is responsible for the exciting and wonderful climax of the picture when in a battle on a cliff he hurls the puma to the stream below and is attacked by the loyal deer and sent to a watery grave. Especially for animal lovers.

"FOLIES BERGERE DE PARIS."

Besides being one of the most entertaining pictures of the month, this is one of the smartest musicals in a long time. It is a Parisian comedy, with music in the background, and there is but one spectacular number, legitimately occurring at the finish. Wonder of wonders, it inspires Maurice Chevalier to act a part instead of being just himself. Most wonderful of all, it lets us see the exquisite Merle Oberon and glimpse for the first time her gleaming sense of humor. Further, it proclaims Ann Sothern a first-rate comédienne and enables her to make her first hit. Superbly staged, it engagingly tells the story of *Baron Cassini*, a financier, whose resemblance to *Eugène Charlier* of the "Folies Bergère" induces the baron's friends to employ the actor to substitute for him in a drawing-room crisis which extends to the boudoir of the baroness and spicily asks the question if she knows the difference when both visit her separately. Not the newest idea in the world, but it is set forth persuasively and with intelligent restraint.

"SWEET MUSIC."

This Warner musical is especially for partisans of Rudy Vallée rather than for those who desire exciting entertainment. Handsomely staged, with songs more tuneful than average, it is a dull show for the most part. One of the reasons is that the fragmentary story and the characters in it are as flat and transparent as paper dolls cut out of tissue. This is deplorable considering that such interesting players as Ann Dvorak, Alice White, Allen Jenkins, and Ned Sparks assume the rôles, with Helen Morgan briefly seen. Offer me the Nobel Prize, which nobody will, and I couldn't summon the energy to tell you what it's all about. However, attention will be attracted to the picture because of two songs which are likely to be heard on all sides for months to come, "Sweet Music" and "Fare Thee Well, Annabelle." The latter is the big moment of the piece and it is well worth seeing and hearing. The other high light is the Milt Britton band, well-known for their rowdy antics. In this they clown for dear life, breaking fiddles over each other's heads, squirting seltzer and doing both with originality and a sure sense of fun.

IN REVIEW

BY NORBERT LUSK

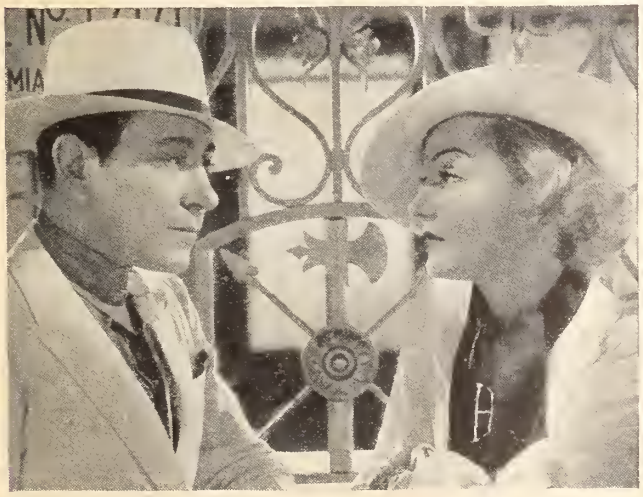
PICTURE PLAY'S HONOR LIST

Best performances of the month are here in glittering profusion. They comprise: Maurice Chevalier, in "Folies Bergère de Paris"; Merle Oberon, in "Folies Bergère de Paris"; Ginger Rogers, in "Roberto"; Corol Lombord, in "Rumba"; Poul Muni, in "Black Fury"; Wolter King, in "One More Spring."

Best pictures are "Folies Bergère de Poris," "Roberta," and "The Whole Town's Talking."

"ROBERTA."

Gay, tuneful, enormously likable, this companion piece to "The Gay Divorcee" is better by far than its predecessor. It is the champagne of musicals, the other, ginger ale by the side of it. Everybody in it is a hit, especially Ginger Rogers because of her witty characterization and dancing that by no means is outdone by the inspired stepping of Fred Astaire. Let's give Miss Rogers a huge salute right now. She's progressing, developing, blossoming. She's tops! And Irene Dunne surpasses herself. She plays humorously and offers a vision of breath-taking beauty such as you've never seen before. Glance at page 53 for a hint of it, just a hint. Then there's Helen Westley, the modiste *Roberta* whose death places her fashionable establishment in the hands of Randolph Scott, who doesn't know gingham from lamé. Victor Varconi, too long absent from Hollywood, returns with a Continental twinkle in his eye, and Claire Dodd is deliciously disagreeable as the polite menace. These attractive players are concerned in modern doings, not a warmed-over story out of cold storage. So sensibly and skillfully has everything been managed that delightful music and gorgeous gowns never halt the story nor render static the players. Again I say that "Roberta" is champagne—of a vintage.



"RUMBA."

The successor of "Bolero" stresses music and dancing, couples Carol Lombard and George Raft again, shows what a monotonous actor Mr. Raft is away from underworld rôles, demonstrates the increasing smoothness and poise of Miss Lombard, and indicates that Mr. Raft is out of his element when attempting the rumba. He is, as he says in the picture, "disappernting." Yet the whole manages to be tolerably entertaining, overcoming its trite story by excellent acting and a certain glamour which reaches its peak in imaginatively staged dance numbers, notably one called "The Birth of the Rumba." Miss Lombard, a headstrong society girl, is attracted to Mr. Raft, proprietor and star of a night spot in Havana. They tiff and insult each other, but Miss Lombard takes the place of his prostrated partner in the dance and saves the show. Besides Miss Lombard's distinguished performance, the film has the advantage of Lynne Overman in a typical rôle, and the magnetic presence of Margo who has that most valuable item in the equipment of an actress and a dancer—individuality.

"BLACK FURY."

The drab atmosphere of the coal mines is illumined by the acting of Paul Muni. See him in this and you will think that he has never appeared in another rôle. Though it may require effort to become interested in the wrangles of miners, their strikes and unions, if it is acting you want and not the superficial glamour of a barbered personality, Mr. Muni will reveal wonders to you. He will wring your heart with the honesty and befuddlement of a man betrayed by his sincerity, who redeems himself in the eyes of his fellows by the blazing courage of a single-tracked mind. One of the beauties of Mr. Muni's acting is his ruthless absorption in the character he is playing. He refuses to work for sympathy. If you happen not to be interested in the emotional problems of a grimy toiler, he won't clean up to influence you in his handsome face and fine eyes. You must see beneath the grime. Karen Morley plays the slight feminine rôle and plays it well.

THE SCREEN IN REVIEW

"ONE MORE SPRING."

What would Napoleon think if he knew a bed of his offered rest to homeless men in Central Park? The whimsicality of this situation strikes the keynote of Janet Gaynor's most original picture of late in which she gives her best performance in years. Its quiet, even tempo precludes suspense or excitement, but it yields charm and unfailing interest. Deft, polished dialogue, superior acting and direction give life to characters that are out of the ordinary in the first place. Warner Baxter, an antique dealer who has failed in business, falls in with a jobless musician and they drift into the park with Mr. Baxter's empire bed. Joined by Miss Gaynor, also a waif, they are befriended by a park attendant and lodged in a stable where they beat the depression with optimism and philosophy, their fortunes changing when they save a banker from suicide. All this has the quality of a fairy tale colored by worldly wisdom. A brilliant high light is the performance of Walter King, formerly Walter Woolf, as the violinist. Watch this man; he is headed for the higher altitudes.

"AFTER OFFICE HOURS."

An incredibly old-fashioned melodrama, with overtones of modern glibness, this. It harks back to the ancient days of the cinema, but you don't forget its origin in spite of Clark Gable and Constance Bennett instead of Herbert Prior and Mabel Trunelle, not to mention speech instead of silence and Adrian's gowns instead of home dressmaking. Mr. Gable is an aggressive newspaper editor being flip all over the place, and Miss Bennett is a rich girl making her reportorial début as a music critic. There is Katharine Alexander, too, a wealthy matron whose affair with Harvey Stephens ends in her death. Mr. Gable uses Miss Bennett's connection with the principals in the case, as well as society at large, to expose the criminal, while she, aware of *noblesse oblige*, circumvents him. His efforts end in her bedroom with the discovery by her palpitant mother that they were married a few hours before. Mr. Gable's character is a good deal of a cad, unfortunately, and his performance is neither smooth nor likable, and Miss Bennett gives her accepted portrayal.

"THE WHOLE TOWN'S TALKING."

Edward G. Robinson's first picture in a long time is a lively, exciting comedy so pungently written and played that it entertains every moment as it darts here and there, cleverly covering implausibilities. It is based on mistaken identity, a timid clerk being the double of a murderous bank robber. Arrested and accused, he is unable to prove his innocence until he has undergone tortures and then, as a gesture of apology, the district attorney gives him a passport which shall identify whenever the same mistake is made. Then the crook appears and demands possession of the identification for use by night, agreeing to let the clerk have the paper for daytime safety. Then complications begin, humorous, melodramatic, surprising. Mr. Robinson excels as the underworld menace. He still is *Little Caesar*, nor has there ever been any one to equal him in this sinister mood, but his browbeaten *Caspar Milquetoast* is too great a strain on the imagination. Jean Arthur deftly, humorously, and likably creates a real character as the girl in the case.

"THE GILDED LILY."

It seems that "It Happened One Night" will inspire pictures in general and every one in which either Claudette Colbert or Clark Gable appears for a long time to come. We have Mr. Gable's "After Office Hours" motivated by it and here Miss Colbert offers her copy. It happens to be better entertainment than Mr. Gable's, too, a slight, lively comedy characterized by glib speech and an almost desperate nonchalance, an amiable mix-up involving a stenographer, a ship-news reporter and an English nobleman. The American youth is given to spending evenings eating popcorn with Miss Colbert, the Britisher riding in the subway until he meets her. She naturally inclines toward the newcomer until he departs for England and, in pique and humiliation, permits the reporter to publicize her as the girl who turned down a rich English lord. She becomes a night-club attraction and at the moment she is about to say "Yes" to the Englishman, the reporter wins out. Fred MacMurray as the reporter, a newcomer to the screen, is a likable discovery.

"Jack Ahoy!"—Gaumont-British, Jack Hulbert, celebrated English comedian of stage and screen, greets American audiences as the star of a typical Elstree musical. One of its virtues is excellent dialogue of a quality seldom found in Hollywood comedies. That is, the characters have a vocabulary of words of more than one syllable and their wit and humor are not of the comic strip but rather of adult intelligence. It isn't highbrow, either, for Mr. Hulbert is as antic a comedian as we have, but in spite of his pranks he manages to make his humor somewhat mental. He is a song-and-dance gob aboard a man-o'-war who finds himself in love with the admiral's daughter and, in spite of his lowly rank, he wins her, too. Scenes in a submarine in the closing sequence of the picture are amusing and unusual, and Mr. Hulbert's ladylove is attractively played by Nancy O'Neil, while *Admiral Fraser* is finely characterized by Alfred Drayton.

"Night Life of the Gods."—Universal. Even though an original story is not always as entertaining in the telling as a familiar one, we should value highly anything that departs from routine. This fantasy, directed by the late Lowell Sherman, is unlike any film you or I have ever seen, though there are many we have admired more. Described in advertisements as a "goofy" comedy, it isn't as extreme as that, but is, instead, a diverting oddity which is good for frequent laughs. It shows what happens when an inventor turns the rays of a magic ring upon annoying human beings and transforms them into statues, something we all have wished for the power to do at times. But the idea achieves a more amusing form when he visits the Metropolitan Museum and with his ring brings *Neptune, Diana, Hebe, Apollo, Perseus,* and *Mercury* to life and guides them through adventures in city crowds. Somehow their exploits aren't as funny as they might have been had the idea been developed more completely and with a livelier imagination. It isn't quite clear, either, how the inventor comes to be in an ambulance when we are told that what happened was a dream. But the whole is different, decidedly, and the players are pleasant if hardly memorable.

"The Right to Live."—Warners. Josephine Hutchinson's second appearance on the screen is disappointing. Not that she has less to offer than in "Happiness Ahead," but her vehicle is not of a kind to endear her or strengthen her position as a potential star. It has none of the ingratiating charm of the musical in which she had the aid of Dick Powell in achieving a popular introduction. The new picture is a heavy, gloomy drama, and Miss Hutchinson is only the nominal heroine. In fact, she isn't a heroine at all except that she is permitted to change her clothes every time she enters a scene and her future with the man she loves is made to seem important. This is not the main issue by any means. The real problem centers on her husband who is invalided by an airplane accident and who ends his life that his wife may be free to marry his brother. Somerset Maugham's play, "The Sacred Flame," which Pauline Frederick played on the screen some years ago, had for its chief character the mother of the two men and asked the question if she was justified in ending the misery of one son that the other's happiness might be attained by marriage to the wife. The current version chooses to avoid this problem, and in so doing the picture loses its force and Miss Hutchinson is sacrificed in an unappealing rôle. She plays it well, of course, but it offers her no shimmering change of mood and little sympathy. Colin Clive, as the husband, gets it all. His mental agony grips and tortures the beholder through the realism of the most striking performance in the picture. Next to him comes Peggy Wood, the nurse whose love for the dead man brings out the truth of his suicide. Handsomely staged, intelligently written and well acted, the picture has substance, yes, but little chance of popularity.

Prints are in vogue again as never before. Wendy Barrie, the English actress, displays this charming plaid effect in crêpe.

"The Good Fairy."—Universal. Margaret Sullavan's simplicity and sincerity are always heartening. They offer refreshing contrast to the stylized acting of many popular actresses. But Miss Sullavan's latest picture is pretty light for so important a star. Its chief drawback is that it offers her inadequate opportunities to act. Aside from contributing sincerity and charm, she has little to do. Consequently, we find her standing in a corner, as it were, and giving the spotlight to Frank Morgan. Nothing loath to take advantage of stellar acquiescence, Mr. Morgan offers a riotously funny characterization as good in its way as his scintillating booby in "The Affairs of Cellini." He revels in the rôle of a nitwit millionaire who offers financial help to the imaginary husband of the timid usherette on whom he is forcing attentions. She is Miss Sullavan, recently from an orphanage, who is seeing the world for the first time and is puzzled by the men who want to be nice to her. So when Mr. Morgan becomes persistent she pretends that she is married. When he insists on extending his benevolence to her husband, she finds one in the telephone book, a humorless doctor played by Herbert Marshall. All this is exceedingly talky and when the whimsicality of the idea runs thin, it becomes slapstick, making the picture neither consistent high comedy nor low. But it is capitally acted, with Beulah Bondi, Reginald Owen, and Alan Hale to make doubly sure.

"Behold My Wife."—Paramount. Gene Raymond, who is popular with readers of Picture Play, will attract his admirers here in one of his better performances. Especially convincing as willful sons of wealth with a sense of humor, Mr. Raymond finds in this a part that gives ample play to his talent for characterization. So well does he act the rôle, in fact, that his first entrance in a state of helpless intoxication is done with such realism that the spectator laughs because he thinks it a comedy. When he discovers that he is seeing a melodrama he is apt to keep on laughing in the most intense moments. But there is nothing funny in the aftermath of Mr. Raymond's spree. The son of snobbish aristocrats, his marriage to a poor girl is cruelly frustrated by his sister and the girl kills herself. The youth denounces his family and swears to shame them. Another spree ends in an automobile wreck in the West where he is nursed by *Tonita*, an Indian girl in beads and moccasins played by Sylvia Sidney. He sees in her an instrument of revenge and he marries and takes her to New York where she is introduced to society at a glittering reception. Then a bit tardily *Tonita* discovers that her husband doesn't love her but is only using her to humiliate his parents. Up to this point the picture is interesting and frequently touching, but from then on it becomes too lurid for comfort. *Tonita's* retaliation—that of going to the apartment of the villain—is not in character. When Monroe Owsley is shot and both Mr. Raymond and Miss Sidney confess to the police in a welter of self-sacrifice they embarrass one for their participation in an old-fashioned movie plot. The picture is staged with dignity, taste and beauty and is acted with superior intelligence, but it won't let you believe in the characters.

CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES

"ROBERTA."—RKO. By Alice Duer Miller. Screen play by Jane Murfin and Sam Mintz. Directed by William A. Seiter.

CAST:

Stephanie ..... Irene Dunne
Huck ..... Fred Astaire
Scharwenka ..... Ginger Rogers
John ..... Randolph Scott
Roberta ..... Helen Westley
Ladislaw ..... Victor Varconi
Sophie ..... Claire Dodd
Voyda ..... Luis Alberni
Lord Delves ..... Ferdinand Munier
Albert ..... Torben Meyer
Professor ..... Adrian Rosley
Fernando ..... Bodil Rosing

"AFTER OFFICE HOURS."—MGM. From a story by Laurence Stallings and Dale Van Every. Screen play by Herman J. Mankiewicz. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard.

CAST:

Jim Branch ..... Clark Gable
Sharon Norwood ..... Constance Bennett
Hank Parr ..... Stuart Erwin
Mrs. Norwood ..... Billie Burke
Tommy Bannister ..... Harvey Stephens
Mrs. Patterson ..... Katharine Alexander
Mr. Patterson ..... Hale Hamilton
Cap ..... Henry Travers
Italian ..... Henry Armetta
Jordan ..... Charles Richman
Barlow ..... Herbert Bunston

"FOLIES BERGÈRE de PARIS."—United Artists. From the play, "The Red Cat." Screen story by Rudolph Lothar, Hans Adler, and Bess Meredyth. Directed by Roy Del Ruth.

CAST:

Fernand, the Baron Cassini } ..... Maurice
Eugene Charlier } ..... Chevalier
Mimi ..... Ann Sothern
Genevieve, the Baroness Cassini ..... Merle Oberon
François ..... Eric Blore
Morrisot ..... Ferdinand Munier
René, the Marquis de Lac ..... Walter Byron
Gustave ..... Lumsden Hare
Henri ..... Robert Greig
Perishot ..... Ferdinand Gottschalk
Monsieur Paulet ..... Halliwell Hobbes
Premier of France ..... George Renevant
Victor ..... Philip Dare
Joseph ..... Frank McGlynn, Sr.
Toinette ..... Barbara Leonard
Stage Manager ..... Olin Howland

"BLACK FURY."—First National. From a story by Judge H. A. Musmanno, and play by Harry R. Irving. Screen play by Finkel and Erickson. Directed by Michael Curtiz.

CAST:

Joe Radek ..... Paul Muni
Anna Novak ..... Karen Morley
Slim ..... William Gargan
McGee ..... Barton MacLane
Mike ..... John Qualen
Steve ..... J. Carroll Naish
Kubanda ..... Vince Barnett
Hendricks ..... Henry O'Neill
Tommy Poole ..... Tully Marshall
Mary Novak ..... Mae Marsh
Sophie ..... Sarah Haden
Welsh ..... Willard Robertson
Mulligan ..... Wade Boteler
Johnny Farrell ..... Joe Crehan
Mac ..... Ward Bond
Jenkins ..... Purnell Pratt
Butch ..... Eddie Shubert
Bubitchka ..... Effie Ellsler
Alec Novak ..... Egon Brecher
Lefty ..... George Pat Collins
Sokolsky ..... Akim Tamiroff

"SWEET MUSIC." Warners. Story by Jerry Wald, Carl Erickson, and Warren Duff. Directed by Alfred E. Green.

CAST:

Skip Houston ..... Rudy Vallée
Bonnie Haydon ..... Ann Dvorak
Ten Percent Hudson ..... Ned Sparks
Helen Morgan ..... Herself
Dopey Malone ..... Robert Armstrong
Barney Gowan ..... Allen Jenkins
Lulu Betts ..... Alice White
Sidney Selzer ..... Joseph Cawthorn
Sigmund Selzer ..... Al Shean
Grant ..... Phillip Reed
Billy Madison ..... William B. Davidson
Louis Trimble ..... Henry O'Neill
Mr. Thomas ..... Addison Richards
The Mayor ..... Russell Hicks
Mr. Johnson ..... Clay Clement

"NIGHT LIFE OF THE GODS."—Universal. From the novel by Thorne Smith. Screen play by Barry Trivers. Directed by Lowell Sherman.

CAST:

Diana ..... Irene Ware
Hebe ..... Geneva Mitchell
Venus ..... Marda Deering
Bacchus ..... George Hassell
Hunter Hawk ..... Alan Mowbray
Neptune ..... Robert Warwick
Meg ..... Florine McKinney
Daphne ..... Peggy Shannon
Mr. Betts ..... Gilbert Emery
Ludwig Turner ..... Ferdinand Gottschalk
Reigi ..... Henry Armetta
Apollo ..... Ray Bernard
Perseus ..... Pat De Cicco
Mercury ..... Paul Kaye

"RUMBA."—Paramount. From the story by Guy Endore and Seena Owen. Screen play by Howard J. Green. Directed by Marion Gering.

CAST:

Joe Martin ..... George Raft
Diana Harrison ..... Carol Lombard
Flash ..... Lynne Overman
Carmelita ..... Margo
Hobart Fletcher ..... Monroe Owsley
Goldie Allen ..... Iris Adrian
Henry B. Harrison ..... Samuel S. Hinds
Mrs. Harrison ..... Virginia Hammond
Patsy ..... Gail Patrick
Solanger ..... James Thomas
Maria ..... Soledad Jiminez
Carlos ..... Paul Porcasi
Dance Director ..... Raymond McKee
Tony ..... Akim Tamiroff
Watkins ..... Eldred Tidbury

"ONE MORE SPRING."—Fox. From the novel by Robert Nathan. Screen play by Edwin Burke. Directed by Henry King.

CAST:

Elizabeth ..... Janet Gaynor
Otkar ..... Warner Baxter
Rosenberg ..... Walter King
Mrs. Sweeney ..... Jane Darwell
Mr. Sweeney ..... Roger Imhof
Sheridan ..... Grant Mitchell
Miss Weber ..... Rosemary Ames
Auctioneer ..... John Qualen
Policeman ..... Nick Foran
Girl in Antique Shop ..... Astrid Allwyn
Zoo Attendant ..... Stepin Fetchit

"SEQUOIA."—MGM. From the novel "Malibu," by Vance Joseph Hoyt. Adapted for the screen by Ann Cunningham, Sam Armstrong, and Carey Wilson. Directed by Chester M. Franklin.

CAST:

Toni Martin ..... Jean Parker
Bob Alden ..... Russell Hardie
Matthew Martin ..... Samuel S. Hinds
Bergman ..... Paul Hurst
Joe ..... Ben Hall
Sang Soo ..... Willie Fung
Feng Soo ..... Harry Lowe, Jr.

"THE WHOLE TOWN'S TALKING."—Columbia. From the story by W. R. Burnett. Screen play by Jo Swerling and Robert Riskin. Directed by John Ford.

CAST:

Arthur Jones } ..... Edward G. Robinson
Killer Mannion } ..... Edward G. Robinson
"Bill" ..... Jean Arthur
Boyle ..... Arthur Hohl
Healy ..... Wallace Ford
Spencer ..... Arthur Byron
Hoyt ..... Donald Meek
"J. G." Carpenter ..... Paul Harvey
Buggs Martin ..... Ed Brophy
Seaver ..... Etienne Girardot
Howe ..... James Donlan
Warden ..... J. Farrell MacDonald
Henchman ..... John Wray
Aunt Agatha ..... Effie Ellsler

"JACK AHOY!"—Gaumont-British. Story by Sidney Gilliat and John Orton. Directed by Walter Forde.

CAST:

Jack Ponsonby ..... Jack Hulbert
Patricia ..... Nancy O'Neil
Admiral Fraser ..... Alfred Drayton
Conchita ..... Tamara Desni
Larlos ..... Henry Peterson
Dodger ..... Sam Wilkinson

"THE GOOD FAIRY."—Universal. From the play by Ferenc Molnar. Adapted by Preston Sturges. Directed by William Wyler.

CAST:

Luisa (Lu) Ginglebusher .. Margaret Sullavan
Dr. Max Sporum ..... Herbert Marshall
Konrad ..... Frank Morgan
Detlaff ..... Reginald Owen
Schlapkohl ..... Alan Hale
Dr. Schultz ..... Beulah Bondi
Joe ..... Cesar Romero
Dr. Metz ..... Eric Blore
Doorman ..... Al Bridges
Chauffeur ..... George Davis
Actress ..... June Clayworth

"BEHOLD MY WIFE."—Paramount. From the story "Translation of a Savage," by Sir Gilbert Parker. Screen play by Vincent Lawrence and Gover Jones. Directed by Dave Leisen.

CAST:

Tonita Stormcloud ..... Sylvia Sidney
Michael Carter ..... Gene Raymond
Diana Carter-Curson ..... Juliette Compton
Mrs. Carter ..... Laura Hope Crews
Mr. Carter ..... H. B. Warner
Bob Prentice ..... Monroe Owsley
Jim Curson ..... Kenneth Thomson
Mary White ..... Ann Sheridan
Indian Chief ..... Jim Thorpe
Police Captain ..... Charles Wilson
News Photographer ..... Fuzzy Knight

"THE RIGHT TO LIVE."—Warners. From Somerset Maugham's play, "The Sacred Flame." Adapted by Ralph Block. Directed by William Keighley.

CAST:

Stella Trent ..... Josephine Hutchinson
Colin Trent ..... George Brent
Maurice Trent ..... Colin Clive
Nurse Wayland ..... Peggy Wood
Mrs. Trent ..... Henrietta Crosman
Major Liconda ..... C. Aubrey Smith
Dr. Harvester ..... Leo G. Carroll
Alice ..... Phyllis Coghlan

"THE GILDED LILY"—Paramount. From the story by Melville Baker and Jack Kirkland. Screen play by Claude Binyon. Directed by Wesley Ruggles.

CAST:

Marilyn David ..... Claudette Colbert
Pete Dawes ..... Fred MacMurray
Charles Gray ..... Ray Milland
Lord Granville ..... C. Aubrey Smith
Nate ..... Luis Alberni
Eddie ..... Edward Craven
Hankerson ..... Donald Meek
Oscar ..... Charles Irwin
Otto Bushe ..... Ferdinand Munier
Daisy ..... Grace Bradley
Marilyn's Maid ..... Michelette Burani
Captain of Boat ..... Claude King
Guard ..... Edward Gargan
Guard ..... James T. Quinn
Guard's Son ..... George Billings
Purser ..... Jimmy Aubrey
Clark ..... Robert Dudley
Rollercoaster Attendant ..... Phil Tead
City Editor ..... Charles Wilson
Waiter ..... Jerry Mandy
Taxi Driver ..... Warren Hymer
Tramp ..... Tom Dugan
Hugo ..... Forrester Harvey
Hugo's Wife ..... Mary Gordon
Vocal Teacher ..... Leonid Kinsky

"WINGS IN THE DARK"—Paramount. Screen story by Dale Van Every, Jack Kirkland, Frank Partos, Nell Shipman, and Philip D. Hern. Directed by James Flood.

CAST:

Sheila Mason ..... Myrna Loy
Ken Gordon ..... Cary Grant
Nick Williams ..... Roscoe Karns
Mac ..... Hobart Cavanaugh
Tops Harmon ..... Dean Jagger
Yipp Morgan ..... Bert Hanlon
Joy Burns ..... James Burtis
Jake Brashear ..... Russell Hopton
Doctor ..... Arnold Korff
Helper ..... Lee Phelps
Sheila's Mechanic ..... Matt McHugh
Jerome ..... Julian Madison
Nurse ..... Rita Owin
Banker Crawford ..... George MacQuarrie
Secretary ..... Mabel Forrest
Kennel Club Secretary ..... Samuel S. Hinds
Voice of Radio Announcer .. Graham McNamee

ıer
ked:

readings.
. the finest
d the Rein-

atest stage
famed.
ısi-
ı, he

ıousand
· casts of
Theater,
and
l hu-
same
he
an-

ngs,
auts,
the
ing

'in-
ıs-
ds
in
ıs.
an
ain
no

ty:
'en
.
.ol-
'err
an
rea-
It
orld.
mos-
h the
Many
ıd co-

to the
ımpsed.
'agger-
nortal
ieve-

vhich
pting
g of
l pho-
ıty and

· critical,
treetop:
ed. Next
y Rooney
been in a

e *Puck* is
care into
ıke folks
ds. And
merry self.

Continued from page 31

After she has played a scene full of dramatic fireworks to the satisfaction of every one else, Mr. Coward often asks her if she wouldn't like to do it over, trying it in a different way. Then he shows her how it might be played. With a rare economy of gesture and deep intensity of feeling he does her part for her. Then when she does the scene over she gives not just a competent performance but an inspired one. She feels as if Providence had suddenly decided it was her turn to get all the good luck, for in addition to Coward's help, she is being photographed by Lee Garmes at his best, and you all know that that is nothing short of magic. If you don't recall the name, just remember "Zoo in Budapest."

Betting on a Sure Thing.—When I and practically every one else said that Janet Gaynor would never be satisfied with another actor playing opposite her in "The Farmer Takes a Wife" if she saw Henry Fonda in the stage production, we weren't displaying any psychic powers. Miss Gaynor came to New York, saw, and was conquered. Mr. Fonda has already gone West to join her troupe.

On Advice of Ex-wife's Counsel.—Henry Fonda could have made his début in pictures last summer with Walter Wanger's company, but his ex-wife, Margaret Sullavan, advised him that he would fare better in films if he had a stage success to his credit. He's grateful to Wanger, though, for having faith in him and will work in his pictures after he finishes the one with Miss Gaynor for Fox. He does wish that Margaret was in Hollywood to advise him as puzzling situations crop up day by day. But Margaret has sailed for Europe on a honeymoon with her new husband, William Wyler.

She Takes Direction.—With some justification, we old pessimists who watch the careers of stars from ringside seats always wonder if a long absence in Hollywood will quite change a girl. I am pleased to report that Margaret Sullavan returned still very much the candid, explosive Margaret of old.

Soon after her arrival in New York she breezed into the department store that she patronized when she was counting pennies, demanded Marion Light who has long selected her personal wardrobe, and said, "What am I going to wear?"

Margaret has only one talent of which she is unalterably proud. She'll bet you that she can find out more about anybody she meets than they can learn about her. She should have been an interviewer. Fellow guests at parties, taxi drivers, and saleswomen expand under her encouragement and tell all.

Another Laurel for Howard.—A sincere interest in other people is one of the most ingratiating and rare traits in celebrities. Renée Carroll, the far-famed hat-check girl at Sardi's, has long been resigned to the fact that the men who exchange banter with her daily suddenly become aloof when they are in the company of film belles. Not Leslie Howard. Pausing to check his hat with Renée, he brought his companion with him. "Renée, I want you to meet Miss Oberon. I am sure you will enjoy knowing each other."

The Vote Is Unanimous.—To say that Renée was delighted to meet Merle Oberon is putting it mildly. In fact, I have yet to encounter any one who has met her who is not completely captivated. That she is exquisitely beautiful is no news to those who have seen "The Scarlet Pimpernel," "The Battle," or "The Private Life of Henry VIII." It may be news to you that on meeting her one forgets all about her beauty. Simplicity of manner, a receptive, deferential air, above all a feeling of utterly sincere consideration for the other person, is what she gives you.

When Alexander Korda first saw her he is quoted as saying, "I wonder if there is anything behind that face." He found that there was a great deal. There is ambition, but she speaks of it with some restraint. It seems far removed from a grasping, selfish desire for limelight or power. It is more the ambition of a student. Above all, she gives an impression of serene graciousness.

Another Paris Creation.—Gone and unlamented are the days when the visiting foreign star shook hands with the butler, appeared in a fearsome creation of spangles and marabou, and said, "Pleased to have metten you." Typical of the newcomers is Princess Natalie Paley, half sister of the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia and wife of Lucien Lelong, the famous *couturier*.

Miss Paley, as she prefers to be called in this allegedly democratic country, has the air of one who has met all the glittering social figures of the world without ever becoming bored by them or disinterested in others. In her fairly short life she has met thousands of people, and she is the sort who nods pleasantly to any one who glances her way looking expectant, lest she offend some one. I doubt that a career in pictures means much to her, as such. It is just a delightful new experience that a lot of smart people are taking up.

When James Cagney recuperates from his strenuous acting, as occasionally he must, it's Mrs. Jimmie and not a trained nurse who looks after him.

All Set for Vacation.—Alice Faye does not have much time in Hollywood to play, and besides Hollywood lacks the glitter and brash excitement of the Broadway which was her finishing school. So now, as usual, between pictures, Alice Faye comes back to Broadway. Singing on the radio, going to night clubs, dropping in to see old friends, working in floor shows, peps her up just as a vacation in some mountain retreat does others. Luckily, the fifteenth round or so of Rudy Vallée's court battles with his wife subsided just in time so that Alice could come East and see him occasionally with a comparative lack of limelight thrown on their meetings.

Die-hards Admit Vallée Is a Good Guy.—For various reasons, Rudy Vallée has always been as unfortunate in his relations with the press as Gene Tunney or Postmaster General Farley. Reporters and photographers had a Bronx cheer all ready for him no matter what he did. Now that is all changed. Ever since his wife started picking on him, the boys have been won over by his dignified and friendly manner. They are all rooting for him now. He showed his gratitude by going to the annual press photographers' ball and tossing about five thousand dollars' worth of entertainment their way, gratis. He brought his band and tirelessly played and sang for them as long as they wished. Press photographers are good allies to have.

Carol Lombard and Sylvia Sidney have both been petulant about cooperating with them, which explains the dreadful pictures the boys delight in taking of these girls. On even such perfect faces as theirs, the boys can find terrible angles. Another one of their pet hates is Katharine Hepburn, but by some curious quirk of personality, the plainer they make her look, the more interesting she becomes.

Jack Oakie proved to be the life of the party, as usual, when he, Vera Gordon, and many other friends barged into Helen Mack's home on her recent twenty-first birthday.

All Around the Town.—Margo, who was paid $150 per week a year ago when she danced at the Paramount Theater with George Raft, will get $1,000 for the same length of time when she works on the program with her picture "Rumba."

Universal did not have a picture ready for her, so Jane Wyatt is doing a play on Broadway with Walter Connolly, also A. W. O. L. from films.

Benita Hume won't return to Hollywood films for some time. She is making one now in Italy with Phillips Holmes and will then marry Jack Dunfee, British motor car racing driver, and go on a long yachting trip with Douglas Fairbanks and Lady Ashley.

Fans who reveled in his portrayal of *Uriah Heep* in "David Copperfield" will ask in vain for a while for more Roland Young pictures. He is playing the notorious *Doctor Crippen* on the New York stage.

Will Rogers's daughter Mary has made her stage début and Will is hanging around town basking in the glory of being a very proud papa.

John Barrymore returned from Europe giving out a rambling, incoherent interview about a rumor that he was the ship bar's best patron.

Gladys Swarthout, whose voice is a revelation of beauty over the radio to all who have not heard her at the Metropolitan, has signed to make a picture for Paramount.

Don't Miss This One.—If there is a theater in your town that shows French films, by all means see "La Dame aux Camellias," played by Yvonne Printemps. Even if you do not understand a word of French, the lovely, haunting beauty of the star and her extraordinary gift for explicit gestures makes it thrilling. And in it she sings two old songs as only Yvonne Printemps can sing.

Extra! Novarro Quits!

Continued from page 17

career, but in this play he makes revelations. His hero apparently has everything, but you'll be let in behind the scenes to learn that success in Hollywood is in reality another story from the familiar one.

"My idea of the importance of success changed completely when I passed thirty, and when my youngest brother who was then in college died. Before I reached thirty," Ramon admitted, "I was absorbed by my work. I thought success was everything. And then I came to the realization that it was about the least important thing in life.

"My views on friendship have altered, too. I used to accept friendship as a matter of course. Now I sense how few friends we really have, and I go out of my path to cherish and acquire them.

"I am closer to my family. What people think of as happiness doesn't exist. It is a mirage. But there is such a thing as contentment, and it can be obtained only from harmony. You have to be surrounded by people you trust, respect, and love."

For a year Ramon lived in the modernistic house he owns in the Hollywood hills. It was only a temporary move, though. He had a mortgage on the place and had to take it over.

To-day he is less social than he

was for a spell. "For four years I went nowhere. I dressed entirely in black. After a friend invited me to parties for sixteen consecutive times I concluded I might be missing something. I went, and for two years I was quite a mixer. I learned what I have just told you about happiness and contentment."

Carpenters were banging at the end of the hall. "That's my apartment they're fixing," Ramon explained. "I'm having it done over. Come see. I felt very badly after I left the studio, and was ill in bed. The doctor diagnosed it simply as a case of nerves. I'd been worrying. Now I must relax, rest, take things easier.

"So that's what I'm doing now. Simplifying my life. Even to this room. I had a large bed in the center, much dark-red velvet and purple hangings. Remnants of 'Ben-Hur.' I decided a change of scenery would be beneficial. The tiny music-room henceforth will harbor an ordinary bed, and the main room is to be the music-room.

"My freedom means more to me right now than all the money in the world. For thirteen years I have been tied down. Now I can do as the mood strikes me. I can sit for hours at a time with my thoughts, or I can dash to a movie. Do whatever I wish. I never even had a chance to play tennis on our court before.

"Until now it has been a steady rush. Even when I went abroad on vacations I was always rushing, avid to see everything at once. This year I am starting to digest what I have learned and seen.

"I've dismissed my secretary. It's fun doing things for myself. In other words, I have relaxed as the doctor ordered."

Ramon's idea of relaxing is typical of him. Enthusiastically he continued, "I'm taking dancing lessons again. To perfect some Spanish steps my sister and I will do when we make a concert tour of Europe this summer. I am practicing at my piano once more, regularly. I am keeping up with my vocal lessons, naturally.

"That was the script for a Spanish talkie that I was going over when you arrived. Directing is something I want to take up seriously, so next month I am producing and directing a Spanish film which I have written. Several times I directed at MGM, but there was too much supervision to accomplish anything out of the ordinary. I have a pretty fair knowledge of directing, photography, lighting, and cutting, so I am optimistic as to the outcome. The chief thing is that I shall stand or fall on my own efforts. That will be a stimulating novelty."

Picture proposals and personal-appearance offers have been coming in. "At the moment I am exhilarated over a certain script upon which I'm helping. It promises to be a splendid story, one that will carry a punch. It will provide me with a genuine characterization. I am bored with blah movies, and of being in them. I think this will be the transitionary part I've longed to get."

Without a pause he added, "Then I'm planning to put on my play in London next fall. At the Old Vic, too. I'm more than excited at being invited to appear there, for this is the highest honor for an actor in England."

I maneuvered a gasp. "And in your spare minutes in this resting, relaxing program?"

Ramon beamed. "Oh, yes. I'm writing. Funny, I've wanted to write and now it's coming along excellently. I want my books to be constructive. Already I've the first in shape. It's a philosophical commentary in free verse. It's to be called 'I Believe in What I Shouldn't.'

"You know I'm not sorry for anything that has ever happened to me. It has all been experience, not wasted time. The only profitable emotion is suffering, anyway. After the grief passes you comprehend so much more."

And is he going to marry at last? "I have had the thrill of parenthood in educating my brothers," he told me. "They have all taken up good professions. One is an architect, two are chemical engineers. The last one, who has been studying dentistry, graduates this June."

Which is one way of stalling. I recalled, just then, that in his play the interviewer pesters his hero as to why he hasn't married, getting a facetious rejoinder. Whereupon the inquisitor snorts, "You never run out of clever answers, do you?" The snappy comeback is, "Not about marriage!"

So I didn't pry into Ramon's mysterious love-life. I didn't want to be trite. Nor to be topped.

TO KITTY CARLISLE

Your face is like a flower
  On some tropic reef;
A face that poets dream of—
  Fair beyond belief.

And how your speech and laughter
  Thrill the listening throng;
Each word becomes a poem—
  Each sound a golden song!

EDITH GRAMES.

Photo © by Gaumont-British

Nova Pilbeam, who was so wonderful in "Little Friend," illustrates the simplicity of a British star's home life. The talented fourteen-year-old also reveals that she is left-handed.

By Leroy Keleher

GENTLEMEN'S CHOICE

Patricia Ellis's sparkling personality, plus a goodly portion of poise and assurance, have placed her in the highest favor with the younger set of the movie capital. Nor have the fans been insensible to her screen charm.

STEP up, folks, and meet Patricia Ellis. Oh, come on. You'll like her. She's regular.

She's every father's memory of his first sweetheart and every son's dream of the ideal girl. When she walks down the street, blind men forget their blindness and cripples throw away their crutches. Eighteen, poised and assured, she's the brightest thing that's hit town since Mae West made the nation curve-conscious.

"Sometimes I think life is a lot of hooey," she told me, forgetting, for a moment, her assumed sophistication and pushing a rebellious lock of hair away from her forehead. The sunlight slid through the tawny tresses, touching the petulant lips and bringing into relief the arrogantly retroussé nose and the dimpled but resolute chin.

Slim-hipped, long-legged and only moderately pretty, Pat is every young man's dream of the ideal girl.

"When I'm down in the dumps," she continued, "I simply play a peppy phonograph record or sit down at the piano and tear off a couple bars of Cole Porter. In a few minutes, I'm myself again."

I offer the above suggestion to those of you who are victims of depression blues. If it works, thank me. If it doesn't, sue her.

Patricia Ellis is at that disconcerting age when youth cannot make up its mind whether to be sophisticated or naïve and so compromises by being quizzical. A responsive listener, she is quick to catch another's point and has never been guilty, in my presence at least, of utilizing a playwright's dialogue as her own—a practice that is becoming alarmingly prevalent among Hollywood ingénues.

Disliking arguments, she refuses to indulge in bridge. She has sufficient imaginative vitality to project her portrayals into the light of human interest, but she has yet definitely to assert herself as a screen actress. What histrionic ability she possesses is still in an inchoate state. Only varied experiences as a performer and as a woman can bring it forth.

"I would much rather," she insists, "be known as a dependable featured player than as a star whose success resulted from lurid publicity instead of genuine acting ability. Eventually, I hope to combine the best qualities of Miriam Hopkins and Ina Claire in my screen personality. I realize that this will require years of work, but I feel that the result will be worth all the necessary sacrifices.

"So many girls ask my advice about embarking upon a screen career. I always tell them that if they are willing to work twelve and sometimes fourteen hours a day before a camera, if some-

Continued on page 77

PATRICIA ELLIS

Photo by Elmer Fryer

AS the daughter of a noted stage producer, Patricia Ellis began acting in plays when a child, and it was this early training which eventually set her on the path to Hollywood. The interview on the page opposite will introduce you to this thoroughly modern miss whose ambition is to mold her screen personality into a combination of Miriam Hopkins and Ina Claire.

Charming Sinners

Warners are ready to issue their "Gol Diggers of 1935," which promises to sur pass in music and entertainment all pre vious efforts in exploiting our moder money-grabbers. This time Dick Powel and Gloria Stuart supply the love interest and Dick, of course, puts over some mor new song hits in his usual capable manner

AT the top of the poge, one of Busby Berkeley's striking donce numbers. Above, Alice Brody as the weolthy *Mrs. Prentiss*, Fronk McHugh, her much gold-digged son, Adolphe Menjou, a theotricol producer, ond Joseph Cawthorn, as *Schultz*, the designer. To the the right, Dick, as Glorio's choperon, accompanies her on a shopping tour.

Social Conflict

GENE STRATTON-PORTER'S beloved "Laddie" comes to the talking screen. The friendly *Stantons* are humble farmers, and it is inevitable that they should clash with their haughty neighbors, the English *Pryors*. Of course, in the end feelings are amicable.

JOHN BEAL, as *Laddie*, confides to *Little Sister*, Virginia Weidler, his fondness for *Pamela Pryor*, Gloria Stuart. To the left, a tender moment in the lives of our hero and heroine. Below, *Pamela* attends the wedding of *Laddie's sister, Sally*, played by Gloria Shea.

NAUGHTY BUT NICE

When two such outstanding songsters as Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy are combined in an operetta, "Naughty Marietta," with music by Victor Herbert, we know the result is bound to be pleasing.

POSING as a "casquette" girl, our French princess becomes attracted to handsome *Captain Richard Warrington*, Nelson Eddy, with whom she elopes, thus deluding her uncle. To the left, two talented players, Elsa Lanchester and Frank Morgan, also are in the cast.

WHEN Mae West sets her cap, nothing can stop her, not even if it means going social. Other members of the cast include Janet Beecher, Cesar Romero, and Monroe Owsley.

MAE GOES RITZY

"How Am I Doin'?" Miss West is a dance-hall entertainer who inherits a fortune. This she spends in trying to become a lady in order to be worthy of a young English engineer, Paul Cavanagh.

MONTE CARLO

IN "My Heart Is Calling," Jan Kiepura's fine tenar vaice wi
again thrill as it did in "A Song For Yau." Mr. Kiepura i
the oval, with Marta Eggerth, above, playing oppasite. T
the left, *Mario* who befriends the stowaway, *Carla*.

THE wealthy *Bob Harrison* tries a little persuasion on *Mana Leslie*, Broadway's dance sensation, left. *Ned Riley*, belaw, wha has sponsared *Mana's* career. Note Jean's unusual hairdress in the aval, belaw.

When Jean Harlow married Franchot Tone in "Reckless," she wasn't aware of William Powell's love for her. And when the marriage turns out unhappily, it is the latter who comes to the aid of Jean and her baby.

NOT GUILTY

MIRIAM HOPKINS as the beautiful and designing *Becky* who, in order to gain social position, marries *Captain Rawdan Crawley*, only to be denounced by him as untrue. Below, Alan Mawbray as *Captain Crawley*.

FRANCES DEE is *Becky's* girlhood friend, *Amelia Sedley*. G.P. Huntley, Jr., below, as *George Osborne, Amelia's* husband, is lured to the gambling table by the artful *Becky*.

BEAUTY AND WIT

"Becky Sharp" is the first full-length feature to be brought to the screen entirely in color. Once more Thackeray's immortal classic, "Vanity Fair," comes to life with an all-star cast.

Continued from page 29

which *La Flamme,* belle of the gutter, turns down the honorable offer of the rich and handsome American because she loves her worthless apache, even if he does beat her. About as silly as they come. But Joan made it come to life.

It wasn't the masterpiece of detail that Ruth Chatterton or Helen Hayes might have made of it. But the girl was *real.* Joan didn't calculate her performances in those days. Acting for her was simply a matter of walking out in front of the camera and playing house. What she said to herself was "What would I do in a case like this?" And then she did it.

The result was that all her acting bore the stamp of simplicity and truth. Camera angles and costumes meant nothing to her. You forgot you were watching an actress.

What changed her, then, you ask? For obviously a greater change than any of her momentary fads has come about.

If there's anything that's characteristic of Joan to-day, it's the very self-consciousness which used to be so conspicuously absent. It's self-consciousness that keeps her keyed up to an abnormal pitch, that makes her worry about the correctness of every unimportant detail in her life and work. She ruthlessly condemns herself these days for not living up to a criterion which changes every week. And why?

I think her marriage is at the bottom of it.

Significantly enough, the first time she saw Doug was when he was playing on the Los Angeles stage in "Young Woodley." They couldn't help falling in love. Doug is an unhappy idealist, always searching for a kind of happiness that doesn't exist outside his own imagination. For the moment this dynamic girl, radiating youth and joy, seemed to him the fulfillment of his dream.

And Joan. For her, Doug was a bright inhabitant of a world whose fringes she had skirted but which she had never dared dream of entering. It was to her a glorious world, a world which contained what, in comparative poverty and obscurity, she had longed for more than anything. A world of beauty and glamour, of wit and poetry, of a life that was both gracious and exciting. A world of art. And Doug was an artist! Hadn't his childhood been spent in the Latin Quarter? Didn't he write and paint? Was he not the scion of Hollywood's "royal" family? To Joan, he was all that and more.

And it was at this point that the deep and permanent change came about in her life. For little Joan felt herself unworthy to be the wife of Doug, the artist. Seemingly she had everything. She was already famous, the most promising star in Hollywood. But she thought that all this could mean nothing to Doug and his sophisticated friends.

Jane Darwell waited long for the hit she made in "The White Parade" and now she's smiling at the ease with which she's making another in "McFadden's Flats."

She set out on a radical campaign of self-improvement. The newlyweds were never to be found at any of the old Joan's favorite night spots. No, they attended symphony concerts, stage plays, highbrow dance recitals. Joan spent her leisure taking elocution lessons and reading. Reading frantically. Trying to digest the world's classics in a year. Trying to catch up with Doug.

Well, she did it. Energy and determination are two of Joan's strongest characteristics. Perhaps she even surpassed him in his own field. Certainly, one of the reasons for the break-up of their marriage was that Joan had matured beyond her young husband. But be that as it may, the change was disastrous for her, I think. Doug was born into the brittle world of the sophisticates. It's all right for him. But Joan, the real Joan, is, beneath her shifting masks, a child of emotion. It was emotional depth that gave color and life to the sparkling flapper pictures in which she made her first hit. And when she began to stifle her impulses, to make herself over according to an alien pattern, she denied her own nature.

I think it is fatal for any one to do that.

Of course, Joan got what she wanted by it. The new smoothness of her performances, with always that hint of repressed fire behind them, has made her just about the biggest star in pictures. She has the admiration of experienced and sophisticated men like Franchot Tone. She moves, now, in the hectic, brilliant world which she was once afraid to enter.

But what has it profited Joan to gain that world and yet lose the radiant happiness that used to shine around her? And what will she do now? She is young, with the best part of her life and of her career before her. But even her stanchest fans will grow tired of seeing a new Crawford every time the wind shifts.

My mind turns to something that Paul Leni, the German director, said about Pola Negri just before she left Hollywood. "Pola used to do only the things she felt. Now she does only the things she knows. She knows emotions too well. She needs to feel them again."

If only some one would say that to Joan Crawford! If only she would halt in the midst of her frenzied rush, stop thinking, and begin to feel again!

That would be, for her, the beginning of a life that is really new, yet one that she has known before.

Tireless Trouper

Continued from page 39

mained there for three years. Then came two years in London music halls. Back to Broadway for the ingénue rôle in "The Orchid," and three seasons in "The Passing Show," followed by many years of starring in musical comedies and headlining in vaudeville with her first husband, the late Burton Green.

In what she laughingly calls her spare time, Irene became the mother of two daughters. She raised four other children, including her orphaned sister, Melbourne. She wrote all her own songs, most important of which was "Redhead." That was so profitable, Irene was able to buy a yacht. She also wrote a musical comedy, "Mollie," and she still turns out an occasional short story. She is proud of her one book, "Funny Songs for Children."

The other career? Radio. "I've been everything from a soap chip to a mayonnaise queen!" says Irene with that famous grin.

Irene Franklin is an interviewer's delight. She is never at a loss for a smart crack or an aptly turned phrase. We asked her how she liked being short. She's a very scant five feet.

"You *would* bring that up," she

murmured reproachfully. "Do you know that I fully expect to die in an elevator? What with shoulders to the left of me, shoulders to the right of me, there's no air for me to breathe.

"And I never bother getting dressed up any more. I went to a première once, togged out to kill, and nobody even saw me. Even a sports dress develops a train on me."

Several years after the death of her first husband, Irene was married to Jerry Jarnagin, also a song writer. He died a year ago. Twice widowed, Irene isn't at all discouraged.

"I'm partial to musicians as husbands," she grins gayly. "Don't tell any one, but I'm on the lookout for a third. Irving Berlin? No, he's too moody. But Heaven help a symphony orchestra if I ever meet them all in one room!"

Ask Miss Franklin what her beauty secrets are and she'll inform you that being pretty is her bugaboo. "When I get too good-looking," she gravely declares, "directors think I want to play ingénues and they won't give me a break. But if I sag a bit in places, they think I'm swell for characters."

A few odd facts about Irene. She adores white pajamas, picknicking in the woods with her hair in paper curlers, animals with a sense of humor, writers, drunken newspapermen, French underwear, and costly perfumes. She reads everything from *The Beekeepers' Journal* to *The Police Gazette*. She likes clever conversationalists. Her favorite resort is Bavaria.

No story about Irene is complete without one of her anecdotes. We like the one about her first train trip to California when she was four years old. Because her mother was ill, a Mrs. Baker acted as chaperon, and told Irene to take in all the scenery she could, so that she could describe everything to her mother later. Irene sat with her little nose pressed against the window for days and days, and finally burst into tears. "I haven't seen a bit of scenery," she sobbed.

For scenery, to the child actress, meant back drops, asbestos curtains, flats, and the like.

Spice of the Show

Continued from page 38

softly: "Poor Jean! It was terrible, terrible. It did things to me—that accident. Oh, sure, I laugh, I joke, I wisecrack. What else can I do but go on? But I feel that it took something out of me that's gone forever."

Her face held that stricken look. I never suspected that Patsy could really look that way. It showed the undercurrent of pathos that is part of the make-up of every good clown.

When I commented on it she said: "I'm really a very serious person, though no one ever took me to be that way. Because of my face, I was always laughed at, even as a child. It's funny, isn't it, that I, of all people, should have become a comédienne! You know, we comédiennes are really very unfortunate. Nothing sad is ever expected to happen to us. If it does, then it's funny, not sad. We're just the laughingstock of society. Our job is to make people guffaw their heads off. Even if we have to break our necks or our hearts to do it."

Poor Patsy, who in the movies is forever destined to marry the lowly street cleaner, or the truck driver, while the good-looking heroine marches off with the millionaire!

"Did I ever tell you"—she changed the subject suddenly—"that I have a sister in Ireland whom I've never seen? I think that's the most interesting thing that can happen to anybody. She never goes to see my pictures—some one must have tipped her off—and she's never written to me. Isn't that a howl? Can you beat it?" The fin worked fast and furiously now. She slapped it hard against the table in her enthusiasm, and almost sent the vase of flowers flying.

"And what are your plans now?" I asked.

"I'm going into a new picture by Mark Hellinger. It's about Broadway, and it's going to be great, despite the fact that I'm in it. But it'll be right up my alley. Say, what I don't know about Broadway is nobody's business."

Interviewing Patsy Kelly is about the most pleasant and entertaining task an editor can assign. You get a whole show, and you take away with you impressions of about the swellest person as well as the swellest comédienne that ever was. In the language of her forefathers, I say, "Drink hael to Patsy Kelly!"

Dolores del Rio shows something new in bathing togs, informal in the extreme, which she wears in "Coliente," her new starring film, with Pat O'Brien and Leo Corrillo.

Continued from page 41

depend upon their personalities. I choose to submerge my personality. I try to be distinctive in each new part, whether it's young blade or old fool, comedian or maniac."

He talked intelligently and rapidly, once he got started. When the thought of being quoted struck him, he would jest again.

Wendy Barrie has the determination of a true Briton and the impulsiveness of a child of nature. Unknown except for "The Private Life of Henry VIII," she skipped into Hollywood and got the lead opposite Spencer Tracy in "It's a Small World."

"You see I'm a foul fellow to interview," he said. "Perhaps I should be temperamental, imperious, regal. Eh?" He leered, pleased with the thought. He popped up to a sitting position, one leg tucked under him.

"Or I could be a madcap lad, quite bright and decadent, Mayfair, my dear fellow, Mayfair. Or I could play the intellectual. I am quite, you know." He sagged back into the pillows. "But I shan't. I shall lie here very quietly."

He is proud of his triumph in "The Private Life of Henry VIII" because he made it against the advice of his friends, advisers, and managers. He and Alexander Korda met one day in a London bar, and as one drink followed another they began commiserating themselves upon the fate they had met in Hollywood. Korda had fallen down with "The Private Life of Helen of Troy" and Laughton had been held to maniacal impersonations, which drove him to such desperation that he clowned the last one in "White Woman" as a protest against continually doing lunatics.

They decided that they should do a picture together. Laughton always wanted to play *Henry VIII*, the idea appealed to Korda, and they had no trouble in interesting American capital. Everything went well, until the backers learned that it was to be an historical picture, a *costume* picture. That would never do. Costume pictures never made money. The American money was withdrawn.

"So we raked together what funds we could," Laughton explained. "I pitched in on the dialogue, and Korda supervised some scene builders. Everything was shoestring, as you call it, but there was a tremendously fine spirit in our troupe. Every one was enthusiastic about the picture. And of course when we released it on a percentage basis, everything turned out nicely."

He likes the screen better than the stage, and he prefers comedy to heavier drama.

"You know, comedy may be just as magnificent and artistic and fine as the more spectacular tragedy. I have no hesitation in saying that Jean Harlow's 'Bombshell' picture was better than 'Cavalcade.' 'Ruggles of Red Gap' is a better book than 'Anthony Adverse.' Weight and solemnity don't make a thing great. But it's hard to teach people such heresy."

He sighed gustily, and ran his fingers through his hair. He lighted a cigarette and blew a tentative smoke ring. I said nothing, letting him talk as he pleased, when he chose.

"I dare say you have a great deal of pleasure inspecting actors and actresses and pinning them with your pen, like so many shabby butterflies. You should never see an actor after luncheon. He is more stupid than usual, a trifle bilious in all likelihood, and not up to the task at hand."

He confessed to an admiration for Norma Shearer because she had made him cry in an emotional scene. He was less complimentary about Garbo's "Queen Christina." "It made me cushion-conscious," said the British star. "Too deliberate, too stagy."

His wife, Elsa Lanchester, is in Hollywood with him, enjoying the bounty of the films. However, Laughton is not blinded by the lavish hand with which the cinema does homage.

"When I ride into the studio grounds in the morning and people say 'Morning Mr. Laughton' and 'Hi, there, Charlie,' they don't fool me for a minute. I know too well what the blackguards would say the moment I started to slip."

Many actors love the theater and place art above reward, but few demonstrate their idealistic affection as Laughton did, by leaving the gold fields of Hollywood at his zenith, to return to the Old Vic in London for a season of Shakespearean repertory. He intends to do an occasional stage play when the spirit moves. At present he is emphatically celluloid-minded.

"I was saying to Irving Thalberg only last night that we should be pleased as Punch. Here we are with the world's most expensive plaything in our hands, a veritable Aladdin's lamp—and we are being *paid* to play with it!" His eyes sparkled. "I tell you, it's tremendous. The scope of pictures is limitless. The thought of what we might be able to do, in time, overwhelms me."

If you could hear how fervently Charles Laughton expressed these sentiments you would feel that the future of pictures is safe while it is in such hands.

Erik Rhodes, whose dialect made a hit in "The Gay Divorcee," is a young man of fashion besides being a grand comedian. He's admired, too, by Fred Astaire who will have him in "Top Hat."

Continued from page 47

They will be interesting to read again after my soon retirement."

"Soon retirement" indeed!

"A beautiful Chinese card came with it," he added, handing the letter to his agent to read aloud. The writer praised his work with scholarly enthusiasm, offered a suggestion or two concerning rôles for him, and admitted having seen "The Bitter Tea of General Yen" no less than twelve times. She would never, she told him, forget the scene in "Lovetime," in which he directed the orchestra.

"Neither will I," interrupted Nils. "It took us twelve hours to make it!"

From a strictly critical viewpoint, "Lovetime" fell somewhat short of perfection, yet Asther fans everywhere were enchanted by its sentimental charm. In that picture Asther first revealed his smooth, rich singing voice which no less an authority than Lily Pons insists should be trained for opera.

"Perhaps I shall study for operatic work—if it isn't too late," said he.

Although the remark might lead one to believe that his dotage is just around the corner, he actually is in the vigor of his early thirties. Clean shaven, he appears less than his age.

"Your fans," announced the agent, "are divided in opinion as to whether or not you should wear a mustache."

"In my English picture, 'Abdul the Damned,'" said Nils, "I wear a beard."

"What! Throughout the picture?" I screeched.

"Yes, a short beard—to here," he explained, contentedly, measuring a few inches below his chin.

A beard, forsooth! The most romantic-appearing of actors, Nils has a perfect mania for assuming unromantic disguises. I presently discovered that it was at his insistence that he wore glasses in "The Right to Romance." Again, when he was cast as *Franz Schubert* he promptly had a pair of steel-rimmed spectacles made to aid his impersonation of the great composer. The director took one horrified look at this evidence of histrionic integrity and told the aggrieved actor to take them out and bury them.

Nils refuses to sign a long-term contract, fearing that unsuitable rôles will be allotted him. Free-lancing also is fraught with dangers, since a rôle which appeals to him in print may be mangled in production. "The Love Captive" pained him far more than it did his fans, who resented the general shoddiness of the production, particularly the inexcusably bad photography which marred the eloquent sculpturing of his features.

"Originally," said Nils, "the story was excellent, but the finished product was dreadful."

I noticed a marked improvement in his English since I last talked with him. To-day he speaks fluently, with only an occasional lapse into quaint syntax. Although warmly cordial and responsive to all impersonal questions, he becomes instantly fugitive and remote at any approach in the direction of his private affairs. Interviewers are not likely ever to find him in a state of emotional dishabille. For that reason I said nothing of his small daughter, though I know her to be the prime interest in his life.

Naturally tactful and courteous, Nils artlessly ingratiates himself with women by spontaneous gallantries. Once we had lunched together and were about to leave when I began burrowing after my lipstick.

"Wait until I put on my false face," I said.

Nils promptly responded with an agreeable answer: "You don't need it!"

A many-faceted character, he finds pleasure in both solitude and society. A trail of good will follows his contacts with the public. Hear him being pronounced "A swell guy!" by two tow-headed youngsters who had flagged him in the street, scrambled into his car, and breathed down his collar while he signed their autograph books.

Visualize him calmly leading his pet leopard up to the home of a lady to whom he presented the animal—an interesting if somewhat alarming gift.

See him playing with his great Dane, or enjoying long rides at daybreak on his favorite horse.

Had he taken his dog with him to Europe?

"No, he is too big," said Nils. "He stands about so"—measuring with his hand. "I'd as soon have taken the horse."

He admits to a genuine liking for nearly everything English. On his recent visit he was admitted to the best clubs, invited to the most interesting places, and made much of by the people in general.

"I wanted to bring my mother back with me from Sweden, but travel is difficult in the winter. Later I expect to have her come and live with me."

I remarked that, at the insistence of a friend, I was about to visit a seeress. Nils almost went so far as to scoff. Metaphysics do not attract him, and he is plainly skeptical of astrology, palmistry, numerology, and kindred methods of penetrating the unknown. A horoscope which some one had charted for him had never been read. In this he is exceptional, since actors usually are susceptible to the point of gullibility in such matters.

I am told that he is not a good business man, being too lavish and impulsive in his dealings. However, he has driven the same car for several years, and having practiced that economy he feels that a ranch in Mexico, stocked with blooded animals, will not constitute an extravagance. After his "soon retirement" he expects to live there with his mother, his Chinese chest full of letters, and his memories of a colorful and dramatic career in the liveliest of lively arts.

I left him trying to decide which of his professional offers he should accept, and set out to have my future predicted. Possibly, I cheerfully reflected, the lady would find that another meeting with Nils was in the offing.

The seeress gazed into her crystal, in its bed of black velvet, eyed me suspiciously through her horn-rimmed glasses, told me to stop wiggling my thumbs, and presently announced that she saw me talking with Louella Parsons at a reception.

Well, that was all very nice, but I can't honestly say that I consider Louella a perfect substitute for Nils.

LAMENT.

Oh, give us the star
  On the stage or the screen,
Whose face in an ad
  Has never been seen;
Whose love for his art,
  And its honor alone,
Such bidding for fame,
  Would never condone.

When our favorite stars,
  Whether blonde or brunette,
Will boost, in an ad,
  For some cigarette,
Or bid us to swallow,
  When they feed us the dope,
That they never use any
  But "Boop-a-Doop" soap.

It leads us to wonder,
  And to worry some, too,
For perhaps they are slipping,
  And afraid they are through;
So we're sad and downhearted,
  And to solve it we try,
But the query still lingers,
  And the answer is, "Why?"

EWING McCROSKEY.

Continued from page 35

think that she will be a success now. The odd thing is that singing will probably be most responsible for her career in pictures, and she herself is determined that she shall not be referred to as an opera star. She wants to be known as an actress. But Paramount is laying all kinds of stress on the fact that she is a warbler. Miss Ellis still rages when too much is made of her operatic career.

Day Saved for Bette.—Bette Davis became a real heroine in Hollywood because she wasn't nominated for the Academy awards, when Norma Shearer, Grace Moore, and Claudette Colbert were chosen. Everybody felt that she deserved consideration for her performance in "Of Human Bondage," with Leslie Howard. Yet her name was left off the lists.

So much contention was aroused by the whole thing that the Academy had to change its rules, and permit the voters to write in other names on the ballots besides the nominees.

Bette has exhibited great courage in undertaking unpleasant portrayals, as she did in "Of Human Bondage" and "Bordertown." The Academy selections for the year suffered more criticism than during any previous period.

Montgomery Mischief.—Chester Morris and Robert Montgomery are the best of pals, but it's something terrible when your pal comes over to your house and messes up your workshop. You see, Chester indulges in cabinet-making during his spare time, and he has lathes, electrically operated saws, and other equipment in his garage. Bob visited him one afternoon and immediately proceeded to construct a candlestick with the apparatus. The net result was that he broke up the lathe and the saws, and left the place in a general state of disorder. And to top it all, he couldn't put the candlestick together. But the friendship still goes on.

Lederer-Hepburn War.—Clash of temperaments was really responsible for Francis Lederer's leaving the cast of "Break of Hearts" according to the best information from inside sources. The studio, of course, denied that there was any trouble between Lederer and Katharine Hepburn; but that's where the difficulty really existed. Their notions of acting were supposed to be widely at variance. Probably it's because both have very individual ideas. Lederer's success has grown out of the fact that he plays on the stage with great freedom, often ad-libbing new speeches into his portrayals. It's a well-known fact that Katharine isn't tied down by any routine rules, either. Just a case of fire meeting fire!

Charles Boyer will be seen with the star in the picture instead of Lederer, who probably will play in "The Three Musketeers" instead.

Who would think that Dixie Lee had left three husky sons at home to play with their toys while she plays a picture again? Here's Mrs. Bing Crosby looking like a million and more in her first scene with that "blushing lark," Joe Morrison. Their collaboration will be called "Love in Bloom."

Eddie's Hobby Perplexing.—The question now appears to be whether Edward G. Robinson's home shall remain his home, or become a public art gallery. Eddie started something when he began to buy celebrated paintings. He's accumulating the art of Renoir, Degas, Goya and others at a great rate, and has a valuable masterpiece in practically every room, and a veritable *palais d'art* in his living room.

The consequence of it all is that celebrities visiting town make every effort to visit the Robinson manse, and many of them, because of their prominence, naturally gain entry. It's becoming more than a simple social problem to handle the situation, and Eddie probably will have to build a separate art gallery, and schedule visiting hours and everything.

The painting that attracted the most attention among those he acquired recently was "Daughters of the Revolution" by Grant Wood, which won fame when exhibited in New York and Chicago.

Marquis Beaus Joan.—We nearly fell off our tricycles when we saw the Marquis de la Falaise going about with Joan Marsh. That should go quite a way to offset the Connie Bennett-Gilbert Roland twosome. It seems that Joan is now developing a radio talent. She sings a regular program.

Rolo Romantic Hero.—The new beau of Hollywood is Felixe Rolo. It must be so when a chap is seen successively with Marlene Dietrich and Greta Garbo, with Lily Damita added. Too, he and Peggy Fears dance and dine together. Asked about his attentions to these various ladies, and particularly Dietrich and

Garbo, Rolo averred with the maximum of diplomacy that they were his friends, and that he would "regard them fondly as long as they tolerated him." Such modesty, combined with politeness, is a revelation even in Hollywood. Rolo was thought to be an Egyptian prince for a time, but exploded that bubble in a public statement.

That Devastating Proboscis.—Jimmy Durante says it's too mortifyin'. He bet on a horse during the races at Santa Anita that lost by a nose.

Long Wait Rewarded.—Nelson Eddy probably has more cause to be jubilant than anybody, now that "Naughty Marietta" is rated a success, with many of the anemones and gardenias going to himself for his fine singing. It is to be remembered that Eddy waited for two heartbreaking years for this chance. Somebody said, "Well, he was paid, wasn't he?" But that wasn't the way Nelson figured it. He loathed the idleness and obscurity of small rôles, when he was bent on a big career, and seemed to be doing very well whenever he appeared in opera or on the concert stage.

One of the worst things that happens to people in Hollywood is being paid to do nothing. If they haven't got a pretty stout constitution, it can be plenty demoralizing.

Koshetz's Daughter's Luck.—No two people are happier over the first glimmers of success than Nina Koshetz and her daughter, Marina Schubert. Marina has attracted attention in "Car 99" and "All the King's Horses." Paramount regards her as a find. Madame Koshetz, a noted songstress, has been in Hollywood for several years, and from time to time, as in Elissa Landi's "Enter Madame," is the offscreen singing voice. Marina has sung under her mother's tutelage, and recently obtained a chance in the studios, following an unhappy marriage. It looks as if she would be a big hit before long. She has lots of personality.

Little Freddie's Future.—If you're interested in the future of that wonder boy, Eddie Bartholomew, he'll be seen as Greta Garbo's son in "Anna Karenina." He went into the picture following his personal appearances in New York, when "David Copperfield" was shown. Sometime later he'll probably play in "Kim" by Kipling.

Running True to Form.—Charlie Chaplin, after swearing and assevcrating that he would keep a perfect schedule on his new picture, has thrown it all to the winds. He is being just as Chaplinesque as he ever was, and probably will be working right through the summer on the production. He took a long rest in the middle of the film, waiting for new inspiration. Everybody is having a great debate as to how well the film will be liked, since it is silent. But nobody seems to question that Charlie has his biggest and brightest find in Paulette Goddard.

Laughton's Impishness.—Charles Laughton is *that careful* about his screen performances that he keeps a recording apparatus in his dressing room to test his voice. He sometimes reads an entire part into this phonographic affair. Also he amuses himself by secreting the microphone near those who happen to drop into his room to telephone, and has lots of fun playing back their one-sided conversations to them afterward.

What's in a name? Plenty! Walter Woolf changed his to Walter King and almost stole "One More Spring" from Janet Gaynor and Warner Baxter.

The Laughtons—that is Charlie and Elsa Lanchester—have become highly social of late in Hollywood.

The Hutchinson Romance.—Josephine Hutchinson 'fessed up to having fallen in love with Jimmy Townsend right when she arrived in Hollywood. As her agent, he met her when she came in on the train, and it was a romance at first sight. They're married now. Once before Miss Hutchinson was harnessed—that time to Robert Bell, a New York stockbroker. Josephine has fully cast her lot with the films. She used to be with the Civic Repertory Theater, headed by Eva Le Gallienne.

Lilian's Uncertainty.—If Lilian Harvey doesn't come back to America as Mrs. Willy Fritsch—in addition to being Lilian Harvey—there'll be a lot of disappointed gossips. Nevertheless, our very private word from Lilian just before she left was that she couldn't be sure until she arrived abroad. How could a girl be, anyway, after not seeing a man for two full years? However, it's admitted between the two that absence has made the heartbeats a lot fonder. Lilian's mother will return to America with her.

Mae's Ideal Indian.—Tito Coral is a name you want to get acquainted with. He's a Venezuelan. And you'll see him in Mae West's "Now I'm a Lady." And, judging by that title, Mae's hearkening to the censors! Well, anyway, Coral is the actor who plays the Indian in her film, and he looks more like a real Indian than a real one does. Even Mae said so, and she had terribly definite ideas about how Indian an Indian should be.

Lodge Risks No Rumors.—John Davis Lodge is going to show them how he can act right in his old home town of Boston. In fact, if our dates be right, he's done that already. He had to leave his wife, Francesca Braggiotti, on the Coast when he went East, because she was directing a ballet at one of the theaters. And John didn't take any chances. He sent out a story before he left that there was no separation. Taking time by the forelock, that is.

Barthelmess Returning.—After nearly a year out of pictures, Dick Barthelmess is coming back in "Night Drama," in which he will play the strong character rôle of *Tony Mako,* done by Joseph Spurin-Calleia on the stage. Also whenever "The Good Earth" is made, Barthelmess will probably play in that. That's the old "Broken Blossoms" influence at work.

East Indian Courtesy.—Something startling in the way of favors was recently provided at a Trocadero dinner when Jamshyd Pettit, of Bombay, a great East Indian financier, tendered each of the ladies present a beautiful gold vanity. Hollywood men ordinarily do not display this art of doing the finer things.

Maureen O'Sullivan, Betty Furness, Jean Parker and one or two others were among those who enjoyed the nabob's hospitality, and his generosity.

Incidentally, Maureen is wearing these days a bracelet of signal flags that spell the word "dearest," if you know their symbolism. Naturally, Johnny Farrow placed it on her wrist.

Information, Please

Continued from page 8

E. M.—What I have written to *Alma P.* is all the available information I have on Anita Page. With you, I hope she isn't entirely overlooked by producers.

Amelia Pietro.—Shirley Temple has blue eyes. Frankie Darro was born in Chicago, Illinois, December 22, 1918; brown hair and eyes. Real name is Frank Johnson. Joan Marsh in Porterville, California, July 10, 1914; five feet two, blond hair, blue eyes. Her right name is Rosher. John Miljan celebrates his birthday on November 9th.

Kay Gamble.—Since "King Kong," Bruce Cabot has played in "Disgraced," "Flying Devils," "Ann Vickers," "Midshipman Jack," "Shadows of Sing Sing," "Finishing School," "Murder on the Blackboard," "Their Big Moment," "Night Alarm," "Men of the Night."

Helen Sabonya.—No doubt the Paramount studio will be able to supply a photograph of the two dancers in "College Rhythm," if you will inclose twenty-five cents with your request. We have not the facilities here for mailing photographs.

Bess.—"Life Begins at Forty" will be Will Rogers's next. Spencer Tracy has the lead in "Dante's Inferno." Jean Muir is a native New Yorker, born there February 13, 1911; five feet seven, weighs 122, blond hair, green-gray eyes. Brooklyn, New York, is Barbara Stanwyck's birthplace, the date July 16, 1907; five feet five, weighs 120, red hair, blue eyes.

T. D.—Rochelle Hudson's next is "Life Begins at Forty." She was born in Claremore, Oklahoma, March 6, 1915; five feet three, weighs 105, brown hair, gray eyes. Not married.

Eva Perry.—Kay Francis is making "The Goose and the Gander," with George Brent, Genevieve Tobin, John Eldredge, and Claire Dodd. The next time you see Bette Davis it will be opposite Edward G. Robinson in "Money Man."

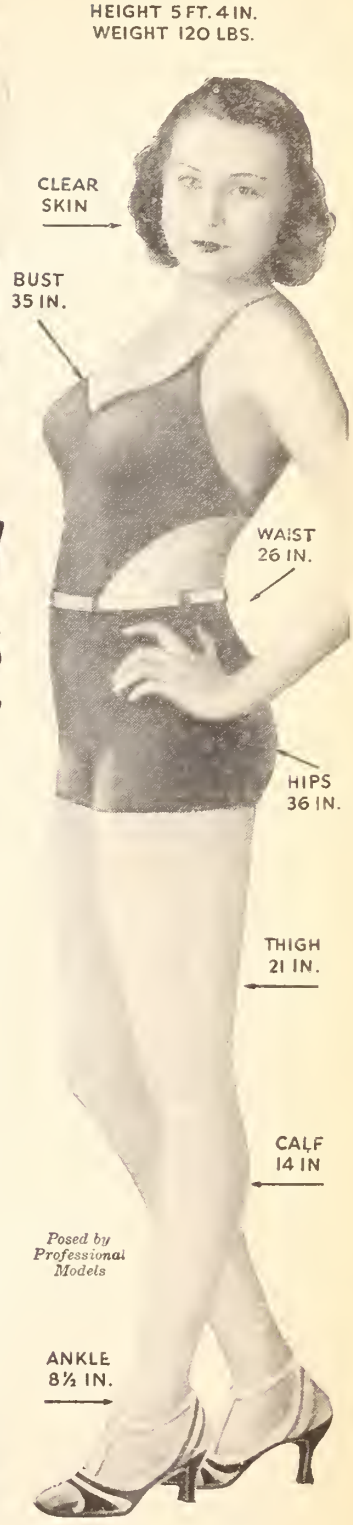
J. K. F.—Maureen O'Sullivan will be the female lead in "West Point of the Air," which includes Robert Young, Wallace Beery, James Gleason, Russell Hardie, Robert Taylor, Robert Livingston, Rosalind Russell, Henry Wadsworth, Mickey Rooney.

Tim.—Marion Davies is now with Warners who have purchased the stage success, "Page Miss Glory," as her first vehicle. Buck Jones is making "Riders of the Crimson Trail" for Universal.

Sonny.—Janet Gaynor with Warner Baxter in "One More Spring." Helen Hayes with Robert Montgomery in "Vanessa, Her Love Story." Dolores del Rio is starred in "Caliente."

Effie.—"The Volga Boatman" was released in 1926. Bill Boyd, star of the film, is playing in "Federal Agent." Address him at Talisman Studio, 4516 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood.

Judge.—Roland Young divides his time between stage and screen. Look for him in "David Copperfield" and "Here Is My Heart." If you liked Joe Morrison in "The Old-fashioned Way," you'll have a chance to see him again in "One Hour Late." Another favorite of yours, Conrad Nagel, also is in the cast.



Skinny? New easy way adds pounds

—so fast you're amazed!

Astonishing gains with new double tonic. Richest imported brewers' ale yeast now concentrated 7 times and combined with iron. Gives 5 to 15 lbs. in a few weeks.

NOW there's no need to have people calling you "skinny", and losing all your chances of making and keeping friends. Here's a new easy treatment that is giving thousands solid flesh and attractive curves—*in just a few weeks.*

As you know, doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health. But now with this new discovery you can get far greater tonic results than with ordinary yeast—regain health, and in addition put on pounds of healthy flesh—*and in a far shorter time.*

Not only are thousands quickly gaining beauty-bringing pounds, but also clear, radiant skin, freedom from constipation and indigestion, new pep.

Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from specially cultured *brewers' ale yeast* imported from Europe—the richest and most potent yeast known—which by a new process is concentrated 7 times—*made 7 times more powerful.*

But that is not all! This super-rich yeast is then scientifically *ironized* with 3 special kinds of iron which strengthen the blood, add abounding pep.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, watch flat chest develop, skinny limbs round out attractively. Constipation and indigestion disappear, skin clears to new beauty—you're a new person.

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

Results guaranteed

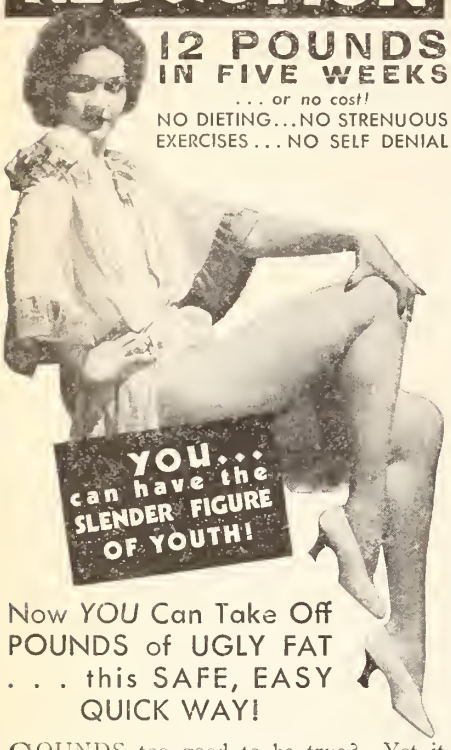
No matter how skinny and weak you may be, or how long you have been that way, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. It is sold under an absolute money-back guarantee. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money instantly and gladly refunded.

Only be sure you get *genuine* Ironized Yeast, not some imitation that cannot give the same results. Insist on the *genuine* with "IY" stamped on each tablet.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health *right away,* we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you free of charge a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by a well-known authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—*or your money refunded.* Sold by all good druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 73, Atlanta, Ga.

GUARANTEED WEIGHT REDUCTION



12 POUNDS IN FIVE WEEKS

. . . or no cost!

NO DIETING...NO STRENUOUS EXERCISES . . . NO SELF DENIAL

Now *YOU* Can Take Off POUNDS of UGLY FAT . . . this SAFE, EASY QUICK WAY!

SOUNDS too good to be true? Yet it *is* true. Redusols increase your metabolism; which after all is nothing more than turning surplus fat into energy. You will be amazed at your increased vitality.

YOU MAY EAT WHAT YOU WISH AND AS MUCH AS YOU WANT

■ There is no need to change your present mode of living, yet objectionable, surplus fat—especially around hips and waist—will quickly disappear.

THE REDUSOL WAY IS THE SAFE WAY!

■ Beware of products claiming more rapid reduction—physicians agree that 15 pounds a month is the limit of safety. And, do not accept any substitute for SAFE Redusols—the harmless capsules which reduce fat by perfecting metabolism. Redusols contain no thyroid extract or other harmful ingredient. They are absolutely safe when taken as directed.

READ HOW A SECRETARY OF STATE REDUCED 18 POUNDS IN 5 WEEKS!

THE DILEX INSTITUTE
9 East 40th Street, New York City
Dear Sirs:
I am very glad to tell you that Redusols have reduced my weight 18 pounds in the past 5 weeks. Before taking Redusols I weighed 205 pounds. I now have a fine appetite, eat 3 good meals a day, feel energetic and ambitious, and yet have reduced my weight to 187 pounds. This has been done without diet or tiring exercises . . . simply by taking Redusols.
You may use this letter in any manner you wish.
Very truly yours,
(Signed) JOHN J. LYONS

THIS TESTIMONIAL FROM THE HONORABLE JOHN J. LYONS

—former Secretary of New York State, reflects the average experience of hundreds of users who daily send us unsolicited testimonials. Many letters on file show reductions of from 30 to 40 pounds! Why not rid yourself of burdensome FAT Remember, you REDUCE or it costs you nothing!

DON'T WAIT...MAIL COUPON NOW

DILEX INSTITUTE, INC.
9 East 40th St., Dept. 233, New York City
Enclosed find $3.00, please forward, postpaid, one box of 90 Redusols Capsules in plain wrapper.
Send Redusols Capsules, C. O. D. I will pay postman $3.90 (plus 23 cents postage).
If I do not lose at least 12 pounds after taking the first box of Redusols as directed, you will refund my $3.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....
Orders from Canada & Foreign Countries Cash in Advance

Calm Senorita

Continued from page 46

ful, is, I think, a wonderful goal to strive for. I think it's not conceit to strive to be a personality. Of all the things I learned while making 'Crime Without Passion,' one thing stands out above the rest, something Ben Hecht said to me. 'Margo, you're too modest and that's bad.'

"I was so surprised I couldn't answer for a minute. Modesty is a characteristic of any well-bred young person, I thought. 'It's hypocrisy,' he insisted.

"But why?" I asked.

" 'Because you are holding something back,' he said. 'You know you have something the other person hasn't got and you indulge in a little private smirking.'

"Well, I tell you that was a thunderbolt, but I could see his point. And the people who have done the great things in this world have certainly not been held back by modesty. They have taken things into their own hands and often ridden roughshod over every one. They had to to save the situation, because they saw further ahead than the rest."

When Margo was twelve or thirteen her mother returned to Mexico. Margo did not accompany her as she had decided to become a dancer and would have no chance in her own country. Women of family did not go on the stage in Mexico and Margo did not want to humiliate her people. Her mother was shocked, but something of this new age stirred in her mind and, while she would not help her daughter, she would not hinder her. She left Margo with her grandmother, saying that they could fight it out between them and when Margo had seen her mistake, to remember that her home in Mexico was waiting for her.

"Wasn't it sweet? That was as much as she could do, but it was a great deal. I hated to see her go in sadness, but I had to."

Margo and her grandmother had the same idea about the career. It was this brilliant little Mexican woman who saw that the child had proper instruction, in Los Angeles, in New York, and in Spain. She gave Margo the advantage of travel, of meeting worldly people, broadening her outlook so that she would not feel a child of Mexico alone, but a child of the world.

Pictures fascinate Margo, but she never wants to think of herself as a picture star. That, she thinks, is the deadliest poison that Hollywood can give.

"To take everything for granted! To begin to think that you are a being set apart. You are not!" She pounded a small fist against the arm of her chair. "Once you begin to think of yourself as a movie star and not a human person who is on the screen to serve art and humanity, you are lost. You begin to think of what you are getting and not what you are giving and you give a mechanical performance."

Pictures came by accident to Margo. She was dancing at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York when Hecht and MacArthur saw her and picked her as the type for their first picture. A Paramount contract followed. But it hasn't turned her level little head. She remembers a time not so many months ago when she was dancing in Los Angeles and screen tests were made of her. The comment from each was that she would not do because she was not pretty.

"What!" I exclaimed. Margo looked at me intently, suspecting polite insincerity.

"I am not pretty," she said flatly. "That's why I have to learn a great deal and work very hard to give more than a beautiful girl ever is required to give. I really think that

Josephine Hutchinson sees happiness ahead in her recent marriage to Jimmie Townsend, her manager, who approves of her rôle in "Oil for the Lamps of China."

plain girls are more fortunate than pretty ones because they will try very hard to build up something within themselves, something that will make them attractive in spite of their plain features."

With this speech I looked her over more carefully. She is magnetic, alive, intelligent, and each time I see her I find a new development in personality. I had not thought whether she was actually beautiful or not. She is real and she creates the illusion of beauty and is quite unconscious of what she has achieved. People will always think of Margo as beautiful.

Why I'm Afraid to Talk

Continued from page 33

to be a conceited ass. People begin writing in and demanding, 'Who do you think you are?'

"There are other things writers have a habit of doing. One is, asking why you did a certain thing. You tell them. They reply that they can't understand it. In an effort to help them appreciate your frame of mind, you tell them a lot of other things that, for various reasons, you don't want printed. They assure you they wouldn't dream of it—they understand, perfectly, that this is all in confidence. I am assured it is not for publication. The story comes out, and the confidential part is what they've seized upon. The original issue has been completely ignored.

"Another annoying habit writers have, is doing most of the talking. That's all right as long as the things they are discussing do not pertain to the interview. But, suppose a writer comes to you and asks if, in shooting marbles, you prefer agates or stonies, you say you prefer stonies. But the writer has a swell yarn all figured out in his mind based on your preference for agates.

"You start telling why you like stonies. It doesn't fit in with what he wants to write. 'Yes,' he interrupts, 'but don't you think so and so?' You don't want to antagonize the interviewer, so you nod or give a grunt, and the writer raves on. When he stops, you try to get back to the question of stonies. You're interrupted again. 'But don't you think this and that?' You make another effort to set forth your views. Presently the story appears, and everything the writer thought about agates has been put in your mouth!

"You grunted, didn't you, when he asked you? It doesn't at all represent what you think, but there it is, and what are you going to do about the matter?

"Those aren't the only things that turn us against interviews. All actors are popularly supposed to live on a magnificent scale. Cars galore, swimming pools, tennis courts, dozens of servants—all that sort of thing. We don't. Everything is relative, but writers can't or won't realize it.

"When I was a kid, long before I ever dreamed of becoming an actor, I had a saddle horse. As far back as I can remember, I've wanted my own saddle—a pretty fancy one, made to order. I know that if I had kept on as I started when I first came here, selling printed photographs, and, later, cartooning, if I had ever worked myself up to the point where I was making $100 or $150 a week, I'd have ordered that saddle. I might have had to pay for it in installments, but I'd have had it. I happened to get into pictures, where I made enough to pay for it all at one time.

"No one bothers to understand that I was merely gratifying a yearning that had existed for years. I was simply splurging, putting on swank.

"The same thing is true of cars. I had a Ford when I first came here—a pretty dilapidated one that I had tinkered with myself. If I had stuck to my original jobs, I would eventually have traded it in for a more expensive make. I've always had a yen for high-powered cars, and I'd have acquired one somehow sometime. To-day, writers constantly exclaim because I have one.

"This is also true of clothes. I like loafing around in old clothes. The studio tells me I am expected to make a good appearance in public. So I order my clothes from a good tailor. But when I came back from Europe with a new wardrobe it was all laid to my social ambitions—of all things!

"These are not isolated instances in my own case. Whenever actors get together they're pretty apt to talk about magazines, writers, and interviews. I've heard dozens of them express the same feelings as mine. We all try to be gracious about interviews because we all realize their value. But there are things about which we don't care to talk for publication. But let a writer find out there is something you've put a taboo on and immediately that becomes the sole topic for an interview. I like milk in my coffee. If I said so in an interview some wise guy would say, 'Milk, huh? I'll bet Gary Cooper thinks that's modesty.'

"You have two choices. You can go ahead and give stories, see yourself made ridiculous in the eyes of the public, and listen to the ravings of fans against you, when you know in your heart if the writer had kept faith and not mentioned the subject, the whole discussion would have been avoided. Or you can refuse entirely to give interviews.

"I've more or less, in self-defense, had to resort to the latter. But I feel, as I said before, some explanation is due, not only regarding my own change of attitude, but also that of numerous other players in the same boat.

"It isn't that we've gone high-hat. It's only that we have learned from bitter experience to be careful. What do *you* think?"

TEST...*the* PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE
. . . at our expense!

WE want YOU to test the Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere *at our expense!* Test them for yourself for ten days absolutely FREE! We are so sure that you can be your slimmer self without diets, drugs or exercises, that we make this unconditional offer . . .

REDUCE Your Waist and Hips 3 INCHES in 10 DAYS

. . . or no cost

Massage-Like Action Reduces Quickly

Worn next to the body with perfect safety, the tiny perforations permit the skin to breathe as the gentle massage-like action removes flabby, disfiguring fat with every movement . . . stimulating the body once more into energetic health!

Don't Wait Any Longer — Act Today

You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely in 10 days whether or not this very efficient girdle and brassiere will reduce your waist and hips THREE INCHES! You do not need to risk one penny . . . try them for 10 days . . . at no cost!

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.
Dept. 664, 41 EAST 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ *State* _____

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Post Card

Continued from page 27

ROBERT. "As far as I remember, when I was about four. Maybe before that. But of course I went to school instead, like any other normal boy, and when I was still in my teens I joined Sir Frank Benson's Company. He was a wonderful man to work with."

ME. "What is your next picture?"

ROBERT. "John Buchan's 'Thirty-nine Steps' at Gaumont-British studios. Madeleine Carroll plays opposite me."

ME. "When are you returning to Hollywood?"

ROBERT. "In March. I'm going to Warners for six months."

ME. "Are you taking your wife?"

ROBERT. "Yes, and we want to go via the Panama Canal."

ME. "Where are you going to live in Hollywood?"

ROBERT. "I'm not quite sure. Last time I was there I had an apartment in Nazimova's 'Garden of Allah,' next to the Charles Laughtons, who are great friends of mine."

ME. "What is your first picture for Warners?"

ROBERT. "Sabatini's 'Captain Blood,' and I'm very glad I am to play with Paul Muni, an actor I greatly admire."

Again came a thump at the door. "Curtain's up, Mr. Donat!" It was getting close to the time for his entrance, and still he had to change. Reluctantly I moved toward the door.

"Good night, kind Robert Donat."

"Here, wait a moment. Why kind?"

"Well, I peeped through the stage door just before you came in, and saw you surrounded by a dozen small boys, all clamoring for your autograph, and in spite of your hurry, you signed them all and made each kid happy. That's why."

He laughed, and pulling his old brown dressing gown round him, took me to the stairs. His cheery "Good night, see you soon" followed me down the stone steps and into the heavy yellow fog.

As I left His Majesty's Theater, I realized that I had forgot to ask him for a message for his American friends, so I wrote to him and received the reply which is reproduced at the beginning of this story.

Fans who noticed Douglas Walton long ago in "The Secret of Madame Blanche" will be jubilant over his opportunities in "Captain Hurricane."

There is a big question in the career of Robert Donat. If he had not gone to Hollywood, would he have become a star? I hardly think he would. He had been in our midst for some time, and none of our English producers had been able to place him properly. It took America, with its wider vision, really to discover him. Somehow, I hardly think he would ever have discovered himself. He is too unassuming.

I remember him two years ago as a nice, shy boy, who was staying at the Film Club in Elstree. He was making a picture for Alexander Korda at the time, and he used to come in for dinner at night and sit in a corner of the large dining room all alone. Often he would look over at our table and smile shyly, or, if we met in the big hall or on the staircase, would say "hello" or "good night," but he never came over and joined us.

I remember asking a friend "Who is that?" and "What is he doing?" "Oh, nothing much," came the answer. "He looks awfully nice," I persisted, "he ought to be doing *well.*"

I reminded him of this and asked why he didn't come and join us sometime.

"I wanted to," he said, "you all looked so jolly, but I didn't like to. I was really very lonely, and Gertrude Lawrence, who was playing in a picture with us at the time, seemed such fun. I wish I had."

So do I, then we would have known him better, and I think he's well worth knowing. His shy, courteous manner is attractive, and he has appeal. I'm a woman, and I know.

I noticed the difference in photography in "The Private Life of Henry VIII" and in "Monte Cristo." In the latter picture his features showed to much greater advantage. I remarked on this, and he told me that when he arrived in Hollywood, the make-up experts viewed him from every angle, and tried all kinds of grease paint, shadowing, et cetera. Had taken great pains, in fact, with the result he photographs a million times better now than he has ever done before.

With the hard work and concentration he is pouring into his rôles, with lack of pose, and with his unusual and distinct charm, it is no wonder that Robert Donat is, and I think will continue to be, a young man that everybody wants.

ACROSTIC

Untrammeled by convention, you let fly your shafts of wit,
Nor do you ever miss, by chance, for every shot's a hit!
And keen observers chuckle at your effervescent "It."

Mellifluous your accents as from ruby lips they flow,
Exuberant your deviltry—an antidote for woe;
Rabelaisian your repartee, yet innocent of guile—
Knights-errant would have coveted the sunshine of your smile.
Endeared to countless thousands, idolized by many a fan,
Like mellow wine, your smile benign doth cheer the heart of man.

VOLTIGEUR.

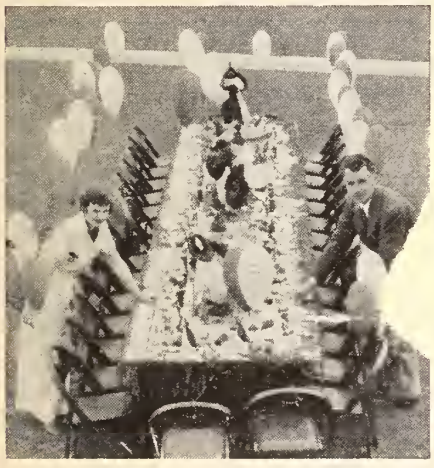
Gentlemen's Choice

Continued from page 58

thing in them keeps driving them to seek perfection in their work and in their physical and mental selves, they should let nothing stand in their way

"First, however, they should apply for a job on the stage, preferably with a touring repertory company, if there are any left. The experience gained by playing dozens of different rôles, meeting strange people and seeing various cities is invaluable to an aspiring actress. At least I found it so in my case."

Alexander Leftwich, the New York stage producer, is her father, and she began appearing in his plays while still a child. When she reached her teens, she understudied every feminine rôle in her father's current show and more than once substituted for a veteran actress. Curiously, however, she was little interested in



Childhood's happy hours are made happier by Arline Judge and Wesley Ruggles, the director, who get the table in readiness for their small son's birthday party on the lawn.

the stage except as an agreeable diversion. Her great ambition was to be a trained nurse and have "loads of children." To-day she surmises that acting is her forte, and that domesticity would not become her.

Slim-hipped, long-legged and only moderately pretty, she is usually a distinctive example of what the well-dressed débutante should wear.

"If I can be said to be stylish," she confides, "it is because I make it a point to select the simplest frocks possible and then accentuate them with the most expensive accessories I can afford. In my opinion, bad taste in clothes is woman's unforgivable sin."

She lives in a rambling California bungalow situated on Whitley Heights. Formerly the home of Francis X. Bushman, it is now owned by Burton Holmes. He still uses it as a storage place for his innumerable relics, and the rooms have the aspect of a museum, littered as they are with Chinese effigies and all [illegible] elements.

[illegible]

about the matter.

"Marriage," she replied, expelling cigarette smoke through her nostrils with elaborate nonchalance, "is the remotest thing from my mind. If a girl wants a career, she must work for it, and that means that love and romance are subservient—for a time, at least. I'm not in love with anybody, and I don't intend to be for years to come."

Her only acknowledged hobby is acquiring signed photographs of her fellow players and her collection, most of which adorn the walls of her dressing room, number more than a hundred. Her favorite and rarest one was presented to her by George Arliss, with whom she played in "The King's Vacation." He signed the photo "Mr. Arliss," which she thinks was "rather cute of him." She declares that Duke Ellington's "Sophisticated Lady" "ruins" her, which is her pet word for anything especially intriguing.

Although thoroughly modern, she abhors petting. At the slightest provocation, she will reach for her "mad money" and hop a street car for home. How do I know? Tut, tut! Mind your manners!

IT CLEARED UP MY SKIN IN *NO* TIME!

[illegible] nation of body wastes [illegible] insufficient vitamin B complex. The stomach and intestines, deprived of this essential element, no longer do their work properly. Your digestion slows up. Poisons accumulate in your system.

Yeast Foam Tablets supply the vitamin B which is necessary to correct this condition. These tablets are pure *pasteurized* yeast — and yeast is the richest known food source of the vitamin B complex. This improved yeast quickly strengthens your internal muscles and gives them tone. It stimulates your whole digestive and eliminative system to normal, healthy function.

With the true cause of your trouble corrected, pimples and blotches soon disappear. Indigestion stops. Headaches go. Pep returns. You *look* better and *feel* better!

Don't confuse Yeast Foam Tablets with ordinary yeast. *These tablets cannot cause fermentation in the body.* Pasteurization makes Yeast Foam Tablets utterly safe for everyone to eat.

Any druggist will supply you with Yeast Foam Tablets. The 10-day bottle costs only 50c. Get one today.

YEAST FOAM TABLETS

Continued from page 45

A Wife the Sun Shines On

contract, which she accepted upon one condition: That they give her plenty of work to do. And that was the idea they had in mind. For the next six months holidays were just a memory to Verree.

About the time she signed her contract she met Adolphe Menjou, who promptly fell in love with her. Their engagement was anno[illegible] after and six [illegible]

[illegible] lips, a detached expression in her eyes. Of course, Verree is much too active, both mentally and physically, to be likened to any inanimate object, but from her lovely new home on one of Hollywood's highest hills she can literally look down on most of the town. Actually, she merely looks on, coolly, impersonally. [illegible] Hollywood but

[illegible] rules, that you must feel your way along and do what seems best after you have learned what it is. You have to use intelligence and *work* at marriage to make a success of it. And to make a success of marriage in Hollywood is much more difficult than any place else I know."

Miss Teasdale reminds me of a portrait on the wall, her beautiful face looking down on the Hollywood scene with a half smile on her [illegible] every one knows all about every one else. If you go to a party you see the same people you saw at a party the night before. The spotlight of publicity has been focused on Hollywood until the town feels important when it really isn't. The industry thinks every headline event west of New York happens in Hollywood. Every move of the people here is made to seem important. Perhaps that is why marriages don't last.

Still believing that you sometimes get what you ask for, Verree requested a six weeks' lay-off at the time of her marriage. Her employers, well aware of her box-office value but also mindful of the benefits derived from keeping their stars happy, reluctantly allowed her a vacation. The six weeks she used in getting settled in the home her husband built for her, every detail of which she planned herself. No professional had anything to do with the furnishings.

Her pet foibles are fortune-tellers and good-luck charms. She doesn't believe in either, but a girl must have her fun. Mr. Menjou sends to Europe for unusual gadgets for her good-luck bracelets. One, a gold chain, has dangling from it a tiny corkscrew, a washboard, a four-leaf clover, a jack-in-the-box that works, a whistle, and a little oil can. He doesn't confine his gifts to semiprecious jewelry, however, her star sapphire pendant being so valuable she is afraid to wear it. His wedding gifts included diamond clips and a diamond bracelet.

Verree has a grand sense of humor and an infectious laugh that displays two rows of beautiful teeth. Warners have taken advantage of her ability to put over naughty doings on the screen with a smile and an air of innocence that completely disarm her [illegible]s, and have assigned her [illegible]ly unpleasant rôles, which she promptly made into pleasant [illegible]es.

She is a little bit proper about everything. She doesn't wear orchids and expensive jewelry with sport clothes, for instance. She hates having strange people accost her on the street to ask for her autograph. "I'd rather they would write," she said, "but wouldn't it be terrible if they didn't want my autograph?"

And don't let it get around, but the stately and poised Miss Teasdale whistles in her shower!

INN OF THE STARS

The Inn of the Stars has two light-footed lodgers,
A scintillant, lovable pair:
The girl is the glorious, gay Ginger Rogers,
The boy is slim Freddy Astaire.

They burn up the screen with their rhythmic romancing,
They capture the throng from the start:
And while they are madly and magically dancing,
They whirl their way into your heart.

BROCK MILTON.

The Proper Thing To Do

Continued from page 43

tongue, then swallows it slowly and happily.

Of course, most of us aren't going to adopt this ritual of the connoisseur every time we drink a glass of wine. But in this new era of wine serving we have reached, and with drinking in one form or another marking the beginning and ending of many scenes in present-day pictures, it would be pleasant to see it done in discriminating, leisurely tempo.

A picture to which we give three cheers is "The Richest Girl in the World." Despite its title, good taste, dignity, and fine comradeship prevail instead of the ostentatious display of wealth and luxury it could so easily have been. The beautifully set table in one scene, for instance. It would have been quite in keeping for the richest girl in the world to take all the family silver from the safe and put it on display. But there were only the necessary pieces, placed in correct order.

We noted, too, that a knife was placed at the right of the plate with the spoons, despite the prevalent idea that as we don't eat with our knives, and seldom have use for them, why not omit them from the service entirely unless we know that knives will be needed?

Trivial though it seems, however, it does add to the appearance of a nicely appointed table, for it gives the right balance for individual table setting.

Most pleasing, too, was the restrained good taste shown in dressing the play. It would have been so easy for the richest girl in the world to overdo the part. Miriam Hopkins, everybody knows, can be the perfect baby-doll type, but in this film she achieved real distinction, and subdued the desire, if any, to wear curls, or to look like a French pincushion, or candy box.

Fay Wray, as companion and understudy, wears charming clothes, too. Frocks that somehow suggest the smart college girl's wardrobe—simple enough to wear to class, yet smart enough for afternoon teas or for the street. Another outstanding thing is Miss Wray's make-up, or apparent lack of it, which should meet with the approval of all conscientious objectors to the overuse of cosmetics. Even grandmother, who stated tersely "pretty is as pretty does" to her tall young daughter, would approve.

What grandmother would not approve, however, is the glistening, garish, green, gold, black or crimson finger nails that are in evidence to-day. Not that exotic hand make-up is taboo by women of good taste if used to suit the time, the place, the occasion and the costume, but it has been painfully overdone. The new trend, however, is toward the paler shades, and Miss Wray, as we started to say, is one of its advocates, for instead of the former deep rose, she is using the natural shade that blends sensitively with her restrained make-up and charming frocks.

It takes a bit of imagination at times to see the best points in a picture and to camouflage the bad ones with the producers' good intentions. But now and then flashes of insight are granted and we see all the little integrities of good taste, of character, of kindness and charm. All the integrities that build so securely and which promise quality, excellence of achievement, dignity and lively intelligence of the theme they explore.

Here is Frankie Thomas as he appears in "A Dog of Flanders," with Lightning in the title rôle.

GRAY STREAKS Vanish

(Test Bottle FREE)

You can prove it yourself on a single lock snipped from hair. You don't pay a penny. You don't risk a thing. We send Complete Test Package Free. Simply comb on clear, water-white liquid. Gray goes. Lustrous color comes: black, brown, auburn, blonde. Hair stays soft—takes wave or curl. Nothing to wash or rub off on clothing. Entirely SAFE.

FREE TEST Why hesitate? 3,000,000 women have received this test. It can be your priceless beauty secret. Just mail coupon.

MARY T. GOLDMAN
4763 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....
Color of your hair?.....

Alviene SCHOOL OF THE Theatre

Graduates: Lee Tracy, Peggy Shannon, Fred Astaire, Una Merkel, Zita Johann, Mary Pickford, etc. Drama, Dance, Speech, Musical Comedy, Opera, Personal Development, Culture. Stock Theatre Training appearances while learning. For catalog, write Sec'y LOREE, 66 West 85th St., N. Y.

This May Be Your
BIG OPPORTUNITY

Become an expert PHOTOGRAPHER. Growing demand for trained men and women. Wonderful money-making opportunities. Lifetime career. Learn quickly, COMMERCIAL, NEWS, PORTRAIT or MOTION PICTURE PHOTOGRAPHY. Personal attendance or Home Study courses. *25th year.* Free Booklet.
New York Institute of Photography
10 West 33 St., (Dept. 3) New York City

TYPEWRITER Bargains
Send No Money—

Genuine Underwoods, Royals, etc., refinished $100 office models greatly reduced to about 1/3 mfg's orig'l price. 10 day trial—fully guaranteed—easy terms—10c a day. Free catalog. Limited supply.
International Typewriter Exch., 231 W. Monroe St. Dept. 526, Chicago

DANCING

Beginners' Tap Course— Advanced Tap Course— Complete Ballroom Course— $1.00 ea.
or, All 3 courses $2.00

Although you can't dance a step, one of America's Foremost Dancing Masters can positively teach you in your own home. Each course complete in one booklet. Sent prepaid or C. O. D. plus postage.

FREE Your choice: 8 steps of Tango, Carioca or Continental—or—1 pr. taps with each $2.00 order. FREE

Send stamps (3c) for free catalog of 80 original dance creations.
Billy Truehart, 5308 Alameda, Houston, Texas

MOLES *Mar* BEAUTY *and* PERSONALITY—
Banish them with DESINEVI, *a Safe, Simple home Remedy—Enclose 3 cent Stamp for Booklet*
Dr. C. L. ALLEN · Box 5194 Dept C · MEMPHIS, TENN.

Unloved

Hair OFF Face Lips Chin

I once looked like this. Ugly hair on face...unloved...discouraged. Nothing helped. Depilatories, waxes, liquids...even razors failed. Then I discovered a simple, painless, inexpensive method. It worked! Thousands have won beauty and love with the secret. My FREE Book, "How to Overcome Superfluous Hair," explains the method and proves actual success. Mailed in plain envelope. Also trial offer. No obligation. Write Mlle. Annette Lanzette, P.O. Box 4040, Merchandise Mart, Dept. 152, Chicago.

Continued from page 10

Take, for instance, Maurice Shovel-air, or whatever you may call him. It seems strange that producers impose him upon Jeanette MacDonald instead of either John Boles or Ramon Novarro who have such good singing voices. Both surpass in singing and acting, if the overrated Chevalier considers himself a singer and a dashing lover through his braying voice and insipid love-making.

And if Jimmy Durante, with his same old hotcha-cha antics calls himself a comedian, it takes more than his schnozzle to make him just a part of Charlie Chaplin. I really laugh at him any time I see him on the screen for making the supreme effort to act "funny" and trying to "sing" himself blue with hoarse trimmings.

And if Edward Everett Horton, who adorns every scene in which he plays with womanish gestures, does not act like a sissy, I am a washerwoman, and willing to be one for the rest of my days. Ditto Hugh Herbert.

And now comes the big surprise. This is really hot news right off the griddle. Yes, hot news about the sizzling romance between Greta Garbo and George Brent. Imagine the Great Garbo falling for a mere actor like Mr. Brent! Why, it's about time for me to scram out of old New Orleans and hie to Hollywood and then and there I may just as well fall for Mae West. And knowing my romancing from A to Z, I am sure she will appreciate me a great deal more than Garbo ever will George Brent.

E. M. Karajulles.
1480 North Claiborne Avenue,
New Orleans, Louisiana.

What South Africa Thinks.

I HAVE reserved my opinion of the different stars, but since reading November Picture Play, I must air my views to those who are always "picking on" the real box-office attractions.

There is Joan Crawford. A charming woman, well-trained, cultured, and highly intelligent in her acting. I admire her pluck in ignoring those nasty letters some of the fans indulge in. Joan has reached her goal by self-education and hard work. I admire any one who climbs to heights by his own initiative.

Then there is Mae West. Some narrow-minded idiots describe her as "nauseating." Yet, isn't it strange that those who refer to her in vulgar terms are the ones who rush to see her pictures! Is it curiosity or a craving for vulgarity?

Next comes Katharine Hepburn. Why did she receive the 1933 Gold Medal, if, as some have written, she cannot act? Not an oil painting, I know, but her indefinable charm distinguishes her from the others.

Last, but my favorite, our platinum Jean Harlow. Where are all those "duds" who threw brickbats at Jean a few years ago? What about it now? Hasn't she worked hard to be where she is? Through mental strain and anguish Jean has clenched her fists and laughed at those stupid, incriminating letters. Has she turned a hair? No! Because she knows in this vast multitude of humans, there are millions who are her true friends. She reminds me vividly of a flower—exotic, glamorous, and seductive, combined with that indescribable charm which beauty alone cannot give.

And in conclusion, when will these idiotic fans realize that it takes some "doing" for any actress to put over "disgustingly vulgar" and "nauseating" rôles? Any broad-minded person wouldn't judge a girl by her screen character.

I've noticed that whenever the films of these actresses mentioned are being shown in my town there is always a full house. Why? Because their fans are so many that no matter what others think, these stars are indeed worshiped.

Peace Wyatt-Zeeman.
196, Elston Avenue,
Benoni, Transvaal, South Africa.

What the Fans Think

A Warbler Supreme.

MAY I say a few words in praise of that charming new actor, John Bradford, who simply made "365 Nights in Hollywood"? Small and unsympathetic as was his part, he certainly proved himself a good actor, as well as an interesting personality. His voice, both singing and speaking, is excellent, and he is so much more handsome than James Dunn, I wonder why he wasn't given the romantic lead in the picture.

Also, why should Hollywood complain of a lack of striking men when it has John Bradford? Louise Allen.
Montgomery, West Virginia.

A Plea to Mamoulian.

MAY I cast a very enthusiastic vote of approval and admiration for Rouben Mamoulian? To his credit goes the creation of the glamorous Anna Sten in "We Live Again," and of Greta Garbo in "Queen Christina." Both these stars achieved the height of their acting under his superb direction and artistic photography.

Claire Trevor tends her Easter lily, though how she finds time for anything but screen work is something of a mystery to her. She's acting in three pictures at once, the first to be seen being "Dante's Inferno."

Please, Mr. Mamoulian, direct and supervise a picture with the glamorous Elissa Landi, whose career has been sadly retarded because there isn't a producer in Hollywood artistic enough to understand and recognize Miss Landi's talent, fascination, gayety, and exquisite glamour. She needs an artist like you to direct her. All your pictures have unity and form. Each picture is a masterpiece all by itself. They should be preserved as immortal.

M. B. Wells.
Irvington, New York.

A Halo for Harlow.

WHAT a difference in some of the movie stars! Why can't they all be as natural and lovable as others are? Personally, I think Jean Harlow is the most genuine, likable, sympathetic person in Hollywood. There is nothing affected or stilted about her. She dares to be herself, and that's an achievement in this day and age. She has yet to imitate another actress or affect another person's mannerisms.

The letters she has written to me I value highly, for they show clearly the real Jean, and she is startlingly unlike the rôles she plays on the screen. A little snapshot of herself and her mother with the inscription "Joyce—I thought you might like this little kodak of mother and me. Jean," is one of my most prized possessions. And I might mention also the number of gorgeous autographed photographs she has sent me.

Do you wonder that I love Jean Harlow as a person first, and an actress second? After all, there are lots of fine actresses in Hollywood that are certainly not particularly lovable underneath their polished and poised surface. Jean is an equally accomplished actress as well as being a remarkable individual. She possesses all the rare qualities that attract friends, and stanch friends are an asset to any one.

Joyce Erlendson.
38 Wakeman Avenue,
Grafton, North Dakota.

Better Rôles for Diana.

WHY, oh why, must they cast Diana Wynyard in such poor productions as "Where Sinners Meet" and "Let's Try Again"? Every one knows that she can really act, and that such films are below her standard. If it weren't that Miss Wynyard is my favorite actress, I would never have gone to see either picture. I was decidedly bored with both.

In my opinion, "Reunion in Vienna" and "Cavalcade" were the most noteworthy of her achievements. Let's see her in similar rôles. Lynn Carlton.
San Francisco, California.

Actor Indeed!

A NEW personality has been discovered and brought to America. A break for America. This personality is not a Gable or a Barrymore. He is just himself. The person I am talking about is Robert Donat, star of "The Count of Monte Cristo."

It was a grand part, and he made the best of it. He is an actor plus. He lives his part. Not only is he an actor, but he has a personality which will carry him on. Then, too, his looks are not to be lightly dismissed.

It is not very often that the screen finds a star like this. He should go a long way. Here is more luck to him. I do hope he is not given weak rôles after his very brilliant début. Helen Asler.
6620 Hohman Avenue,
Hammond, Indiana.

A Scarlet Poppy.

I HAVE read letters about many screen players, but very few of them have mentioned an actor whose genius is unique. I refer to Jack LaRue, who stands out among present-day actors like a scarlet poppy in a field of wind-blown flowers.

The Italian race has always produced the greatest artists, and LaRue's Sicilian blood is intensification of the Latin heritage. His somber, brooding face, his strong and sensitive hands, and the lithe movements of his body are the instruments of a profound and subtle genius without equal or rival to-day.

I have seen some of his pictures as many as twelve times, always discovering new subtleties of expression and thought. To those who are interested in the art of acting, I would recommend the creations of this truly great artist.

Eva Pratt.
9 Van Nest Place,
New York City.

Give *la* Chatterton a Chance.

OUR greatest and most completely satisfying artist is literally being shoved off the screen by unworthy pictures. I refer, of course, to the incomparable Ruth Chatterton. I can think of no picture that has been a success in the past two years that would not have been better had Miss Chatterton had the leading part. If she had been given the rôles that Ann Harding, Constance Bennett, and Norma Shearer have had, she would to-day be the screen's outstanding actress.

I fail to comprehend the asininity of Warners in giving Miss Chatterton ordinary pictures, when she is leagues ahead of all her contemporaries. Let some major studio, preferably MGM, put her under contract, give her films such as "When Ladies Meet," or highly dramatic parts, and they will discover that thousands who enjoy first class acting will swarm to the theaters. She is to me and many of my friends the greatest attraction that the cinema has to offer.

I feel no serious alarm about the Legion of Decency. Undoubtedly the clean-up movement is noble in its purpose and should be supported. However, if that organization goes to extremes, the public at large will revolt, and after all, no organization can legislate what is clean and what is immoral. Adult people like sophistication.

I wish to give a big hand to Bette Davis for her grand performance in "Of Human Bondage"—and to Kitty Carlisle for a radiant personality and lovely voice.

ADULT FAN.

7033 Lindell,
University City, Missouri.

A Man Casts His Ballot.

MEN have quite a different taste, haven't they, Miss Perkins? Well, that is only natural. Your letter in November Picture Play has prompted the following:

Prettiest girl.....Sylvia Sidney
Best-looking male .....Lew Ayres
Best-looking female.....Joan Bennett
Handsomest man.....David Manners
Best actress.....Marlene Dietrich
Best actor.....Fredric March
Most popular girl.....Joan Crawford
Most popular man.....Clark Gable
My favorite actress.....Jean Harlow
My favorite actor.....Clark Gable
Funniest woman.....Zasu Pitts
Funniest man.....Jimmy Durante
Best-built girl.....Mae West
Best-built fellow.....Richard Arlen
Most charming woman..Gloria Stuart
Most charming man..Warner Baxter
Best-dressed girl.....Kay Francis
Nicest fellow.....Jack Oakie
Nicest girl.....Mary Carlisle
Best team.....Chevalier-MacDonald
Most likable girl.....Alice Faye
Most likable fellow....Spencer Tracy
Best male speaking voice.Carl Brisson
Best female speaking
voice.....Barbara Stanwyck
My ideal.....Greta Garbo

OSCAR FASEL.

New York, N. Y.

A Classic Beauty.

TO the most beautiful and highly talented actress on the screen to-day—Elissa Landi. In "The Count of Monte Cristo" she gave us the loveliest *Mercédes* imaginable. There is an exquisite, poetic quality about her. She is very beautiful to look at, and a splendid actress besides.

As long as the producers have a really different type of actress with such superb dramatic ability, why not film more of the old classics with Elissa having the stellar rôle in each? She would grace them beautifully.

Best wishes to you, Elissa, finest actress and noblest woman!

J. CARTER LIVINGSTON.

New York, N. Y.

Gentleman John.

I'VE just read the grand article in November Picture Play entitled "The Bulldog Strain."

I have been longing to say that I'm tired of the glittering publicity showered on the Barrymores, Gables, and Marches. It is my opinion that John Boles is the "First gentleman of the screen." Why? Well, his charm is so effortless, his sincerity is part of himself and doesn't have to rely on advertisement or public show.

Is there one of these epic stars who can touch John for versatility? I can't name one who could have sung "Waitin' at the Gate for Katie" with such delightful abandon, and then given such a performance as "Beloved" called for.

One of Mr. Boles's most admirable qualities is his attitude toward his fans. I have enjoyed the privilege of corresponding with him for five years and his friendship and courtesy have placed him right on top of my list.

VIOLET E. KIRK.

55 Rudloe Road, Clapham Park,
London, S. W. 12, England.

Always Satisfies.

HEY, fans! Why don't you give Una Merkel a great big hand?

Does she not furnish you many hours of splendid entertainment? You never saw her fall down on the job, did you? No matter what rôle she is assigned, she always makes good. Witness her performance in "The Cat's Paw." Now all together—three cheers for Una!

EDWARD JOHNSON.

17 Bristol Street,
Cuba, New York.

Just an Amateur.

I WOULDN'T be a loyal fan of Irene Dunne's if I just sat quietly by and didn't voice my indignation at Cleo Fleming's letter in November Picture Play, in which she unfairly and unjustly accused not only Miss Dunne but three other very fine actresses, namely, Ann Harding, Kay Francis and Madge Evans, of being colorless, vapid and boring. How Miss Fleming could ever have arrived at such a conclusion is beyond my wildest flight of imagination.

Inasmuch as this is the very first adverse criticism I have ever read about Miss Dunne, I'm not going to let it affect me in the least. There are far too many favorable write-ups of this grand actress for me to waste my time over what must certainly be the opinion of just an amateur. AN INDIGNANT FAN.

6 Baker Street,
Saranac Lake, New York.

Adorable Carlisle.

IN my mind, Mary Carlisle is the sweetest and prettiest actress in Hollywood, barring none. I haven't missed a single picture of hers, from "College Humor" to "Kentucky Kernels," and don't intend to. We want to see much more of her. She is the most natural-speaking and looking actress in Hollywood. Give her a break, directors. You have a real star in your midst and you don't realize it.

DOROTHY ADLER.

7138 Ridgeland Avenue,
Chicago, Illinois.

Now You Can Have A New Skin In 3 Days' Time

GET THIS FREE

—and learn that what was considered impossible before—the removal of pimples, blackheads, freckles, tan, oily skin, large pores, wrinkles and other defects in the outer skin—can now be done harmlessly and economically at home in three days' time in many instances, as stated by legions of men and women, young and old.

It is all explained in a new treatise called

"BEAUTIFUL NEW SKIN IN 3 DAYS"

which is being mailed absolutely free to readers of this magazine. So worry no more over your humiliating skin and complexion or signs of aging if your outer skin looks soiled and worn. Simply send your name and address and name the skin blemishes which trouble you most to MARVO BEAUTY LABORATORIES, Dept. M-81, No. 1700 Broadway, New York, N. Y., and you will receive this new treatise by return mail in plain wrapper, postpaid and absolutely free. If pleased, tell your friends about it.

GRAY FADED HAIR

Women, girls, men with gray, faded, streaked hair. **Shampoo and color your hair at the same time** with new French discovery **"SHAMPO-KOLOR,"** takes few minutes, leaves hair soft, glossy, natural. Permits permanent wave and curl. **Free Booklet, Monsieur L. P. Valligny, Dept. 37, 254 W. 31 St., New York**

Your Marriage Forecast

As Told By Your Stars

What is the romance in store for you . . . destined from the day of your birth? Whom should you marry? What is your luckiest day? Send full birth-date with Dime and Stamped Return envelope for your Chart at once.

THURSTON, Dept. H-7
20 W. Jackson Blvd. Chicago, Ill.

HELP Wanted in INSTITUTIONS & HOSPITALS

• MALE & FEMALE • INEXPERIENCED & EXPERIENCED
All kinds of **Positions Practically Everywhere.** Help constantly needed, so why remain unemployed? Write **now** enclosing stamp. **SCHARF BUREAU, Dept. S-14, 145 W. 45th St., NEW YORK**

The Book of Etiquette

Postage Prepaid **60** CENTS ORDER BY MAIL

CHELSEA HOUSE

79 SEVENTH AVE., NEW YORK CITY

KILL THE HAIR ROOT

My method positively prevents hair from growing again. Safe, easy, permanent. Use it privately, at home. Brings relief, happiness, comfort, freedom of mind. We teach Beauty Culture.

Send 6c in stamps TODAY for Booklet.
D. J. MAHLER CO., Dept. 26E, Providence, R. I.

Consult **LEON DEVOLE,** Famous Character Analyst, Scientific Mentalist, who understands human perplexities. His advice has helped **THOUSANDS.** He will tackle **YOUR** problem from a new and different angle and get **RESULTS.** Let him guide **YOU** to success, if worried and perplexed about business, family troubles, love, marriage, employment, the future, etc. **ALL WORK STRICTLY PERSONAL, INDIVIDUAL** and **GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY.** Obtain his new, just off the press Giant 10,000 word Astrological Forecast, it reveals secrets, friends, enemies and important affairs of your life. It predicts by exact days, date and months coming events of 1935, based on **YOUR** Zodiacal sign, lucky and unlucky days, etc. **BE SAFE!** Consult it before making business deals, forming partnerships, marrying, etc. Send **ONLY** $1.00 bill for your forecast and **LEON DEVOLE** will answer four questions on any subject **FREE** (money refunded if not satisfied). Include exact birthdate and self-addressed stamped envelope.

FREE WITH EACH READING

DEVOLE, P. O. Box 748, Dept. A-5, Chicago, Illinois

ADDRESSES OF PLAYERS

Columbia Studio, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Jean Arthur
Tala Birell
John Mack Brown
Tullio Carminati
Nancy Carroll
Walter Connolly
Donald Cook
Richard Cromwell
Wallace Ford
Lilian Harvey
Jack Holt
Victor Jory
Peter Lorre
Edmund Lowe
Marian Marsh
Tim McCoy
Grace Moore
Virginia Pine
Florence Rice
Edward G. Robinson
Billie Seward
Ann Sothern
Raymond Walburn
Fay Wray

Fox Studio, Beverly Hills, California.

Rosemary Ames
Lew Ayres
Warner Baxter
Madge Bellamy
John Boles
John Bradford
Henrietta Crosman
Alan Dinehart
James Dunn
Sally Eilers
Alice Faye
Norman Foster
Ketti Gallian
Janet Gaynor
Tito Guizar
Rochelle Hudson
Walter King
Nino Martini
Frank Melton
Jose Mojica
Herbert Mundin
Pat Paterson
Valentin Parera
Gene Raymond
Kane Richmond
Will Rogers
Raul Roulien
Shirley Temple
Spencer Tracy
Claire Trevor
Jane Withers

Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California.

Brian Aherne
Elizabeth Allan
Edward Arnold
John Barrymore
Lionel Barrymore
Freddie Bartholomew
Wallace Beery
Charles Butterworth
Bruce Cabot
Mary Carlisle
Leo Carrillo
Maurice Chevalier
Mady Christians
Jackie Cooper
Violet Kemble-Cooper
Joan Crawford
Jimmy Durante
Nelson Eddy
Madge Evans
Preston Foster
Betty Furness
Clark Gable
Greta Garbo
Jean Harlow
Helen Hayes
June Knight
Otto Kruger
Evelyn Laye
Myrna Loy
Paul Lukas
Jeanette MacDonald
Una Merkel
Robert Montgomery
Frank Morgan
Ramon Novarro
Maureen O'Sullivan
Jean Parker
William Powell
May Robson
Mickey Rooney
Rosalind Russell
Norma Shearer
Martha Sleeper
Lewis Stone
Gloria Swanson
Robert Taylor
Franchot Tone
Henry Wadsworth
Johnny Weissmuller
Diana Wynyard
Robert Young

Warners-First National Studio, Burbank, California.

Ross Alexander
Loretta Andrews
John Arledge
Joan Blondell
George Brent
Joe E. Brown
James Cagney
Colin Clive
Ricardo Cortez
Dorothy Dare
Marion Davies
Bette Davis
Dolores del Rio
Claire Dodd
Robert Donat
Ann Dvorak
John Eldredge
Patricia Ellis
Glenda Farrell
Kay Francis
William Gargan
Leslie Howard
Josephine Hutchinson
Allen Jenkins
Al Jolson
Ruby Keeler
Guy Kibbee
Margaret Lindsay
Anita Louise
Aline MacMahon
Frank McHugh
James Melton
Jean Muir
Paul Muni
Pat O'Brien
Dick Powell
Phillip Reed
Barbara Stanwyck
Lyle Talbot
Dorothy Tree
Helen Trenholme
Rudy Vallée
Warren William
Donald Woods

RKO Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Fred Astaire
Nils Asther
John Beal
Bill Boyd
Clive Brook
Frances Dee
Richard Dix
Irene Dunne
Betty Grable
Ann Harding
Katharine Hepburn
Kay Johnson
Francis Lederer
Mary Mason
Virginia Reid
Erik Rhodes
Ginger Rogers
Anne Shirley
Bert Wheeler
Gretchen Wilson
Robert Woolsey

United Artists Studio, 1041 N. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, California.

George Arliss
Constance Bennett
Eddie Cantor
Charles Chaplin
Ronald Colman
Miriam Hopkins
Fredric March
Merle Oberon
Mary Pickford
Anna Sten
Loretta Young

Universal Studio, Universal City, California.

Binnie Barnes
Noah Beery, Jr.
Phyllis Brooks
Russ Brown
Andy Devine
Sterling Holloway
Henry Huil
Baby Jane
Lois January
Buck Jones
Boris Karloff
Bela Lugosi
Douglass Montgomery
Chester Morris
Zasu Pitts
Claude Rains
Cesar Romero
Onslow Stevens
Gloria Stuart
Margaret Sullavan
Slim Summerville
Irene Ware
Alice White
Jane Wyatt

Paramount Studio, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, California.

Gracie Allen
Adrienne Ames
Mary Boland
Grace Bradley
Carl Brisson
George Burns
Kitty Carlisle
Claudette Colbert
Gary Cooper
Buster Crabbe
Bing Crosby
Katherine DeMille
Marlene Dietrich
Frances Drake
Mary Ellis
W. C. Fields
Cary Grant
Charlotte Granville
David Holt
Roscoe Karns
Jan Kiepura
Elissa Landi
Charles Laughton
Baby LeRoy
Carol Lombard
Pauline Lord
Ida Lupino
Helen Mack
Fred MacMurray
Margo
Herbert Marshall
Gertrude Michael
Ray Milland
Joe Morrison
Jack Oakie
Lynne Overman
Gail Patrick
George Raft
Charles Ruggles
Randolph Scott
Sylvia Sidney
Alison Skipworth
Queenie Smith
Sir Guy Standing
Gladys Swarthout
Kent Taylor
Lee Tracy
Mae West
Henry Wilcoxon
Toby Wing

Free-lance Players:

Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood. Ralph Bellamy, Sidney Fox, 6615 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood. Ralph Forbes, 10111 Valley Spring Lane, North Hollywood. Joan Bennett, Lila Lee, Marian Nixon, Sharon Lynn, Mary Brian, 430 California Bank Building, Hollywood. Lionel Atwill, Estelle Taylor, Dorothy Peterson, Cora Sue Collins, 1509 North Vine Street, Hollywood. Neil Hamilton, 351 North Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, California. Fifi Dorsay, care of Vernon D. Wood, 210 Pantages Theater Bldg., Hollywood.

IN AINSLEE'S you will find the most modern stories published in any magazine. Smart love stories with up-to-the-minute situations and genuine emotion. Each issue carries two serial novels and eight complete stories besides an astrological feature by the eminent astrologer, Junius B. Smith.

NOW ON SALE AT ALL NEWS STANDS

A STREET & SMITH PUBLICATION

© 1935, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co

BTS COPYRIGHTED 1935

STREET & SMITH'S

PICTURE PLAY

JUNE

5
NTS
NGLAND

RANCES DEE
BY
TCHETCHET

NRA
CODE

LET'S GO "RECKLESS"!

Thrill to the tap, tap, tap of her dancing feet in "The Trocadero" See her sell kisses for $500 each. Cruise with her on "The Honeymoon ship". Romp with her in "The Dormitory Pajama Party". Hear her sing the blues. Gorgeous Jean Harlow teamed with William Powell is heading your way in the biggest musical show of the century with a throbbing love story as exciting as its title.

Observe Mothers Day the Golden Rule Way

Great Mothers of Great Men

Of course

send messages, flowers, candy, books and other tokens of love to mother on Mothers Day, May 12—if she is living.

But remember

that thousands of unemployed mothers today are praying not for flowers but for flour; not for candy but for bread; not for books but for food, medicines and hospital care, a home and the necessities of life.

Over 4000 privately supported hospitals with nearly half a million beds, ministering to 4,882,444 patients; 1268 homes for the aged with more than 70,000 "Old Folks at Home," and 1897 orphanages, homes or child-placing agencies providing food, shelter and guidance for 200,000 orphans, lacked more than $70,000,000 last year of receiving sufficient gifts to meet their normal needs after turning away many thousands of worthy emergency applicants. Dollars mean bread for the destitute, health for the sick, comfort for the aged, a chance for the children. Every missing dollar means unnecessary suffering or loss of privileges for the needy.

Whatsoever you would that others should do for your mother if she were in need, and whatsoever your mother would do for the needy if she had opportunity, do today in honor of mother and in her name for mothers and children, innocent victims of present-day maladjustments.

Apply the Golden Rule in direct personal helpfulness, or through your local hospital, home for the aged, orphanage, church or welfare agency, or through the Golden Rule Mothers Fund, to be used where most needed.

1. The American Mother
2. Harriet Beecher Stowe
3. Frances Smith Nightingale (Mother of Florence Nightingale)
4. Leah Salomon Mendelssohn (Mother of Felix Mendelssohn)
5. Nancy Hanks Lincoln (Mother of Abraham Lincoln)
6. Catherine Booth (Mother of Bramwell Booth)
7. Anna Mathilda McNeill Whistler (Mother of James McNeill Whistler)
8. Mary Ball Washington (Mother of George Washington)
9. Susannah Annesley Wesley (Mother of John and Charles Wesley)
10. Nancy Elliott Edison (Mother of Thomas A. Edison)
11. Margaret Isabella Balfour Stevenson (Mother of Robert Louis Stevenson)
12. Sara Delano Roosevelt (Mother of President Franklin D. Roosevelt)

MRS. DANIEL A. POLING, *Chairman, Mothers Day Committee*
THE GOLDEN RULE FOUNDATION
60 East 42nd Street, New York

I should like to receive, without any obligation on my part, your souvenir booklet containing biographical sketches of the great mothers pictured above, poems, scriptural quotations, tributes to mothers, and suggested Mothers Day programs for churches, clubs and schools.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

Art work contributed by Larned-Beecher Inc.

Photo of "The American Mother," by Anne Shriber. Space contributed by this magazine.

Volume XLII MONTHLY Number 4

STREET & SMITH'S

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION $1.50

PICTURE PLAY

SINGLE COPIES, 15 CENTS

CONTENTS FOR JUNE, 1935

The entire contents of this magazine are protected by copyright, and must not be reprinted without the publishers' consent.

FRONTISPIECE:

Cupid Cruises—*Evelyn Venable and Robert Young in "Vagabond Lady."* 11

SPECIAL ARTICLES:

Your Vacation in Hollywood—and the Cost—*How to Spend Five Glorious Days.* . . . . . Winifred Aydelotte 12

The Trick of Dubbing In—*Sound Effects Explained* Eugene Deaderick 15

Katie's Little Game—*Katharine Hepburn* . . . . Helen Pade 27

Myrtle Gebhart Looks Back—*Reminiscences of One of Picture Play's Oldest Contributors* . . . . . Myrtle Gebhart 28

Maddest of the Bennetts—*Joan Bennett* . . . . Ben Maddox 32

The Lure of the Stage—*They Can't Resist a Fling at Broadway* Frances Fink 34

Unmasked—*Henry Hull* . . . . . Louise Williams 36

Mr. Pollyanna—*Hugh Herbert* . . . . . Juliette Laine 37

What Hollywood Has Given Me . . . . . Irene Dunne As Told to Dorothy Wooldridge 40

When Stars Splurge—*You Can't Call It Extravagance* Robert Eichberg 42

Honest to the Bone—*Bette Davis* . . . Laura Ellsworth Fitch 44

Tired of Play-acting—*Robert Montgomery* . . Katharine Hartley 58

DEPARTMENTS:

What the Fans Think—*Readers' Opinions Invited* 6

Information, Please—*Let the Answer Man Help You* . . The Oracle 8

They Say in New York—*Turning the Spotlight on Stars in Manhattan* Karen Hollis 16

Hollywood High Lights—*Latest Gossip from the Studio Colony* Edwin and Elza Schallert 38

The Screen in Review—*Critical Verdicts of Recent Films* Norbert Lusk 48

Casts of Current Pictures 52

Addresses of Players 82

ART GALLERY:

Favorites of the Fans—*Verree Teasdale, Elissa Landi, Marion Davies, Anita Louise, Ann Dvorak, Joan Blondell, Henry Wilcoxon, Katharine Hepburn, Robert Montgomery* 19

FASHIONS:

My Lady's Choice 46

PREVIEWS:

Glimpses of Future Films—*"Doubting Thomas," "Cardinal Richelieu," "Les Miserables," "Mark of the Vampire," "Four Hours to Kill," "The Goose and the Gander," "Our Little Girl"* 60

Monthly publication issued by Street & Smith Publications, Inc., 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y. George C. Smith, Jr., President; Ormond V. Gould, Vice President and Treasurer; Artemas Holmes, Vice President and Secretary; Clarence P. Vernam, Vice President. Copyright, 1935, by Street & Smith Publications, Inc., New York. Copyright, 1935, by Street & Smith Publications, Inc., Great Britain. Entered as Second-class Matter, March 6, 1916, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Subscriptions to Cuba, Dom. Republic, Haiti, Spain, Central and South American Countries, except The Guianas and British Honduras, $1.75 per year. To all other Foreign Countries, including The Guianas and British Honduras, $2.25 per year.

We do not accept responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts. 16

To facilitate handling, the author should inclose a self-addressed envelope with the requisite postage attached.

STREET & SMITH PUBLICATIONS, INC., 79 7th AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Myrna Loy Writes For Picture Play!

And are we proud! Yes, the lovely lady who is everybody's favorite, coolly takes pen in hand without coaxing and, choosing her own topic, writes and writes and writes!

More than that, she writes with the honesty, simplicity and charm that shimmer through her acting on the screen. Rarely has a player managed to express her personality so clearly and truly in the written word.

We shall not tell you what Miss Loy has written about. Enough to say that it is subject of general interest and reveals her character more fully than anything that has been published. You will be delighted with it as much as we are.

The article was written expressly for July Picture Play because, like other thoughtful readers, Miss Loy admires the honesty and intelligence of this sane magazine.

Claudette Colbert Is Revealed

Intimately, sympathetically, Helen Louise Walker discusses the winner of the Academy Award and points out the causes of her remarkable success not only as a star but as a person. She gives many revealing details of Miss Colbert's personal tastes and habits in one of the most important stories ever written about her.

Do You Know Maureen O'Sullivan?

It's doubtful, often as you've seen her on the screen. For here is a girl who is casual about her work instead of intense, lucky rather than ambitious, but successful just the same.

Mabel Duke's observations about Miss O'Sullivan are the most interesting and acute we have ever read. You'll find them in July Picture Play, the banner issue of this unique publication.

THE LAW OF THE PACK . . .
WAS HIS CODE OF LOVE!
Like his snarling husky, he heard only the call of his mate! For this was the grim, ruthless land of the Yukon . . . where men were primitive beasts . . . and a woman was a man's to hold as long as he *could* . . . his to keep as long as he desired!
CLARK
GABLE
portrays his most virile role in
DARRYL ZANUCK'S
production of JACK LONDON'S
red-blooded story . . .
CALL OF THE WILD
with
LORETTA YOUNG
JACK OAKIE
Presented by JOSEPH M. SCHENCK
Released thru UNITED ARTISTS
20TH CENTURY PICTURE

WHAT THE FANS THINK

The Academy medal for the best performance of 1935 should be awarded to Bette Davis, according to Gordon Sellett.

The Perfect Bad Girl.

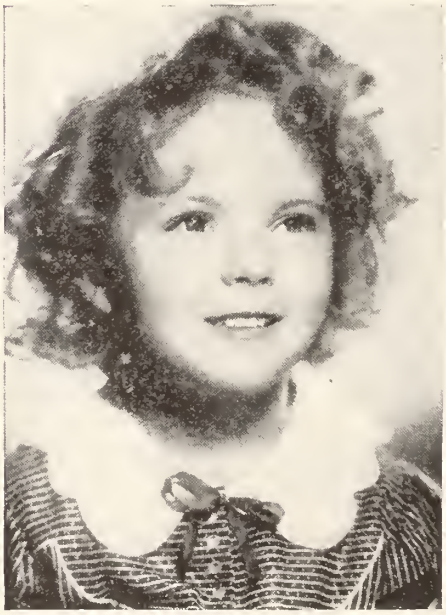
I HAVE read Rose Salyman's letter in March Picture Play about Bette Davis. She must have a personal grudge against Miss Davis to talk like that. In her heart she must know that the Academy medal for the best performance of 1935 should go to Bette. If she is a high-hat, conceited snob, that belongs to her private life. Her acting is paramount.

Search the world over and where could you find a girl to play the mean, sniveling, common little *Mildred* in "Of Human Bondage"? Bette played the rôle magnificently. There isn't an adjective in all the dictionaries to describe such perfect acting. The cockney accent, the whining to have her own way, her infuriated outbursts of temper, the sickening, pinched expression on her little face, her vulgar invectives. And in the end did she not show to perfection a woman sunk to the very lowest depths of degradation?

Marvelous, Bette! If the American movie public is fair, they will see to it that you receive the 1935 Academy award for such acting. Keep on playing the bad, bad girl, Bette. No one can play her as you do. You play her so sincerely and relentlessly that opposite the charming Leslie Howard in "Of Human Bondage," the real Bette Davis was dead and buried. There only lived *Mildred* with her cheap and salacious little mind. You gave us no sordid exterior with a refined nature. Your interpretation of the character had a heart and soul as mean and low as the exterior, and that is superb and masterful acting, Bette. You have marvelous courage to attempt such rôles. You are all too magnificent for mere words.

GORDON SELLETT.
561 Twenty-first Street,
West New York, New Jersey.

Mrs. George Seeley places Gene Raymond in the class of modern youth of the newer and more dignified sensible brand.



Two Pennsylvanians have only pity for Paul Boring who referred to Shirley Temple as an "insignificant and fatuous mite."

Jane Withers will outshine all child stars if given the right stories, says Mrs. Maria E. Westbrook.

An Adorable Imp.

WE went to see "Bright Eyes" because Shirley Temple was in it, and came out talking about that adorable imp, Jane Withers, a comédienne as marvelous as I have ever seen. She actually makes you forget you went to see Shirley, for when she appears on the screen, which isn't often enough, you can't see any one but Jane. Where has she been while the producers have been crying for another Shirley?

This youngster, if they give her

Continued on page 10

Marie Dailey is so enthusiastic about Dick Powell because he always lilts through his songs as though he really enjoyed singing.

THE BLUE OF HER EYES—THE SCARLET OF HER LIPS

Bewitching Queen of Coquettes...carefree charmer . . . whose beauty blazed in conquest . . . while the world about her flamed! The private life of history's most glamorous adventuress . . . told against a background of raging conflict . . . tender romance! . . . A picture as deep as the human heart . . . as big as the mighty events through which its drama rolls! . . . Re-created on the Technicolor screen . . . its breathless beauty will burst upon the world in radiant life . . . and glorious color!

PIONEER PICTURES PRESENTS

Miriam
HOPKINS
in

BECKY SHARP

with

FRANCES DEE
CEDRIC HARDWICKE
BILLIE BURKE
ALISON SKIPWORTH
NIGEL BRUCE · ALAN MOWBRAY

•

AN RKO-RADIO PICTURE
Designed in color by ROBERT EDMUND JONES

The first . . . full-length production photographed in the gasping grandeur of NEW TECHNICOLOR! ...A new miracle in motion pictures...that promises to create a revolution...as great as that caused by sound!...The producers of "La Cucaracha" are proud to pioneer and present the first full-length feature filmed in the full glory of NEW TECHNICOLOR!

A ROUBEN MAMOULIAN PRODUCTION

Information, Please

Your puzzling questions about players and pictures are answered by the man who knows.

By The Oracle

BLAKE STEADMAN.—Norma Shearer and Robert Montgomery starred together in "Their Own Desire," "The Divorcee," "Strangers May Kiss," "Private Lives," and "Riptide." "Private Lives" was based on the Noel Coward play of the same name.

J. L. E.—Allen Jenkins's latest are "King of the Ritz" and "Case of the Curious Bride." Randolph Scott has appeared in "Roberta" since he made "Home on the Range." Now making "Village Tale," with Kay Johnson.

E. E.—I have no doubt that Nils Asther's English-made film, "Abdul the Damned" will be shown in America. Adrienne Ames has the feminine lead. Did you read the story about him in last month's Picture Play? It told of his future plans, about which you inquire.

SCARAMOUCHE.—If you read the interview with Ramon Novarro in the May issue of this magazine then you know of his present attitude toward the screen. For stills of "Wake Up and Dream," address the Publicity Dept., Universal Pictures, RKO Bldg., Radio City, New York, and for those of "Son of the Sheik," to United Artists Corp., 729 Seventh Avenue, New York. The late Russ Columbo was born January 14, 1908. The other birth dates are: Myrna Loy, August 2, 1905; Joan Crawford, March 23, 1908; Jean Harlow, March 3, 1911; Miriam Hopkins, October 18, 1902; Carol Lombard, October 6, 1909; William Haines, January 1, 1900.

WOLFE.—Robert Donat is under contract to Warners, to which studio you might write for his photograph. See back of the magazine for "Addresses of Players."

A. F. B.—That was Trent Durkin as *Junior Kalness* in "Big-hearted Herbert." Frankie Thomas is playing in "Dog of Flanders." Dickie Moore in "Little Men."

ELSA.—John Boles was born in Greenville, Texas, October 17, 1898; six feet one, weighs 180; brown hair, gray-blue eyes. The Fox Studio will supply his photograph.

BETTY FOWLER.—Charlotte Henry was *Bo-Peep* in "Babes in Toyland," and *Marjorie* in "The Last Gentleman." Esther Muir is not married. Ralf Harolde in "Stolen Harmony."

NOVARRO ADDICT.—What I have said to *Scaramouche* with reference to Ramon Novarro also applies to you. I am sure Novarro has made phonograph records, which should be available at the larger music stores. He has never been featured on the radio.

TOBY.—That is Freddie Bartholomew's right name. He was born in London, England, March 28, 1924, but has lived mostly in Warminster. He was reared by his aunt, Miss Millicent Bartholomew, since he was an infant. His next screen appearance will be as Greta Garbo's son in "Anna Karenina."

EIGHT CHEERIOS FOR RALPH.—I am as much puzzled as you are that Ralph Bellamy hasn't been starred before this. But there is really nothing I can do about it. You should direct your complaint to the producers who decide the fate of a player.

J. M. SULLIVAN.—That is Dorothy Wilson, and not Elizabeth Young, in "The White Parade" layout in January Picture Play. Sorry to have confused you.

RAY WESSLING.—You might address Joseph Striker at the Lambs Club, 128 West 44th Street, New York City. He hasn't been active in pictures for some time.

RAMON DE IBARRA Y VILLABASO.—Mary Astor was born in Quincy, Illinois, May 3, 1906; five feet five, weighs 120; auburn hair, dark-brown eyes. Ida Lupino, London, England, in 1917; five feet four, weighs 110; blond hair, violet eyes. Jimmy Butler is thirteen. Latest are "Laddie" and "Dinky."

ELEANOR FINN.—Ruby Keeler is five feet four, weighs 105; brown hair and blue eyes. Born August 25, 1909. Write to the Warner Studio for her photo. Ann Sothern's next is with Ralph Bellamy in "Eight Bells." Bob Montgomery will be thirty-one on May 21st.

JOSEPH C. LOMBARD.—Betty Grable was the dancer in the scenes with Edward Everett Horton in "The Gay Divorcee." You can reach her at the RKO studio.

R. S.—Ginger Rogers has reddish-blond hair. Merle Oberon is five feet two. Mary Howard, who is Will Rogers's daughter, was born in 1915.

PAULINE.—The cast of "Night After Night" included George Raft, Constance Cummings, Wynne Gibson, Mae West, Alison Skipworth, Roscoe Karns, Louis Calhern, Bradley Page.

COX X.—Gordon Westcott played the rôle of *George Wexley* in "Murder in the Clouds." Born in St. George, Utah. Elizabeth Allan in Skegness, England, April 9, 1908. Roland Young in London, England, November 11, 1887. As far as I know, all of them use their own names, including Alan Mowbray.

RUTH AND REED.—Nelson Eddy and Art Jarrett did the singing in "Dancing Lady." I don't recall the woman impersonator in "Arizona to Broadway." Fox released the picture in 1933.

STEPHEN DEWHURST.—Edmund Lowe is six feet; Charles Bickford, six feet one. Warren William is about that, too. The latter has been in films since 1931.

LINWOOD BRITTAIN.—John Wayne is at the Monogram Studio, 1040 North Las Palmas Avenue, Hollywood. His latest is "Rainbow Valley," to be followed by "Desert Trail" and "The Dawn Rider." He is married to Josephine Saenz. Yakima Canutt also is with Monogram. He recently appeared with John Wayne in "Lawless Frontier."

M. E. H.—Kay Francis is about five feet six. The only time she wears low-heeled shoes in her pictures is when her leading man is not a few inches taller than she is. In fact, I understand that she even discarded shoes while making "I Loved a Woman" opposite Edward G. Robinson some time ago. Franchot Tone is six feet. Henry Wilcoxon and Loretta Young have the leads in "The Crusades."

S. GROSSMAN.—Richard Talmadge is to be starred in a series of action melodramas by Reliable Pictures. However, by addressing the Richard Talmadge Productions, at Universal Studio, Universal City, California, you no doubt will be able to learn if stills of his silent pictures are still available.

SHIRLEY DAWSON.—Wallace and Noah Beery are brothers, but Madge and Ralph Bellamy are not related. The rôle of *Ramsey* in "The Hell Cat" was played by Richard Heming, and that of *Mackay* in "The Lost Patrol" by Paul Hanson.

FRANK J.—Eddie Nugent is making "The Old Homestead" for Liberty Pictures at the RKO-Pathé Studio, Culver City, California. Felix Knight was *Tom-Tom* in "Babes in Toyland." Address him at MGM. Their right names are: Anita Louise, Anita Louise Fremault; Jean Muir, Jean Muir Fullarton; Joan Crawford, Lucille Le Sueur; Janet Gaynor, Laura Gainer; Ruby Keeler, Ethel Hilda Keeler; Myrna Loy, Myrna Williams; John Beal, James Alexander Bliedung.

[Continued on page 73]

Hollywood's Most Famous Bad Man Joins the "G-MEN" and Halts the March of Crime!

Leave it to Warner Bros. to make the first big picture of America's greatest battle in the war on crime!

The producers of "The Public Enemy" have trained their cameras on the men who trained their guns on the craftiest killers of this gang-ridden day and age.

They've brought the G-MEN, mighty manhunters of the Department of Justice, out of the shadows of secrecy into the brilliant glare of the picture screen.

Yesterday's screaming headlines are a feeble whisper compared to the sensational revelations in this shot-by-shot dramatization of gangland's Waterloo — the last stand of the underworld!

It's all here! . . . every graphic detail of how the deadly trap was set — and sprung — on the Mad Dog of the Mobs, and of how the Big Shot no jail could hold kept his rendezvous with death!

"G-Men" is easily the *stand-out* for this month's highest honors. Our advice is to see it yourself before your friends begin to rave about it!

THE PICTURE OF THE MONTH

Yesterday

Public Enemy No. 1 in the never - to - be - forgotten Warner Bros. thriller, "The Public Enemy."

Today

he's on Uncle Sam's side, staging his own private war with the public enemies of 1935!

JIMMY CAGNEY revels in his return to the scenes of his greatest triumphs! . . . And Ann Dvorak, Margaret Lindsay, and Robert Armstrong score heavily in a big cast, superbly directed by William Keighley for First National Pictures.

Continued from page 6

stories with comedy, will outshine all child stars to date. Her every movement registers—and what facial expression!

I hope you'll print my letter, and that Jane will see it, for we love her already, and we want more of her.

MRS. MARIA E. WESTBROOK.
Los Angeles, California.

Blond Viking.

SOMEBODY please tell me why Gene Raymond is so often teamed with the older stars who have been on the screen for years? Mary Astor, for instance. And Kay Francis, Lilian Harvey, Dolores del Rio, Joan Crawford, Nancy Carroll, and Sylvia Sidney. Sylvia wasn't so bad, but those other jaded old-timers certainly suffered by comparison with Gene's fresh young vivacity.

He and Frances Dee made such an appealing and attractive team in "Coming Out Party." It's a pity they couldn't be together in another really good picture. I think they both typify the modern youth of the newer and more dignified, sensible brand. Thank goodness the flappers and sheiks are gone except for a few imitators.

I should love to see Gene in a costume picture. With his broad shoulders and blond Viking good looks, he would make a gorgeous *Anthony Adverse* or a *Thaddeus of Warsaw*. I think everybody is getting weary of the slinky, soapy-eyed, milk-and-water Leslie Howards and Robert Donats, and the synthetic toughs like James Cagney. Youth and beauty, sincerity and unaffected simplicity will always make itself felt, and when *will* the industry learn this and quit trying to bluff the public?

MRS. GEORGE SEELEY.
Houston, Texas.

A Peach Among Lemons.

MRS. T. J. H. of Batesville, Arkansas, I'd like to send you a carload of orchids for the nice things you said about Dick Powell's voice.

It has long been a mystery to me why the majority prefer Bing Crosby's slovenly, lethargic singing to Dick's. Bing seems so indifferent about the whole thing, and gives one the impression that he'd much rather go somewhere and take a nap. He may be a nice fellow, and he's probably kind to his children, but as a singer, well, I've heard that he's a good golfer.

Now, Dick lilts through his songs as though he just loved to sing. (Oh, Mrs. T. J. H.! Will you do me a favor and drop me a postcard giving your name and address? Please do!)

To "A Chicago Fan" I award a carload of onions for calling Evelyn Venable a "young heifer." To me, Miss Venable seems like a beautiful peach among a lot of dehydrated lemons—an American beauty in the midst of a bunch of artificial flowers, wilted-looking ones at that! She's such a relief after all those emaciated, haggard-looking heroines who seem about to collapse from hunger.

In closing, I'd like to toss a bouquet to Norbert Lusk for his fair, unprejudiced reviews.

MARIE DAILEY.
General Delivery, Racine, Wisconsin.

Pity for Mr. Boring.

MAY we say to Paul Boring that he rather lives up to his name?

In the March issue of Picture Play he had the audacity to speak of Shirley Temple as being an "insignificant and fatuous mite." We would say that Shirley in her five years has learned to think and express love, which is more than he has learned in the years of his existence.

Any one having seen Shirley in any of her pictures could not fail to love her. We pity Mr. Boring that his outlook on life is so small and biased that he has to express himself in such a manner. He evidently has never experienced a child's love, or else he is letting the green-eyed monster get the better of him.

LYDIA AND GLADYS HOFFMAN.
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Elissa Is Warm and Human.

I HAVE read "Lee's" letter concerning Elissa Landi's performance as *Mercedes* in "The Count of Monte Cristo" and want to express my opinion, too.

Lee's letter states that Miss Landi's rôle "was too big for her and she was more or less lost." The part will never be written that is too big for Elissa Landi. She made a perfect *Mercedes;* she gave a sympathetic and intelligent performance, as she always does.

Miss Landi is beautiful, versatile and charming, but more than that, she is warm and human. She is a fine actress, and I hope to see much more of her in the future.

M. C.
St. Paul, Minnesota.

Bubbling with personality is Betty Jean Hainey, newest of Hollywood's child discoveries. She's in "Wanderlust," with Guy Kibbee and Aline MacMahon.

Her Selection.

DURING the year just past I kept a record of the films I saw and the number totaled one hundred and twenty-three. Of these I selected twelve as tops, with five outstanding among the twelve, and one which I considered the finest film of the year. The twelve selected were:

"Dinner at Eight"—splendid acting by the entire cast, but particularly by Marie Dressler and Jean Harlow.

"Flying Down to Rio"—the most beautiful musical ever filmed, and two gorgeous dance numbers. It also served to give that scintillating new screen personality, Fred Astaire, his well-deserved break.

"Queen Christina"—Garbo. The shot at the close of the film was the most beautiful I've ever seen on the screen.

"It Happened One Night"—demonstrated the possibilities of light comedy with proper direction. A large, bright-red feather in the cap of director Frank Capra. Clark Gable was grand!

"Death Takes a Holiday"—a thought-provoking film. Fine performances by Evelyn Venable and Fredric March lifted it into the "best" class.

"The Mysterious Mr. X"—best mystery film of the year. Very well done.

"Manhattan Melodrama"—the best of the gangster type. Honors go to Clark Gable.

"*Viva* Villa!"—Wallace Beery's greatest show.

"Little Man, What Now?"—it was all Margaret Sullavan's. A very poignant and appealing drama.

"The Thin Man"—a new type of film for the screen. Excellent work by William Powell and Myrna Loy.

"The House of Rothschild"—a splendid film in every particular. George Arliss was superb. A film of stirring and inspiring qualities.

"The Barretts of Wimpole Street"—Norma Shearer more lovely than ever. One of history's "sweetest stories ever told" done with charm and understanding.

The five films which I felt to be outstanding were: "Queen Christina," "It Happened One Night," "The Thin Man," "The House of Rothschild," and "The Barretts of Wimpole Street."

My choice for the best film of the entire year is the magnificent "House of Rothschild."

Doesn't every one agree with me?

MRS. AVERAGE FAN.
Box No. 94, Freeport, New York.

The Schallerts' Little Slip.

IN March Picture Play, Edwin and Elza Schallert write, among their other Hollywood high lights, this squib: "One of the domestic oddities in Hollywood is to hear Mrs. Paul Muni speak of her husband. She never calls him by his first name when speaking of him to a third person. She always says Muni is doing this, or Muni said that.

The point I want to make is that Mrs. Muni *does* call her husband by his first name, for his real patronym is Muni Weisenfreund, which he used until entering pictures, and which the magnates thought a little cumbersome and substituted "Paul Muni" for the longer name.

Of course, the Schallerts' little slip is not important, but what is important is that Mr. Muni is one of the finest and most capable actors ever to walk in front of a camera. His sincerity, depth, and rugged virility—which contrasts sharply to the doubtful manhood of some of our blond young heroes—set him apart and above the rest of the pack. Through "Scarface," "I Am a Fugitive," "The World Changes," and "Bordertown," he moves surely, with increasing dramatic stature and power. *Vive* Muni!

FRANCIS C. LITTLEJOHN.
1374 Eighteenth Avenue.
San Francisco, California.

A Singer Supreme.

MRS. T. J. H., I can't agree with you when you say Dick Powell is the finest singer on the screen or radio.

On the radio is a lad who presents heavy competition to Gladys Swarthout and Richard Crooks, both members of the Metropolitan Opera. And in "Student Tour" he sang the "Carlo" and did it darned well. If when you see him in "Naughty Marietta" you still think Dick Powell is supreme, you are no true music lover.

Plainly and simply, I mean orchids to Nelson Eddy!

RUTH ANNE.
San Gabriel, California.

Continued on page 80

STREET & SMITH'S

VOLUME XLII
NUMBER 4

PICTURE PLAY

JUNE
1935

WELCOME a new team and a very likable one—Evelyn Venable and Robert Young. They're youthful, intelligent and good looking and they can act. Together for the first time in "Vagabond Lady," they are an ideal couple to play the sweethearts in a whimsical romance. Irrepressible Miss Venable, engaged to dignified Reginald Denny, is attracted to devil-may-care Mr. Young on his return from a cruise and her wedding is interrupted by a hilarious lapse from dignity in time for her to marry the right man.

YOUR VACATION

Photo by Wide World

Hollywood Boulevard, probably the most famous of any thoroughfare. This section harbors most of the exclusive shops and restaurants frequented by the players.

JANE gave a blissful sigh as the travelogue ended and the lights in the theater bloomed into brightness.

"Bali!" she said. "Isn't it lovely! Wouldn't that be a wonderful place to go on our honeymoon?"

"Listen, dear," said John. "I don't think you're going to make a very practical wife. We've been engaged three weeks, and during that time you've wanted to go to Switzerland, the South Seas, Panama, and Iceland for our honeymoon. Let's get down to cases. Where do you *really* want to go?"

"Well, I know what I'd love to do," said Jane. "But I'm afraid it's too expensive. I'd like to go to Hollywood!"

"Why, for gosh sakes?" asked John. "We couldn't get into any of the studios and I imagine we'd be lucky if we saw one real star."

"That isn't the idea," said Jane. "I just want to be in Hollywood. I want to stay at the Roosevelt Hotel, and eat at all those places you read about, and go where the stars go to dance. I don't care if our money holds out only one day, I want to do it."

John considered. "All right," he said. "We'll do it. We may have to start back in a couple of days—or we may last a week—but let's shoot the works on Hollywood!"

And so John and Jane were married and they went to Hollywood for their honeymoon and lived very happily for five days.

It was eight in the morning when the train pulled into Los Angeles. In his pocket, John had two return tickets and one hundred and ten dollars.

He waved for a cab. "Roosevelt Hotel," he said, "and drive up Hollywood Boulevard."

Neither of the newlyweds looked at the meter as it merrily ticked away during the half-hour drive. Part of the bargain they had made with themselves was that they were not to bother about costs. When the money was gone it was gone, and they would leave without memories of pinched nickels and regretted dimes to mar the stay.

At the door of the Roosevelt, while Jane gazed at passers-by, hoping to discover a star, John paid the driver two dollars and thirty-five cents.

The hotel clerk had a room for two on the side street for five dollars and a most desirable one on the corner looking down the Boulevard, for six dollars. Without hesitation, John signed for the corner room.

After they had bathed and rested, Jane voted for luncheon at the Brown Derby.

They strolled down the famous Boulevard, and at the intersection of Hollywood and Wilton, they saw their first star—Richard Dix in a big, black sedan. In front of Warner Brothers' theater they passed Irene Dunne.

There was a crowd gathered outside the Brown Derby.

"Oh, something must have happened!" cried Jane.

"Fight, maybe," said John, hopefully.

Then they saw the reason for the gathering.

Wallace Beery, entering for lunch with little Carol Ann, was greeted by a frantic waving of autograph books. The crowd was the permanent group of signature hunters which clusters in front of every popular eating place.

Jane had difficulty in keeping her eyes on the menu, for across from her in a booth was "Schnozzle" Durante, and a few tables away the Marx Brothers. By turning her head, she could see Carol Lombard.

IN HOLLYWOOD —and the Cost

Perhaps you've often dreamed of going to the movie capital in the hope of coming face to face with the stars and seeing all those places you read about in fan magazines. But surely such an adventure would be beyond your means, you think. Not so, however, when you read how a young couple spent their honeymoon in Hollywood at comparatively low cost. There are figures to prove it.

By Winifred Aydelotte

Finally, in desperation, she asked John to order.

They had, à la carte, jellied consommé, roast duck, and an ice, totaling two dollars and fifty cents, and John left a fifty-cent tip.

It was ten minutes after two before they had finished, for Jane ate slowly.

"We'd better take a taxi if we want to get to the show on time," said John. The taxi to Grauman's Chinese Theater set him back thirty-five cents, and the tickets two dollars and twenty cents.

Jane loved the heavy carpets, the cool gloom of the theater, the gold bamboo trees on the vermilion walls, and the beautiful little usherettes in their richly embroidered costumes. And had she only known it, there she was seated behind John Barrymore's wife and beside the mother of Dolores del Rio.

Without a moment's hesitation, they voted for dinner and dancing at the Coconut Grove that night.

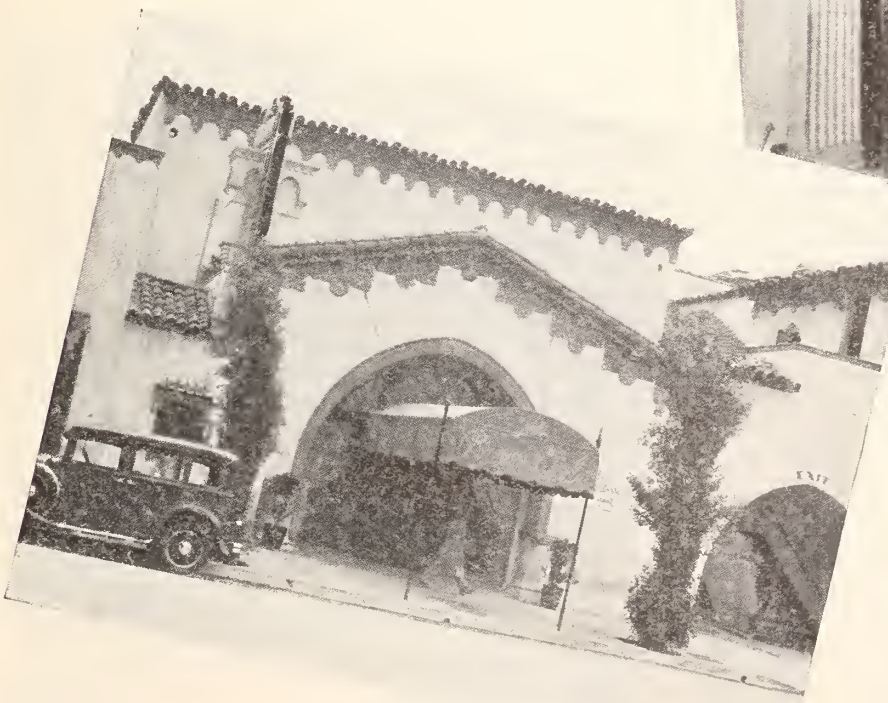
"What'll I wear?" asked John.

"Dinner clothes," said Jane positively. "You don't have to, but nearly everybody dresses for the Grove. I'm going to wear my peach velvet."

"Then let's get a cocktail and a sandwich now," said John, "and have dinner about eight."

Photo by Wide World

Above, imposing entrance to the Metro-Goldwyn studio through whose gates some of our most brilliant stars have passed.



The Brown Derby, popular dining place of the stars. Just one of the many spots where autograph hunters track down their idols.

Photo by Wide World

Clara Bow and Rex Bell take their place in line in the mad rush for seats for the fights.

Four cocktails, two sandwiches—one dollar and fifty cents.

The taxi to the Grove was one dollar and fifteen cents.

Jane drew a long sigh of happiness as they walked under the towering palms which gave the room its name. A waiter found them a table, not too near the orchestra, and fairly near the door so that they would not miss seeing the celebrities. They were rewarded by Mary Brian, Dick Powell, Jackie Coogan with Toby Wing, and Maurice Chevalier with a strange blonde.

John regarded the menu, and both decided on the dinner.

Dinner five dollars. Cover charge two dollars. Two bottles of sauterne three dollars and fifty cents.

"I know what let's do to-morrow," said John. "Let's get a Drive Yourself car, and go around and take a look at the studios."

Over the telephone the next morning, John found that he could secure a coupé of light build for four dollars and fifty cents a day. In that price were included insurance, gas, and oil for twenty-four hours. He had to pay the rental in advance and make a deposit of ten dollars. He could have made arrangements with another company that charged two dollars and fifteen cents a day and ten cents a mile, but since the first company he called was the nearest, they decided to save time.

They had breakfast at the hotel coffee shop for one dollar, and set out on their tour of studios. John had a map, and he marked the route which would save them the most time. First he drove out over Cahuenga Pass to Warners-First National, parked in front, and had passing glimpses of Ruby Keeler, Joan Blondell, and Patricia Ellis going to work.

Then they drove through the pleasant valley to Universal City.

The Universal commissary is open to the public. They walked boldly in, and, while eating their lunch, saw Carl Laemmle, Jr., working at his famous smile, Margaret Sullavan, Neil Hamilton, and Baby Jane. The plentiful lunch cost them seventy-five cents each.

They had dinner that night at the Russian Eagle, which cost three dollars and seventy cents, including two Martinis. There they saw Marlene Dietrich, Ivan Lebedeff, Adolphe Menjou and his bride, Verree Teasdale.

After dinner they went to the fights—six dollars and sixty cents, and saw Lupe Velez and her Johnnee, Mae West, Rex Bell and Clara Bow.

They had breakfast the next morning at the Munchers, the only other studio commissary open to the public. It is practically on the Fox lot, and there they saw Jimmy Dunn, Herbert Mundin, and Claire Trevor. The breakfast cost them one dollar.

Lunch at Sardi's set them back one dollar and seventy cents and fifty cents for two glasses of sherry. They spent the afternoon looking at stars' homes with a guide who charged them one dollar.

After dinner at the Beverly Wilshire, where they had a choice of a one-dollar-and-fifty-cent or two-dollar-and-fifty-cent dinner, and where they saw Carl Brisson and his wife, and Pat Paterson and Charles Boyer, they went to the Fox Ritz Theater two blocks away where a sign was twinkling on the marquee, "Feature Preview."

They took their places in line outside, bought tickets for eighty cents and stood in the lobby watching Constance Bennett and Gilbert Roland, Fredric March, Frank Morgan, Madge Evans, and Louise Fazenda enter the theater. The usher had to warn them that the last loge seats were going. There was a section roped off for the press and for studio people.

The next morning, John headed the car toward the beach. "I've got an idea," he confided. And in a little while one of Jane's fondest dreams came true. They were at Malibu.

They strolled up the beach. Jane stared frankly at Jack Gilbert and Racquel Torres with Stephen Ames, and John stopped and watched Joan Crawford plunge into the waves. Irvin S. Cobb stretched his impressive bulk on the sand and held forth to a spellbound group. It was hard to appear accustomed to so much fame.

They took the long way home, and parked outside the MGM motor entrance where they had the good fortune to see Jean Harlow, Robert Montgomery, and Clark Gable whisked in to work.

By that time it was two o'clock and they were hungry.

"Now what?" asked John.

Jane looked around. "Let's just get a hot dog somewhere," she suggested, "and then I want to go to the Hollywood Athletic Club."

"You can't get in there!" protested John.

"I know. I don't want to. I just want to park outside for a while."

The afternoon sun was hot, even in the shade of the pepper tree, but the honeymooners were rewarded by glimpses of Edmund Lowe, Edward G. Robinson, and Buster Crabbe going into the club for a swim.

They were tired when they reached the hotel, and joined the early diners there and for one dollar each had dinner.

"What are we going to do now?" asked Jane.

For answer, John triumphantly produced tickets for the opening night of Will Rogers, in "Ah, Wilderness." The tickets were three dollars and thirty cents.

John and Jane stood enchanted in the crowd which overflowed the lobby and sidewalks, and watched the bright parade of stars enter, for Hollywood makes a big social event when one of its members appears on the stage.

The next morning they slept late, and had a combination breakfast and lunch at Levy's Tavern for seventy-five cents each, and then John turned the car toward Beverly Hills.

"We're going to a cocktail party," he announced.

"Where?"

"Oh, we're not going in," said John, "but we're going."

He sought the same friendly guide who had pointed out the stars' homes to them. [Continued on page 68]

This prison scene in "We Live Again" presented many problems in mixing sound with action, all of which are explained so clearly that any one can understand.

The TRICK of DUBBING IN

This fascinating, inside story of how sound effects are achieved in pictures should be read by every fan. It throws new light on the marvel of creating popular entertainment. And it explains, too, why stars work harder than we realize.

By Eugene Deaderick

WHAT produces all the complicated sound effects we find in almost any picture, and who are the people behind them? By what magic can we hear a train rumbling and, at the same time, catch dialogue so clearly that we never have to strain to hear?

The handling of sound in the making of a picture is an art in itself. A tense situation develops in a night club, let us say. We hear the orchestra playing and see the crowd dancing. And at a table two of the players are speaking their lines in modulated voices.

The thrilling "Tosca" sequence in "Enter Madame," with Elissa Landi and Richard Bonelli, represented many hours of grueling labor off-screen.

If one of us took a companion to a night club where an orchestra was holding forth and there was the constant shuffle of feet on the dance floor, we know perfectly well that we'd have to shout to make ourselves heard across a very small table. Yet, in the picture the effect is complete and at the same time we hear the words distinctly. It is done by "mixing" the various sounds and blending them together.

Suppose the scene portrays New Year's Eve in a cabaret with a hilarious crowd. The jazz band is sawing away, balloons are popping, whistles are blowing. Then the heroine says in a faint voice, "I'm not well. I must go home." No less than four sound tracks have to be made to produce the whole effect—one of the dialogue, one of the crowd laughing and calling, one of the orchestra playing, and another, a silent picture of the orchestra playing.

For the music of the orchestra, a short track is made and "dubbed in" faintly or loudly, as the case may be, for the sound-control man can mix the sounds and soften or increase them at will, by pressing a button. It is something like using a typewriter. The picture on the screen shows the orchestra in action and that one was made as a silent. A piano off stage played the number to get the orchestra men into the swing and then they merely went through the motions of playing.

When the dialogue is made, the lines are recorded and we only *see* the orchestra, for that part is the silent picture, with the violinists sawing away with their bows but not touching the strings.

A separate sound track is made of the crowd and the length of it depends on the extent it is used in the picture. Sometimes a short length of "crowd murmur" is made and used over and over. The extras are lined up and told to furnish loud or soft murmur. It is left to them what they actually say. The point is that nothing very definite should be said or it will reproduce.

Continued on page 67

THEY SAY IN

Broadway buzzes with chatter about more than the usual number of visiting celebrities, and here is the echo of it all.

By Karen Hollis

MORE than the usual quota of Hollywood celebrities have been vacationing in New York of late and the town has broken out in a rash of parties for them. A cocktail party for Marlene Dietrich brought out such crowds that the elegant Janssen suite of the Waldorf-Astoria resembled the subway during rush hour.

Wan and pallid, but looking stately in a simple, clinging dark dress ornamented only with a bunch of violets, Miss Dietrich did her gracious best—which was very good, indeed—to give pleasant, if noncommittal, answers to a barrage of trying questions.

Skillfully maneuvered by General Wilkie of the Paramount publicity staff, each guest was presented to Miss Dietrich, then eased away with tact. In that brief moment, however, many guests managed to ask questions which would have amply justified an outbreak of nerves and a cup of tea flung in their faces.

"Did you wear masculine clothes on your last visit just for the publicity?" "No," she drawled, "just for comfort, but they attracted too much attention." "Do you think Von Sternberg is through?" "Oh, no"—with deep concern—"he just isn't going to direct my pictures any more." She survived some hours of this. Please award her the year's medal for poise under pressure.

Marlene Dietrich answered impertinent questions with unruffled calm, winning a prize for poise at a party in her honor.

Photo by International

Big, blond and exuberant, Nelson Eddy is a new type of singing star.

Photo by Bull

Irene Dunne came to New York at the height of "Roberta's" success and found herself a glamour girl.

The Bounding Lark.—Nelson Eddy's annual concert tour, taking in twenty-two cities this season, was launched by a cocktail party given by his manager. Only a few present had seen his

NEW YORK—

The Operatic Invasion.—Hollywood society absorbs dukes, industrial magnates, and society dowagers without any preliminary nervousness, but it still has awe for opera singers. Neither Hollywood hostesses nor visiting singers have much fun as a rule because the film set have a preconceived idea that opera is a world apart, calling for a grand manner.

If only Hollywood could have been present at the "Post Depression Gayeties," staged for theatrical charities, they would receive Lily Pons, Gladys Swarthout, and Helen Jepson with natural gusto. For these three distinguished canaries of the Metropolitan caused a sensation that night singing "Minnie the Moocher" no less, and in a manner that would make any coon shouter writhe with envy.

Manhattan Pilgrimage.—Every girl dreams of coming to New York famous, prosperous, and popular. Rochelle Hudson has done it and it wasn't as exciting as she expected.

Hailed as the most promising of the younger players, she set out for a vacation with her mother on completion of "Les Miserables" opposite Fredric March. She did the night clubs and theaters and had a ghastly time accustoming herself to sleeping late in the morning.

"I'm afraid I'm a wholesome, outdoor girl," she commented with a wry smile, glancing past the huge bunches of wilted flowers to a window that disclosed a murky day outside. Her greatest thrill was a reunion with Constance Cummings, a fellow Wampas Baby Star, now leading woman in a Broadway stage success. Constance was the best crap-shooter among the Wampas stars that year. With no intellectual pretensions and a cool, bland attitude toward the vicissitudes of a picture career, one gathers that Rochelle

Continued on page 71

Claudette Colbert's friendliness is unchanged by the honor of receiving the Academy Award.

On her first visit to New York, Rochelle Hudson impressed with her bland, unconcerned attitude toward her career.

picture, "Naughty Marietta," and opinions of his work varied all the way from "magnificent" to "simply awful." Many old friends among the musical great were present and introductions were informal, to say the least.

"Come here, you grinning oaf, somebody wants to meet you—I don't know why." "But isn't it nice that she does?" Mr. Eddy retorted, gripping my hand in a clasp that would have done credit to Max Baer. "Don't mind him," a bystander commented. "He's the original subject of that old story 'For Heaven's sake, sing,' you know." "But he won't sing until he has counted the house and made sure of heavy receipts," another volunteered.

"Hollywood is fine training for this sort of thing," Mr. Eddy remarked, undismayed. "The parties are bigger, more continuous, and the guests' comments often clever."

Treasurer's Heart Bowed Down.—If Mr. Eddy is the sensation at the box office that many people expect him to be, RKO will retire in disgrace to the dunce's corner. It seems that they answered with a resounding "No" when his services were offered to them. Even at Metro-Goldwyn, he remained idle almost a year after he signed a contract. This big, effulgent blond doesn't follow the screen tradition of sleek, brunet romantics or the newer vogue for pugnacious Cagneys.

Preview flashes from SHIRLEY'S greatest picture..."OUR LITTLE GIRL"

by Jerry Halliday

"COME ON OVER AND SEE MY STATUE!"

Forgotten (for the moment anyway) are Shirley's dolls and pretty dishes. Shirley is still telling friends about the nice, fat man . . . (Irvin S. Cobb to you) . . . who traded a bee-you-tee-ful statue for a hug and kiss! Dear little girl, I wonder if you'll ever know the happiness you bring to millions of people. Special Academy Award? That's nothing to the good wishes the whole world sends you!

She plays at being happy to rebuild a shattered dream!

CONGRATULATIONS, FANS, here comes Shirley! How you'll thrill to this human story of a child and her parents whose happiness is suddenly threatened! And how the tense, dramatic climax will stir the heart of everyone from Granddad to Junior as Shirley's love triumphs over a family crisis. A *"must-see" picture!*

Rosemary Ames and Joel McCrea give true-to-life performances as the parents who grope in the dark shadows of misunderstonding.

•

You'll love Shirley's lullaby, "Our Little Girl."

If there can be anything more adorable than Shirley alone, it's Shirley with Sniff, her loyal companion.

•

SHIRLEY DANCES AND SHE SINGS . . . TOO!

Shirley

TEMPLE

in

'OUR LITTLE GIRL'

ROSEMARY AMES
JOEL McCREA

Lyle Talbot • Erin O'Brien-Moore

Produced by Edward Butcher • Directed by John Robertson • From the story "Heoven's Gate" by Florence Leighton Pfolzgraf

FOX

FAVORITES of the FANS

VERREE TEASDALE

PHOTO BY M. MARIGOLD

Photo by Eugene Robert Richee

ELISSA LANDI

MORE letters come to Picture Play about Elissa Landi than any other star, and every one is written by a fan of unusual intelligence All proclaim the beauty of their favorite, her sensitive acting and her sparkling, unique personality. Her absence from the screen is deplored, and news of her return is demanded. Meanwhile, the lovely lady languishes In idleness the better part of a year. Why?

oto by Manatt

MARION DAVIES

IERE, there, sweet Maid Marion! Don't pout—and you en't, either—just because the inscrutable gods of the ema decreed that you should not play in "The Barretts Wimpole Street" nor yet in "Marie Antoinette." As a médienne you are unapproachable, your genius un- estionable, and your sense of fun unquenchable. That's y the whole world of fans looks forward with gayety to "Page Miss Glory."

Photo by Bert Longworth

ANITA LOUISE

HOLLYWOOD'S garden of girls has no fairer or sweeter rosebud than you. Your beauty can be prolonged by skilled aid, but your freshness and sweetness are you because they spring from within yourself. Don't ever lose these precious treasures, Anita Louise!

ANN DVORAK

ZIPPING along from one good performance to another, Ann Dvorak recently showed what she could do as a singer and dancer in "Sweet Music," the object of Rudy Vallée's affections in the hugely successful "Fare Thee Well, Annabelle" number. Now she turns her back on frivolity for the drama of "The G Men."

Photo by Scotty Welbourne

JOAN BLONDELL

AS secure in her family life as a Romon motror Joan Blondell insists that she has lost none of he zest for comedy ond wisecracks in spite of the hai of motherhood. The latter doesn't interfere wit being a good comedienne, it seems. Anyway, sh will show you it doesn't in "Traveling Soleslady and "Broadway Gondolier."

Photo by Bert Longwort

HENRY WILCOXON

EROIC acting in the grand anner—Hollywood has only ne exemplar of this school nd he is *Marc Antony* of Cleopatra," stalwart Henry Vilcoxon. Heaven forbid that e ever become antic or elfin ong with the drawing-room ctors! He certainly will not in ecil DeMille's "The Crusades" r he plays *King Richard Coeur de Lion!*

Photo by Ernest A. Bachrach

KATHARINE HEPBURN

SOME very odd facts of Miss Hepburn's life, as pieced together by Helen Pade in her analysis on the opposite page, give us clews to the mystery of this strange, dominating personality. One day a nobody, next day queen of the studio realm and one of the three sovereigns of the movie industry. There never has been a case like hers.

KATIE'S LITTLE GAME

This thoughtful, keen analysis of Katharine Hepburn explodes many legends that have baffled the public in making up its mind about this amazing star. First and foremost, though, is her genius for showmanship, for attracting attention to herself.

By Helen Pade

Photo by Bachrach

Women go to see Jean Harlow and Mae West to find out what it is about them that intrigues their husbands and boy friends, but they flock to Katharine Hepburn because she is their own particular star.

KATHARINE HEPBURN handed me one of the keys to her baffling character the day she nearly ran over me in that rented Hispaño-Suiza of hers.

This was just after "A Bill of Divorcement" had been filmed. It was while she was still posing as a millionairess. And when, incidentally, the fate of her career hung in the balance.

There is a narrow cement roadway between the executive buildings of RKO studio and its rather large inner courtyard. You step out of any of the administration buildings directly upon this road, and directly into the path of any automobile that is passing. Usually this is not dangerous, because machines seldom use the lane. But I *would* step out briskly just at the moment *la* Hepburn whizzed past.

She actually brushed me in passing. But Katie, if she saw, didn't register. Honking vigorously, she stood on the seat of the car, and began shouting for a certain big executive, under whose window she had parked.

It was my first sight of Katie, but the dungarees and boyish figure placed her. Also her manner of handling a car. Reckless, but deft.

Subsequently, on location I watched her riding horseback with that same deft, sure mastery.

But back to our scene. There stood Katie, as on a speaker's platform, yelling. On the lawn were stars, directors, and others, including members of the press, all bound for the studio restaurant. They paused and stared.

Presently the big executive, who is ordinarily approached through various secretaries, stuck his head out of the window It was the only way to still the tumult and put the studio back into motion again. He and Katie had a short conversation. Then she made a farewell gesture, something between a military salute and a wave of the hand, and resumed her seat behind the steering wheel by the simple method of falling there. In a flash, she whizzed away.

The wide-eyed movie folk blinked, grinned, and shook their heads. So *that,* they remarked, is the way madcap millionairesses act!

"Probably," one star hazarded, "her daddy owns about half this studio. That would explain many things."

Of course, they soon learned the truth. Katie was no millionairess. Her father, a doctor, was a man of moderate means. They heard that her fancy car and even the monkey she used to carry around on her shoulder, were mere rented props. This revelation startled blasé Hollywood even more than her madcap antics. It perceived that Katie had taken it in by a masterful use of its own stock in trade, showmanship.

So to-day the sophisticated filmites admire Katharine Hepburn most for her remarkable achievements in attracting attention to herself, and cashing in on that attention. To them, this overshadows her histrionic accomplishments. They can point to greater examples of the Thespian art, but not to any examples of the art of showmanship that can equal her personally planned, personally executed attention-getting.

One day she was, insofar as box-office rating goes, nobody. The next she was queen of a studio realm and one of the three queens of the industry. Garbo, West, Hepburn. You may change their order of mention, but you cannot justly place another feminine name with these for that combination of popularity, news value, and symbolism which are the sinews of movie regality.

A skeptical and slightly jealous portion of Hollywood maintains that Katie is no actress. It laughed when she got the Academy award, jeered "I told you so!" when she failed to storm the walls of stage fame in "The Lake." Her one partly successful stage effort, they argued, happened to be right up her alley. It was "The Warrior's Husband," in which the womenfolk wear the pants. A cinch, they sneered, for the girl who used to impersonate boys in school playlets. [Continued on page 54]

Corinne Griffith.

MYRTLE LOOKS

Picture Play's inimitable contributor, who has more and characteristic impressions

Alice White.

TEN years of reporting the foibles of filmdom! A celebration seems in order. I lack a champagne cavalier, but I may get a kick out of reviewing my Hollywood past. Hence this anthem to auld lang syne.

Pola Negri gave me my first drink; Richard Dix my first air flight; Ricardo Cortez my first motor boat ride; Estelle Taylor invited me to my first Hollywood party.

Five fat scrapbooks, newspaper width, bulging with published impressions. Exactly fourteen hundred newspaper and magazine articles. Single interviews, and symposiums quoting numerous players. About four thousand interviews.

A ten-year game of questions and answers. Parties and premières, confidences and condolences, analyses and annoyances, fads and fashions, amours and angers. Highlights—handshakes—heartaches—highballs—headaches. A gigantic private preview.

I wonder now, as I turn those pages idly, how I escaped brain fever.

Million-dollar epics and periodic depressions, foreign invasions, salary cuts, social seasons, meteoric careers, transient reigns—I've queried my way through them all. They flash across my memory: a parade of panoply and panics in this town of the permanent rave.

No, I don't date back to the Sennett slapsticks. I came in with the boom of bigger and better bamboozle when the screen went spectacular and the tintypers acquired temperament. The curtain was ringing up on the big show. The actors got art and I got fun.

I've interviewed them on the ground and in the air, in swimming pools and ships, at home, in dressing rooms and on sets *ad infinitum*. I've gone on locations ranging from the desert to the sea.

I've caught their emotions and enunciations from the days when the movies moved and stars seethed to the present era of drawing-room decorum. I've sympathized with their sorrows and trailed their triumphs. I've even accompanied them on their honeymoons and dramatized their divorces.

I questioned Will Rogers in a mud puddle; Richard Dix in a plane; Anna May Wong in a mysterious room with sliding panels in Chinatown;

Betty Compson.

Billie Dove.

William S. Hart.

Ricardo Cortez.

GEBHART BACK

By Myrtle Gebhart

fans than some stars, recaptures revealing, amusing of ten years in Hollywood.

Madge Bellamy.

Mary Philbin on a merry-go-round; Doug Fairbanks in a barber's chair; Vera Reynolds on an aquaplane; Priscilla Dean up a tree; Bob Armstrong at an ice-skating rink; Bob Montgomery on the polo field; Raymond Hatton at the prize fights; Jacqueline Logan on a fire truck; Kathlyn Williams at a water tank on a railroad siding; Louise Fazenda over her jam-making; Dolores del Rio in a cage with bears.

A kaleidoscopic whirlpool, the hysterical Hollywood of a decade ago. Peacock personages strutted in glamour or lolled in spread plumage, imperious queens holding court. Yet, despite the pomp that surrounded them, they had an emotional informality. One would give a lot, to-day, for more of their dramatic candor.

Sunbursts of spectacle, they ornamented Hollywood with a tattoo of temperament. They shared their crises and demi-dramas. They longed to reveal "all." Interviewing was interesting.

Now, behind shutters of fearful reserve, the stars calculate and concede, and drip crystal comments. Mining their emotions is a dreary, often useless, task. They are circumspect and defensive.

They used to act—all the time. Now they work—always. Ballyhoo has become a business. Sensation, even scandal, was good copy; now saccharine is painlessly fed to bored interviewers. Poise has replaced personality; they have cultivated accent instead of acting.

What we reporters need is another misunderstood Pola! Even if——

A girl's first drink is a momentous occasion. The Negri introduced me to beer, and thereby put a studio into a panic. Pola, appalled at our arid custom, demanded champagne. In the meantime, beer would do for lunch —if there were enough of it. I was scheduled for her first interview.

The foam had arrived in her dressing room. Pola, who had a start on me, reviewed her emotional experiences. I was, she rumbled, sympathetic. I was also darned insecure. But I must appear blasé. The room began to swim, the melodramatic Negri confidences to blur.

Leaving, I felt slightly unqualified to brave the battery in the publicity office and left quietly. The walk home cleared my head. Late that after-

Mary Philbin.

Loretta Young.

Rod La Rocque Richard Dix.

Clara Bow.

Florence Vidor.

Vilma Banky.

Priscilla Dean.

noon the phone rang, a frenzied voice inquiring if anything had been heard of me. I shall never forget his fervent "Thank God!"

Richard Dix drove me, at reckless speed, to a somewhat dubious night resort, and introduced me as "Miss Brown." In case, he whispered, the place was raided. Thus gallantly protecting my spotless reputation, when I craved at least a faint stain of sophistication.

I traveled to San Francisco as Mrs. Jack Hoxie, though neither Jack nor I knew it. The Wampas wouldn't pay my fare on a jamboree. But a clever boy discovered that Mrs. Jack wasn't going. He knew that, with our crowd on a private train, and drinks and poker in the club car, Jack wouldn't seek his berth that night. So he said he had "arranged" it.

They were all my "big brothers" in those days. Trustfully I tumbled in, and slept peacefully. But suppose, I pondered when I later found out, Jack had decided to retire.

Romantic visions—tawdry disillusionments. I had imagined men drinking champagne from a woman's slipper. And I saw it done! The party was given to the press by an ambitious amateur with a wealthy, elderly husband. It cost a thousand dollars. At some one's laughing request, she stepped upon the flower-strewn table, poured bubbly into her silver slipper and handed it around, coquettishly.

"Is this *it?*" I asked my escort, Hugh Allan, the "West Point" hero.

"Yeah! Now you know what a revel is. Let's duck!"

So we supped on hot dogs at a lunch counter—and enjoyed them.

Handsome Hugh, now married to Mary Lou down in Texas and selling motors. "I've got a swell girl and a great little business," he writes. "Give Hollywood a large ha-ha for me."

Red Rock Canyon in the Mojave Desert. A company quartered on a special train and fed in a huge tent. Billie Dove and Irvin Willat, newly wed, eyes locked while she put cube after cube of sugar into his coffee. He drank the gooey java without a grimace. Now she's the wife of another man.

A Swanson company on location in San Diego's Balboa Park. Gloria then held the title. The marquis talked excitedly of how the engineer had let him run the train. Evenings, he adored at her shrine and threw her rosebuds down the length of the hotel table; their smiling eyes belonged to each other. In ecstasy, she exclaimed: "Oh! Life is wonderfully romantic again!" Alas, Connie is now the marquise and Gloria is divorcing another husband! *Tempus* does *fugit,* and with it Hollywood love.

A baby star of frail spirit had imbibed too freely to negotiate the keys of the huge typewriter down which the season's "buds" were to trip daintily. Frantic press agents begged us females to resuscitate her. We did—tore off her clothes and dumped her into a tub of cold water. A half hour later her white satin heels clicked out her routine with never a misstep, while the boys sweated their apprehension in the wings.

I held the hand of a brilliant star, white with fury, her husband tensely drawn with deep agony, while she poured forth her pain and resentment. Hollywood had accused her of misconduct, via malicious gossip. Should she

Continued on page 57

Estelle Taylor.

Enid Bennett.

Gloria Swanson.

Photo by Otto Dyar

JANET GAYNOR

HOW would you like a cup of tea from Janet? Or would you let it drop for looking at the musical inscription embroidered on her frock? Try to figure out the notes and their melody while you decide about the tea. For our part, we prefer to wait for Miss Gaynor, in "The Farmer Takes a Wife," her picturization of the great Broadway stage success which tells a richly human story of life in the early days of the Erie Canal.

"Good grief! Can't you do something to pep up my reputation?" Joan Bennett appealed to Mr. Maddox. "I'm fed up on being the 'dear, dull little one' of the clan."

MADDEST

Youngest and prettiest of the famous family, Joan has been considered the most demure for so long that she's tired of being misjudged. In this lively, charming interview she goes to extremes—with the help of her husband, too—to qualify as a first-rate madcap.

HOLLYWOOD'S chief lure is that there is always just one more chance. No earnest ingénue is positively doomed to be insipid. All she has to do is grin and bear it until some discerning director comes to the rescue with a rôle that has a little vim in it.

Joan Bennett is the latest film lassie to escape bondage from the inane. Before George Cukor utilized her talent in "Little Women" she was merely the blonde in the cast. Pretty, but painfully uninteresting.

But ever since her lucky break the ball has been rolling the other way. Now it's one better part after another. She has convinced even the die-hard doubters that she possesses a genuine ability auguring brilliant to-morrows.

Joan as a belle of the South befo' the Civil War is a treat which she will give you in "Mississippi."

Photo by Richee

It would be the usual bromide if I asserted that a wonderful change in her personal life is responsible for Joan's switch from the also-rans into the charmed group of players who are on the up-grade. But that would be needlessly perverting the truth.

Certainly it can be conceded that her marriage has been entirely advantageous. For three years she has been the happy wife of one of the cleverest and most charming men about Hollywood. Which couldn't help but have a good effect.

Yet her hubby, Gene Markey, author and scenario writer, has not taught Joan how to think. This youngest of the Bennetts was never dumb, even in those yesteryears when the screen was consistently doing her wrong. Her marriage has been, rather, the pairing of two distinctly above the average individuals, each of whom has been a natural stimulus to the other. All she lacked for her picture metamorphosis were the opportunities she finally landed.

With a successful private life, which includes two cute daughters, and a zooming career, it's reasonable to presume there couldn't be a single unfulfilled wish in the heart of this healthy, wealthy, and wise twenty-five-year-old. When I went to her home for lunch I learned differently.

She resides in the proper section of Beverly, unostentatiously but elegantly. From the winding street there is nothing extraordi-

of the BENNETTS

By
Ben Maddox

nary about her abode, yet once you are inside you realize the mistress is no Cinderella suddenly come into means. There is an authentic air of Park Avenue pervading the small, exquisitely furnished rooms.

Joan herself is apt to be a surprise. Despite her incredibly youthful look, she is a witty sophisticate. Educated expensively, seasoned by European travel and familiarity with New York's smart haunts, she is a beauty with cosmopolitan interests.

Unlike elder sister Constance who has declared the movies only a money-making proposition, Joan really enjoys camera work. And while Connie regally regards Hollywood as a boring, prying place, Joan finds it amusing and pleasant. There is none of the arrogant, let-'em-eat-cake attitude about her.

Which has made Joan the most popular member of the vivid Bennetts in Hollywood circles. The fans seem to be catching on, too.

Her voice has an unexpected, glamorous huskiness. On occasion she turns a nifty slang phrase, revealing that she is as fun-loving as she is efficient. This particular day she addressed me in exclamatory gusto.

"Good grief! Can't *you* do something to help me out?"

Assisting beauties in distress being a hobby of mine, I unconditionally answered "yes."

"Well, then, pep up my reputation! I'm bored stiff with being 'Young Sobersides.' I'm fed up on being the 'dear, dull little one' of the clan. Write me up as the *maddest* of the Bennetts!"

Across the polished table, heavily laden with aristocratic silver, Joan pleaded. I'll admit I was amazed. Regularly it's the other way round. Filmsters play with fire and then, when I turn up in an official capacity, subtly convey the idea that I should go forth and say it isn't so.

I've never seen or heard of Joan being inconsiderate. She hasn't been difficult nor waxed temperamental. To discover her antics I decided I'd best consult Gene Markey. He is the man who ought to have observed her at her nuttiest.

Several weeks were required to catch up with this busy gentleman. Eventually his secretary phoned that he would be at home. Joan was out acting when I arrived, so we adjourned to the playroom downstairs and settled down before a wood fire to contemplate her carryings on.

Continued on page 76

It's nothing unusual for the calm-looking Joan to give way to the maddest impulses such as getting up in the middle of the night to go over all her clothes and give them all away next day.

THE LURE OF

Photo by Vandamm

This exciting scene from "The Petrified Forest" enlists four film Leslie Howard, center, and Blanche

Walter Connolly and Jane Wyatt, in "The Bishop Misbehaves," have something to say about Hollywood.

Photo by White

By Frances Fink

THAT old Jezebel, Broadway, has this season enticed scores of Hollywood stars to her treacherous side streets where Hepburns sometimes stub their toes, and lesser lights of the screen often emerge in a new blaze of glory from their sojourn behind footlights.

To exiles from Manhattan, the stage offers a sip of her heady wine, the applause of real palms, real audiences waiting breathlessly at the dingy mouths of stage-door alleys. To strictly Hollywood talent, the vampire of mazda lights offers a chance to prove that acting is acting, that stage and screen are closer kin than cousins.

Few toes have been stubbed this season. New laurels have been won. Broadway has found that her adopted children and her returned prodigals, all with their Hollywood aura clearly discernible, are the biggest attractions in town.

"The Petrified Forest," with Leslie Howard, Peggy Conklin, and Blanche Sweet; "Accent on Youth," with Constance Cummings; "Rain from Heaven," with John Halliday—these are hits made possible by studio truants.

And the California excursionists on Broadway are having a gay time.

John Halliday, charming gray-haired veteran of the stage, has found in this, his first fling in five years, that a vacation on Broadway is good for the soul. He has no ambitions concerning pictures except that he wants to go on making them. He went into the talkies five years ago because he had just lost $60,000 via a play he backed, and Warners happened to get him on the phone the night the play closed after one week.

THE STAGE

players. They are Humphrey Bogart, on the far left, Peggy Conklin gazing at Sweet looking at him from the opposite table.

Beckoning footlights entice more and more of the Hollywood famous, as you will learn from this lively account of their success on Broadway and what they think of it.

"I enjoy making pictures, but now that I've come back to the stage," Halliday said, "I'm going to do a play every second year. It's good for me. I found that out on our opening night out of town when I discovered that I felt ill at ease on a stage because I kept imagining a microphone hung just before me. For two acts I spoke in whispers.

"But there's no place in the world where one can live so comfortably as in California. I feel like a transient in New York now, but maybe that's because I never had a real home till I went to Hollywood. There I can earn my living and be a country gentleman at the same time. I won't sign any long-term contracts, so I'm my own master, and Mrs. Halliday and I can take a leisurely trip every year. That is, we could before the baby came."

The baby, a boy adopted when he was a few weeks old, arrived in New York with Mrs. Halliday soon after "Rain from Heaven" opened and then the family scene was complete and John very happy. He plays a rich and stimulating part opposite Jane Cowl in a brilliant comedy, but the Hallidays are returning to California as soon as the run ends.

Osgood Perkins, thin-featured, vital, scowling, given to looking sinister when he isn't smiling warmly and being hu-

Continued on page 68

Photo by White

Constance Cummings, last on Broadway as a chorine, sees her name in lights as the star of "Accent on Youth," with her movie fame responsible for the elevation.

John Halliday, a truant for five years, comes back to Broadway in "Rain from Heaven," with Jane Cowl.

Photo by Vandamm

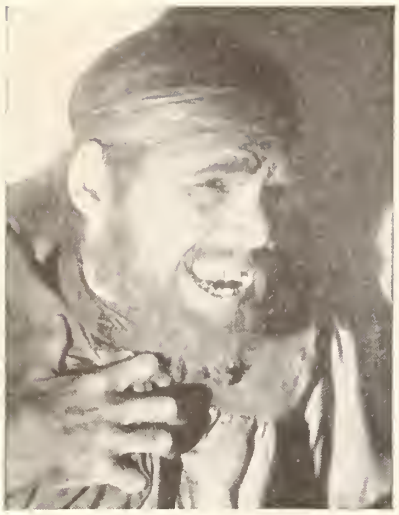


Photo by MacLean

Henry Hull in the character of *Magwitch* in "Great Expectations," in which he gives a fine portrayal.

UNMASKED

BY LOUISE WILLIAMS

Henry Hull has always preferred to don make-up and portray old men when, as a matter of fact, he could very easily fit into any rôle intended for a handsome juvenile.

IN one of those recent lists of what happened in the film business in the past year, the name of Henry Hull appeared under the caption "new faces." And promptly Broadway burst into roars of raucous laughter.

Maybe mine weren't the most hysterical shrieks, because after all, it was only twelve years ago that I first penned a girlishly gushing letter to "What the Fans Think," confiding that Henry Hull in D. W. Griffith's "One Exciting Night" was my favorite actor.

But pause before you twist a wreath of rosemary to place at the feet of this venerable actor, or shed a tear because he has been so long neglected. Henry is as dashing and debonair, as boyish and ingratiating and magnetic a juvenile in person as you could find in a thorough search of Hollywood. And far from being neglected, he would have had to be quintuplets to fill half the stage and screen rôles offered him in any of the past ten seasons.

That's why we laughed instead of groaned at the listing of Henry's as a "new face." Mention of Henry at any time would make us chuckle delightedly as people do when the name of a well-beloved friend crops up, reminding every one of a story.

There was the time last year, while he was being fairly throttled with adjectives praising his performance in "Tobacco Road," that promoters of a pet show begged him to send an entry. In his best academic style, which is very, very good whenever he recalls that he is named Henry Watterson Hull after the famous Louisville editor, he replied that his only pets were his children and that they betrayed a reluctance toward being so exhibited.

Henry's slight bitterness toward pets can be attributed to the Siamese cats which Julie, his wife, raises. The sly creatures sleep all day, the better to yowl at night after he comes home.

Joan, his daughter, who threatens to be a beauty, loves horses. She says she will marry some day if she can find a man like a horse. Horses obey orders, and it is her twelve-year-old observation that men don't.

Throughout Henry's engagement in "Tobacco Road" he was deluged with invitations, some of which any social climber would have given his collection of press clippings. Finally at the behest of the manager, Henry agreed to go to one regal affair, but when the night came he was found playing cards in a dive frequented by truck drivers, motormen, and printers.

Several seasons ago when he was in "Lulu Belle"—the year Broadway commentators "discovered" him for the fifth consecutive season as one of the theater's finest young actors—he acted as banker for the seventy Negroes in the cast, advancing crap-

Continued on page 79

Photo by Freulich

Mr. Hull has been the yearly "discovery" of Broadway, and now Hollywood has come to recognize his unusual ability. His next is "The Werewolf of London."

By Juliette Laine

Mr. Pollyanna

Mr. Herbert even jokes about his appearance. He says that a scenario writer wrote, "For this part we want a man with a face like a hot-water bag—some one like Hugh Herbert."

Hugh Herbert is that rare bird—particularly rare in Hollywood—who is delighted with everything and everybody. Everything is sweetness and light with him, and he means it, too.

THERE'S an old saying that no man is a hero to his valet; and the modern version is that no screen star is really a star to his publicity department. Or at least very seldom. More often he or she is just a pain in the neck to the boys whose job it is to camouflage every commonplace personality with a grand build-up of glamour, mystery, and what else have you.

Consequently, when you find an entire studio, including the hard-boiled press department, unanimous in its praise of a certain player, you can be pretty sure that there's something to it. So-o-o-o, when I kept hearing "Oh, he's a swell guy," "He's one grand trouper," "Best-liked man on the lot," and each time found they were talking about Hugh Herbert, I determined to investigate.

A brief interview convinced me that they were right, only they hadn't said half enough. Hugh Herbert is that rare bird—particularly rare in Hollywood—a man who is satisfied with everything. Fact! He likes his rôles, he likes his directors, he likes his management, he likes his dressing room, and he adores the people he works with.

I never encountered anything like it. Everything is sweetness and light, yet you realize immediately that it's all quite genuine. There isn't a particle of pose about it.

"Why should I complain?" he asks naïvely. "I've got nothing to complain about. I'm doing the work I love and being well paid for it. Isn't that, as some philosopher once said, equivalent to 'enjoying heaven while still on earth'?

"These actors who are always lamenting make me tired. I know a lot of them who, a couple of years ago, had no ambitions higher than the next meal. They finally got enough to eat and an extra suit of clothes, and now spend most of their time yelping about their art. Rot!"

Those of you who enjoyed his superb stupidity in "Good-by Again," "Dames," and "Sweet Adeline," will admit that Hugh Herbert is one actor who can do more with a dozen lines than most can do with that many pages. This he attributes largely to his long career on the stage.

I found it almost impossible to get him to talk about himself. I did find out, however, that he was born and raised in New York, was crazy about the stage ever since he was a youngster, and has never done, nor wanted to do, anything else. His first experience with the stage was with a prehistoric form of talking picture, an experiment of Marcus Loew's, in which he was the voice behind the screen.

"It was a silent film, of course," he explained, "and I was hired to read all the lines of all the male characters, from behind the screen. But that wasn't all," he laughed. "Dear no, I wasn't just a voice. I had to be everything—horses' hoofs clip-clopping down the road, the wind howling in the chimney, the swish of breakers on the beach—I had to do it all.

"We used to give from seventeen to twenty shows a day, and believe me, we earned our money. It was good experience, though, and it led to a good break for me, because the manager of a stock company heard some of my performances and offered me a job in his troupe. From that time on I got one thing after another."

[Continued on page 77]

HOLLYWOOD

Photo by McNulty

Freddie Bartholomew is interested in astrology and knows that his birthday, March 25th, is governed by Aries.

Reviewing the news and the gossip of the glamour town.

By
Edwin and Elza Schallert

LITTLE Freddie Bartholomew knows quite a bit about books and history. He is also interested in astrology. And he's a very precocious boy in every way. Referring to the influence of the stars on his birth, Freddie said: "I'm a March boy." His birthday falls on the 25th of that month. "What is the sign for March?" he inquired.

"Why, it's Aries," replied an amateur astrologer to whom Freddie was talking. "Aries is a ram, you know."

"A *ram!*" exclaimed Freddie. "What do you mean—a battering-ram?"

Whereupon the astrologer murmured something about "male sheep," and faded gently and painlessly out of the picture.

The Baby Pageant.—Hollywood is being gradually populated with the sons and daughters of the great and near-great. You don't realize this until you happen in on a kiddies' party. Springtime brought a number of these functions which started when little Charles Wesley Ruggles, Arline Judge's two-year-old son, entertained, and then "Mannie" Robinson, offspring of Eddie, shortly after played host.

Among those present at one or the other of these affairs were Peter Bennett, Constance Bennett's son, Melinda Markey, daughter of Joan Bennett, Jack Woody, Jr., son of Helen Twelvetrees, Elizabeth and Katherine Frances Brown, daughters of Johnny Mack Brown, Irving Thalberg, Jr., son of Norma Shearer, and Mary Elizabeth Ann and Kathryn Frances Brown, Joe E.'s daughters. And here are Norma Shearer, Gloria Stuart, Molly O'Day, and others looking forward to new arrivals.

At last the association of Josef von Sternberg as director of Marlene Dietrich has ended, and a "new" Marlene may be expected.

Photo by Richee

Alice Faye is pepped up and is training down, all because she is to play opposite Tito Guizar, in "Argentina."

Photo by Dyar

HIGH LIGHTS

Britannia Rules Again.—Leslie Howard led the way, and now Clive Brook has joined the Anglican-minded English actors. He'll spend six months out of each year in his native Great Britain. Like Howard, he desires to have his children educated abroad. They are going to Switzerland to school. Brook came back from nearly a year's stay in Europe, is remaining long enough for a picture or two, and then plans to return. He made "The Dictator" while abroad, which will probably be generally seen in America under the title of "Farewell to Love." Many social functions were given for the Brooks on their return, including parties by Tai Lachman, Elizabeth Allan, and others.

Marlene's New Coach.—Now that Josef von Sternberg has retired from the scene, it is surmised that her husband Rudolph Sieber will have a great deal to do with the planning and shaping of Marlene Dietrich's career. He is, of course, a film director. Marlene says that she doesn't want to thrust any heavy responsibilities on him, but she has never yet proceeded without guidance.

Von Sternberg handled all the arguments with the front office, and it will probably prove a terrific trial for Marlene if she has to undertake them by herself. Hence the likelihood that Sieber will be the ruling power—along with, naturally, Harry Edington, the agent who is supposed to have had much to do with breaking up the association between Miss Dietrich and Von Sternberg.

There seem to be many hints that Von Sternberg will next be directing Anna Sten. It's a rather logical progression, at any event.

Merle Oberon is to play in the revival of "The Dark Angel" and is to make a yearly film for Samuel Goldwyn besides.

Hollywood is smiling at Helen Hayes because of her annual publicity statement. All that films offer, she says, is money.

Constance Bennett has moved into her new home, one of its innovations being a complete beauty parlor on the premises.

Photo by Bull

Rivalry in Domesticity.—Constance Bennett has just moved into her new home in Holmby Hills, and by the way, she has turned house designer and landscape gardener. One thing Connie insisted on was a complete beauty parlor in her mansion, and also an arrangement by which the servants might glide back and forth through secluded hallways downstairs, so that they are neither seen nor heard.

Connie is rivaled, though, by Claudette Colbert who, at her new residence in the same section, boasts of a tennis court paved with skid-proof rubber, a swimming pool supplied with water by a wandering brook, and a refrigerated compartment for furs.

Connie raises fruit on her estate, and Claudette flowers all the year round, and vegetables for the table. Now which would you consider the more practical?

Oh, yes, and Connie brought oaks and Chinese elms for decorative purposes from about fifteen or twenty miles away for her plantation.

Ever the Crusader.—They're laughing at Helen Hayes in Hollywood. Last year, the actress became a crusader for the stage, declaring that each and every actor should help its upbuildment, out of

Continued on page 55

What Hollywood Has Given Me—

By Irene Dunne

As Told To

DOROTHY WOOLDRIDGE

Photo by Longet

Early convent training placed Irene Dunne in the "little lady" class from which she has never digressed.

INTERVIEWING one of the screen's accredited "most perfect ladies," has its difficulties. First: there are your qualms and doubts to be weighed. Second: the lady.

With these problems uppermost in my mind, I arrived at the appointed hour. Promptly, I was ushered into Irene Dunne's dressing room where she awaited me at the door, becomingly attired in a sports ensemble. She spoke truly and simply without gloss of style or affectation. She fitted her sobriquet as an apple fits a dumpling.

Our subject was Hollywood, the place every one talks about and nobody knows. A place of irrepressible conflicts between opposing and enduring forces. A comedy of errors.

Hollywood has given, oh, yes, but don't forget, it likewise has demanded and *taken*, she replied to my leading question.

Hollywood isn't a place, it's a village. To me it is just so many neon lights and signs. My home town? No! I was born in Louisville, Kentucky. I look upon St. Louis as my home town. With my mother and father I went there when I was six years old. Naturally, I look upon it with all the love and fond memories one cherishes for the home of a happy childhood. I entered a convent, Loretta Academy, at the age of eight. This placed me in the category of "little lady." Convent-bred girls necessarily must be little ladies. Our curriculum was to practice, learn our lessons and adhere to proper conduct and deportment. If I have remained a "lady" it is not accountable to Hollywood or any other place—it is background. If you build a home on a good foundation it isn't easily shattered.

Hollywood hasn't changed me physically, mentally, or spiritually. I still have my religion. And yet, just the other day, I heard that a writer referred to me as "the most standoffish person she had ever met." In my wildest moment I couldn't be that. By nature I am sociable. Yet I am unacquainted with Hollywood's social life. I haven't had the time, for one reason.

When I am working in a picture I live, breathe, and think of nothing else except my work. I refuse to be interviewed or interfered with by business or anything. When I finish a picture I either go to New York where I join my husband, Doctor Francis D. Griffin, or he comes to Hollywood and we motor to Santa Barbara or some other interesting place.

A director remarked to me the other day, "You're the mystery woman of Hollywood! In New York I see you at all the gay parties, but in Hollywood one *never* sees you!"

So, you see, Hollywood has heaped criticism upon me. But for that matter every one in the public eye suffers from it, especially picture people whose audiences number millions. People seem to think we are all sort of

Continued on page 70

Hollywaod isn't a place, it's a village.
To me it is just so many neon lights and signs.
I did not want to go to Hollywood. I went because every one else was going.
Hollywood hasn't changed me physically, mentally or spiritually. I still have my religion.
It has given me a greater field af fame and added wealth. I have attained contentment withaut losing ambition. Contentment, nat stagnation.
Hollywood is just what you make it.
Hollywood has heaped criticism upon me.
Come what may, I shall keep on running my scales just the same. I've done my best. My work is never done.

What It Has Taken From Me

Photo by Wide World

Miss Dunne's popularity has kept her from enjoying the companionship of her husband, Doctor Francis D. Griffin.

Irene Dunne doesn't feel that pictures have changed her in any way. Her only complaint is that they keep her estranged from husband and friends.

I HAVEN'T allowed Hollywood to take very much away from me.

First: I'm taking no chances on Hollywood.

Second: I haven't been determined but think I will be.

Hollywood takes *hold* of you but it *cannot* take away from you, if you keep your feet on the grass. Walter Huston said to me, "I've worked with you and watched your progress in Hollywood with interest and admiration. And I'll say this for you, you are one person who has certainly kept your feet on the ground."

Hollywood did not give me my first glimpse of fame—a greater field, undoubtedly, as picture people are known throughout the world. Their audiences reach out into the far corners of the world, even the niches. Neither did it give me assured financial security since I had that before going to Hollywood. My husband, to whom I was married before I entered pictures and who is a successful business man, was well able to provide that. On the other hand, Hollywood has not taken away this security.

It has taken away from me the companionship of my husband. Made of me a part-time wife, so to speak, since we are separated when I am working on a picture. Between pictures one or the other of us commutes between Hollywood and New York, an issue in our married life which isn't altogether a happy one. Hollywood has inforced this issue.

It did not give me my husband, either, as I will celebrate my sixth anniversary in July and I've only been in Hollywood four years and a few months. I can't say as one well-known star remarked, "If Hollywood kills me it has given me my husband."

The film capital has deprived me of the theater and opera, and I love both. Never to know anything about either one is a great loss to me. I was *never* movie-struck.

It has robbed me of my freedom and privacy. In Hollywood you are the cynosure of all eyes.

It has placed me in the category of misunderstood and misjudged people.

While I own a plot of ground, I live with my mother in a Spanish bungalow at the edge of the hills overlooking the film city. That sounds fine, yes, but during all these years my furniture, including linens purchased in China, and other treasured furnishings have remained in storage in New York.

I have missed scandal but I have been fined for speeding. The fine was paid, and fortunately I saved my receipt. Because what do you think happened? Some time later, I was informed the fine had *not* been paid. The matter was cleared up when I produced my receipt.

Again, an erroneous story was printed that my mother was dis-

Continued on page 70

Hollywood has taken from me the companionship of my husband. Made me a "part-time" wife, so to speak.

It has deprived me of the theater and opera. I was never movie-struck.

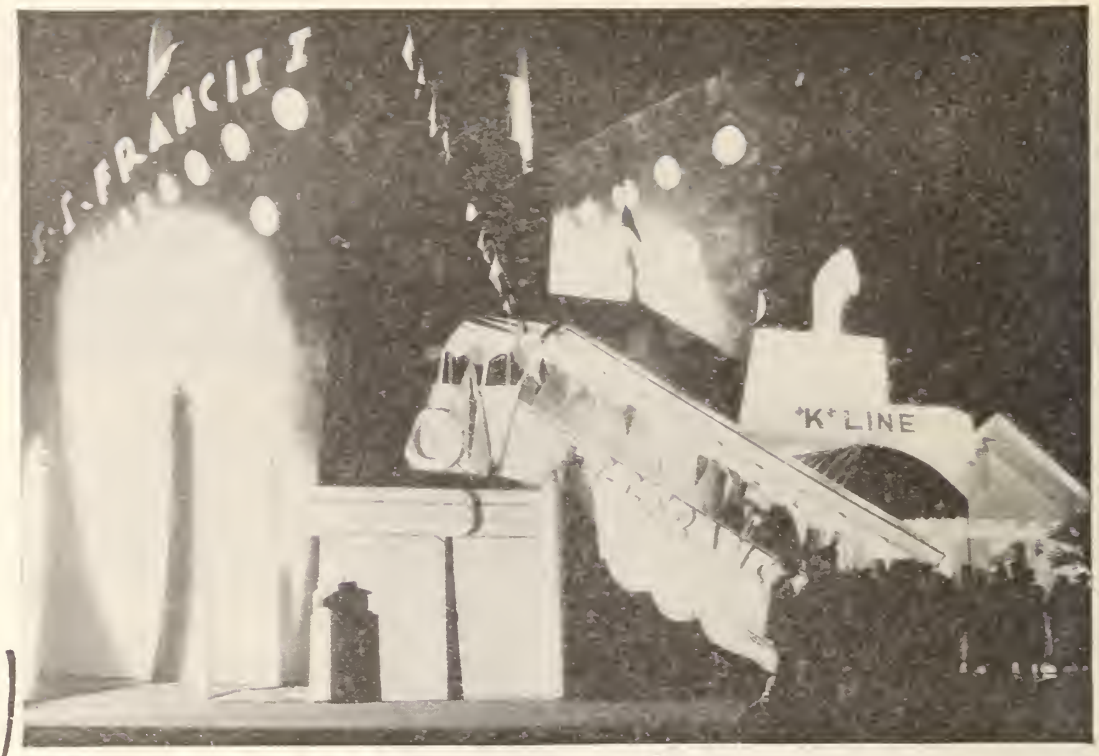
It has robbed me af my freedom.

It has placed me in the categary of misunderstood and misjudged people.

Picture work with its great and incessant demands upon my time and strength has deprived me of social life and friends.

But with all of the pros and cons, I am living and have lived every minute of the day.

Hollywaod has taken, but I shall hold the heights as I am a determined person and, don't forget, my feet are on the grass.



When Kay Francis paid $5,000 to decorate a Hollywood restaurant to look like a ship for her party, she was not throwing money away. She was returning many social obligations besides giving work to carpenters and an increased staff to serve her guests.
Photo by International

When Stars

Hollywood's lavish spending is neither wasteful nor extravagant. Think of those who are given work and a livelihood when money is circulated. Colleen Moore's doll house, costliest hobby of all, will benefit crippled children besides stimulating business in places where it is shown.

WHEN Kay Francis spends five thousand dollars to transform a restaurant into a ship as a setting for a party, there are short-sighted folk who wag doleful heads and cluck, *"Tck, tck, tck.* Such a waste of money when there are so many people who could use it!"

These calamity shouters don't stop to think that every nickel the stars spend goes into circulation and helps some one to live.

And the stars spend their money for the greatest diversity of things you can imagine. Things that range from machinery to paintings, from musical instruments to diamonds, from dogs to dolls.

The most sensational of these expenditures is one which you will be able to see, for it is to be exhibited in practically every city of 50,000 or more population.. It is Colleen Moore's half-million-dollar doll house. But more about that later. First, let's see how some of the other stars spend their money.

Buck Jones supports a thirty-five-piece orchestra, composed of boys from twelve to sixteen years old. They're called the Buck Jones Rangers, and Buck pays their expenses as they travel from town to town giving band concerts.

Clothes are naturally a big item in the budgets of all stars. That goes without saying anything about how much they spend. Just remember, though, that whether they buy ready-mades or Hattie Carnegie creations, seamstresses are kept busy.

Edward G. Robinson's hobbies are costly. About a year ago he bought a beautiful home, for which he paid cash. Now that he has it, he spends thousands on decorating it. Not only does Robinson, a lover of music, buy phonograph and pianola records by the dozen, he also has equipped a music room, and such opera stars as Lily Pons and Tito Schipa have sung there for Robinson and his guests. Besides this, he collects first editions —one of his most prized possessions is an English first of "Uncle Tom's Cabin"—and paintings. He has several of Van Gogh's originals—and you know how many thousands these cost.

Ann Dvorak and her husband, Leslie Fenton, are studiously inclined. They have a biological laboratory in their home. George Brent just bought himself several thousand dollars' worth of airplane. Frank Fay and Barbara Stanwyck have had a regular stage-lighting system installed at their swimming pool; they can have moonlight on even the darkest nights.

When Cedric Gibbons planned and built that marvelous modernistic home as a wedding present for Dolores del Rio, he contributed richly to the livelihood of workers, including the artisans who constructed the handmade furniture after his own designs.

Warren William goes in for raising prize wire-haired

Photo by Dapprich

Splurge

By Robert Eichberg

terriers, a costly undertaking; Paul Muni has taken over a ranch; Dick Powell recently built a new house, and Rudy Vallée maintains a lodge in his native Maine. Both Rudy and Mary Astor delight in that new and costly hobby—taking amateur movies. Mary, of all things, made a film of her husband's recent operation!

Joe E. Brown has had a soda fountain installed in his home for the benefit of his five kids, one of whom is adopted. And Al Jolson spends a small fortune buying presents for Ruby Keeler. Besides which he distributes his wealth lavishly in Wall Street and to the bookies at the races. Mae West buys diamonds.

But Colleen Moore's hobby is the most expensive of all, and the most spectacular. It is a doll house. But not just an ordinary doll house, such as little girls play with. This is a doll house that seems to have been brought here from a fairy world, where it was doubtless the home of some pixie potentate.

Colleen's father, Charles Morrison, supervised the actual construction of this house in Glendale, California, machine shops. A hundred thousand dollars was spent on mechanical labor and materials alone, and more than seven hundred skilled workmen were given employment at various times during the nine years that have been required to complete the miniature mansion.

And that is only the beginning! $100,000 represents a mere fraction of the house's cost. As this article goes to press, the investment has already reached the staggering sum of $435,000—and it's mounting every minute.

For instance, John Hewlett, who is managing the tour for Miss Moore, just phoned to say that they're adding a silver willow tree which really weeps. Placed in the castle's courtyard, it will be made out of sponge silver, and set with its base in water. Capillary attraction will draw the water up through the tree; then drops will form and drip from the tips of the branches.

The house itself is nine feet square and fourteen feet high to the tips of its tiny spires and minarets. Even if you don't count the screws and rivets which hold it together, it contains more than

Continued on page 78

The great hall of Colleen Moore's doll house is only one exquisite detail of a miniature mansion that cost $435,000 and required nine years to complete. Over seven hundred skilled workmen were employed at various times in this period.

Photo by Dapprich

The chapel organ, which really plays, is set in bronze and gold and has golden pipes from six to eleven inches long. The ivory floor is covered with painted scenes from the Old Testament.

HONEST TO THE

That's Bette Davis! "I was born decent and I expect to live and die decent," she says. "If this singles me out as odd, then I can't help it." Then she proceeds to voice her convictions in a remarkable interview.

WHEN first I talked of interviewing Bette Davis I was greeted with a chorus of "Oh, don't! She'll bite you! She hates writers, especially women! Says they're all cats!"

But I didn't let this cheerful advice stop me. I had always considered Bette one of the most promising of our younger leading women, and since her brave performances in "Of Human Bondage" and "Bordertown" I had become utterly ga-ga about her. Besides, I have found by experience, that the really fine and worth-while people of the stage and screen are never rude and ungracious. It is only the small fry, the newcomers, and would-bes, who are unpredictable. So, I was more or less prepared for Miss Davis.

At least I thought I was.

But when I finally met her on the set the interview almost died aborning. Fact! Bette was so wholly different from all I had expected that I just sat there and stared at her. All the pat little questions flew out of my mind and I couldn't think of a thing to say.

"Ask me anything you like," she encouraged cheerfully. "I'm not a bit sensitive any more, so go ahead."

She looked like a child as she sat there, cross-legged, on a deep-cushioned divan in her dressing room. She is much slighter, more delicately made, than one would gather from her photographs. Neither does photography give a true idea of her coloring. Her skin is exquisitely fair and her eyes are of palest blue. Her hair is a soft honey-tone, although this, she hastened to inform me, is not its natural shade.

"I really was meant to be a blonde," she explained. "You can see that by my skin and eyes, but I just got the wrong shade of hair, somehow. So I changed it to fit the rest of me."

And so it does. In fact, everything about Bette is clean and white and shining, matching perfectly that soft white-and-gold combination of hair and complexion. Even her candid little confession about her hair is characteristic of Bette. She is honest to the bone, unnecessarily truthful about matters which are nobody else's business, and she expects a similar straightforwardness from others. This is rarely forthcoming, however, and its lack causes constant hurts and disappointment.

Sitting there quietly studying her, I could not understand why she should have had so much difficulty, when first she came to Hollywood, in making a strongly favorable impression. One has only to talk with her for a moment or two to realize that Bette is by no means just another blonde.

She has a keen and brilliant mind, a fine talent, and plenty of the requisite charm and glamour. Yet when first she came to Hollywood, after notable success on the stage, she was considered plain and dowdy, and was given only trivial character bits to play.

Was it possible, I wondered, that her very qualities of honesty and simple straightforwardness should have

Miss Davis is too sensible to take to heart the failure of the Academy to give her the year's award for fine acting in "Of Human Bondage." She knows that fans and critics gave her the prize of their approval beforehand.

All photos by Fryer

BONE

By Laura Ellsworth Fitch

stood in her way? Was it true that Hollywood adored temperament and putting on an act more than it admired sincerity and truth? The latter question seemed absurd, but I asked it anyway.

"Yes," she answered solemnly, "Hollywood adores bunk and hooey. It's expected of us. After all, the secret of success lies in finding out what people want and then giving it to them. But if one's so constituted that he just can't dramatize himself, why, it's just too bad. Personally, I can't.

"I see no sense in swathing myself in mystery. I don't want to annex another woman's husband, I haven't time to build up a reputation of being the screen's best-dressed woman, I don't throw cocktail parties, and I don't run around in shorts or trousers. So, you see, as a publicity hound I'm a total loss.

"Take this question of mystery," she went on. "It's all right and perfectly natural for Garbo, but it wouldn't be for me. I'm not a foreigner, I know

Bette is much slighter, more delicately made, than one gathers from her photographs. Everything about her is clean and white and shining.

She says she was really meant to be a blonde but somehow got the wrong shade of hair. So she changed it to match the rest of her.

hundreds of people and like them, so why put on the shrinking-violet act? It wouldn't ring true. And I'm just enough of an actress to want *all* my acting, both on and off screen, to ring true. Else why do it?"

What she didn't say, but what we all know, is that too many of our "publicity-shy" stars are overdoing their stuff. They are fond of telling any one who will listen to them how very little the press means to them, yet they rarely make a move without notifying every writer and reporter in town, with the coy suggestion that a cameraman come along to take pictures of the event.

But you don't catch Miss Davis putting on that kind of act. She doesn't have to. Neither do you hear tales of her personal extravagance. She owns no Beverly Hills estate, no Riviera villa, no Lido *cabaña*. She lives in a charming house with lovely, spacious grounds, but she rents—she doesn't own it.

"Why should I buy the place?" she asks. "I won't last forever in pictures. Nobody does. And when my day is over I'll want to go back to New England. Besides, I think it criminal extravagance to pay such prohibitive prices for things. One can live

Continued on page 75

My Lady's

Groce Brodley, left, leans toward the nautical with her white sports dress trimmed with brass buttons. Note the low-heeled white buckskin oxfords.

For street wear, Madge Evans, lower right, chooses this navy blue and white print with piqué collar of white.

And isn't Ethelredo Leopold's two-piece white knitted bathing suit, below, a perfect dream?

Above, Genevieve Tobin wearing a honey-colored knitted bouclé frock. Left, Betty Furness in an evening gown of double-faced satin in taupe, lined with a soft peach.

Choice

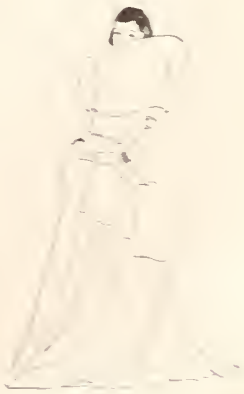
A complete selection of just the right thing to wear for whatever the occasion may be. Negligée, sportswear, afternoon and evening dress, and beach clothes.

Whether the costumes be sheer, heavy or abbreviated, lovely Elizabeth Allan is sure to show them off effectively. Here is England's charmer in three delightful outfits

Another negligée created by Adrian is this sky-blue crinkled velvet. Cording of velvet around the neck and waist.

This lovely turquoise-blue soufflé negligée worn by Miss Allan was designed by Adrian.

For a play suit, Miss Allan suggests this navy blue and white linen with shorts laced up the side.



THE SCREEN

"THE WEDDING NIGHT."

Gary Cooper and Anna Sten are an inspired combination of stars, and it was inspiration that brought them together. They are singularly alike. They have similar emotional reserve and kindred reticence of expression. Always their acting murmurs more than shouts. Small wonder, then, that their professional union here is exceedingly happy and their picture grave and true and poignant. It tells a simple, tragic story and has the advantage of characters drawn with intelligence and acted with skill under the direction of King Vidor. Miss Sten is *Manya Nowak,* daughter of Polish settlers in Connecticut, who is about to marry a man of her father's choice. Then Mr. Cooper and his wife move into his bleak farmhouse. He is a novelist with nothing to write about until gradually *Manya* stirs in him the desire to write about her. As their love becomes real, so does his novel take form. He makes their story his story. Wisely his wife faces the situation without taunt or tantrum. You won't mind the unhappy ending because it's poetic and logical though as sad as a lonely, bleak road. Quietly absorbing, the picture has subtle values and undercurrents. You are made to feel that environment and nature shape the destiny of the characters for they are as real as the soil and the snow. Helen Vinson exceeds any performance she has ever given in making the wife intelligently aware and erasing all thought of her as merely a disagreeable stumblingblock. Ralph Bellamy is fine, too, as *Manya's* crude fiancé.

"RUGGLES OF RED GAP."

More than heartily funny, more than a great comedy, this is a splendidly patriotic picture more sincerely moving than any tearful flag-waving that you have ever seen. It touches and comforts and satisfies. Best of all, it revives one's faith in human nature and teaches tolerance, too. But it is no obvious preachment. It is glorious entertainment. The well-known story has an American cattleman visiting Paris and winning a typical English valet in a poker game, taking *Ruggles,* the servant, back with him to Red Gap and introducing him to local society as *Colonel Ruggles* of the British Army. The loudest laughs come from the forlorn attempts of the valet to cease being a subordinate and achieve equality, and to adapt himself to the customs of the Far West in 1908. In the end he proves himself a truer American than any of his scoffers. Charles Laughton in this rich and attractive rôle is inspired by genius, a master of comedy and pathos in what is the most brilliant of all his performances.

"THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH."

Peter Lorre, who made a profound impression as the child murderer in that gruesome German film, "M," is seen here in another study of depravity. He is the smiling, brooding head of a band of archcriminals who kidnap Nova Pilbeam. Her distracted parents dare not report the plot they have accidentally discovered to murder a foreign envoy in London and perhaps start another war. This is only a bare hint of the motivation. The fascination of the picture lies in the acting, the unusualness of the story and the ingenious twists of the plot. So superior and intelligent is all this that one forgives muddy photography, faulty recording and blurred speech which frequently sounds like words swallowed. You will glean how exciting the picture is when I tell you that Mr. Lorre directs one of his men to shoot the diplomat at a concert while the music is loudest. At the same time the mother dares not make an outcry from her seat because it will mean death to her daughter. This is the most extraordinary melodrama in a long time.

IN REVIEW

BY NORBERT LUSK

PICTURE PLAY'S HONOR LIST

Best performances are more than best this month—they are great. Examples: Charles Laughton's in "Ruggles of Red Gap," Charles Boyer's in "Private Worlds," and Helen Vinson scores twice, in "The Wedding Night" and "Private Worlds."

Claudette Colbert surpasses anything she has ever done in "Private Worlds," too. In fact, this is the picture that positively must be seen.

And don't pass up "The Wedding Night," "Ruggles," and "Naughty Marietta," the queen of operettas.

"LET'S LIVE TO-NIGHT."

T[illegible] associati[illegible] [illegible]n Harvey, Tullio Carminati, and Hugh Wi[illegible] [illegible] better work [illegible] th[illegible] I[illegible]

picture its [illegible] escapes and sublimations, [illegible] man emotion far more real than the stock figures [illegible] writers. The picture is never highbrow or strained, however. Every moment poignantly reveals truth about people. It also proclaims the increasing talent of favorite players, all of whom top every previous effort. Even Claudette Colbert gives her best of many performances because she never has had an assignment to equal this, the only mature character she has ever played. But it is Charles Boyer who is the sensational discovery. Unless all signs fail, he looms as the great star the screen has been waiting for.

"NAUGHTY MARIETTA."

Here is operetta as it never has been before. The enchantment of Victor Herbert's incomparable melodies is combined with wit, charm and dramatic credibility. For the first time you actually feel the emotions of singing characters instead of looking upon them as musical-comedy dolls. Yet music isn't incidental by any means. It blends with action just as the spoken word melts into song. The result is a masterpiece of taste, inspiration and perfect entertainment. Remember, "I'm Falling in Love with Some One" and "Sweet Mystery of Life" were composed for this piece. Jeanette MacDonald is glorious as the French princess who runs away to old New Orleans to escape a distasteful marriage and finds happiness with a stalwart trapper in the New World. He is played by Nelson Eddy whose magnificent baritone voice and pleasing appearance bid fair to make him a new screen sensation. He is all the more interesting because he holds great possibilities when his acting shall have acquired polish and a sense of humor.

THE SCREEN IN REVIEW

"THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD."

That unusual quality which is Claude Rains's is here in repellent fascination. The glittering eye, the twisted white face are his to portray a guilty soul in torment and he does so more strikingly than any of the obvious actors of "horror" rôles. While the unfinished Dickens story with an ending written for this occasion does not make a winning picture, it is an interesting one and captures much of the Dickens flavor which, as every one will agree, is like no other. It does its share in furthering the lore of the great novelist on the screen. If it encourages producers to film other works of the eminent Victorian it will have served a laudable purpose. Anyway, those who are unfamiliar with the story should know that Mr. Rains is a church organist addicted to opium and David Manners is his nephew engaged to the lovely Heather Angel until Douglass Montgomery appears as a dashing, dusky visitor from Ceylon and Mr. Manners drops out of sight after several quarrels with the stranger. Mr. Montgomery sets about to solve the mystery of *Edwin Drood*. Neither exciting nor touching, the picture steadily holds inter-

then
decide why the latter comes to nothing. That will give you plenty of home work—more than I have been able to do. You will agree, I think, that few films have boasted as charming, imaginative and melodious a "big" number as the one in this called "Dancing the Viennese." Unfortunately, that doesn't put over the picture as more than mild pastime with a peculiar lifelessness behind it all. Mary Ellis, an exciting actress and singer on the stage, makes a film début, too, and while she goes through the paces without hitch or hesitation, she fails to raise the whole above the level of decorative mediocrity. This really is the mystery picture of the month. Anyway, Carl Brisson plays two parts. He's the sedate king of a mythical kingdom and the dashing star of Hollywood on vacation in his home town. Miss Ellis, the queen, falls in love with the stranger, mistaking him for the king. Perhaps the reason the picture doesn't "jell" is because we've seen too many similar cases of dual identity on the screen.

"THE LITTLE COLONEL."

Until you see Shirley Temple dance with Bill Robinson, the Negro genius of tapping, you have no complete idea of her amazing capabilities. For she holds her own beside the stage celebrity in the delicate precision of intricate steps and the prettiest black-stockinged legs ever seen, not forgetting quaint costumes that make her even more adorable than ever. But in capitulating to her enchanting person you will not overlook her genius for acting, which is even more apparent in this than in earlier pictures. Carefully calculated to afford her the greatest emotional range, the story is important only for what she gives it, and she gives it plenty. Never merely cute, she plays her scenes with understanding and authority, her moods as smooth and clear-cut as those of a veteran and all proclaiming a great gift which cannot be weighed or analyzed. The charm of leisurely Southern life is a pretty background, with Lionel Barrymore a testy, irascible grandfather to hold out against Shirley for reel after reel and then to take her in his arms while Technicolor roses bloom as fiercely as on an Italian postcard.

"Farewell to Love."—Gaumont-British. An elaborately mounted and gorgeously caparisoned play of eighteenth-century Danish royalty has its quota of processionals and curtsies, but it misses the sweep of the great romance it attempts to portray and fails also to make the lovers entirely sympathetic. Consequently the queen's tearful renunciation of the commoner seems a theatrical gesture rather than the anguish of a heart in torment, especially as played by Madeleine Carroll who is too beautiful to be racked —and doesn't permit herself to be more than ruffled. Perhaps as *Princess Caroline Mathilda,* sister of *King George III* and married to *King Christian VII of Denmark,* her misconduct has given her a guilty conscience. Her behavior certainly isn't in keeping with British rectitude. For she betrays her husband with the German *Doctor Struensee* who has been brought from obscurity in Hamburg by the Danish king, given favors and a title and permitted to become a power at court. Though we are told his stronger mind is a good influence for the king, and we believe that he has the welfare of the Danish people at heart when he frees the serfs on the estate given him by the monarch and turns his castle into an asylum, he repays his patron by having a secret affair with the queen. She does her part in the betrayal by setting her cap for the doctor and bestowing on him the jeweled Order of Mathilda, which sounds funny when you hear it said with pomp. True, the king is an eccentric and far from lovable, but that doesn't excuse the queen's escapade. The lovers aren't ethical, you see, but ask you to believe in them because they're human beings and dishonorable. Well, anyway, their romance isn't exciting. Clive Brook is very much in earnest as the German physician without a sense of humor. In fact, now I come to think of it, no one in the picture has it, either, though Emlyn Williams, as the king, and Helen Haye, as the queen mother, play the most arresting characters.

"Gold Diggers of 1935."—Warners. There are those who say this edition of Warners' annual is not as riotous as its four predecessors, but it has superior qualities that none of them possessed. For one thing, the spectacular song-and-dance numbers are more beautiful and there is some reason for them. They are part of a charity show put on by a rich matron. Another virtue is that raucous humor and double meanings are absent from the story and depravity even isn't hinted at. True, everybody's a chiseler, more or less, but it's all in the nature of good-humored fun far removed from the barroom. In fact, believe it or not, this chapter is refined and is capitally acted by Adolphe Menjou, Alice Brady, and Hugh Herbert, with Dick Powell and Gloria Stuart as pleasing juveniles. Between them they tell an amusing, light story which has Miss Brady a stingy millionairess who is "trimmed" as she deserves, and Mr. Menjou, as a temperamental, broken-accented stage director, gives a performance that completely satisfies. His rehearsal of society recruits in a dagger dance is something to treasure. The outstanding song—and there is only one—is "The Lullaby of Broadway," imaginatively staged by Busby Berkeley and gorgeously sung by Winifred Shaw. But there is a number employing countless girls at revolving, white pianos which is startling and tasteful.

"Living on Velvet."—Warners. Kay Francis's return from European jauntings is shabbily celebrated in a picture that isn't worthy of her, a strained attempt at whimsicality that doesn't come off and leaves the spectator counting her costume changes for want of something better to interest him. The dresses are numerous, however, and Miss Francis is kept exceedingly busy wearing them all, but she is more than a clothes model, isn't she? She starts out as Warren William's fiancée but transfers her affections to George Brent with Mr. William's consent. Mr. Brent is supposed to be a complex character, and his complexities spoil the picture. As the result of an airplane accident in which he piloted his father, mother, and sister to death, he has been irresponsible ever since. "Just living on velvet," he explains, translating this state of mind into such whimsicalities of speech and action that he has all the earmarks of an idiot. But Miss Francis marries him in a forlorn attempt to bring him to his senses while Mr. William, the noblest jilt in history, helps them financially. One madcap prank leads to another, including christening an airplane with a bottle of catsup, until a second crack-up apparently convinces Miss Francis that she must stick by her husband for the rest of her life. The picture is a singular failure to capture something elusive.

Madge Evans's evening gown for early summer has an original touch that sets it apart. Embroidered organdy appliqué is what does it. The frock itself is of black net over taffeta.

"Shadow of Doubt."—Metro-Goldwyn. Constance Collier, distinguished on the stage for many years, makes her début in this with pronounced personal success. Otherwise the film is hardly worth recording. But Miss Collier is original, persuasive and very likable. One hopes that she will remain on the screen. Given a little time and luck, she is likely to loom large among the elect. She has the advantage of an excellent rôle here in spite of the handicap of a trite story. A rich recluse who hasn't left her Fifth Avenue home in years because of a ruined romance, she is pungent, eccentric, humorous. She plays jazz on a pipe organ and cribbage with her ancient butler who after twenty-five years of it, is supposedly $78,000 in debt to her. *Aunt Melissa* is a grand old girl, too superior a character to concern herself with the others in the cast. Ricardo Cortez, her nephew, is involved in a night-club tragedy, or rather the girl in whom he is interested is accused of murdering a cabaret patron, and his aunt decides to solve the mystery and clear her. It hardly seems worth the trouble except to end the film, but Miss Collier carries on as gallantly as if it did.

George White's "Scandals."—Fox. A musical of the marabou-and-spangles era of decoration, this is further embellished by George White who modestly plays *George White* in the stellar rôle, leaving such cinema favorites as James Dunn and Alice Faye to play second fiddle. It seems that the Broadway producer, on his way to Florida with Lyda Roberti, his leading lady, stops off at a sleepy Georgia town and discovers Mr. Dunn, Miss Faye, Cliff Edwards, and Ned Sparks in the act of putting on a show. Attracted to Miss Faye because of her metropolitan possibilities, he transplants the quartet to Broadway where they shine in a revue sponsored by himself. There are, of course, mild complications in the love lives of the characters, but they neither keep the spectator in suspense nor interfere with the song-and-dance numbers. The whole affair is mild and routine, neither annoying nor exciting.

"Traveling Saleslady."—Warners. Welcome back, Joan Blondell! How's Norman Scott Barnes? And, my, my, William Gargan! Losing forty pounds has given you a "new" personality and a lead. Both become you very well indeed. You have come into your own as a lively, ingratiating comedian, a perfect match for Miss Blondell in this smooth, speedy and funny picture about cocktail-flavored toothpaste and rival manufacturers and salesmen. There's an amusing idea here and it is brightly and pleasantly carried out. Miss Blondell's scornful father won't give a girl a place in his dentifrice business, so she finds employment with his competitor on the strength of the alcoholic toothpaste invented by Hugh Herbert which she controls.

CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES

"THE WEDDING NIGHT"—United Artists. By Edwin Knopf. Adapted by Edith Fitzgerald. Directed by King Vidor.

CAST:

Tony Barrett.....Gary Cooper
Manya.....Anna Sten
Dora.....Helen Vinson
Fredrik.....Ralph Bellamy
Nowak.....Siegfried Rumann
Kaise.....Esther Dale
Sobieski.....Leonid Snegoff
Mrs. Sobieski.....Elinor Wesselhoeft
Grandmother.....Milla Davenport
Helena.....Agnes Anderson
Hezzie.....Hilda Vaughn
Jenkins.....Walter Brennan
Heywood.....Douglas Wood
Gilly.....George Meeker
Anna.....Hedi Shope
Teka.....Otto Yokomoka
Frederika.....Violet Axzelle
Uncle.....Ed Abele

"RUGGLES OF RED GAP"—Paramount. From the novel by Harry Leon Wilson. Adapted by Walter De Leon, Harlan Thompson, and Humphrey Pearson. Directed by Leo McCarey.

CAST:

Ruggles.....Charles Laughton
Mrs. Effie Froud.....Mary Boland
Egbert Froud.....Charles Ruggles
Mrs. Judson.....Zasu Pitts
Hon. George Bassingwell.....Roland Young
Nell Kenner.....Leila Hyams
Ma Pettingill.....Maude Eburne
Baby.....Richard Cezon
Charles Belknap Jackson...Lucien Littlefield
Jeff Tuttle.....James Burke
Mrs. Charles Belknap Jackson..Leota Lorraine
Sam.....Del Henderson

"THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH"—Gaumont-British. Screen story by Edwin Greenwood and A. R. Rawlinson. Directed by Alfred Hitchcock.

CAST:

Betty Lawrence.....Nova Pilbeam
Abbott.....Peter Lorre
Lawrence.....Leslie Banks
Jill.....Edna Best
Ledine.....Frank Vosper
Clive.....Hugh Wakefield
Louis.....Pierre Fresnay
Nurse Agnes.....Cicely Oates
Binstead.....D. A. Clarke Smith
Gibson.....George Curzon

"LET'S LIVE TO-NIGHT"—Columbia. Story by Bradley King. Adapted by Gene Markey. Directed by Victor Schertzinger.

CAST:

Kay Routledge.....Lilian Harvey
Nick Kerry.....Tullio Carminati
Mrs. Routledge.....Janet Beecher
Brian Kerry.....Hugh Williams
Countess Margot De Legere.....Tala Birell
Mario.....Luis Alberni
Lily Montrose.....Claudia Coleman
Ozzy Featherstone.....Arthur Treacher
Maharajah.....Gilbert Emery

"PRIVATE WORLDS"—Paramount. By Phyllis Bottome. Screen play by Lynn Starling. Directed by Gregory La Cava.

CAST:

Jane Everest.....Claudette Colbert
Charles Monet.....Charles Boyer
Sally MacGregor.....Joan Bennett
Alex MacGregor.....Joel McCrea
Claire.....Helen Vinson
Matron.....Esther Dale
Dr. Arnold.....Sam Hinds
Carrie.....Jean Rouverol
Tom Hirst.....Sam Godfrey
Bertha Hirst.....Dora Clemant
Dr. Harding.....Theodore von Eltz
Dr. Barnes.....Stanley Andrews
Jerry.....Big Boy Williams
Boy-in-car.....Maurice Murphy
McLean (male nurse).....Irving Bacon
Arab.....Nick Shaid
Dawson.....Monte Vandergrift
Clarkson.....Arnold Gray
Johnson.....Julian Madison
Johnson's father.....Harry Bradley
Carrie's Nurse.....Eleanore King

"NAUGHTY MARIETTA"—MGM. Book and lyrics by Rida Johnson Young. Music by Victor Herbert. Screen play by John Lee Mahin, Frances Goodrich, and Albert Hackett. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke.

CAST:

Marietta.....Jeanette MacDonald
Warrington.....Nelson Eddy
Governor D'Annard.....Frank Morgan
Madame D'Annard.....Elsa Lanchester
Uncle.....Douglas Dumbrille
Herr Schman.....Joseph Cawthorn
Julie.....Cecilia Parker
Don Carlos.....Walter Kingsford
Frau Schuman.....Greta Meyer
Rudolpho.....Akim Tamiroff
Abe.....Harold Huber
Zeke.....Edward Brophy

"THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD"—Universal. Based on unfinished novel by Charles Dickens. Adapted by Leopold Atlas and Bradley King. Screen play by John L. Balderston and Gladys Unger. Directed by Stuart Walker.

CAST:

Jasper.....Claude Rains
Neville Landless.....Douglass Montgomery
Rosa Bud.....Heather Angel
Edwin Drood.....David Manners
Helena Landless.....Valerie Hobson
Mr. Crisparkle.....Francis L. Sullivan
Hiram Grewgious.....Walter Kingsford
Thomas Sapsea.....E. E. Clive
Tope.....J. M. Kerrigan
Mrs. Tope.....Veda Buckland
Durdles.....Forrester Harvey
Mrs. Crisparkle.....Effie Ellsler
Miss Twinkleton.....Elsie Griffies
Deputy.....George Ernest
Opium Den Hag.....Zeffie Tilbury

"THE WOMAN IN RED"—First National. Based on a story by Wallace Irwin. Screen play by Mary McCall, Jr., and Peter Milne. Directed by Robert Florey.

CAST:

Shelby Barret.....Barbara Stanwyck
Johnny Wyatt.....Gene Raymond
Nicko.....Genevieve Tobin
Eugene Fairchild.....John Eldredge
Dan.....Phillip Reed
Olga.....Dorothy Tree
Clayton.....Russell Hicks
Aunt Bettina.....Nella Walker
Grandfather Wyatt.....Claude Gillingwater
Mrs. Casserly.....Doris Lloyd
Wyatt Furness.....Hale Hamilton
Major Casserly.....Arthur Treacher
Foxall.....Ed Van Sloan
Mooney.....Forrester Harvey
Stuart Wyatt.....Gordon Elliott
Cora.....Ann Shoemaker
Uncle Emlen.....Brandon Hurst

"FAREWELL TO LOVE"—Gaumont-British. From the story by H. G. Lustig and M. Logan. Screen play by Benn W. Levy. Directed by Victor Saville.

CAST:

Struensee.....Clive Brook
Queen Caroline Mathilde...Madeleine Carroll
King Christian VII.....Emyln Williams
Brandt.....Alfred Drayton
Guldberg.....Nicholas Hannen
Juliana the Queen Mother.....Helen Haye
Von Eyhen.....Isabel Jeans
Sir Murray Keith.....Frank Cellier
Also: Heather Thatcher, Ruby Miller, Betty Hamilton, Eileen O'Mahoney, Gibb McLaughlin, James Carew, Leo Sheffield.

"LIVING ON VELVET"—Warners. Screen story by Jerry Wald and Julius Epstein. Directed by Frank Borzage.

CAST:

Amy Prentiss.....Kay Francis
Terry Parker.....George Brent
Walter (Gibraltor) Pritcham.Warren William
Major at flying field.....Russell Hicks
Mrs. Parker.....Maude Turner Gordon
Mr. Parker.....Sam Hinds
Cynthia Parker.....Martha Merrill
Aunt Martha.....Helen Lowell
Thornton.....Henry O'Neill
Counter man.....Edgar Kennedy

"ALL THE KING'S HORSES"—Paramount. Book by Laurence Clark, Max Giersberg, Frederick Herendeen, and Edward Horeen. Directed by Frank Tuttle.

CAST:

King Rudolph, Carlo Rocco.....Carl Brisson
Elaine, the Queen.....Mary Ellis
Peppi.....Edward Everett Horton
Mimi.....Katherine DeMille
Con Conely.....Eugene Pallette
Baron Kraemer.....Arnold Korff
Steffi.....Marina Schubert
Count Batthy.....Stanley Andrews
First Gentleman.....Edwin Maxwell
Major Domo.....Fred Sullivan
Finance Minister.....Eric Mayne
Count Blotenheim.....Phillips Smalley
Baron Chizlinska.....Walter McGrail
Prince Rumpfeffer.....George McQuarrie
Llonka.....Rosita
Orchestra Leader.....Rolfe Sedan
Hotel Manager.....Leo White

"THE LITTLE COLONEL"—Fox. From the story by Annie Fellows Johnston. Adapted by William Conselman. Directed by David Butler.

CAST:

Lloyd Sherman.....Shirley Temple
Colonel Lloyd.....Lionel Barrymore
Elizabeth.....Evelyn Venable
Jack Sherman.....John Lodge
Swazey.....Sidney Blackmer
Hull.....Alden Chase
Dr. Scott.....William Burress
Nebler.....Frank Darien
Mom Beck.....Hattie McDaniel
Maria.....Geneva Williams
May Lily.....Avonne Jackson
Henry Clay.....Nyanza Potts
Walker.....Bill Robinson

"SHADOW OF DOUBT"—MGM. From the story by Arthur Somers Roche. Screen play by Wells Root. Directed by George B. Seitz.

CAST:

Sim.....Ricardo Cortez
Treena.....Virginia Bruce
Aunt Melissa.....Constance Collier
Inez.....Isabel Jewell
Bellwood.....Arthur Byron
Lisa.....Betty Furness
Reed Ryan.....Regis Toomey
Morse.....Ivan Simpson
Hayworth.....Bradley Page
Wilcox.....Edward Brophy
Mr. Grandby.....Samuel Hinds
Mark Torrey.....Richard Tucker
Ehrhardt.....Bernard Siegel
Lieutenant Sackville.....Paul Hurst

"GOLD DIGGERS OF 1935"—Warners. By Manuel Seff, Peter Milne, and Robert Lord. Directed by Busby Berkeley.

CAST:

Dick Curtis.....Dick Powell
Amy Prentiss.....Gloria Stuart
Nicoleff.....Adolphe Menjou
Betty Hawes.....Glenda Farrell
Louis Lamson.....Grant Mitchell
Arline Davis.....Dorothy Dare
Mrs. Mathilda Prentiss.....Alice Brady
Humboldt Prentiss.....Frank McHugh
T. Moseley Thorpe.....Hugh Herbert
Winny.....Winifred Shaw
Head waiter.....Andre Beranger
Schultz.....Joseph Cawthorn
Haggerty.....Thomas Jackson
Dancers.....Ramon and Rosita
Tap dancer.....Matty King

"TRANSIENT LADY"—Universal. From the story by Octavus Roy Cohen. Adapted by Arthur Caesar and Harvey Thew. Directed by Edward Buzzell.

CAST:

Carey Marshall.....Gene Raymond
Hamp Baxter.....Henry Hull
Dale Cameron.....Frances Drake
Pat Warren.....June Clayworth
Eva.....Helen Lowell
Chris Blake.....Clark Williams
Matt.....Douglas Fowley
Major Marshall.....Frederick Burton
Nick Kiley.....Edward Ellis
Fred Baxter.....Clifford Jones

CISCO KID

EVERYBODY remembers Warner Baxter's remarkable portrayal of the romantic, devil-may-care, broken-accented hero of "The Cisco Kid" a few years ago. So well indeed is he remembered in this rôle that many fans have insisted on seeing him in another like it. Here, then, is the popular Mr. Baxter's answer to that demand—a glimpse of him as he will appear in "Under the Pampas Moon," the dashing story of a South American gaucho. His heroine is the tiny Armida who returns to films after a long absence.

Katie's Little Game

Continued from page 27

I can hear the indignant roar of thousands of fans. Such heresy is almost enough to start an army marching on Hollywood to slaughter unbelievers who do not think that Hepburn is the greatest actress ever.

The truth is somewhere between these two extremes of opinion. One thing is certain: Katie is what the doctor ordered for the screen. Be it known that her original off-screen act did not exactly dupe the wiser movie heads. They took it with a grin, a thoughtful grin.

"I knew," one of them told me, "that if Katie could put on the screen what she has in real life—her showmanship, her genius for startling, her original and forceful way of doing things—she could be made into a great star. The sort of star who is not dependent on the stories you give her. People come to see *her*. Just like people watch her in real life."

Some very odd facts of Miss Hepburn's life, when put together piece by piece, give us clews to the mystery of this strange, dominating personality.

One statement in the mass of published misinformation about Katharine's early development contains a half-truth. It attributes her mastery of showmanship to practice since childhood, and her motive for learning it to the fact that she was an ugly duckling, who used it to attract the attention her plainness denied her.

Actually, the ugly-duckling theory doesn't hold water. Katharine was not unusually plain, and we all know that beauty doesn't determine popularity in childhood. The real truth is that she couldn't become interested in girls' games.

It was the boys with whom she wanted to romp, because their sports attracted her. Handicapped by being a girl, she devised stunts, and in addition set about, with characteristic courage and determination, the task of making herself better at boyish sports than most of her masculine associates. That made the boys accept her, while competent testimony shows that girls also were attracted to Katharine, admiring her devil-may-care courage and initiative.

But because she associated so much with boys, Katharine took on a phase of their typical attitude toward girls. Worshipful, admiring members of her own sex often made her bashful and uncomfortable. This persisted even into the days of her stage work in New York. Even, as we shall see, to Hollywood. A typical instance of it is afforded by the oft-cited Lucrezia Bori anecdote. Katharine had longed to meet Miss Bori, but when she finally had the chance, she was stricken almost dumb by bashfulness. She left that meeting furious with herself, feeling Miss Bori must surely think her a nitwit.

However, Katharine formed some remarkably deep and lasting friendships with girls. Her best friend of the years, Laura Harding, is supposed to have contributed much to the strategies of Katharine's Hollywood campaign. The list of girls whom Hepburn has befriended is a long one. Most in the news is Adalyn Doyle, formerly the star's stand-in. Katie went to bat for Adalyn with producers, and obtained film tests which led to the stand-in's acting career. She has also befriended countless extra girls, maids, hairdressers, and others at her studio.

Katharine's benevolent attitude toward members of her own sex, and her easy, hail-fellow-well-met comradeship with men have similar origins. Her childhood association with boys on a basis of equality gave her a sense of confidence, comradeship, and strength to spare. And days spent in the company of her mother when Mrs. Hepburn talked women's rights with rebels such as Emma Goldman, helped to steer her mental development aside from the rutted path of convention.

Another new face and a darned lucky one—Bill Benedict, seventeen. He came to Hollywood, phaned Fax and actually gat the part! Yau will see him as the office boy in "$10 Raise."

Her marriage to Ludlow Smith has been described as "flight to the comfort and safety of strong arms." This bit of fantasy strikes a jarring note. It is so woefully out of the Hepburn character.

Investigation reveals that Katharine's marriage, far from being a safety-seeking affair, was to her a daring adventure. She gambled with her future, daring marriage to interfere. Like most marriages, too, hers had its secondary motives. It was a love affair, of course, but there were various little satisfactions beyond love for stormy-petrel Katharine. Triumph, for instance, over those who thought she was too homely to catch a handsome, distinguished husband.

Divorce was inevitable. She was too free a soul. When some one reproached her for denying, during early Hollywood days, that she was married, she is said to have explained simply: "Even then, I no longer *felt* married."

She dodges news cameramen because she knows how much to her screen charm good photography contributes, and how bad "candid" photos usually are. The original reason why she stopped giving interviews to the press has not been told. It seems that at first several women interviewed her, but no men. Finally a formidable and aggressive female writer talked to her, taking many notes. Katie viewed with alarm. When freed at last she sought out a studio press agent and asked him if all magazine writers were like that one. "Most of them," he admitted. He knew not what he did! For, after a moment's thought Katie made her famous pronunciamiento: "Then I'm through giving interviews!"

A voracious reader of movie magazines since she reached her earliest teens, Katharine has never felt toward them the aversion often charged to her. On the contrary, she still reads them with interest. Her Garbolike silence may have become a fixed habit because it proved convenient and a good attention-getter, but she did not start it as part of her movie-crashing strategy, nor continue it because she is afraid of the press or unfriendly toward it.

If many a girl Katharine has befriended owes her a debt of gratitude, the star in turn owes the women of the country her film success. Like Garbo, and unlike Harlow and West, Katie is a star because women rather than men are her most doting fans. Women see Harlow and West to find out what it is about them that so intrigues their husbands and boy friends. They see Hepburn because she is their own particular star.

Her attraction for them is quite likely akin to that which made girl playmates of her childhood admire her, which lured them away from their dolls and playhouses and more conventional companions to become her satellites. The screen has simply extended her circle of followers from the few to the millions. Women see in what she is and does the things they would be and do, if they dared. They view her as a woman who is strong and courageous enough to ask no quarter, resort to no subterfuge.

Continued from page 39

loyalty to its past traditions. This year she declared that she plans to leave Hollywood flat, that money is the only advantage the films offer, and that there is such a thing as getting too much money. Hollywood has an idea that Helen may be kidding just a little. She's on tour in "Mary of Scotland."

Saving Gable's Soul.—Poor Clark Gable had to stand a lot of ribbing about being prayed for by members of a church in his old home town, and everybody wanted to know how he "was serving the devil of lust." Clark himself has some curiosity on the subject, too.

Jack Oakie, who worked with Clark on "The Call of the Wild," was, at last reports, endeavoring to convert Clark by preaching to him, but without much success. Jack took on the duty because he raised such a long beard for the picture that he looked like a biblical patriarch.

Anyway, it may all suggest a new religious film to some producer.

And So To Bed!—The two o'clock closing law was recently enforced at the dine, dance, and toast spots of Hollywood, and the races moved up to San Francisco. This has served to slow down the pace in the film town. Said pace was pretty hectic for two or three months after the first of the year, and now a lot of stars are busy having the crows'-feet ironed out, and getting rid of the dark circles under their eyes.

Rescued From Exile.—Wera Engels has had some good luck at last. She was on the verge of being deported, when MGM came to the rescue and signed her up. Also they just about saved Steffi Duna from exile by giving her a job in a picture. Both stars were caught in a jam over stricter enforcement of immigration laws. Miss Engels, just a week or so before the tide turned for her, bid Hollywood a tearful farewell at a going-away party given in her honor. She went to Ensenada in Mexico, expecting to remain for an indefinite period. Then MGM called her back. We're very curious as to why she and Ivan Lebedeff don't get married.

E'en Death Has Its Sting.—The truth is out about the cost of a funeral in Hollywood. It has been a sort of prohibited topic of discussion, but was recently brought into the spotlight when Mrs. Bonita Ganthony, sister of Marie Dressler, complained about the expense of the star's obsequies.

Items listed included $6,650 for a casket, $2,770 for cemetery and crypt expenses, $100 for the clergyman, $250 for the undertaker's services, and $230 for bronze tablets and crypt vases. Mrs. Ganthony declared it was too much, and that because of the Dressler bequests, little or nothing would be left from the estate for herself. And hasn't it always been thus with the fortunes that stars leave to surviving relatives!

Tempests of Teaming.—The Stan Laurel-Oliver Hardy split-up received a lot of attention, and looked like the real thing. However, we can hardly believe it. Despite that everybody asserted the trouble was between Laurel and the studio, we keep hearing from the inside that it was truly between Laurel and Hardy. Teamed stars never get along particularly well together.

The Divorce Jamboree.—A terrific number of marital smash-ups were recently recorded. Those who are getting divorces include Lila Lee, Jack Kirkland, former husband of Nancy Carroll, who parted from his subsequent wife; Gwili André, Alice White, Anita Page, Elinor Fair, Onslow Stevens, and various others. The chains that bind are fully broken for one or two of them. Jean Harlow also managed to procure her freedom a month or so ago, but won't be able to wed Bill Powell for nearly a year under the California law.

Lil's Shadow Returning.—It will be very strange to see Lilyan Tashman in "Frankie and Johnny," more than a year after her death. Retakes were recently shot for this film, the last in which she appeared. "Frankie and Johnny" was one of the few films that was made into a "horrible example" by the Hays office at the height of the church war. Some of its scenes have been modified, with Chester Morris and Helen Morgan re-doing portions of their rôles. They are the leads in the production, and Miss Tashman acted the part of *Nellie Bly*.

Harvey Stephens and Ruth Selwyn chat with Una Merkel while the incomparable blonde puts the finishing touches to her make-up. They're all playing in "Baby Face Harrington" and having a grand time of it.

"Home, Home on the Range!"—Maxine Jones, daughter of Buck Jones, and Noah Beery, Jr., son of Noah Beery, the screen "vilyun" are getting married. Which strikes us as the most remarkable movie match in a long while. Jones has always played in Westerns, and Beery has been the heavy in many he-man melodramas. We suggest cowboy tunes as appropriate music for the wedding.

New Crosby Menace.—Dixie Lee, the soothsayers forecast, will soon have as big a career as her husband, Bing Crosby. She replaced June Knight in "Redheads on Parade," which is one of those very elaborate films. Dixie's picture, "Love in Bloom," wasn't such a hot number, but neither was Crosby's "Mississippi."

It would be funny if the old Hollywood teeter-totter took a turn and lifted the wife above the husband in fame in this particular instance. Bing has swept everything before him thus far, while Dixie has been in the background—except that she attained very special celebrity by becoming the mother of twins.

Jinx Stalks June.—Bad luck has dogged June Knight, what with the marital crash, suits by agents, and illness. These forced her to leave the cast of "Redheads on Parade." And there's no joking about that.

The Sympathetic Heroine.—Bette Davis might just as well have captured the Academy statuette for the best feminine acting performance of 1934. Claudette Colbert won it. But Bette got most of the publicity, because she had so many ardent supporters, who thought her portrayal in "Of Human Bondage" was outstanding. Shirley Temple was given a miniature statuette for her achievements. It was a special award. And Shirley said "Thank you!" in her very best manner, while Irvin Cobb spoke of her as if she were an angel from heaven.

Are Blue-bookers Snooty?—Oh, what a mix-up in the romances of the younger set! And it may portend a new feud between the film and social worlds.

Anita Louise seemed to be engaged to Kelly Anthony, son of a wealthy automobile dealer, and the next day it rained, so to speak. She sent back his ring, and Anthony denied that there was anything to the betrothal idea.

Also, we rather thought that Rochelle Hudson was engaged to Harry M. Eichelberger, Jr., and then he dispatched a telegram from the high seas—being en route to Europe at the time—saying there was nothing to it. Two slaps from the society boys right in a row!

We assume that Miss Louise and Tom Brown are going to keep steady company from now on. It was sudden and surprising when everything appeared to be over between them.

Dolores Rated Perfect.—Dolores del Rio gets a beauty rating again. Busby Berkeley, trying to arrive at weight and height of the ideal American girl, deduced 118 pounds as the proper weight and five feet four inches as proper height. And those are exactly Dolores's specifications. Busby surveyed more than one hundred girls of his dancing chorus to come to this conclusion, and that was the average for that number.

A group of international beauty experts declares 100 pounds, and five feet one inch was the ideal, but Berkeley disputed this. The films set about the most general standard of beauty, and the chorus girls are supposed to crystallize that pulchritude.

Virginia Reid's laugh leaves William Bakewell wondering whether the beautiful blonde believes that tall story he's telling her or not.

Tibbett Snubs Marxes.—The Marx Brothers got nicely snubbed by Lawrence Tibbett when a story went out to the effect that they desired to have him sing in their picture, "A Night at the Opera." It sounded like a great idea, especially from the Marx standpoint, but Larry would have none of it. He is determined to make his return to the screen in the most dignified manner possible. Consequently a Metropolitan Opera House story is being written for him, in which he will be the singer-hero. The film is called "The Diamond Horseshoe."

Chevalier Friend in Début.—If you're interested in catching a glimpse of Maurice Chevalier's friend, the Countess de Maigret, you'll be able to do this in "China Seas," in which she has been playing a part with Jean Harlow, Clark Gable, and Wallace Beery. The countess is a widow, her husband, a prominent French wine merchant during his lifetime, having passed away about a year ago. Chevalier and she knew each other abroad, and when she arrived in Hollywood he suggested that she take a screen test. It was also hinted, though denied, that they were romantically interested.

Nobility Flourishing.—It's strange how many titled people are lingering about in movieland nowadays. Hollywood is one of the few places in the world where regal glamour still prevails, which is probably the reason so many of the nobility take up residence there. Also, they can eke out a living in pictures when they are impoverished, as many of them are. Notable among those who have arrived is Sigvard Bernadotte, grandson of the King of Sweden. He had relinquished his title prior to coming to America, because he desired a career without it. He formerly directed for Ufa, in Berlin, and is now with MGM.

Pat's Friends See Styles.—Pat O'Brien did his duty nobly by his wife when she recently opened a dress shop. He managed to get together a group of his men friends to attend the formal première. They included Frank McHugh, Lyle Talbot, Jimmy Gleason, Johnny Mack Brown, Joe E. Brown, Robert Armstrong, and Allen Jenkins. Pat wined and dined them before they went to the fashion show to put them in a good humor. Then he marched them right in to the opening style parade of mannequins.

Gleason was the most difficult to whip into line. He wanted to duck when they arrived, but finally was prevailed on to come into the shop, and then commenced to cut up by playing hide-and-seek behind the store dummies, and posing as a mannequin.

Troubles Pursue Spencer.—Poor Spencer Tracy! He has had another one of those "experiences." He ran into John Law down in Arizona, even to the extent of a fisticuffs with the police. It apparently all started when he had an argument over the phone with his wife in Hollywood. He was in Yuma at the time, and was accused of making too much noise in a hotel. The whole thing was more or less a tempest in a teapot, and though it was thought that Tracy would lose out in "The Farmer Takes a Wife," his picture with Janet Gaynor, as a result, he was retained in the cast. Somehow a Tracy misdemeanor can't be taken too seriously—he's such a likable chap personally. And he is in great favor at the Fox studio.

Continued from page 30

slink away, crushed by injustice? Or brazen it out, with a few friends faithful? This woman has been called callous. I know better—I saw her soul in travail.

The young actress, naïvely eager, who drove the old family car barefooted. I took her to a preview at which, with a quivering hand, she actually touched Enid Bennett, and raved about it for days.

Five years later, in her Beverly mansion, she was entertaining eminent authors. My invitations had become rare but, you see, I still wrote nice articles. I referred tactlessly to those ingenuous days of barefoot driving and gurgling enthusiasms. The atmosphere froze into a taut silence, broken by her high-pitched denial and her glance of daggers. My invitations were no longer rare; they were nil.

A tea in Valentino's studio bungalow, his last Hollywood party. Reporters, kneeling around a pile of greenbacks, shooting craps, each man begging me to throw for him. Because, with beginner's luck, I invariably turned up the demanded numbers—without the faintest notion of the game's technique. I like to recall the Rudy of that day, amused, a smiling, graceful shadow that seemed to brood beneath its fluid charm.

Florence Vidor, a pale candle flame, telling me, in carefully modulated tones, how she and King preserved their marriage by mental science. A few years later, an equally tranquil Florence, in the same peaceful room, describing to me the quietly controlled tenor of her life as Mrs. Jascha Heifetz. Same system, but different husbands.

"The Pony Express" location on a Wyoming prairie. I was the only girl reporter along. Dutifully each morning I appeared on the set, bursting with rapid-fire questions. Betty Compson sweet in old-fashioned dress, Ricardo Cortez in picturesque garb but grumbling at his curled hair, Ernest Torrence warbling old ballads. In the background a meek George Bancroft, hat in hand, appreciative of the least notice. "Big Boy" Bancroft to-day swaggers, a self-confessed genius.

Director Jim Cruze was quizzically suspicious when I faded away each day after lunch until he too knocked off early to attend the rodeo. Evening gatherings of the troupe, meandering through the hotel and spilling into the town. Once a group of us barged into a local Elks' dance—and not an Elk in our gang!

I still have the five-gallon hat that Jim bought me. He generously promised to order for me a pair of twenty-dollar boots but, unfortunately, the Scotch ran out and I never got them.

Weddings, from simple ceremonies to the Goldwyn-staged pageantry of the La Rocque-Banky nuptials, humorously climaxed by the discovery of a prop turkey on the buffet table. Luncheons in the Pickford bungalow, with titles as plentiful as salt cellars, electric talk in a running fire up and down the table. Guests walking on a carpet of gardenias at a Bill Haines party. The Swanson butlers and footmen, clad in silk knee breeches, during her exclamatory era.

Buster Keaton, in evening clothes, arriving at a première on a motorcycle, his wife in the side car. Hollywood copying Corinne Griffith's Lalique fad until even radiator caps were of Lalique glass. Hedda Hopper penciling her eyelashes green. Alice White introducing the stockingless craze. Clara Bow reporting for a business conference in a bathing suit and sporting unruly, vermilion-colored hair.

Garbo, plump, awkward and scared, with a hole in her cotton stocking, puzzled that they posed her with animals. Garbo, secluded and aloof today.

Shy Dietrich, in a bouffant frock and flower-decked picture hat, frightened eyes begging our approval, her introductory luncheon an ordeal. Marlene to-day, trousered and distant, marching past us without a glance.

Mildred Davis in a white skirt and blue middy washing the dishes, with Harold Lloyd drying them, in her parents' bungalow, while I grinned. Mid and Harold haven't changed one iota. They revive one's faith in humanity, even in Hollywood.

Mary Pickford in a protean parade of seasonal personalities from the ingénue genius to the chatelaine of duke-clogged Pickfair, but always kind. Bill Hart, silent and sad, trying with "Tumbleweeds" an unsuccessful comeback.

In a silk dress and new shoes, I rustled and squeaked to my first interview. The victim, Thomas Meighan, was patient. I was dumb with fright.

I have never approached an interview without panic, have never emerged from one without a sigh of relief. Defective hearing adds to the strain of getting a story from players. I've only heard about half of what they've said to me these past ten years. At that—well, let's get on.

They forget my infirmity and I dislike asking continually for repetitions. Probably bewildered stars have thought me abstracted—or worse.

John Davis Lodge's voice dropped into a drone and I gave up trying to raise its timbre by perplexed frowns and murmured reminders. When it ceased, I asked a question, hoping with a switch of subject to start him off again in more resonant tone. Exasperated, he regarded me, and boomed out: "I just got through telling you about that!"

Highlights — handshakes — heartaches—highballs—headaches—I think I'll make hooked rugs for a living.

The postman! An editorial command: "See So-and-So. Find out what and why." To horse—pardon, to flivver! More questions, another scrapbook. Ye gods! Still more fun!

Here is Margot Grahame, distinguished English actress who is about to make a Hollywood début with Victor McLaglen. Their picture is "The Informer."

"I want to go on doing better things, more difficult things, and doing them well," says the gay, provocative Bob we know so well.

TIRED OF PLAY-ACTING

Robert Montgomery feels that all his rôles have been much too easy for him. He wants to do more of the serious acting he handled so well in "Biography of a Bachelor Girl" and "Vanessa: Her Love Story."

By Katharine Hartley

NOT long ago when I went to see the preview of Robert Montgomery and Ann Harding in "Biography of a Bachelor Girl," I was a bit amazed at the new and different type of rôle that Bob was playing. *Kurt* in that picture was just about as serious-minded a young fellow as I have ever run across. He was very intense about everything, and scarcely had a light moment about anything.

I thought Bob played the part remarkably well. It was an excellent job of acting, as a matter of fact. But I must be frank to admit I wondered what the Montgomery fans were going to think about it. Maybe they would be disappointed because he wasn't, in that picture, the Bob Montgomery they had expected to see. Since "Strangers May Kiss," "Rip Tide," "Hide-out," "Forsaking All Others," and pictures of that type, they have loved Bob as a witty, charming, provocative, and rather irresponsible youth. Now he had suddenly gone serious and sober on them. I wondered what would be the reaction.

I went to see Bob to find out how he felt about it. I asked him if he thought his fans would be disappointed.

"But what Montgomery do you think they expect to see?" he asked me in turn.

"Why, the you of 'Rip Tide,' the goofy, adorable, reckless person that you were in that picture."

Bob groaned. He began walking the floor. "You really think so? Well, I hope you're wrong. Why should a part like that stand out? If I recall rightly, I wasn't reckless, witty, or charming in one of the finest things that I ever did in my life. It was 'The Big House'—a serious picture, too, if you remember. I loved doing that one. I liked doing the serious rôle in 'Biography,' and the part in 'Vanessa' gripped me. In 'Rip Tide' and 'Strangers May Kiss'—why, I just walked through those rôles. They're easy. They're not acting, they're play-acting. I want to act. I want to work for my money. I don't just want to stand before a camera and act natural——"

So there, the secret was out. Bob had had something to do with his changing rôles.

"Of course I have," he agreed. "I don't want to stand still in this game. I want to go on doing better things, more difficult things, and doing them well. I only hope that my public—if there really is such a thing"—now, Bob, don't be coy—"will want to move

Continued on page 74

ROBERT MONTGOMERY

BOB MONTGOMERY has decided to cast aside his witty, irresponsible screen personality to do more worth-while things. But will the fans let him? Read what Bob himself has to say on the subject in the story by Katharine Hartley on the page opposite.

Photo by Stephen McNulty

STAGE MAD

In "Doubting Thomas" it is Will Rogers's ingenuity which preserves the happy home which his wife is about to sacrifice when deceived into believing that she would make a good actress.

CONCERNED with the Little Theater Movement are Andrew Toombes, Helen Flint, Johnny Arthur, Billie Burke, and Alison Skipworth, above, and Billie Burke with Will Rogers, right, as Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Brown.

STRATEGY

CESAR ROMEKO and Maureen O'Sullivan, above, are lovers in "Cardinal Richelieu." George Arliss, upper right, in the title rôle as the man who secretly ruled the King of France. Right, Francis Lister, Violet Kemble-Cooper, Katharine Alexander, and Douglas Dumbrille, prominently cast.

NO MERCY

"Les Miserables" once more comes to life on the screen. This time an audible version of the Victor Hugo masterpiece, headed by the inimitable Fredric March.

FREDRIC MARCH, upper left, as the handsome *Jean Valjean*, incarcerated for stealing a loaf of bread. Top of the page, John Beal as *Marius*, and Rochelle Hudson as *Cosette*. *Jean*, above, seeks vengeance upon his persecutor, *Javert*, played by Charles Laughton. *Jean*, left, after five years in the galleys.

HORROR

"Mark of the Vampire" is another hair-raising story surrounding a murder in which vampires, bats and hypnotism help to solve the mystery.

BELA LUGOSI and Carroll Borland, right, as *Count Mora* and his daughter. In the circle, Lugosi as the terrifying vampire. Lionel Barrymore, below, the *Professor*, discovers strange marks on the neck of *Fedor*, Henry Wadsworth. Jessie Ralph, left, as the weird witch woman.

REVENGE

For his return to the screen, Richard Barthelmess has chosen a tense drama called "Four Hours to Kill." An escaped convict, he meets death before the gallows can claim him for a crime he did not commit.

JOE MORRISON, Helen Mack, and Roscoe Karns, at top of page. Above, Ray Milland and Gertrude Michael keep an illicit rendezvous. Richard Barthelmess, right, kept in bonds by Charles C. Wilsan, detective.

TEA is ready to be served to "The Goose and the Gander" group, consisting of Kay Francis, John Eldredge, Claire Dodd, and Genevieve Tobin. Lower right, sparkling Miss Francis as *Georgiana*, and below, with George Brent who plays opposite.

Thieves

SHIRLEY TEMPLE and JOEL McCREA

SHIRLEY TEMPLE is thoroughly happy in "Our Little Girl" until her father and mother, played by Joel McCrea and Rosemary Ames, seem to neglect her for their own interests. After many heartaches, the little family is reunited in a delightful picnic scene in which Shirley charms every one, as usual.

Continued from page 15

In a recent picture, a short sound track was made of just such a scene and one extra man said, quite clearly, "I want whisky." What it sounded like when it was run over for the sequence was a man demanding wearily but with determination, "I want whisky, I want whisky, I want whisky."

Dubbing in has become a very important part of the production of pictures, more particularly of the new crop of musicals.

When "Enter Madame" was made, it was decided to use part of the second act of "Tosca" in the story which concerns an opera star. Elissa Landi played the opera star, but of course her voice is not equal to the demands of the great Puccini score. So the producer engaged Nina Koshetz to sing the rôle while Miss Landi went through the motions. Before this could go on the screen, Miss Landi worked with Madame Koshetz on the score so that she could sing it with very much the same facial expressions and open and close her mouth on the right notes.

When Miss Landi had been sufficiently drilled, she acted out the "Tosca" sequence with great dramatic fire, slightly modifying the vocalizing in order not to mar the effect. A close-up of really strenuous operatic singing is not altogether beautiful and this dubbing in is frequently used for that reason, even when the actress also sings the music as Grace Moore did in "One Night of Love." The café scene in that picture was actually a silent picture, and Miss Moore made a separate sound track of the music of "Ciri-biri-bin."

Well, the "Tosca" scenes in "Enter Madame" were made during the day and at night the singers gathered in the deserted studio to furnish the sound. Madame Koshetz had her own very important part to record and this had to be handled with great skill, for her voice is unusually powerful.

Relaxed and comfortable, unhampered by make-up and costume, not at all the distracted *Tosca* in the clutches of *Scarpia*, Madame Koshetz worked with the sound men many hours, recording with endless patience that beautiful music which the audience hears in proper sequences in the finished picture. What the audience does *not* see are the directors in their shirt sleeves, the orchestra men with their coats off and collars open, Madame Koshetz sitting with a pitcher of lukewarm water beside her and a large handkerchief to mop her brow. All of that is blotted out and what we, the audience, get out of it is the music mixed with the action.

Take a picture like "We Live Again" with its heartbreaking sequences in the prison. Fredric March, as the young prince, comes to the prison to see Anna Sten, who has been committed to five years at hard labor in Siberia.

As he goes through the door from the prison office into the jail itself, we hear a confused murmur. Here, an almost overpowering effect was achieved by dubbing in. All the Russian extras in Hollywood had been recruited for that scene.

The women in the jail crowd up against the wire grille, screaming and crying, but no definite word emerges from the confusion. On the other side, the men prisoners crowd close to the grille, shouting and clamoring, and here again, we can hear nothing in the way of actual words.

Conchita Montenegro, the Spanish actress, introduces a matador's cap as a new note in feminine headgear. Now every girl on the Fox lot is asking if she could wear one with the same nonchalant chic and dash.

Mr. March slowly advances down the aisle between the two inclosures. He pushes himself through a crowd of visitors and tries to catch a glimpse of Miss Sten. We hear the jailor call the girl's name. Quite clearly, the call comes to our ears and magically the crowd noise sinks to a dim murmur, picking up again in volume and intensity. Miss Sten approaches the barrier and puts her face against the grille. Mr. March sees her and cries out to her. She sees him but his words are lost in the roar for they were recorded at the same time.

"I can't hear you!" she cries and suddenly, as she speaks, the crowd noise is dimmed again. Then Mr. March turns angrily to the jailor and speaks to him and we hear that as distinctly as if he were speaking in a quiet room.

What has happened? The sound man, working on his instrument panel, has played on his set of buttons as a musician plays on a piano, increasing and lowering the volume of mob sound and then, abruptly, cutting it off so Mr. March's speech can get over to the audience. These effects were achieved on the film after all the preliminary tracks had been made and finally recorded on unexposed film, ready to be used for actual picturization.

In all such complicated scenes, while it is not all beer and skittles, a great deal of fun is often had out of them. Sometimes the artists who are engaged to provide music for dubbing in get paid by inadvertence, so to speak.

One of the major studios sent for a male quartet for a sequence in which the hero of the story serenaded his lady-love with the help of his male companions. The leading man had no singing voice whatever, so the tenor of the quartet was expected to sing solo, with the others joining in and harmonizing. The leading man took his place under the balcony with a prop guitar. The men of the quartet sat idly by waiting for the scene to finish. The hero went through the motions of singing and strumming on the guitar, the Light-of-His-Eyes supposedly heard the serenade and came stealing out upon the balcony. The cameras ground merrily on.

Suddenly there was a wrenching noise, the leading woman let out a scream and made a frantic clutch at the balcony rail as the whole piece of scenery sagged forward. The balcony was not equal to her weight. But it did not come off, it just slumped down with tearing and grinding noises.

The lady was rescued and the set bolstered up. The quartet ambled up to the pay window, collected their checks for the day and went home. They got an extra day's pay for that little mishap.

The science of dubbing in has made possible some remarkable effects in talking pictures. There's the man who talks for *Popeye*, the woman who cackles like a hen; Walt Disney himself speaks every time *Mickey Mouse* utters a squeak. Watch for some of these sound effects and see if you can detect dubbing in from straight sound-recording.

Your Vacation in Hollywood—and the Cost

Continued from page 14

"Do you know where Laura Hope Crews lives?" asked John.

"Sure!"

Promptly at four o'clock, they were parked in front of the address, and for two hours they watched the famous of the movie colony enter the charming mansion.

At last Jane drew a deep sigh.

"Well," she said, "I guess it's all over. Five days in Hollywood! I never dreamed that we could do it. Wasn't it wonderful!"

"We'll have to turn in the car before we can get ourselves out of the hotel," said John. "Look——" and he showed Jane the itemized list:

Monday:

Taxi to Roosevelt Hotel	$ 2.35
Hotel	6.00
Lunch, Brown Derby	2.50
Tip	.50
Taxi to Chinese Theater	.35
Theater tickets	2.20
Cocktails, sandwiches	1.50
Tip	.25
Taxi to Coconut Grove	1.15
Coconut Grove	12.00
Taxi to hotel	1.15

Tuesday:

Hotel	6.00
Telephone calls for car	.30
Car rental	4.50
Breakfast at Roosevelt	1.00
Tip	.25
Lunch at Universal	1.50
Tip	.35
Dinner, Russian Eagle	3.70
Tip	.50
Fight tickets	6.60
Parking for fights	.25
Parking for night at hotel	.50

Wednesday:

Hotel	6.00
Car rental	4.50
Breakfast at Munchers	1.00
Tip	.25
Lunch at Sardi's	1.70
Two sherries	.50
Tip	.35
Guide to stars' homes	1.00
Dinner, Beverly Wilshire	3.00
Tip	.50
Preview, Ritz Theater	.80
Parking for night	.50

Thursday:

Hotel	6.00
Car rental	4.50
Breakfast	1.00
Tip	.25
Lunch near Malibu	.80
Tip	.25
Dinner, Roosevelt	2.00
One bottle wine	1.50
Tip	.50
El Capitan	3.30
Parking for night	.50

Friday:

Hotel	6.00
Car	4.50
Breakfast-lunch at Levy's	1.50
Tip	.25
Red carfare	.30
Yellow car	.15
Total	$108.80

So they turned the car in, bailed themselves out of the hotel, and rode to the station on the street car.

"It's sort of an inglorious retreat, isn't it, honey?" asked John.

"It's all been a glorious treat," said Jane.

The Lure of the Stage

Continued from page 35

man and friendly, will never go back to Hollywood unless he is offered a part worth doing. For which no one can blame him.

He's generally thought of as a stage player borrowed by movies from his original habitat, but his acting career began in silent pictures made in the East. He likes playing in them but—— In "Point Valaine," the Noel Coward play in which he was costarred with the mighty team of Lunt and Fontanne, Perkins had an outlet for his many talents, a part an actor could dig his teeth into.

"I don't know why they ever had me out in Hollywood," he says frankly. "They had me doing glorified walk-ons and they were paying me far more than necessary for that sort of thing. I won't go back there to repeat past performances. It's much too dull doing walk-ons. I might get what I want in pictures if I signed a long-term contract, but I love the theater and I won't give up what's mine in it."

Constance Cummings, who frankly says that she wants to go back to Hollywood, has been having a grand time on Broadway in spite of being unbearably lonely for her husband, Benn W. Levy, who came to direct her play and then returned to London to supervise the finishing of their home.

Constance last appeared on Broadway as an insignificant little chorine. In the play she was featured and fêted. If only Benn had been with her all would have been perfect.

There was an agent, in the chorus days, who used to promise her jobs if she'd dine with him. There was also a large, wicked lupine who used to dock her a day's pay for arriving ten minutes late at rehearsal.

"I was tempted to use my umbrella on that agent when I saw him," Constance grinned impishly. "And I'm afraid I snooted that stage manager. I love my part in the show

Rita Cansino, youthful scion of a famous family of Spanish dancers, made such a decided hit with her dancing in "Dante's Inferno" that she was signed to a full-fledged contract.

and though I'm anxious to get back to Hollywood, there's no rush. I wouldn't leave the show. With our permanent home in London I'll be commuting between New York, London, and Hollywood from now on. But Benn wouldn't be happy anywhere except in England.

"Do you know, I thought I'd love being back on Broadway with my name in lights and all the things that go with it. But now—— You see, this is the first time Benn and I've been separated."

Connie recalls her chorus days with longing. It was such fun, she says. No responsibilities and plenty of dreams and wishes yet to be fulfilled. To-day, being on Broadway or in Hollywood means chiefly being apart from Benn. And an ocean is millions of miles wide when you're young, in love, and lonely.

Just around the corner from the theater where Constance nightly personifies accented youth, Leslie Howard holds forth in "The Petrified Forest" and spends part of the time responding with grave detachment to the hordes of admirers who cluster around the stage door. One of his ways of "responding" is to walk through the throngs of well-wishers, flanked by his wife and daughter, and looking as though he hasn't noticed a thing, positively nothing at all.

Blanche Sweet won the collective slap on the back of the New York critics for her work in Leslie's play. Not only is her performance excellent but she is as lovely, as unassuming and unaffected as few picture stars remain after years of celluloid glorification such as has been hers.

"I can't say I like this better than being in pictures," she admitted. "I like the life on the Coast, being outdoors all year round. But as long as my work keeps me here I'm happy. Every one in the show is so pleasant to work with. I have many friends

here and Hollywood people go back and forth so much now, that if you stay in New York long enough you'll see all your friends in the course of a year.

"I want to go back, of course, but I'd rather stay here and do the things I want to do than go back to Hollywood just for the sake of going back."

Blanche is too good a sport to talk about her last pictures, but if she won't, we will. She leaped courageously into the whirlpool of early talkies and suffered, as did so many others, from imperfect recording, executive haziness, and the general state of earthquake that was Hollywood when first the screen squeaked through its talking babyhood.

In "The Petrified Forest" she proves herself as competent a speaking actress as many in Hollywood. She won't say she's headed for home, but unless blindness and deafness suddenly smite the producers, Blanche will be packing her trunks and taking those twinkling blue eyes back to the city she loves.

In the same cast Peggy Conklin, film newcomer who was in "The President Vanishes," is nonchalant about the prospect of stardom. Peggy, who pranced alongside Connie Cummings in the chorus, discussed her future with an artless smile—or perhaps it was artfully artless.

"I was surprised that I liked Hollywood," Peggy said between bites of crackers. "So many people I knew didn't like it at all. I didn't want to go there. When I saw my test I didn't think I was any good at all. The test was—well, lousy. But I didn't have the fare to get home and they wanted me to stay. Now I'm due back on June 1st and I'm signed for five years."

It's that easy, Peggy implies, so why make a fuss about it? We suspect that secretly she's a little proud. She graduated from the chorus into small rôles, then into the stage production of "The Pursuit of Happiness."

Among the season's short-term visitors have been luscious Lilian Bond who earned flattering notices in a play that failed to match her capabilities.

Conway Tearle had a short session on Manhattan's Main Street in a poor play that didn't afford audiences convincing reasons for parting with its money.

Helen Chandler suffered the same discouraging fate in a play called "It's You I Want," but just before the closing notice went up she discovered it was a new husband she wanted. She's honeymooning with Bramwell Fletcher just now.

Lillian and Dorothy Gish have become such steady residents on Broadway that youngsters in the audience don't even realize that the Gishes are Hollywood exiles. Dorothy garnered several especially laudatory adjectives from critics for her performance in "Brittle Heaven," but the play didn't. Lillian, who had her troubles and triumphs in "Within the Gates," wound up with a good season's work when that controversial play closed.

Ethel Merman, booked for at least part-time residence in Hollywood from now on, has spent the season giving those rousing Merman performances in "Anything Goes" and being the toast of the town generally in the musical comedy field.

Openings late in the season brought Jane Wyatt and Walter Connolly in "The Bishop Misbehaves," a fairish play in which Jane's lively talents have less opportunity than they deserve. But early in the season she was starred in "Lost Horizons," in which her work got critical bouquets.

"I'm afraid of pictures," Jane still insists. "I feel that I don't belong in them. I'm at home on the stage and that's my work. Cameras make me self-conscious, nervous. I haven't liked myself in pictures though 'Great Expectations' was better than 'One More River.' Hollywood is a grand place to work in. I like people out there, but I'm not cut out for pictures. I know it."

Carl Laemmle, Jr., evidently doesn't think so for he has signed her for part of each of five years.

Walter Connolly, who feels two years is too long to be absent from the happy hunting-ground, ought to be happy now that he's back behind footlights. But he isn't. Maybe his grumpiness is something that's grown on him from his testy, irascible screen self. Maybe it's the headache of owning part of his show and knowing that, as a play, it isn't up to the Connolly genius. Mrs. Connolly—Nedda Harrigan—also appeared briefly in a play that failed to measure up. But the revered Connolly name is acting as a magnet at the box-office and he's due for his piece of the adulation pie Broadway distributes to strayed lambs who have forsaken the films.

Roland Young, who's rather vague about things, is sure that he's glad he's out of Hollywood. But he's likely to say he's glad he's there when he returns. Supervisors are his phobia at present. He dislikes them with varying degrees of ferocity on different days of the week. In "The Distant Shore" he was snug and safe from supervisors and peaceful amid the clatter of Times Square, where he feels at home.

Mary Rogers represented the Will Rogers family in "On To Fortune," which unfortunately went on but for one week. But Will dropped in to visit her, though Mary refused to let him pose with her for pictures because she won't bask in reflected glory. She's out to capture fame without paternal assistance.

Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon are costarred in "Hollywood Holiday" which reminds us of what we set out to proclaim, namely, that many more holidays from Hollywood will constitute a major menace to the film capital. Though Broadway can be severe and critical with the insincere, she has a capacious bosom. She takes to her heart any and all players who have something to give.

Studio quarrels are ironed out speedily when a star departs in a huff and then conquers Broadway.

Glenda Farrell and Joan Blondell talk as girls will over the cup that cheers in the late afternoon. They're playing together again in "Traveling Saleslady," too.

What Hollywood Has Given Me——

Continued from page 40

related out here. For instance, recently some one from out of town asked me if I would give her the telephone number of Bette Davis. "Why, I haven't even met her," I replied. She was *so* surprised.

When I first came here I was as green as grass. I bent backward, endeavoring to be gracious and accommodating. People have the idea I'm not the same girl. Added responsibilities have lessened my time. The greater the fame the greater its responsibilities and criticisms. It's just as I told a cardinal of our church recently in discussing this cleaning up of pictures. "Hollywood is trying," I explained. "Give it a chance and don't forget that too much scolding, even with a child, eventually defeats its purpose."

I did not want to go to Hollywood. I went because every one else was going. People, like sheep, follow in herds. No one is more surprised than I at my staying there.

After the death of my father, Captain Joseph J. Dunne, in St. Louis, I attended the Chicago Conservatory of Music. Later, with my mother, who has been my constant companion since childhood, we went to New York. It was there I entered the professional world. Made a test for the lead in the musical show, "Irene," and won the rôle. After that, I appeared on Broadway and in most of the big cities in light opera and musical comedies. I sang in "Show Boat" for seventy weeks and it was at this time that William Le Baron discovered me and asked me to go to Hollywood.

My first picture, "Leathernecking," was of no particular importance and when the vogue for musical comedies died out, it was only natural to suppose that I was "out," too. But I prevailed upon Mr. Le Baron to give me the part of *Sabra Cravat* in "Cimarron." I had read the book and had envisioned myself portraying the rôle. He demurred. Tests of hundreds of actresses were made before I was given a chance. That was the first signal of my success and ability as a dramatic actress. It brought me stardom. The rest is celluloid history.

I have been in Hollywood four years and three months. It has given me a greater field of fame, added wealth. It has given me greater responsibilities and less time to perform the multitudinous duties piled on me. I have attained contentment without losing ambition. Contentment, *not* stagnation.. I have loved Hollywood. Hollywood is *just what you make it.* .The medium is here for great accomplishment. I shall remain as long as pictures are interesting.

After that? Who knows? I never attach myself to material things. I am fond of my family and am very self-sufficient. I am *not* a fatalist, neither do I waste my time planning. Come what may, I shall keep on running my scales just the same. The difference between me and most people is that they are inclined to settle themselves and enjoy life. Sitting back with a smile on their faces with the attitude, "I've done my best. My work is done."

For my part, work is *never* done.

Robert Taylor, though a newcomer, is attracting attention and promises to stir up more excitement in "Murder in the Fleet."

What It Has Taken From Me

Continued from page 41

covered in Chicago destitute and deserted by me. Investigation proved the woman was a total stranger. My mother was living with me in Hollywood at the time. But don't forget the story was printed in headlines while the denials and proof of my innocence were obscured in small print, almost buried.

Jean Muir's choice of daisies as a wrist decoration is a bit surprising because of her sophistication, but the greatest charm of the stars is never knowing what they'll be up to next.

Hollywood has given me worldwide publicity. It builds up and likewise tears down, oftentimes leaving its scars and wounds. The public in general is quick to forget the kind things, but cleaves like a bulldog to adverse criticism. Don't think I have become cynical or critical. I shall never permit Hollywood, or any other place for that matter, to do that to me.

Picture work, with its great and incessant demands upon my time and strength, has deprived me of social life, friends, especially my New York friends.

I am very fond of golf and motoring and yet days, weeks, sometimes months, pass and I do not indulge in one of these pleasures. How can I when I arise at six in the morning, go to the studio, work all day, and sometimes late at night? I am too weary and preoccupied for anything but rest.

Even between pictures there are demands—interviews, photographs. But with all the pros and cons, I am living and have lived every minute of the day. The future holds even greater prospects. More freedom, for one thing. I am on the threshold of a new adventure.

Upon the completion of "Roberta" I shall, in a measure, become a freelance. With reservations, however, as I shall have the major studios back of me. The first year of my four years' association with RKO, I signed for one year on a weekly basis. Next year by the picture, and later asked for extension of time between films. I have one more picture to make for my home studio. I am scheduled to make my beloved "Show Boat" for Universal, and that's all for the present concerning work and pictures.

I am off in a few days with my husband for my first visit to Mexico City and am thrilled at the prospect. Just think, I am to have six weeks, maybe eight, vacationing.

Among other things, I am going to New York where I shall make arrangements for our apartment and later, when I build my home in Hollywood, I shall commute between the two places. Remember, New York was one of my first loves.

Hollywood has taken, but I shall hold to the heights as I am a determined person and, don't forget, my feet are on the grass!

They Say in New York——

Continued from page 17

is a level-headed young woman. But a very pretty head it would always be, whether turned by adulation or not. Now that she has established herself as a dramatic actress, she is to risk a musical—and with Shirley Temple, no less. She was trained as a dancer but did not want to be typed as a song-and-dance girl.

Shopping for Fun.—Rochelle saw no point in shopping in New York, because she wears slacks most of the time in California, and the apricot velvet pajamas she was wearing would do anywhere as a hostess gown. But to Claudette Colbert, shopping in New York is the most hilarious form of entertainment. She has attended fashion shows as faithfully as if she were a reporter, bought fourteen pairs of shoes, a vast array of hats from Madame Nicole, and dresses from almost every designer's collection. With her hair now reddish-gold, Claudette looked devastating in a cool shade of leaf-green—shoes, dress, hand bag, and Breton sailor hat—and a dove-gray coat.

A Machiavellian Orchid.—If "The Curtain Falls," a book of theatrical reminiscences by Joseph Verner Reed, had been published before Paramount put Mary Ellis under contract, one wonders if they would have been so anxious to get her.

In it, he pays high tribute to her ability as an actress and then proceeds to build up a maliciously revealing portrait that makes her more terrifying then any film monster that Boris Karloff ever portrayed. He attributes to her the "force of a juggernaut," a terrific vitality attended by diabolical cunning. She is, he says, arresting and vivid, like a leopardess stalking through the jungle. She shattered the nerves of two play directors. But she could invest her rôles with rare intensity.

"What'll you have?" asks Joe Morrison at the bar in his Hollywood home. Like other hospitable hosts among the stars, Joe doesn't drink but always sees to it that his friends have what they want.

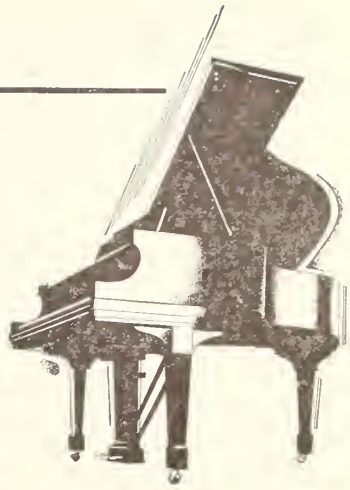
Early Portrait of Hepburn.—At the beginning of her stage career, Katharine Hepburn also crossed the path of Mr. Reed. After frantically trying to cast a part in "Art and Mrs. Bottle"—trying to find a girl who was not pretty enough to distract attention from Jane Cowl—in came Hepburn. "She was as rare, as untrue to life, and as moving as a primitive. She was like *Alice in Wonderland* only more firm, more angular, and she had *Alice's* disarming youth and tender honesty." He found her amenable, modest, and sincere. Benn Levy, the playwright, now Constance Cummings's husband, was not so enthusiastic. He found her "revolting," said that she used vaseline on her face to make it so shiny, and that she had no allure.

No Time for Moping.—While waiting for the verdict on "All the King's Horses" to come in, Mary Ellis expects to dash over to London to make a picture when she finishes her second for Paramount. British theatergoers adore her. But it is high time for her to have another American triumph. Some ten years ago she was the loveliest débutante to toss off high notes at the Metropolitan. She triumphed in the popular "Rose-Marie," then proved herself a dramatic actress of rare capability in "Dybbuk." Still quite young, she needs film success to round out her amazing career.

Now One of the Glamour Girls.—Irene Dunne, long distinguished by her poise and ladylike manner, has suddenly acquired that intangible and evanescent quality known as glamour. "Roberta" revealed it.

She arrived in New York just as the picture was making box-office history, but the tumult and shouting did not interest her nearly as much as did the fact that at last she was free to spend a few weeks with her husband. Married six years, they have been separated except for brief visits most of that time, since he is a dentist with a large practice in New York.

She wants to arrange her picture schedule so that she can spend more time with him, but her success in



"I wish someone had made *me* study the piano!"

How often have you heard that said—or said it yourself! How often have you wished that you might sit down at a Steinway and play some glorious song, or the latest musical comedy hits?

You can own a Steinway *now!* It's never too late to learn to play. And you can purchase it on easy terms. Pay only 10% down. Pay the balance over a period of years!

Visit the nearest Steinway dealer. Ask him about Steinway Accelerated Action—praised enthusiastically by world-famous pianists. Ask him to show you the Steinway best suited to *your* home.

Remember, Steinway prices have not been raised above their low level! See about a Steinway today!

STEINWAY

The Instrument of the Immortals

"Roberta" makes producers unwilling to give her any extended leave of absence. However, she did manage to get time for a lazy trip through the Panama Canal with him and a fortnight in New York. On her return she will appear in "Show Boat" for Universal.

Favorite of a Favorite.—According to Merle Oberon, Noel Coward will revolutionize picture acting when his first film, "The Scoundrel," is shown.

"He's marvelous, he's wonderful," she announced when she rushed in from the studo where she had been watching him work. "He is so quiet, so assured, and just wait until you see the scene where he kisses Julie Haydon—you've never seen any one kissed on the screen with such feeling before!" Her words, usually close-clipped in the British manner, tripped over each other in her excitement.

Miss Oberon fairly exudes high spirits and joyousness. She was delighted with the long-coated, all-white lounging pajamas she put on, and disappointed when I did not recognize them as a copy of the ones worn by Garbo in "The Painted Veil." She roamed around the room, attacking with gusto a ham-and-egg sandwich and kept up a running fire of comment on every one and everything. She liked working with Chevalier.

"He said he wasn't the least bit in love with me—he just wanted to adopt me and keep me around for laughs." Practically every one else is deliriously and devotedly in love with her. She is a tonic for jaded spirits.

Anything Might Happen.—Hugh O'Connell, one of Broadway's pet actors, has been out in Hollywood under contract to Universal for some time now without causing any great stir, and Broadway resents it. Blandly, affably, and with good-natured calm, Mr. O'Connell accounted for the time of his exile during a brief visit to Manhattan.

"Sometimes in pictures I talk over telephones, sometimes I wave a gun. Maybe in the next one they will let me pace floors and tear up papers." After drawing a salary for doing nothing for some time, the studio agreed to let him play his original rôle in the Coast production of "The Milky Way." After seeing him, a company executive announced that at last he understood the type of rôles O'Connell was suited for.

O'Connell puzzled over this statement in the next few weeks, weeks in which the studio showed no interest in him whatever. But just before option time, they extended his contract, so he still hopes to find out what sort of parts the man thought he ought to play.

Opportunity Knocks Twice.—Players toward whom Hollywood once turned a decidedly cold shoulder are being summoned back again. Jack Benny, who was master of ceremonies in the MGM revue some six years ago, has since become an outstanding radio favorite and is now welcome on the lot again. He will preside over their new revue.

Herbert Rawlinson, star of pictures in the dim, distant year of 1915, and since then participant in a record number of Broadway stage failures, is to work for Warners. And Lilian Bond, the prettiest girl Warners ever hired and then made over into a copy of the prevailingly popular face, thereafter reducing her to tiny bits, has regained her eyebrows, her natural hair and enthusiasm, and been engaged by MGM for "China Seas."

Maybe They Will Ignore This.—Paramount is to film the life of Victor Herbert, introducing many of his loveliest melodies. I feel in duty bound to confide to them the late Mr. Herbert's own dictum about the happiest moment of his career. He said that he had most enjoyed conducting the orchestral prelude to a delightful picture on an opening night when the theater was filled with old friends. But stop! The star of the picture was Marion Davies! And Miss Davies works for a rival company.

JOHN BARRYMORE

I think that I shall never see
An actor quite as fine as he;
A man who gives his rôle the best
He has to give and tops the crest.
His name synonymous with art,
His talent sets him far apart
From all these pretty-pretty boys
Who seem to have mislaid their toys.
May he live on for many years,
To draw our laughter and our tears.
He takes my mind off humdrum things;
And lends my lagging spirit wings.

MARGARET MARKHAM.

Tullio Carminati guides that glamorous newcomer, Mary Ellis, through the romantic bypaths of "Paris in Spring," their first musical together.

Information, Please

Continued from page 8

PHILIP J. SCHACCA.—Colleen Moore and Spencer Tracy had the leads in "The Power and the Glory." For a photograph of Norma Shearer, address Metro-Goldwyn. Robert Donat is to make "Robin Hood." Carol Lombard is playing in "Rumba."

MARY LOU.—Both Eric Linden and Sari Maritza are free-lance players, but you might write to Universal for a photo of the former, and to Mascot Pictures, 6001 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, for one of Miss Maritza.

HOUNDS OF BELLAMY.—That is the only address we have for Ralph Bellamy, and the article in March Picture Play entitled, "The Fate of Your Fan Letter," convinces us that the gentleman is very conscientious about his fan mail. I doubt if Mr. Bellamy made a picture while in London.

P. LAWRENCE.—Frankie Darro has appeared in so many pictures that there isn't space here to print all of them. If you will send your address I shall be glad to list them for you.

STELLA OF MONTREAL.—Philip Reed is playing in "Case of the Curious Bride," with Warren William and Margaret Lindsay. He has played in such pictures as "Gambling Lady," "Journal of a Crime," "Jimmy the Gent," "Dr. Monica," and "Glamour."

JEAN G.—Anne Shirley formerly was known as Dawn O'Day. Her next is "Chasing Yesterday," followed by "Freckles." Write to the Metro-Goldwyn studio for a picture of Felix Knight.

W. D.—Hugh Williams has appeared on the American and English stage. He played in "Charley's Aunt" here in 1930, and returned to English films which included "Rome Express," "Bitter Sweet," and "Sorrell and Son." His recent films are "All Men Are Enemies," "Outcast Lady," "Elinor Norton," "David Copperfield," and "Let's Live To-night." He was born in Yorkshire, England, March 6, 1904; five feet ten and a half, dark hair and brown eyes. He free-lances. We have had no interview with him.

DORIS R.—Carl Brisson is under contract to Paramount. He has appeared in but two pictures, "Murder at the Vanities," and "All the King's Horses." Born in Copenhagen, Denmark, December 24, 1896.

HARRY J. FRAZIER.—Bodil Rosing was born in Copenhagen, Denmark. After studying for the stage in her native country, she came to America, where she won fame in character rôles. She has appeared in such films as "Reunion in Vienna," "Ex-lady," "Mandalay," "Little Man, What Now?" "Such Women Are Dangerous," "Crimson Romance," "The Painted Veil," and "Roberta." Next is "Legion of Valor." She has light hair and blue eyes.

JOYCE T.—Helen Mack comes from Rock Island, Illinois, where she was born November 13, 1913. Her next picture is "She." There is no child player listed in the cast of "Zaza," in which Gloria Swanson played about twelve years ago, but it may have been Helen Mack, who was playing child parts at that time.

CHRISTINE O.—All I can tell you about Felix Knight is that he is a former radio singer whose only picture so far has been "Babes in Toyland."

AMELIA PIETRO.—Frankie Darro's right name is Johnson. He was born in Chicago, Illinois, December 22, 1918; five feet three, brown hair and eyes. Bing Crosby, Tacoma, Washington, May 2, 1904; about five feet nine, weighs 168, light-brown hair, blue eyes. Warner Baxter, Columbus, Ohio, March 29, 1891; five feet eleven, weighs 165, brown hair and eyes. Claudette Colbert, Paris, France, September 13, 1907; five feet four, about 108 pounds, reddish-gold hair, brown eyes. Richard Cromwell, Los Angeles, California, January 8, 1910; five feet ten, weighs 148, light-brown hair, green-blue eyes.

When Una Merkel and Charles Butterworth get together in a film there's no telling how many laughs there'll be nor what will cause them. Their next teamwork will be in "Baby-face Harrington."

Why have

GRAY HAIR?

(TEST BOTTLE **FREE**)

Have young-looking hair instead of gray. This way SAFE. Test it Free—no risk—no expense. Complete Test Package proves results.

Comb colorless liquid through hair. Gray vanishes. Lustrous color comes—black, brown, auburn, blonde. Won't rub off on clothing. Leaves hair soft. Get full-sized bottle from druggist. Money back guarantee. Or we'll send Free Test.

Make this test **FREE** Snip off a lock of hair. Try first on this. Prove results. Millions have sent for this test. Mail coupon for FREE TEST PACKAGE.

MARY T. GOLDMAN
4718 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....
Color of your hair?.....

LIKE MAGIC
WRINKLES GO! $1.00
6 "BROWN MAGIC" Treatments

From Eunice Skelly's famous Salon of Eternal Youth in N. Y. comes this miraculous treatment for wrinkles . . . crows' feet . . . flabby skin. What a thrill to feel "old age lines" actually being erased and "lifted" from your face and neck! Her Intensive Rejuvenating "BROWN MAGIC" does the work. After each treatment, friends will marvel at your youthful appearance. Send $1.00 for 6 complete treatments. (Check or M. O., no cash unless registered. C. O. D. if preferred)

EUNICE SKELLY'S Salon of Eternal Youth. The Park Central, Suite W2, 56th St. & 7th Ave., N.Y.

BEAUTIFUL THEATRICAL **BOOTS & SHOES**
custom made with 5" high Heels. Also Kid Gloves, Narrow Waist Corsets, Rubber Busts, Stage Jewelry, Fetters etc. Photo Folder $2.—
"TRAVESTIS" STAGE STUDIO, Dpt. "P"
P. O. Box 792, City Hall Annex, New York, N. Y.

DR. WALTER'S
famous flesh colored gum rubber reducing garments show a decided improvement in the figure immediately.
LATEST BRASSIERE. Gives a trim, youthful, new style figure. Send bust measure..... $2.25
NEW UPLIFT REDUCER..... $3.25
REDUCING GIRDLE. Takes place of corset. Beautifully made; very comfortable. Laced at back, with 2 garters in front. Holds up abdomen. Send waist and hip measure..... $3.75
Write for literature. Send check or money order no cash.
DR. JEANNE G. A. WALTER, 389 Fifth Ave., New York

ENLARGEMENTS 15c
SPECIAL! BEAUTIFUL ENLARGEMENTS 15c EACH, POSTPAID; SEVEN FOR 95c. CATALOG 5c. SEND YOUR BEST NEGATIVES (FILMS) WITH THIS AD AND REMITTANCE (CASH). NEGATIVES RETURNED
UNIQUE-ART-SERVICE, 550 W. 144 ST., NEW YORK.

DARK, LUXURIANT LASHES INSTANTLY AND *safely*
Every day more and more beauty-wise women accent their eyes to deeper beauty and meaning...with MAYBELLINE. Instantly darkens lashes to the appearance of long, sweeping luxuriance. Contains no dye . . . utterly harmless . . . non-smarting . . . tearproof. Approved by Good Housekeeping and other leading authorities. Black, Brown, Blue, 75c at reputable toilet goods counters.

Tested and Approved Good Housekeeping Bureau

Maybelline MASCARA

Tired of Play-acting

Continued from page 58

right along with me into more serious and more worth-while things."

Bob dispelled his seriousness for the moment and laughed. "I hope that I'm not sounding like the average ham actor who is always talking about wanting to do 'Hamlet.'

Nancy O'Neil is the typical British ingénue—cool, pretty in a natural sort of way, and comfortable more than provocative. You saw her in "Jack Ahoy" and will see her again in "Brewster's Millions."

"You see," he went on. "This business could be so easy for one. Once a personality has clicked on the screen, that actor can go on without acting very much—just cashing in on that personality. I've always fought off such laziness, which is all it really is."

How few stars have ever admitted that much of their work is child's play. Bob not only admits it but resents it.

"It isn't as though some one had discovered me posing for a collar ad, and because he thought I had a movie personality and looks, put me into a picture in which I became an overnight success," Bob went on.

"A lot of people have succeeded in the movies because they had a personality that the public wanted. Many of these people never even had any previous stage or picture experience. I had. Remember that I was a struggling actor six or seven years on the stage before I ever appeared in pictures.

"I was on the stage because I liked being an actor. I liked to take a rôle and make something of it. Something worth while and concrete. I still like to do that. That is why I was so happy working in 'Biography' and in 'Vanessa.' Both these parts were jobs—good hard jobs. They gave me something to work over."

"It isn't a new Bob Montgomery, as you phrase it. It's an old Bob Montgomery coming to life again. From the fan mail I have already received after the showing of 'Biography,' I think the public, too, is going to like this change."

Perhaps this gives you a new insight into Bob. He is so much fun, personally, that we're all too apt to accept him on the surface of things, as just a lot of fun. But there is nothing shallow or superficial about the real Bob Montgomery. He is amusing and laugh-provoking, yes, but even his wit is based on keen observation of human nature and human problems.

Bob never wants to spend idle hours talking about the picture business and picture personalities. He doesn't even want to show you bits of his fan mail, or some of his latest portraits. He would much rather sit down and show you a copy, beautifully illustrated, of "Cyrano de Bergerac," which he bought recently. Or he will engross you in a conversation on old hunting prints and make you feel like an uneducated barbarian.

The publicity that comes with being a star means little or nothing to him. While I was talking to him, a letter arrived from Mussolini's son, asking for a signed photograph. Bob was delighted, but not because it was Mussolini's son that had asked for his picture. He was delighted because now he had a logical excuse to request an autographed photo of Mussolini to add to *his* collection.

One of the reasons why Bob has played so many of the spontaneous, combustible, "Rip Tide" type of rôles is that there are few men on the screen who can do that sort and get away with it.

When Bob began stepping up the ladder of fame, he brought something absolutely new with him. He introduced, for one thing, humor and sophistication into love making. None of this brute-strength stuff for Mr. Montgomery. He wooed with a lifted eyebrow and a twinkle in his eye. Always playing pranks, but always genteel about them. Do you realize that there have been few Montgomery imitators New "finds" are always being introduced into Hollywood as a second somebody—a second Clark Gable, a second Greta Garbo, a second Valentino, even a second Leslie Howard, but have you ever heard of a second Robert Montgomery?

That brings us to rather a sad thought. If Bob gives up his gay, provocative personality entirely on the screen and goes completely serious on us, what a loss it will be! But on the other hand, the new, more substantial type of things that he will be doing may make up for this loss entirely.

"Vanessa: Her Love Story" is taken from the book "Vanessa" by Hugh Walpole. Helen Hayes plays the title rôle, and though she marries some one else, Bob Montgomery is the man that she always loves, all her life. The book covers a period of thirty or forty years. And naturally Bob and Helen grow old during this time.

Originally, they had planned to take these characters right through to their old age. Scenes were shot of Bob with gray, almost white hair. They were beautiful scenes, admirably done, but in the end the producers decided that it would be too much of a shock for Montgomery and Hayes fans to see their idols as an old lady and an old man. The picture now ends before those sequences. Bob told me all this a bit sadly.

"It's too bad, because I think I was better as an old man than I have ever been at anything. Would you like to see the rushes? I'd like your opinion."

We went over to the projection room. In spite of his excellent acting I groaned when I saw Bob as a man of seventy. Bob wasn't groaning, however. He was watching himself soberly, sensitively, with just the trace of a smile on his lips.

Elsa Lanchester's amazing make-up for "The Bride of Frankenstein" won even the enthusiastic approval of Boris Karloff, who knows the possibilities of grease paint as few stars do.

Honest to the Bone

Continued from page 45

beautifully at one-third of what most of us pay. Of course, we've got to put up a front. The public enjoys it and the studio expects it. Nevertheless, one can do it without spending like a drunken sailor.

"So far, I haven't bought anything I can't put in a trunk—except my car. Moreover, what money I spend I spend in my own country. I can't understand these people who dash to Europe every few weeks. You can't do Europe in two weeks. It's just a gesture. I don't think it fools anybody.

"The same goes for these elaborate parties. What's the good of inviting two or three hundred people to your house? In a mob like that you can't even find the ones you most want to see.

"I have only small parties at my house, but they're made up of people whom I really like and want to have around me. Titles and influential people who have to be invited because of their social or professional position are usually just so many duds. They don't add anything to a party.

"It takes a lot of courage to live one's own life," Bette went on, "no matter how honest and decent that life may be. People misunderstand and criticize. It takes courage to stand up against it. The important thing is not to fool yourself. Too many people, trying to put on an act to fool others, wind up by believing the gag themselves. That's fatal."

Well, well, Conrad Nagel is coming back after several years on the stage to appear in "One New York Night" for Metro-Goldwyn, velvet voice and all.

She laughed suddenly, and in that moment I decided to ask her the one question I had most wanted to ask.

"Do I believe in marriage for a film star?" she echoed incredulously. "Why, of course! I believe in marriage for every one. Above all I believe in marriage for love. True, that kind of marriage doesn't always turn out better than a marriage for money or ambition, but I do think it has a better start. After all, that's the way nature herself intended it to be.

"Moreover, a girl should marry early, as soon as she finds the right man, especially if she's a normal woman and expects to have children. I think it's splendid to have one's babies soon, so that you are still young when they're grown up. My mother is only forty-six, and we adore her. She's here now on a long visit with me, and so is my sister.

"Yes, marriage is far too important to be relegated to the background. As for love without marriage—no, thank you! I couldn't just live with a man, no matter how much I cared for him. I just couldn't! I'd feel so ashamed. I'm a New Englander, you know. I was born decent and I expect to live and die decent. If this singles me out as odd or queer I can't help it. It's my way of living my own life."

Watching Bette Davis, listening to the flash of her wit, her complete absence of pose or affectation, one can readily see why she turns in one good performance after another. One can understand, too, why so fine an artist as George Arliss quickly recognized and encouraged the talent that had been submerged in trivial, routine rôles.

It was Mr. Arliss, if you remember, who demanded that Bette appear with him in "The Man Who Played God," and from that moment her luck, which previously had not been good, changed for the better.

And may I say, in concluding this portrait of a delightfully honest and courageous young actress, that Bette's gratitude to Mr. Arliss, and to all those who have been kind and helpful to her is one of her finest qualities. Gratitude is not overdone in Hollywood. Too often success shortens the memory or deadens it altogether.

But Bette is different in this way, too. Her gratitude and loyalty are just two more traits that set her high above the rest, and that help to make her the fine actress and the admirable woman that she is.

Freckles

Secretly and Quickly Removed!

YOU can banish those annoying, embarrassing freckles quickly and surely in the privacy of your own room. Your friends will wonder how you did it. Stillman's Freckle Cream removes them while you sleep. Leaves the skin soft and smooth, the complexion fresh and clear. *A Jar* 50c

Stillman's FRECKLE CREAM

Mail this Coupon to Box 97
THE STILLMAN CO., Aurora, Illinois
and receive a FREE Booklet about Freckles.

Name .....
Address .....

TAP DANCING BY MAIL
Reg. Tap; Adv. Tap; Soft Shoe; Waltz, Clog; $1.00 each. Ballroom Dances 50c. each. HAL LEROY studied here. Send for List "P." Time-Step 10c.
KINSELLA ACADEMY, 2538 May St., Cincinnati, Ohio

FACE LIFTING AT HOME *No knife! No pain!*
Really look years younger!

This scientific Contour-Molde Band "Lifts" Sagging Muscles; Overcomes Double Chin; Erases Wrinkles! Worn Comfortably whenever desired. Elastic without rubber. Its scientifically approved passive massage action does the work! Really effective exercises and instructions free.—Send check or money order (no cash unless registered). C.O.D. if desired. $1.00
AGENTS WANTED
EUNICE SKELLY'S, Salon of Eternal Youth
The Park Central, Suite FS, 56th St. & 7th Ave., New York

WHY BE FLAT-CHESTED?

Try my new **VENUS CREAM Method** to increase bust measure 1 to 4 ins. Wonderful for ugly, sagging lines, scrawy neck and arms, undeveloped forms, wrinkles and crowsfeet. To convince you I will send former **$1 size for 25c.** Money back if you're not amazed with results! Write **ROSE MILLER,** Box 1271-P, Birmingham, Ala.
ONLY 25¢

TYPEWRITER BARGAIN
FREE HOME TYPING COURSE
10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER

ONLY 10¢ A DAY
BRAND NEW MODEL No. 5
REMINGTON PORTABLE

● A brand new Remington for only 10c a day. An easy, practical Home Typing Course FREE. With it anyone quickly becomes expert on this machine... the most rugged, dependable portable made. Not used or rebuilt. Standard 4-row keyboard. Standard width carriage. Margin release on keyboard. Back spacer. Automatic ribbon reverse. *Every essential feature of big office typewriters.* Carrying Case FREE. Try it for 10 days without risking a cent. If you don't agree it is the finest portable at any price, return it at our expense. Don't delay. Without obligation, write now.
Remington Rand Inc., Dept. 241-6, 205 E. 42 St., N. Y. C.

Continued from page 33

Maddest of the Bennetts

"The first time I ever saw my father-in-law, Richard Bennett, was years ago at a cocktail party in Chicago. He drove up in a huge foreign car," reminisced Gene. "He escorted a lovely creature. But it was his garb which was memorable. Into that formal affair he strode in his flannel sleeping pajamas. With bedroom slippers, a cane, and a derby!"

Gene grinned mischievously. "So when I met Joanie I was prepared for anything.

"Constance enters a room like a roll of drums. Joanie is an introvert and simply cannot exploit her personality. Still, she's capable of terrific spontaneity at times. Joanie never does odd things to create an effect, to play up to onlookers.

"She has the girls' lives all planned, how they're to grow up and behave in a model way. Yet when she was only fifteen herself she pulled a fast one. She was in a boarding school in Versailles. They served rabbit in the guise of chicken five evenings a week, an outrage on her sensibilities.

"So she impulsively ran away one midnight, smack over the garden wall. She had no money, either. She walked for miles toward Paris, until she sighted a taxi, which she commandeered to reach friends of the family in the city. Next day she borrowed enough to go to London, where her mother was. She was sent back to France to another school, where they only served rabbit three times a week."

Joan up to such antics! I shook my head reprovingly. "Tell me more," I said.

"Well," Gene continued, "her method of selecting houses is a bit balmy. So far as that goes, she'd rather live in a hotel. But since we're blessed with the children she wants them to have a real home.

"Noise distresses Joanie. She must have quiet, so makes as certain as she can that she'll get it. One evening our Scotties were barking fiercely and that was the final blow. She'd already determined our house was too noisy.

"All of a sudden she cried, 'I can't stand this another moment!' We not only moved, but in an hour all our bags were packed and we were down at the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel looking for a place to sleep. We went around sitting in various suites, to find the quietest one. No sooner did we get to sleep than a party started right below us.

"That lasted until nearly five a. m. We dozed off and at seven were awakened by loud barking. In the garden below our windows two Scotties were tearing at each other!"

That determined Joan on their present establishment.

"A carpenter came in here, heard Joanie shrieking 'Are you there?' over and over again at the top of her lungs. He dashed out to get away from the wild thing. Too bad he didn't know her system of house-choosing. She goes into one room on the first floor and I traipse upstairs. Then we both holler our loudest. That's how we ascertain the noise-resistance of the walls."

It appears that Joan's decisions are made with machine-gun rapidity. Although I say that's not definitely craziness.

Long years in vaudeville and musical comedy, with boarding houses and hotels his only home, taught W. C. Fields to appreciate his own fireside when he got one at last. That's why he spends every minute away from the studio at his orange ranch.

"Not a definitely sedate procedure, though," Gene declared. "I mean the speed with which we agreed to buy our Malibu place, for instance. We were strolling down the strand there one Sunday afternoon. It was the last season Malibu was the rage; in fact, the year *after* it was the vogue.

"We happened to note a house that appealed to us. Walking in, we found it was owned by Eddie Lowe. We went on a few paces to where he was staying, bought his spare cottage, and then popped over to Connie's. We hauled a carpenter off his ladder there, and over to our new nest by the sea. Within two hours we'd started him building a second story."

That, I'm afraid, incriminates Gene as impetuous, too. However, he doesn't wake up nights and go through the trunks in the basement to be sure they've been packed with plenty of mothballs. Joan did that once when troubled with insomnia.

Another time when she couldn't sleep she decided her wardrobe was a mess. So she arose and hauled forth all her clothes. By daylight she was exhausted, and the upper hall was chock-full of neat piles. She was ready to give everything away, and did, all in one day.

"Her impulsiveness is inherited from her father," Gene explained. "I recall he was once fond of dogs. He bred a terribly expensive kind and had a fortune tied up. One noon he remembered he'd rather have cats. By four o'clock he had given every one of the dogs away."

Joan is extremely generous, yet she has a sane appreciation of money because at one period in her life she was broke. Conscientiously she saves so there'll be no benefits given for her.

"She is a wiz at interior decorating, you know," the proud husband went on. "Everything in this house was her notion. Of course, it *is* a bit hard on the painters occasionally. When the living-room was all done and the brush artists were just taking down their ladders, Joanie strolled in. 'Fine, fine!' she proclaimed. 'But wait; now I've a better idea. Let's begin right now and paint it over!'

"That Joan has a strong temper, too, is a fact seldom recorded. But she doesn't use it in the typical, blasting Bennett style. She rages only when some one deserves a bawling out."

Gene developed qualms. "After all, I'd better stop talking about my wife in this fashion or they'll be backing up the wagon for her!"

I doubt it. I also doubt if Joan is deserving of the description she craves. Somehow that intrinsic thoughtfulness of hers is the flaw in the picture she wanted me to paint. But at least you can't state that she's a hundred percent demure.

And wait a second. My spies have just brought in a message. They inform me that Joan has the dizziest habit. It seems that at the end of a studio day, when the close-ups and stills are customarily shot, she always tries to sneak away. Gives the excuse that she'd rather rush home for extra time with her baby.

Why, Joanie, here in Hollywood that's sheer *madness!*

Mr. Pollyanna

Continued from page 37

Far better looking than one might gather from his screen grotesqueries he is delightfully free from vanity and in proof of this tells the following on himself:

"I happened to pick up a script on the set the other day and in running through it I saw the description of the part I play with Joan Blondell in 'Traveling Saleslady.' The script read: 'For this part we should have a man with a face like a hot-water bag; some one like Hugh Herbert.'"

Yes, that's the sort of tale he'll tell on himself, but anything in the nature of self-praise or commendation you just can't get from him. I know, because I tried for more than an hour. Everything I asked about himself reminded him of something nice he repeated about some one else instead. We were lunching in Warners' Green Room and with every new arrival Hugh went into a pæan of praise about them.

"That's Cagney who just came in. Wait till you see him in 'A Midsummer Night's Dream'; he's marvelous! There's Victor Jory and Grant Mitchell, they're superb! There's So-and-so—did you see him in such-and-such, and wasn't he great?"

It was always the same, whether the person was an actor, a director, cameraman, or writer, Hugh had only praise and admiration for him. Never one word of criticism or disparagement.

Quaint little Virginia Weidler, who is only seven, sedately exercises in the costume she wears in "Laddie," pleased that her acting won the approval of the RKO bosses, but not at all excited about her new contract.

I was reminded of those metaphysical teachings which preach the law of love as a dynamic power for drawing good to us, and surely if there's anything in the Golden Rule it must be working overtime for this player. Never in my life have I met any one as kindly, as tolerant, as generous-minded as Hugh. And it's genuine. Believe me, I know.

The day I talked with him he had just finished his rôle in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and was raving like a schoolgirl about the genius of Max Reinhardt.

"You know before he came we were all a-dither," he explained. "We expected he'd be very Prussian, very domineering, and probably impossible to please. So we all arrived on the lot, that first day, with chips on our shoulders, waiting for the fireworks to start.

"Well, you can imagine our embarrassment when this soft-spoken, mild-mannered man, with infinite politeness and courtesy, began to tell us what he wanted. He was so gentle, so gracious, that before ten minutes had passed he had us falling all over ourselves trying to please him.

You see? Not one word about himself or how well Reinhardt liked *him*. No, indeed, you'll get nothing like that out of "Pollyanna" Herbert. In despair I made one final effort to get a first-person statement. In my severest tone I insisted that he must tell me "something of romantic interest."

"Oh, shucks," he laughed. "There isn't any. I've been married twenty years, and all twenty to the same girl. I guess it's lasted so well because she never saw too much of me. She was on the stage, too, until a couple of years ago, and we were always in different companies. It's easy to live with a man if you only see him for a few weeks at a time. She's on a world tour at present. Right now she's in Japan; I talked with her on the phone last night.

"You know, the dream of my life is to go on a trip like that, but just as soon as I get all set some one waves a grand contract under my nose and then it's all off again."

His blue eyes smiled, but there was a wistful note in his voice. However, he'll get his trip. He's got to. When people are as nice as Hugh Herbert, their dreams have just got to come true. There's a law of compensation, and it does work.

Remove that FAT

Be adorably slim!

Money-back guarantee

Photo of myself after losing 28 lbs. and reducing 4½ inches.

Feminine attractiveness demands the fascinating, youthful lines of a graceful, slim figure with firm, rounded, uplifted contours, instead of sagging, unbecoming flesh.

Hundreds of women have reduced with my famous Slimcream Method—and reduced just *where* they wanted, safely, quickly, surely. I myself, reduced my chestline by 4½ inches and my weight 28 lbs. in 28 days.

J. A. writes, "I was 37 inches (across the chest). Here is the miracle your Slimcream has worked for me. I have actually taken 5 inches off. I am overjoyed."

The Slimcream treatment is so entirely effective, so easy to use, and so beneficial that I unhesitatingly offer to return your money if you have not reduced your figure both in pounds and inches in 14 days. What could be fairer than that!

Decide NOW to achieve the figure of your heart's desire. Send $1.00 today for the full 30-day treatment.

FREE Send $1.00 for my Slimcream treatment NOW, and I will send you entirely free, my world-famous, regular $1.00 beauty treatment, with a gold mine of priceless beauty secrets. This offer is limited, so SEND TODAY. Add 25c for foreign countries.

DAISY STEBBING, Dept. MP12, Forest Hills, New York

I enclose $1. Please send immediately postpaid in plain package your Guaranteed Slimcream treatment. I understand that if I have not reduced both in pounds and inches in 14 days, you will cheerfully refund my money. Send also the special free Beauty Treatment.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

Meet your favorite Movie star

all original photos of your favorite stars and scenes from any of your favorite recent photo plays, size 8 x 10 glossy prints, 25c each. 12 for $2.50. *Positively the finest obtainable anywhere.* We have the largest collection of movie photos in the country. Just name the star or play you want. Remit by money order or U. S. 2c and 3c stamps.

Bram Studio—Film Centre Bldg., Studio 416, 630-9th Ave., N. Y. City

TYPEWRITER Bargains

Send No Money—

Genuine Underwoods, Royals, etc., refinished $100 office models greatly reduced to about 1/3 mfg's orig'l price. 10 day trial—fully guaranteed—easy terms—10c a day. Free catalog. Limited supply. 231 W. Monroe St.

International Typewriter Exch., Dept. 626, Chicago

DANCING

TAP or BALLROOM $1

Billy Truehart's simplified course for beginners or advanced students.

Altho you can't dance a single step, America's Foremost Dancing Master can positively teach you in your own home. Send $1.00 or pay postman $1.00 plus postage for complete course in one booklet.

FREE "Continental", or carioca or 1 pair taps with each course. **FREE**

BILLY TRUEHART, 5308 Alameda Houston, Texas

23 LANGUAGES

SPEAK ANY MODERN LANGUAGE IN 3 MONTHS BY LINGUAPHONE

UNIQUE METHOD BRINGS VOICES OF NATIVE MASTERS INTO YOUR OWN HOME..SEND FOR FREE BOOK

LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE

53 Rockefeller Center · New York

YOU WANT A LOVELY BUST & FORM WHY BE SKINNY OR FAT

HAVE A FASCINATING FIGURE

Overcome your FIGURE FAULTS by a new, easy method. Avoid unattractive SKINNINESS—flat chest, flabby breast, thin neck and limbs; or dispose of uncomfortable over-weight and surplus flesh. You can mold yourself into a SUPERB FIGURE if you listen to this.

BETTY RUTH GRAROD SYSTEM

of BEAUTY CULTURE AND SYMMETRICAL BODY DEVELOPMENT, with Secret Formulas and Instructions, opens the way to FEMININE CHARM, LOVELY WOMANHOOD, PERSONAL MAGNETISM; and ALLURING CURVES on both body and limbs. No longer need you be ashamed of your figure whether in a bathing suit, evening dress or negligee. Results are astonishing!

ALL CORRESPONDENCE CONFIDENTIAL

Write TODAY, NOW, for complete information to be sent in plain sealed envelope. Enclose 10c for postage, etc. Mention what you wish to accomplish.

BETTY RUTH GRAROD, Suite 14-F, 45 BRANFORD PLACE, NEWARK, NEW JERSEY. I enclose 10c for information about your Secret Formula and subjects checked:

☐ DEVELOPING ☐ REDUCING ☐ BEAUTIFYING

☐ BUST ☐ ARMS ☐ NECK ☐ ABDOMEN ☐ HIPS

☐ CHIN ☐ LEGS ☐ HAIR ☐ COMPLEXION ☐ FIGURE

NAME Miss or Mrs.).....

ADDRESS.....

When Stars Splurge

Continued from page 43

200,000 pieces of copper and aluminum. By the way, these two metals give the effect of platinum and red gold.

It will be a terrible job transporting this house, for it weighs three tons and must be taken apart for shipment. Together with its furniture, it will take more than two dozen crates, some of them ninety cubic feet in capacity. All will be rubber lined to prevent damage to the delicate parts. Including Miss Moore and Mr. Hewlett, there will be eight persons in the traveling crew, to take care of the tiny palace.

But let's take an imaginary trip through it, as we could if we were only about six inches tall.

Here's the library. Look up! That dome-shaped ceiling is made of copper, and the constellations of the heavens are painted in white on an azure background. Over there's the fireplace, designed like a fishnet, with old Neptune and some of his mermaids caught in its folds. The andirons are tiny bronze anchors, and those logs aren't really burning—it's just an electrical effect.

Right under your feet the celestial theme is carried out again. The twelve signs of the zodiac, in solid gold, are inlaid in the polished wood floor.

Those bookshelves are made of antiqued copper, and the volumes on them—some only an inch high—were handwritten for Colleen by their authors. They're not only first editions—they're the only copies in existence—and they're by Edna Ferber, Joseph Hergesheimer, Irvin S. Cobb, Sinclair Lewis, Kathleen Norris, Fannie Hurst, Booth Tarkington, and many others equally famous. Step carefully on these tiny stairs leading up to the shelves; they are made of tortoise shell.

Now let's go into the chapel, dimly lighted through stained-glass windows. The ivory floor is painted with scenes from the Old Testament. We see the Lamb of God, the Dove of Peace, the Ram, the Plague of Locusts, and other biblical subjects. In the very center are graved the Ten Commandments. Near the windows is a miniature of the Holy Grail.

Between pillars of bronze and gold we notice an organ with golden pipes from six to eleven inches long. The organ really plays, the keyboard being outside the castle, so that mere mortals can operate it.

Leaving the chapel, we wander out into the great hall, where the art treasures of the castle are hung. That old master, George McManus, has a painting of *Jiggs* as Old King Cole there. James Montgomery Flagg shows a portrait of the Old Man of the Mountain, and many other paintings and murals are also displayed. A golden staircase hung on invisible threads winds upward into the more intimate rooms of the palace.

They are equally startling. The floor of one is made of rose quartz, another contains a tiny golden clock which really runs. This room has carved silver furniture. Elsewhere in the building we come across a pair of amber vases. They are priceless antiques, and once were possessions of the Dowager Empress of China.

The castle is illuminated by electricity. But no prosaic bulbs are used—the lamps were specially made, and each one is about the size of a grain of wheat. Why, the gold plates on the dining table could be hidden under a dime.

Skipping by the kitchen, with its tiny pottery vessels, its stove and golden implements, we'll creep up the back stairs to the second floor, where the prince and princess each have a bedroom and bath. The prince's room is porcelain lined and contains, besides carved furniture of solid gold, golden swords, cannon, and similar masculine appurtenances. Yes, and the water really runs in his tub.

The princess's room has a floor of mother-of-pearl, and shell-pink walls. All her furniture is gold or ivory—even to the bedstead, shaped like a boat and made of gold. A golden chest holds her pearl-incrusted crown, and the padlock on the chest is no bigger than the numerals on your watch.

In the castle garden are cellophane trees, glass bushes with pearl berries, trees of silver and gold, a silver coach with ivory horses, and dozens of statues or bas-reliefs depicting scenes from fairy tales.

Now that Miss Moore has completed her half-million-dollar doll house, she plans to take it on tour throughout the United States, and possibly to the principal cities of Europe.

What's more, she won't make a nickel on the trip. In fact, it will probably cost her money.

"We're going to show the house in department stores," says Miss Moore. "An admission charge will be made, but it will be so small that anybody can see the exhibit. The stores will retain a small percentage of the receipts to pay the actual expense of transporting and setting up the house. The rest of the admission fees—which we estimate from 85% to 90%—will be donated to hospitals for crippled children. Each store will choose the hospital which is to benefit from its display."

The first public showing of the elfin edifice will be at Macy's in New York for four weeks, commencing April 8th. If the fee is, say, fifteen cents as is now planned, and the estimated minimum attendance 50,000 visitors a week, the receipts will be $30,000. And if 90% is given to charity, it means that the cripples will benefit to the extent of $27,000 from this one exhibition alone.

Maybe Hollywood stars don't invest their money wisely. Maybe it *is* silly to build private laboratories or imitation moons—or to spend $500,000 in gratifying a childhood dream. But if the economists are right, and the United States must "spend its way out of the depression," Hollywood is doing more than its share to put us back into boom times again.

Photo © by Gaumont British

Very different is the home of a British star from the Hollywood mansion familiar to us. Peace and quiet and an old, settled garden strike the keynote of Madeleine Carroll's retreat outside London.

Unmasked

Continued from page 36

game stakes for those hapless ones whose pay vanished early in the week.

Accounts were written on the wall of the Hull dressing room in grease paint, and soon, well filled, they made Henry reflect complacently that he had several hundred dollars as safe as in the bank, if not safer. One fatal night he tossed a smoldering cigarette in the wastebasket as he was leaving the room. The walls were badly scorched, and the night watchman, thinking to please "Sonny," had them repainted before Henry saw them again.

Henry forgave him the loss, but he will ever look with malevolent eye on the constantly growing horde of people who call him Sonny.

Another cherished memory of Henry's friends goes back to the time when Elsie Janis hired an ice palace and sent out invitations for a skating party after the theater. To Henry's dressing room came some of the invited, including the late Jeanne Eagels.

It occurred to her and another star that it would be great fun to go attired in resplendent evening dress to the waist, in corduroy knickers and boots of Henry's from the waist down.

They grew so hilarious over donning their costumes that clock hands made several rounds before the folks were off to the party. It was a warmish night, so their light wraps showed their costumes in their full glory. Arrived at the rink, they found that the party was long since over, so off they went back to the theater. It was locked—with their conventional clothes inside! To the consternation of Park Avenue doormen, and milkmen just making their rounds, Henry rolled grandly up and delivered to their homes Broadway's most glamorous pets in the strangest regalia ever seen.

At the most conservative estimate, Henry leads a very full life. Just past forty, and looking all of twenty-eight, he has written and staged plays in addition to acting in them. He has never learned to loaf, and studies with intense concentration anything that has appealed to a vast number of people. He has three children, Henry, Jr., in college, Shelley in prep school, and Joan, twelve, who are a fascinating puzzle to him.

It saddens him that Henry is now grown enough to appropriate his clothes just when he is growing fond of them. Recently young Henry breezed in wearing papa's new evening clothes in a sorry condition. "Now don't get excited, father," Junior remonstrated. "Your suit just fell in the river."

Some years ago the Hulls bought a house in the old section of downtown Manhattan. When the novelty of having a house wore off, Henry and Julie remodeled it into apartments, intending to keep the best for themselves. But some one offered a high rent for it, so they climb four flights to modest quarters.

On the profits of "The Cat and the Canary," they bought an estate at Old Lyme, Connecticut. Exactly four hours after the final curtain every Saturday night, Henry's car tears into the driveway, one hundred and sixteen miles from the theater district. From then until Monday afternoon he plays the grubbing farmer with intensity. He does depart from the bucolic atmosphere at night, for he can sleep only in a black room, under a black velvet bedspread, and with a shield over his eyes.

His father, a theatrical advance man, settled down at Hull's Hill in Indiana and forbade the growing Henry to go on the stage. His brothers, Howard and Shelley, had already scored a success. So Henry was educated at Columbia University as a mining engineer, whence he went to the Canadian wilds to work for a telegraph company. Summoned to Detroit to act as best man at his brother's wedding, he arrived wearing lumberjack clothes, not having had a bath in weeks.

Howard suggested nine or ten baths in quick succession and sent out for new clothes. All that luxury "got" him, and he decided the stage offered attractions. But his brother sent him back to Canada, insisting that he stuttered and had a Kentucky dialect.

He has taken a flyer in pictures every now and then, liking experimental ones best. He made one of the first DeForest talkies with Una Merkel. Last year he played in the "Pagliacci," which paved the way for operatic films.

He is in Hollywood now, following "Great Expectations," which he simply could not read as a book, for "The Werewolf of London." Strange tales come back of the way he has barricaded himself inside his active family group, and of the way he steals out only under the protective mask of character make-up.

You can figure that out easily. After all his long service in the cause of valid character acting, he doesn't want to be seized on as a handsome juvenile. And that's what he looks like, really.

Different from ill-smelling sulphate depilatories or waxes which are objected to by the medical profession, BELLIN'S WONDERSTOEN is a pink, odorless compact always ready for use. Requires no before or after treatment. Doctors prescribe it. In a few seconds BELLIN'S WONDERSTOEN erases every trace of needless hair, leaving a hair-free, petal-smooth skin.

Booklet "The Truth About Wonderstoen" sent free

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER COUPON
To Readers Of This Magazine
Good Until July 31, 1935
SEND THIS COUPON WITH
60c FOR FACIAL WONDERSTOEN ($1.25 size) for chin, cheeks and upper lip. $1.25 FOR DELUXE WONDERSTOEN ($3.00 size) for arms and legs, or $1.75 FOR BOTH FACIAL AND DELUXE WONDERSTOEN (Regular value $4.25)
NOT MORE THAN ONE OF EACH TO CUSTOMER WITH THIS OFFER.
Send correct name and address with order to
BELLIN'S WONDERSTOEN CO. 1140 BROADWAY, N. Y.

Bellin's Wonderstoen
1140 BROADWAY
NEW YORK

NOW $2000.00
LIFE & ACCIDENT PROTECTION AT ACTUAL COST

Amazing New "$1.00 PER MONTH" LIFE Plan Pays up to $2000.00 for NATURAL or ACCIDENTAL DEATH. Issued by a big RELIABLE, STATE-CHARTERED COMPANY. Benefit does NOT decrease as you grow older. Age limits 11 to 80. NO MEDICAL EXAMINATION. Certificate sent on FREE APPROVAL, without cost or obligation. Just send your name, address, age and Beneficiary's name. PAY NOTHING.

Write Interstate Aid Ass'n., Dept. SS10, 75 E. Wacker Drive, Chicago

Have FULL ROUND ALLURING CURVES

You, too, can have a full rounded form

You can add 3 to 6 inches with Beautipon Cream treatment, which has given thousands a beautiful form. YOUR MONEY BACK if your form is not increased after applying Beautipon Cream Treatment for 14 days! Full 30-days' treatment, $1.00 sent in plain wrapper. The ultra-rapid, positive GUARANTEED way to have the bewitching, magnetic, feminine charm you've always longed for.

Read what others say:

"I can scarcely express my delight with the results. Since I started using Beautipon Cream I have increased my chest-line 5 inches! Your Beautipon Cream works like magic and I am thrilled to own a form so feminine and shapely." B. T.

"Your treatment is simply splendid. I am filling out and getting larger and rounder." B. T.

"I have put 3 inches on my chest measurement and increased 10 lbs. in weight." G.

Free! "Fascinating Loveliness" Free!

The world famous Beauty Expert's Course, "Fascinating Loveliness" for which thousands have paid $1.00 will be sent FREE if you send $1.00 for Beautipon Cream Treatment NOW. OFFER LIMITED. SEND $1.00 TODAY. Add 25c for foreign countries.

DAISY STEBBING
Suite 81 Forest Hills, N. Y.

WHY MEN GO

Science Finds New Way to Remove Germ Cause and Activate Dormant Roots to Stimulate Hair Growth

(Read Free Offer)

A germ called "Flask Bacilla of Unna" gets deep into the scalp skin in many cases of abnormal hair deficiency, causing a most dangerous type of dandruff. It clogs up pores and hair follicles, causing itchy scalp, falling hair and prevents dormant hair roots (papilla) from growing new hair. Washing and shampooing does not remove the cause. It merely cleanses and treats the surface, rolling off the outer skin like water off a duck's back. No wonder baldness is increasing.

Now a new discovery enables people who have dandruff, falling hair, thin hair and baldness to harmlessly remove the congested, thin outer layer of scalp skin. This permits opened pores to breathe in air, sunshine and absorb a penetrating, stimulating scalp-food to activate the smothered, dormant hair roots and grow new hair. It is the most sensational discovery in the history of falling hair. It is all explained in a new treatise called "GROW HAIR," showing "anatomy of your hair" and tells what to do. This treatise is now being mailed FREE to all who write for it. Send no money, just name and address to Dermolav Lab., Desk 81-B, No. 1700 Broadway, New York, N. Y., and you get it by return mail free and postpaid. If pleased, tell your friends about it.

Up-to-the-Minute Fiction

AINSLEE'S Magazine

It's a STREET & SMITH Publication

All News Stands **15c**

PILES DON'T BE CUT Until You Try This Wonderful Treatment

for pile suffering. If you have piles in any form write for a FREE sample of Page's Pile Tablets and you will bless the day that you read this. Write today. E. R. Page Co., 2392-J Page Bldg., Marshall, Mich.

PUBLISHERS' STATEMENT OF CIRCULATION

This is to certify that the average circulation per issue of Picture Play for the six months' period July 1st to and including December 31st, 1934, was as follows:

Copies sold..... 201,060
Copies distributed free.... 742
Total..... 201,802

STREET & SMITH PUBLICATIONS, Inc.,
Signed Artemas Holmes, Vice President.

Subscribed to and sworn before me on this 1st day of April, 1935. EDWARD F. KASMIRE, Notary Public, Westchester County. Term expires March 30th, 1937. Certificate filed in New York County No. 411. New York Register's No. 7K227.

SEAL

LEG SUFFERERS

Why continue to suffer? Do something to secure quick relief. Write today for New Booklet—"THE LIEPE METHOD OF HOME TREATMENT." It tells about Varicose Veins, Varicose Ulcers, Open Leg Sores, Milk or Fever Leg, Eczema. Liepe Method works *while you walk*. More than 40 years of success. Praised and endorsed by thousands.

LIEPE METHODS, 3284 N. Green Bay Ave., Dept. F-42, Milwaukee, Wis. **FREE BOOKLET**

Win ROMANCE

You can have the subtle vital charm that attracts Romance, Happiness, Friends and Marriage like a Magnet! The secrets of Feminine Charm that make you irresistibly fascinating to men now disclosed in an amazing new home course, "Feminine Magnetism" which has made thousands of women magnetic and happy. Your money back if not delighted in 7 days. Complete $3.00 Course only $2.00 if you enroll NOW. Or send for Free Book. Institute of Applied Psychology, Suite PPI, Forest Hills, N. Y.

What the Fans Think

Continued from page 10

What Ho, Miss Welford!

MANY thanks for the biggest laugh I've had since this magazine published that remarkably brilliant article, "Is Mae West A Fizzle?" I am referring to the letter in which Nancy Welford announces *so* dramatically, "Mae West is through!" Time out for laughs.

Miss Welford also remarks that "Jean Harlow could be called a young Mae West—but Jean can act." Not really. I wonder why she doesn't, then? So far she has depended entirely on that platinum halo and a little tough "Oh, yeah!" expression with which to get by. Perhaps, Miss Welford, you will be kind enough to inform me what it is that has made and kept Miss West a success since she was a five-year-old youngster. Surely mere luck doesn't stretch that far!

I agree that "Jean's life at home is as exciting as her screen rôles"—that is, if "exciting" can be defined as crude, gaudy, and disgusting. Her continual jumps into and out of matrimony are revolting. She needs no acting ability to portray the kind of rôles she does; it comes naturally. Your idea of a heroine, Miss Welford, seems to be a shallow, selfish girl, and you not only want her that way on the screen, but in real life as well. Your ideals are certainly embodied in Miss Harlow.

As to Shirley Temple "showing up" Mae, that *is* laughable. The first showing of "Bright Eyes" in Norfolk took place on the same day that a second-run theater on the same street showed "Belle of the Nineties" for a second time. The crowd going to see Temple was merely an average crowd, while a line half a block long stood waiting to see the West flicker a second time. That supports your theory marvelously, doesn't it? DOLLY LYONS.

27 D. View Avenue,
Norfolk, Virginia.

Doesn't Agree.

IS it permissible through "What the Fans Think" to tell a couple of your readers to take a jump in the lake? Paul Boring's address, I notice, is Daytona Beach, so he won't have far to jump, and Rose Salyman, of Cleveland, can probably find a handy puddle.

While I do think that playing on the screen spoils children, I certainly think Shirley Temple is anything but a blight, and Mr. Boring, if she isn't wanted, why do a few million people go to see her?

To Rose Salyman I'll say that I, too, saw "Of Human Bondage," and thought Bette Davis was wonderful. Won't some people ever learn that just to play a mean part on the screen doesn't make the star mean personally? What is there high-hatted or snobbish about Bette? The part didn't call for a natural human being, and it is all the more to Bette's credit that she can fool people like Miss Salyman into believing that it wasn't acting at all. That's one hundred per cent acting.

I was certainly pleased to read in the last two or three issues of Picture Play inquiries about Anita Page. Can't we all get together and do something for her?

ELSIE LINKE.

9444—100A Street,
Edmonton, Alberta, Canada.

A Perfect Specimen.

IS there an actor in Hollywood who:

Has never given a poor performance?

Gives his best to every assignment, whether it be an insignificant part, or one worthy of his talents?

Has a vast army of loyal fans?

Is as popular among his fellow players as he is with his fans?

Has never been divorced?

Is really happy in his home life?

Has never had his name touched by the breath of scandal?

Leads a life above reproach?

Because of these things is deserving of bigger and better parts in pictures? Yes, indeed—Neil Hamilton!

MRS. ARTHUR C. PINGREE.

9 Newsome Park, Jamaica Plain,
Boston, Massachusetts.

A First-rank Soprano.

I HAVE read Mr. Norris's letter in February Picture Play. I have also seen "One Night of Love" and thought the picture very charming and Grace Moore's acting excellent. I disagree with Mr. Norris when he considers Miss Moore a second-rank operatic artist. I consider her among the first-rank artists, in the class of Rosa Ponselle, Eide Norena, Lucrezia Bori, Elizabeth Rethberg, and Maria Müller.

In the seasons of 1931-33, Miss Moore had the leading soprano rôles in the French repertoire of the Metropolitan Opera House in New York. Such as "The Tales of Hoffmann," "Manon," and "Romeo and Juliet." These rôles require a first-rate soprano to sing them.

Miss Moore's singing in "One Night of Love" was excellent. I liked best the aria from "Carmen," which is called the "Habanera," or in English, "Love Is Like a Wood-bird." I also liked the two arias from "Madama Butterfly." These were photographed as they would be produced on the operatic stage. It brought out Miss Moore's real operatic talent.

I also want to add my plea that we hear

Dolores del Rio is a dog fancier, but none of the toy variety for her! Instead, she prefers a sleek and spotless bull terrier, introducing her prize-winning champion to you, "Faultless of Blighty."

more great voices on the screen. I hope that other music lovers will add their plea to mine. KENNETH C. BROOKS.

350 Walnut Street,
Lockport, New York.

Do You Agree?

HERE'S what some fans in New York think of:

Joan Crawford, Jean Harlow, Carol Lombard, Claudette Colbert: Four painted marionettes. We enjoy them on the screen as much as we enjoy a bunch of puppets dangling from a string.

Diana Wynyard, Clive Brook, Franchot Tone, Constance Bennett, Herbert Marshall: We can't enjoy their pictures any more than we can enjoy taking a dose of castor oil.

David Manners, Elissa Landi: Producers, make a new love team of these two unique and adorable stars.

Katharine Hepburn: Each picture reveals her genius with the swiftness and beauty of an opening flower.

Greta Garbo: A magnificent Viking, rising above the frivolities of Hollywood.

Leslie Howard, Henry Stephenson, Frank Morgan: For their royal air of graciousness. Give them better rôles.

Norma Shearer: Our beloved Norma, formerly the sparkling wine of adventure. But, alas, now just sweet lavender.

LILLIAN SELLETT.

568—21st Street,
West New York, New Jersey.

Cause for Gloom.

I WISH to enter a protest. We men are not all Mae West fans. Some of us still prefer the Janet Gaynor type to the hip-shaking, insinuating West. A little dirt may be all right, but we see plenty of it in everyday life, so when attending movies we like some one like Loretta Young in "The White Parade," or a good picture with Kay Francis. I'm not a crank, but when a man's girl friends all adopt the "come-up-and-see-me-sometime" air, do you wonder he's gloomy?

But as to Picture Play, there's not a criticism. It's fine. Keep up the good work and every one will subscribe for it. About two-thirds of my friends do anyway. LOUIS BOWEN.

Shattuckville, Massachusetts.

Even Fans Rate Praise.

MAY a New Zealander speak a few words in your much-beloved column?

I have been reading Picture Play for several years now, and in all that time have never found another magazine quite so genuine, frank, and decent. I am one hundred per cent for it.

I would like to know why Mr. Robert Gaylor of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, doesn't write more often to "What the Fans Think." Letters like his, which appeared some time ago, certainly help to give these columns a wonderful sense of humor. It is a pity that he omitted his full address when he wrote in reference to Clara Bow, as he deserves a great deal of praise.

SYLVIA G. HEBLEY.

11 Stafford Street,
Wellington, New Zealand.

A Vamp Goes Southern.

RECENTLY I saw "The White Parade." I don't believe I ever saw such magnificent acting. John Boles and Loretta Young were more than grand. Dorothy Wilson, Muriel Kirkland, Astrid Allwyn, June Gittelson, Jane Darwell, and Sara Haden gave splendid support.

There is one player that I especially noticed who gave what I thought the best performance of all. This young lady is Joyce Compton. This is the first time Miss Compton got a really good part. I was glad to see that she didn't play a vamp as she usually does. No other actress could play the Southern girl as well as she did.

She has beauty, talent, and everything it takes to make a star. I hope she never has to play a vamp again and that she gets bigger and better rôles. So here's all the luck in the world to you, *la* Compton.

ALBERT STECKER.

50-37—47th Street,
Woodside, New York.

Her Own Discovery.

I WENT to see "The St. Louis Kid," with Jimmy Cagney playing the leading rôle. Strange as it may seem, I never saw him on the screen before, and as I had heard so much about him, I decided I would see this picture.

Well! I've raved my head off about him ever since. My fingers itched so that I had to take up my pen and let all you fans know that I think he's the most "swellelegant" guy in pictures. He's got what it takes—and then some!

Just try and make me miss any of Jimmy's pictures from now on!

HELEN VEINOT.

190 Beech Street,
Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada.

A Tip to Producers.

MY suggestion for a new screen team would be Jean Harlow and Nils Asther. These two, with their stunning looks and acting ability, would be a sensation if teamed in a really worth-while picture. Mr. Asther certainly merits praise for his matchless performances in every rôle assigned him. We fans are beginning to think it is hopeless to ask for a chance for him. After all the comment on his superb portrayal of *General Yen*, one might hope for almost anything, but nothing has come of it.

Give Constance Bennett no more rôles like that of *Iris March*. I found it difficult to control my mirth during the entire showing of "Outcast Lady." Connie is best in light-comedy rôles such as in "What Price Hollywood?" and as a temperamental, harum-scarum, person such as she was in "Rockabye." Even I dropped a few tears at one or two scenes in the latter picture. Also Herbert Marshall was a complete flop, in my opinion, as *Napier*. He is too stolid and unemotional for Miss Bennett's type of beauty.

Why the seeming disinterest in Victor Jory, that tall, dark, interesting actor with the piercing eyes? He has everything that is needed to merit fame in pictures.

JOYCE ERLENDSON.

38 Wakeman Avenue,
Grafton, North Dakota.

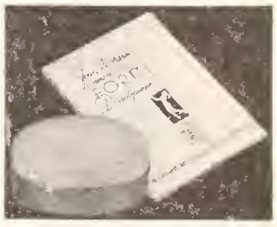
ARE YOU "A NICE GIRL, BUT...?"

DO you lack the physical appeal of a beautifully developed form? Are you thin and scrawny? Is your flesh soft and flabby? Let me show you how to gain shapely feminine curves. Fill out your form! Firm those saggin tissues! Mould your figure to lovely, rounded lines! Try my wonderful new method for yourself. Let me send you my secrets of form development, with special massage Cream right now!

Give Me 10 Days to Prove I Can
Develop Your Form

No drugs! No pills! My new method is natural, pleasant, harmless. It is so easy to develop a gorgeous feminine form. Just send name, address and only $1.00 and I'll mail you my Instructions and Cream at once, in a plain wrapper. Try my method 10 days. Then get your dollar back if you are not delighted. Nothing to lose, so write today, enclosing only $1.00.

JOANE MORGAN, Dept. T-6
6811 Fifth Ave., Brooklyn, New York



SPECIAL OFFER

Convince yourself you can gain the full feminine curves that are all the rage. Send for my new easy method with Cream—all for only $1.00.

FREE LARGE PHOTOGRAPH

Dolores Del Rio

of your favorite MOVIE STAR with every order of $1.00

ORIGINAL HSE PHOTOGRAPHS
2 for $ .25 24 for $2.00
5 for .50 38 for 3.00
11 for 1.00 65 for 5.00
All the latest stars
50 Different poses of Rudolph Valentino

Rudolph Valentino

HOLLYWOOD SCREEN EXCHANGE
Drawer V-1 -:- Dept. A -:- Hollywood, Calif. U. S. A.

GRAY FADED HAIR

Women, girls, men with gray, faded, streaked hair. Shampoo and color your hair at the same time with new French discovery "SHAMPO-KOLOR," takes few minutes, leaves hair soft, glossy, natural. Permits permanent wave and curl. Free Booklet, Monsieur L. P. Valligny, Dept. 37, 254 W. 31 St., New York

RELIEF from SINUS OR YOUR MONEY BACK

Ease the pain and misery of sinus trouble with Milton's Sinus Relief, the guaranteed treatment which has brought health to thousands. Simple and pleasant to take—no nasal spray—no harmful or habit-forming drugs. Just chew 2 or 3 tablets before retiring. Send $1.00 for bottle of 50 tablets to Field Distributing Co., 2650 David Stott Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

Milton's SINUS RELIEF

NOSES

All types, RESHAPED, OUTSTANDING EARS corrected, with my NEWEST PERFECTED METHODS of FACE CORRECTION. LIPS rebuilt, LINES, WRINKLES, SCARS and BLEMISHES REMOVED. Bust corrections. Many years of successful exclusive practice. Reduced fees. Consultation or booklet FREE.

DR. RADIN, 1482 Broadway,
Dept. P New York City

MOLES Mar BEAUTY and PERSONALITY—
Banish them with DESINEVI, a Safe, Simple home Remedy—Enclose 3 cent Stamp for Booklet—
Dr. C.L. ALLEN · Box 5194 Dept. C · MEMPHIS, TENN.

HELP Wanted

MEN & WOMEN $50-$180 A MONTH

for INSTITUTIONS-HOSPITALS, Etc. No Experience Necessary
ALL KINDS of GOOD JOBS Practically Everywhere for NURSES, ATTENDANTS and OTHERS, with or without hospital experience. Many individuals associate a hospital only with Doctors, Nurses and professional people, never realizing that there are also hundreds of people employed with NO PREVIOUS EXPERIENCE, to perform many duties in various departments. All kinds of help constantly needed so why remain unemployed? Write NOW enclosing stamp to SCHARF BUREAU, Dept. 6-14 145 W. 45th, New York.

Alviene SCHOOL OF THE Theatre

Graduates: Lee Tracy, Peggy Shannon, Fred Astaire, Una Merkel, Zita Johann, Mary Pickford, etc. Drama, Dance, Speech, Musical Comedy, Opera, Personal Development, Culture. Stock Theatre Training appearances while learning. For catalog, write Sec'y LOREE, 66 West 85th St., N. Y.

ECZEMA TORMENTS quickly pacified. For efficient help use concentrated POSLAM

Send for FREE SAMPLE Poslam Station G New York

ADDRESSES OF PLAYERS

Columbia Studio, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Jean Arthur
Tala Birell
John Mack Brown
Tullio Carminati
Nancy Carroll
Walter Connolly
Donald Cook
Richard Cromwell
Wallace Ford
Lilian Harvey
Jack Holt
Victor Jory
Peter Lorre
Edmund Lowe
Marian Marsh
Tim McCoy
Grace Moore
Virginia Pine
Florence Rice
Edward G. Robinson
Billie Seward
Ann Sothern
Raymond Walburn
Fay Wray

Fox Studio, Beverly Hills, California.

Rosemary Ames
Lew Ayres
Warner Baxter
Madge Bellamy
Bill Benedict
John Boles
John Bradford
Henrietta Crosman
Alan Dinehart
James Dunn
Alice Faye
Norman Foster
Ketti Gallian
Janet Gaynor
Tito Guizar
Rochelle Hudson
Paul Kelly
Walter King
Nino Martini
Frank Melton
Herbert Mundin
Pat Paterson
Valentin Parera
Gene Raymond
Kane Richmond
Will Rogers
Raul Roulien
Shirley Temple
Spencer Tracy
Claire Trevor
Jane Withers

Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California.

Brian Aherne
Elizabeth Allan
Edward Arnold
John Barrymore
Lionel Barrymore
Freddie Bartholomew
Wallace Beery
Charles Butterworth
Bruce Cabot
Mary Carlisle
Leo Carrillo
Maurice Chevalier
Mady Christians
Jackie Cooper
Violet Kemble-Cooper
Joan Crawford
Jimmy Durante
Nelson Eddy
Wera Engels
Stuart Erwin
Madge Evans
Preston Foster
Betty Furness
Clark Gable
Greta Garbo
Jean Harlow
Helen Hayes
William Henry
June Knight
Otto Kruger
Evelyn Laye
Myrna Loy
Paul Lukas
Jeanette MacDonald
Una Merkel
Robert Montgomery
Frank Morgan
Edna May Oliver
Maureen O'Sullivan
Jean Parker
William Powell
May Robson
Mickey Rooney
Rosalind Russell
Norma Shearer
Martha Sleeper
Lewis Stone
Gloria Swanson
Robert Taylor
Franchot Tone
Henry Wadsworth
Johnny Weissmuller
Diana Wynyard
Robert Young

Warners-First National Studio, Burbank, California.

Ross Alexander
Loretta Andrews
John Arledge
Joan Blondell
George Brent
Joe E. Brown
James Cagney
Colin Clive
Ricardo Cortez
Dorothy Dare
Marion Davies
Bette Davis
Dolores del Rio
Claire Dodd
Robert Donat
Ann Dvorak
John Eldredge
Patricia Ellis
Glenda Farrell
Kay Francis
William Gargan
Leslie Howard
Josephine Hutchinson
Allen Jenkins
Al Jolson
Ruby Keeler
Guy Kibbee
Margaret Lindsay
Anita Louise
Aline MacMahon
Frank McHugh
James Melton
Jean Muir
Paul Muni
Pat O'Brien
Dick Powell
Phillip Reed
Barbara Stanwyck
Lyle Talbot
Dorothy Tree
Helen Trenholme
Rudy Vallée
Warren William
Donald Woods

RKO Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Fred Astaire
Nils Asther
John Beal
Bill Boyd
Clive Brook
Frances Dee
Richard Dix
Irene Dunne
Betty Grable
Ann Harding
Katharine Hepburn
Kay Johnson
Francis Lederer
Mary Mason
Virginia Reid
Erik Rhodes
Ginger Rogers
Anne Shirley
Bert Wheeler
Gretchen Wilson
Robert Woolsey

United Artists Studio, 1041 N. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, California.

George Arliss
Constance Bennett
Eddie Cantor
Charles Chaplin
Ronald Colman
Miriam Hopkins
Fredric March
Merle Oberon
Mary Pickford
Anna Sten
Loretta Young

Universal Studio, Universal City, California.

Binnie Barnes
Noah Beery, Jr.
Phyllis Brooks
Russ Brown
Andy Devine
Sterling Holloway
Henry Hull
Baby Jane
Lois January
Buck Jones
Boris Karloff
Bela Lugosi
Douglass Montgomery
Chester Morris
Zasu Pitts
Claude Rains
Cesar Romero
Onslow Stevens
Gloria Stuart
Margaret Sullavan
Slim Summerville
Irene Ware
Alice White
Jane Wyatt

Paramount Studio, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, California.

Gracie Allen
Mary Boland
Grace Bradley
Carl Brisson
George Burns
Kitty Carlisle
Claudette Colbert
Gary Cooper
Buster Crabbe
Bing Crosby
Katherine DeMille
Marlene Dietrich
Frances Drake
Mary Ellis
W. C. Fields
Cary Grant
Charlotte Granville
Samuel Hinds
David Holt
Roscoe Karns
Jan Kiepura
Elissa Landi
Charles Laughton
Baby LeRoy
Carol Lombard
Pauline Lord
Ida Lupino
Helen Mack
Fred MacMurray
Margo
Herbert Marshall
Gertrude Michael
Ray Milland
Joe Morrison
Jack Oakie
Lynne Overman
Gail Patrick
George Raft
Charles Ruggles
Randolph Scott
Sylvia Sidney
Alison Skipworth
Queenie Smith
Sir Guy Standing
Gladys Swarthout
Kent Taylor
Lee Tracy
Mae West
Henry Wilcoxon
Toby Wing

Free-lance Players:

Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood. Ralph Bellamy, Sidney Fox, 6615 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood. Ralph Forbes, 10111 Valley Spring Lane, North Hollywood. Joan Bennett, Lila Lee, Marian Nixon, Sharon Lynn, Mary Brian, 430 California Bank Building, Hollywood. Lionel Atwill, Estelle Taylor, Dorothy Peterson, Cora Sue Collins, 1509 North Vine Street, Hollywood. Neil Hamilton, 351 North Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, California. Fifi Dorsay, care of Vernon D. Wood, 210 Pantages Theater Bldg., Hollywood.

BUY CHELSEA HOUSE BOOKS

NEW STORIES NOT REPRINTS 75¢

✓ and at 75¢ INSTEAD OF TWO DOLLARS

MYSTERY • ADVENTURE • LOVE • DETECTIVE • WESTERN • No Reprints • Outstanding Authors • 300 TITLES ALWAYS AVAILABLE • CLOTH BOUND • A BOOK FOR EVERY TASTE AND EVERY PURSE • AT YOUR BOOKSTORE

WHOLESOME LITERATURE

Chelsea House

79-7TH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

NOW *You* can REDUCE your WAIST and HIPS THREE INCHES in TEN DAYS . . .

"TEST the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE FOR TEN DAYS . . . at our expense!

. . . Read how Miss Jean Healy reduced her hips **9 INCHES!**

REDUCE ONLY WHERE YOU NEED IT!

■ The Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere knead away the fat at only those places where there is excess flesh thus achieving that slim, graceful appearance of Youth.

"I read an 'ad' of the Perfolastic Co. and sent for their FREE folder".

"They actually allowed me to wear the Perfolastic for 10 days on trial . . .

"and in 10 days, by actual measurement, my hips were 3 INCHES SMALLER".

"I really felt better, my back no longer ached, and I had a new feeling of energy".

"The massage-like action did it . . . the fat seemed to have melted away".

"In a very short time I had reduced my hips 9 INCHES and my weight 20 pounds".

with the

PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE

. . . *or no cost!*

WE WANT YOU to try the Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere. Test them for yourself for 10 days absolutely FREE. Then, if you have not reduced at least 3 inches around waist and hips, they will cost you nothing!

THE MASSAGE-LIKE ACTION REDUCES QUICKLY, EASILY AND SAFELY

■ The massage-like action of these famous Perfolastic Reducing Garments takes the place of months of tiring exercises. It removes surplus fat and stimulates the body once more into energetic health.

KEEPS YOUR BODY COOL AND FRESH

■ The ventilating perforations allow the skin pores to breathe normally. The inner surface of the Perfolastic is a delightfully soft, satinized fabric, especially designed to wear next to the body. It does away with irritation, chafing and discomfort, keeping your body cool and fresh at all times. A special adjustable back allows for perfect fit as inches disappear.

SEND FOR 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER

■ You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely whether or not this very efficient girdle and brassiere will reduce *you*. You do not need to risk one penny . . . try them for 10 days at our expense!

Don't wait any longer . . . act today!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.
41 EAST 42nd ST., Dept. 666, NEW YORK, N.Y.

Without obligation on my part, please send me FREE booklet describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your

10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Post Card

STREET & SMITH'S

ENTS COPYRIGHTED 1935

PICTURE PLAY

JULY

5
NTS
NGLAND

MIRIAM HOPKINS
BY
DAN OSHER

MYRNA LOY WRITES FOR PICTURE PLAY!

NOW THAT I HAVE YOU...THERE'LL BE *No More Ladies*

An airy love bandit "swears off" the ladies when he meets his heart's desire—only to forget all about his promise the minute her back is turned! He's permanently cured of his roving eye—and the way it's done makes "No More Ladies" the season's gayest romance! Joan and Bob are at their very best in roles perfectly suited to them—while Charlie Ruggles, Franchot Tone and Edna May Oliver add to the merriment.... Another delightful Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture, perfectly adapted from New York's laughing stage hit.

Joan CRAWFORD · *Robert* MONTGOMERY

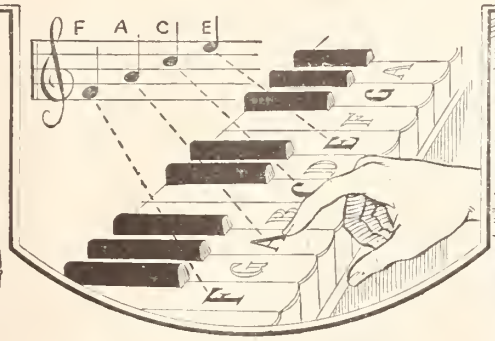
in NO MORE LADIES

with CHARLIE RUGGLES....FRANCHOT TONE....EDNA MAY OLIVER

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture....Directed by EDWARD H. GRIFFITH

Half a Million People

have learned music this easy way



You, too, Can Learn to Play Your Favorite Instrument Without a Teacher

Easy as A-B-C

YES, over 700,000 delighted men and women all over the world have learned music this quick, easy way.

Seven hundred thousand—what a gigantic orchestra they would make! Some are playing on the stage, others in orchestras, and many thousands are daily enjoying the pleasure and popularity of being able to play some instrument.

Surely this is convincing proof of the success of the *new, modern method* perfected by the U. S. School of Music! And what these people have done, YOU, too, can do!

Many of these 700,000 didn't know one note from another—others had never touched an instrument—yet in half the usual time they learned to play their favorite instrument. Best of all, they found learning music *amazingly* easy. No monotonous hours of exercises—no tedious scales—no expensive teachers. This simplified method made learning music as easy as A-B-C!

It is like a fascinating game. From the very start you are playing *real* tunes, perfectly, by *note*. You simply can't go wrong, for every step, from beginning to end, is right before your eyes in print and picture. First you are *told* how to do a thing, then a picture *shows* you how, then you do it yourself and *hear* it. And almost before you know it, you are playing your favorite pieces—jazz, ballads, classics. No private teacher could make it clearer. Little theory—plenty of accomplishment. That's why students of the U. S. School of Music get ahead *twice as fast—three times as fast* as those who study old-fashioned plodding methods.

You don't need any special "talent." Many of the 700,000 who have already become accomplished players never dreamed they possessed musical ability. They only wanted to play some instrument—just like you—and they found they could quickly learn how this easy way. Just a little of your spare time each day is needed—and you enjoy every minute of it. The cost is surprisingly low—averaging only a few cents a day—and the price is the same for whatever instrument you choose. And remember you are studying right in your own home—without paying big fees to private teachers.

What Instrument For You?

Piano
Organ
Violin
Banjo (Plectrum, 5-String or Tenor)
Clarinet
Flute
Harp
Cornet
Piccolo
Guitar
Hawaiian Steel Guitar
Drums and Traps
Mandolin
Ukulele
Trombone
Saxophone
'Cello
Trumpet
Sight Singing
Voice and Speech Culture
Harmony and Composition
Automatic Finger Control
Piano Accordion
Italian and German Accordion
Juniors' Piano Course

Don't miss any more good times, learn now to play your favorite instrument and surprise all your friends! Change from a wallflower to the center of attraction. Music is the best thing to offer at a party—musicians are invited everywhere. Enjoy the popularity you have been missing. Get your share of the Musician's pleasure and profit! Start Now!

Free Booklet and Demonstration Lesson

If you are in earnest about wanting to join the crowd of entertainers and be a "big hit" at any party—if you really *do* want to play your favorite instrument, to become a performer whose services will be in demand—fill out and mail the convenient coupon asking for our Free Booklet and Free Demonstration Lesson. These explain our wonderful method fully and show you how easily and quickly you can learn to play at little expense. The booklet will also tell you all about the amazing new *Automatic Finger Control.* U. S. School of Music, 533 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

Thirty-sixth Year (Established 1898)

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC
533 Brunswick Bldg., New York City

Please send me your free book, "How You Can Master Music in Your Own Home," with inspiring message by Dr. Frank Crane, Free Demonstration Lesson, and particulars of your easy payment plan. I am interested in the following course:

.....Have you Instrument?.....

Name .....
(Please Write Plainly)

Address .....

City ..... State.....

Volume XLII MONTHLY Number 5

STREET & SMITH'S

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION $1.50

PICTURE PLAY

SINGLE COPIES, 15 CENTS

CONTENTS FOR JULY, 1935

The entire contents of this magazine are protected by copyright, and must not be reprinted without the publishers' consent.

FRONTISPIECE:

Modern Maid—*Joan Crawford in "No More Ladies"* 11

SPECIAL ARTICLES:

My Mother—*An Actress Discusses Her Best Friend* . Myrna Loy 12

Hail the Woman!—*Claudette Colbert* . . . Helen Louise Walker 14

Clive of England—*Colin Clive* . . . . . Madeline Glass 18

Actors Are Practically Human—*William Powell* Malcolm H. Oettinger 27

Virginia Bruce Has Lived . . . . . Jack Smalley 30

Close Harmony—*There's Always a Right-hand Man* . Molly Lewin 32

His Excellency—*Freddie Bartholomew* . . . Helen Ludlam 34

Outdoor Girl, Outdoor Mind—*Elizabeth Allan* . Sonia Lee 36

The Mystery of Maureen—*Maureen O'Sullivan* . . Mabel Duke 38

The Sweetest Story Ever Told—*Romance of a Chorus Girl and Chorus Boy* Franc Dillon 44

Trying Too Hard to Please—*Karen Morley* . . Maude Lathem 46

The Other Connie—*Constance Bennett* . . . . Judith Field 58

DEPARTMENTS:

What the Fans Think—*Our Readers Praise and Criticize* . . . 6

Information, Please—*Fans Ask Vital Questions* 8

They Say in New York—*Side Line Glimpses of Visiting Stars* Karen Hollis 28

Hollywood High Lights—*Interesting Bits of News from the Coast* Edwin and Elza Schallert 40

The Screen in Review—*Our Critic Reports on New Films* Norbert Lusk 48

Casts of Current Pictures 52

Addresses of Players 82

ART GALLERY:

Favorites of the Fans—*Carol Lombard, Evelyn Brent, Pert Kelton, Charles Boyer, Winifred Shaw, Gertrude Michael, Genevieve Tobin, William Powell, Constance Bennett* 19

CONTEST:

Our Contest Winners 35

FASHIONS:

Frocks and Frills 42

PREVIEWS:

Glimpses of Future Films—*"The Hoosier Schoolmaster," "Chasing Yesterday," "Love Me Forever," "Let 'Em Have It," "Break of Hearts," "Paris in Spring," "The Scoundrel"* 60

Monthly publication issued by Street & Smith Publications, Inc., 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y. George C. Smith, Jr., President; Ormond V. Gould, Vice President and Treasurer; Artemas Holmes, Vice President and Secretary; Clarence C. Vernam, Vice President. Copyright, 1935, by Street & Smith Publications, Inc., New York. Copyright, 1935, by Street & Smith Publications, Inc., Great Britain. Entered as Second-class Matter, March 6, 1916, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Subscriptions to Cuba, Dom. Republic, Haiti, Spain, Central and South American Countries, except The Guianas and British Honduras, $1.75 per year. To all other Foreign Countries, including The Guianas and British Honduras, $2.25 per year.

We do not accept responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts. 1G

To facilitate handling, the author should inclose a self-addressed envelope with the requisite postage attached.

STREET & SMITH PUBLICATIONS, INC., 79 7th AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

HOLLYWOOD'S HEARTBREAK CONTRACTS

What could be grander than to have a contract to act at one of the major studios?

Nothing could be sweeter, you say, remembering stories of starving extras and the uncertainty of obtaining work.

Ah, but with a contract all worry is canceled, you say.

But it isn't so. Ask any holder of a "heartbreak" contract and you will get a different story.

You will learn why it sometimes is better to have no contract at all instead of one of these.

Helen Pade, with her genius for sympathetic investigation, examines some of these very contracts and discloses the heartache behind them in next month's Picture Play.

It is a most interesting article, as unusual as you will find in any publication devoted to Hollywood.

BELA LUGOSI BORIS KARLOFF LIONEL ATWILL

For years, readers of Picture Play have shown marked interest in *Dracula, Frankenstein* and other horrific characters as well as the stars playing them.

That is why August Picture Play will contain a joint interview with Bela Lugosi, Boris Karloff, and Lionel Atwill, chief exemplars of chilling acting. You'll be amazed by what they say. Don't miss it.

Photo by Eugene Robert Richee

SYLVIA SIDNEY

THIS charmingly natural glimpse of Miss Sidney is as refreshing as it is unusual. The camera caught her on a vacation following completion of "Accent on Youth," which you will soon be seeing with suave Herbert Marshall and handsome Phillip Reed as Sylvia's leading men.

WHAT THE FANS THINK

John Beal Surpassed Hepburn?

CAN'T something be done to silence the Hepburn maniacs who have been shouting her praises in "What the Fans Think"?

Katharine's so-called triumph in "The Little Minister" was no triumph at all. John Beal walked off with the picture with ease.

Although Hepburn is potentially a great actress, I see no reason for the raves she is receiving at this time. Certainly she is a *poseuse,* artificial to her finger tips, with her hands in mid-air in the approved Zasu Pitts manner.

William H. Davis, Jr., insists that John Beal walked off with "The Little Minister" in spite of Katharine Hepburn.

When Katie finds herself, bring on your superlatives, Hepburn fans. Until that time, how about a rave for Garbo, the most vibrant personality and the finest emotional actress on the screen to-day? She has proved her worth; her past performances speak for themselves.

William H. Davis, Jr.
1931 H Street, N. E.,
Washington, D. C.

Robert Taylor is hailed by Phyllis Carlyle as having what it takes to be a star.

Lillian Jeanne thinks that Elissa Landi makes a mistake in searching for "idealistic" rôles.

Old Faithful.

SOMETHING old, something new, something borrowed, and something blue.

For something "old," let's take Sam Flint, who is not old at all, except in his years on the stage. One of the finest actors I've ever had the pleasure of watching. Now, he's in Hollywood, and you too may see him in his fine characterizations. Lionel Barrymore, Frank Morgan, and Henry Walthall, all grand actors, and favorites of mine, but not one of them any more of a true artist than Sam Flint.

Charles Laughton has another fervid admirer in B. C. H., who considers him "the most superb artist in Hollywood."

Something "new," is Robert Taylor! After seeing him only twice I am firmly convinced that he has what it takes to make a star. As handsome as you could wish, a physique like that of the trained athlete, and most important, he can act.

Something borrowed? Well, that's easy. Lyle Talbot has been borrowed by several studios lately, which shows extremely good sense on the borrowers' part, I'm thinking. If there is any one star who deserves the success he is attaining, it is Lyle.

Something "blue"? I suppose you think

Continued on p. 7

Bette Davis need never worry about her standing with Lee, of Winnipeg.

I'm lost now, don't you? Remember Monte *Blue?* We've missed him from the screen and I, for one, think it's about time that something was done about it. A good many do not care for Westerns, but if you saw Monte as *Jack Kells* in "The Last Round-up," you could not help but admire him, villain though he was. He's been appearing here and there in various pictures of late, but we want, and *demand* a chance to see him in the rôles that he really deserves. PHYLLIS CARLYLE.
45 Smith Street, Portland, Maine.

Judged Too Harshly.

PROOF of Bette Davis's great acting ability lies in those letters of denunciation we read occasionally in this department. Through her characters she makes herself hateful to some people. These people judge too harshly. Why don't they look for the real Bette? Why do supposedly intelligent fans confuse Mrs. Harmon O. Nelson with the characters she portrays on the screen?

Certain individuals who are not acquainted with her personally, go so far as to label Bette a snob, and to discredit her acting ability. How in the world can any one having seen "Of Human Bondage" and "Bordertown" denounce her so unkindly? In the latter picture her performance is undeniably praiseworthy, with a heavily underscored N. B. for the courtroom scene where she does one of the cleverest, smoothest bits of acting I've had the pleasure of watching in a long while. *Marie Roark's* mental condition is made clear without the usual brand of hysteria. It is done so subtly, with such beautiful restraint.

I have been a Bette Davis fan since her appearance in "Bad Sister," and in my humble opinion she improves with every picture. LEE.
403 Polson Avenue,
Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada.

Elissa, Come Down to Earth!

I THINK it is rather pathetic that Elissa Landi is having so much difficulty in finding the proper type rôles for her talent.

In my opinion, Miss Landi is not suffering from poor pictures, for she has starred in some of the best, but in the aloof attitude she takes toward the character she portrays.

I hope Miss Landi will realize what a dangerous situation this temperamental gag is getting her into before it is too late. Her career has suffered a serious slump due principally to her flying from one studio to another in search of ideal rôles. She is very good in temperamental rôles, but I think she could be starred to better advantage as a heroic and adventurous woman.

She says she wants to play idealistic rôles because she is an idealist. That doesn't go with her millions of fans. They want her in down-to-earth rôles, and if Miss Landi is a real artist she can impersonate any character and bring its shadow to life as all great artists do.

Was "The Little Minister" such a marvelous story? No. It was Hepburn's achievement of the impossible that made it an outstanding picture. Where would Claudette Colbert be to-day if she had turned up her nose, as Landi did at "It Happened One Night"?

We like you, Elissa, very, very much. But for Heaven's sake, forget about the beautiful, the ethereal, the intellectual. Come down to earth. Play any rôle they give you. Play it with the sincerity that we know you possess. Don't be disdainful of any rôle. LILLIAN JEANNE.
568—21st Street,
West New York, New Jersey.

Madge Too Wooden.

I AM very anxious to answer "A Chicago Fan," whose letter appeared in March Picture Play.

Evidently he does not agree with Madeline Glass's statement that Madge Evans's face lacks animation. To me, and I know for a fact to many others, not only does Madge's face lack animation or expression of any kind, but also her acting, if it can be called that, suffers from the same affliction—a woodenness and an inability to convey emotion.

Many a picture has Miss Evans spoiled for me. Among them, I recall most vividly, "What Every Woman Knows," in which her effort to portray "the other woman" was most pitiful, and "David Copperfield" which, however, had a most remarkable cast to minimize her shortcomings.

In such pictures as these, surrounded by a group of capable and efficient actors and actresses, Miss Evans is effectively shown up for what she is. Simply an intelligent girl with a level stare, a beautiful face, and a probably inherited flair for wearing clothes.

And may I say, emphatically, that that is exactly what is wrong with our films today. What we absolutely need are real artists to take the place of the majority of Hollywood personalities who masquerade as actors and actresses. Raise our standard of acting to the high level of England's, for instance, and the American cinema will achieve the artistic perfection to which it will then be entitled.

Una Merkel runs away from the set to cool her fevered brow in a bird bath! She's working in "Murder in the Fleet" and finds it too exciting.

To illustrate my point, take that superb film, "David Copperfield." It has reached the artistic heights through the fusion of English characterizations and American direction, staging, and the other technicalities. True, there were American characterizations—Edna May Oliver's and Lionel Barrymore's notably. But what would it have been without Frank Lawton, Freddie Bartholomew, an English lad whose acting could not be approached by any American protégé, Elizabeth Allan, Herbert Mundin, Basil Rathbone, Hugh Williams, and many others?

When you come right down to it, there are few, very few, real artists among the high-salaried celebrities of Hollywood. Pick them at random—Helen Hayes, Greta Garbo, Katharine Hepburn, Margaret Sullavan, Norma Shearer, Fredric March, Charles Laughton, and perhaps, George Arliss. And they are not necessarily my favorites. You will, by the way, notice that the last two named are Englishmen.

I might add that Charles Laughton is, without doubt, the most superb artist in Hollywood. Living and breathing his characters so that you hate them or love them, he has reached the goal, that of near-perfection in his profession, that every young actor strives toward.

May he be joined, on his pinnacle, by others before long! B. C. H.
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Academy Awards Unjust.

I CAN'T help but let out a little steam over the selections made for 1934 by the Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Sciences.

First of all, for its choice of the best picture. I don't know how your other readers feel, but to me, "It Happened One Night" was just an amusing little program picture, with no particular high lights. Certainly, it would not compare in excellence with such pictures as "The Count of Monte Cristo," "The House of Rothschild," or "The Barretts of Wimpole Street."

As for Clark Gable, with all due respect to his ability as an actor, surely his performance in the "best picture of the year" did not surpass that of Robert Donat in "The Count of Monte Cristo" who, as *Edmond Dantes,* gave to the screen one of the best performances of all time. The trial scene, in which *Dantes* defends himself, thrilled me as no other scene has ever done.

And a word about Claudette Colbert. Fine actress though she is, I believe that Bette Davis for "Of Human Bondage," or Norma Shearer for "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," were far more deserving of recognition.

I hope that the Academy, in making its awards next year, will be a little more discerning. MARGARET WHITESIDE.
7354 Lake Street,
River Forest, Illinois.

Sheer Artistry.

I HAVE just witnessed the finest acting performance of 1934 or 1935. I have seen a man, without the aid of a handsome face with which to attract attention to himself, hold an audience spellbound through sheer artistry. His speeches are timed to perfection. His every move is that of one who is an artist in his line. I am speaking of Claude Rains, in "The Man Who Reclaimed His Head."

Surely an actor of such rare ability will be rewarded with stories and directors worthy of his genius in the year to come, in order that he may reach the heights and success of which he is so deserving.
WANDA WHITMAN.
1408 North Detroit Street,
Hollywood, California.

Thanks, Worthy Friend!

IN March Picture Play I was pleased to read an article about an actor whose polished performances I have admired for a couple of years, but about whom I could learn little, because he wasn't a big star. I refer to Samuel Hinds. That gentleman is well worth watching. He's good.

But it took Picture Play to realize it! One of the many reasons that I like this magazine is that it does not cater solely to the stars. It gives the unstarred players a break. Congratulations, Picture Play. RUTH KING.
2 Hamilton Avenue,
Cranford, New Jersey.

Continued on page 9

Information, Please

Your puzzling questions about players and pictures are answered by the man who knows.

By The Oracle

LORNE ETIENNE.—Joan Blondell had no part in "Flirtation Walk." The principal players in "Beau Geste" were Ronald Colman, Ralph Forbes, Neil Hamilton, Norman Trevor, Noah Beery, Mary Brian, William Powell, Alice Joyce, Victor McLaglen. In "Wings," Clara Bow, Charles Rogers, Richard Arlen, Gary Cooper, Jobyna Ralston. "Local Boy Makes Good," Joe E. Brown, Dorothy Lee, Ruth Hall, Edward Woods, Edward J. Nugent. "The Dawn Patrol," Richard Barthelmess, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Neil Hamilton, William Janney. "The Bat Whispers," Chester Morris, Una Merkel, William Bakewell. The film in which Burns and Allen and George Barbier played together was "Many Happy Returns." Some of the background for "Lives of a Bengal Lancer" was filmed in India, but most of the picture was filmed on location near Hollywood.

A. M.—Frank McHugh played the part of *Tom Bradley* in "Happiness Ahead." You'll remember that he and Dick Powell were window-washers in that picture.

JOANNA H. C.—Phillips Holmes went to Europe to make pictures but became ill and is at present in Rome. However, he did manage to make "Ten-minute Alibi" for a British film company. He was born in Grand Rapids, Michigan, July 22, 1908. Still single. Loretta Young was twenty-two on January 6th. Divorced Grant Withers in 1931. Latest is "Call of the Wild."

MARGARET MORRIS.—Jackie Searl was *Herbert* as a boy in "Great Expectations." He is a free-lance player. Next is "Ginger" for Fox. Ginger Rogers will be twenty-four on July 16th, and Jean Muir was twenty-four on February 13th.

JANE BEAUMENT.—The interview with Kitty Carlisle in April Picture Play will tell you more about her than I could possibly find space for here.

MAX M. ADLER.—Charles Laughton was born in Scarborough, England, July 1, 1899; five feet ten, weighs 200, gray eyes, brown hair. Grace Moore, Jellico, Tennessee, December 5, 1901; five feet four and a half, weighs 130, blue eyes, golden hair. Edward G. Robinson, Bucharest, Rumania, December 12, 1893; five feet eight, weighs 158, black hair, brown eyes. "Les Miserables" was released by United Artists on March 22nd. The principals are Fredric March, Charles Laughton, Rochelle Hudson, John Beal, Frances Drake, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Jesse Ralph, Florence Eldredge. Mae Busch is in Warners' "Stranded."

CHRISTINE SMITH.—Maurice Chevalier sailed for France on March 23rd. After "Folies Bergère de Paris" for United Artists, he was to make two pictures for Metro-Goldwyn. However, he was not satisfied with the stories they had in mind for him, so decided to quit the studio. Whether he will return to Hollywood or accept stage offers remains to be seen. Ned Sparks was born in Ontario, Canada, but he doesn't say when.

SARAH RABINOWITZ.—You may be able to reach Eddie Nugent at Argosy Pictures, 4376 Sunset Drive, Hollywood, California, where he has been working in "Kentucky Blue Streak." Eddie was born in New York City, February 7, 1904; six feet one, weighs 155, dark-brown hair, green eyes.

BEATRICE E. HIGGINS.—Yes, "The Right to Live" was released several years ago as "The Sacred Flame," with Conrad Nagel, Lila Lee, Pauline Frederick, William Courtenay, Walter Byron, Alec B. Francis, Dale Fuller. Miss Lee played the rôle of *Stella*. Fred MacMurray was discovered while playing a saxophone in a local theater. He is six feet three, weighs 185. He will play opposite Claudette Colbert again in "A Bride Comes Home."

M. J. B.—Gene Raymond will next be seen in "Hooray for Love," with Pert Kelton, John Beal, and Arthur Byron. He is a native New Yorker, born there August 13, 1908; five feet ten, weighs 157, platinum blond hair, blue eyes. I have heard nothing about the publication of his song.

CHRISTINE GRAZIANO.—Franchot Tone is making "The Flame Within," with Ann Harding and Maureen O'Sullivan. Robert Taylor is playing in "Times Square Lady." He is to make "Broadway Melody of 1935" as his next. For stills of "The Gay Divorcee," write to the Publicity Department, RKO Pictures, RKO Building, Rockefeller Center, New York. It isn't necessary to specify which scenes you wish unless you have certain ones in mind. They cost ten cents each.

RED.—Arline Judge may be addressed at the Paramount Studio, where she is making "College Scandal." Her current picture is Fox's "George White's 1935 Scandals." She was born in Bridgeport, Connecticut, February 21, 1912.

JACK BENNETT.—Most of the scenes for "Sequoia" were shot at Sequoia National Park, California. Charles Lang was the photographer on "Lives of a Bengal Lancer." United Artists produced "Street Scene" and "The Front Page." RKO "Cimarron," which was directed by Wesley Ruggles.

GLORIA C.—Douglass Montgomery is under contract to Universal. However, for stills of "Music in the Air," write to Fox's Publicity Department, 444 West 56th Street, New York City. Now playing in "The Mystery of Edwin Drood." He was born in Los Angeles, California, October 29, 1907; six feet, weighs 170, blond hair, brown eyes. Not married. Uses his own name.

S. GROSSMAN.—You might write to the Paramount Studio for a photograph of the late Dorothy Dell. The following played in "Sally of the Sawdust," released in 1925: Carol Dempster, W. C. Fields, Alfred Lunt, Erville Alderson, Effie Shannon, Charles Hammond, Roy Applegate, Florence Fair, Marie Shotwell.

NORMAN COMB.—Leila Hyams is playing in "Ruggles of Red Gap." A letter care of Universal may reach her, and try Sheila Mannors at Columbia. Boots Mallory makes an occasional picture. Nils Asther and Noah Beery celebrate their birthdays on January 17th.

A SILENT PICTURE FAN.—Henry Hull appeared in silent pictures. We published an interview with him last month. Conrad Veidt is currently appearing in "Bella Donna," with Mary Ellis, and is to be starred in "King of the Diamond." Richard Talmadge recently finished "Now Or Never" for Reliable Pictures. He was born in New York City, December 3, 1897. "The Man Who Laughs" was released in 1928. "The Isle of Hope" included Richard Talmadge, Helen Ferguson, James Marcus, Bert Strong, Howard Bell, Eddie Gordon, George Reed. "The Gold Rush," Charles Chaplin, Georgia Hale, Mack Swain, Tom Murray, Henry Bergman, Malcolm Waite. "Annie Laurie," Lillian Gish, Norman Kerry, Creighton Hale, Joseph Striker, Hobart Bosworth, Patricia Avery, Russell Simpson, Brandon Hurst, Davie Torrence, Frank Currier. Universal and Pathe distributed most of the serials released between 1920 and 1925.

JOSIE.—Helen Vinson was born in Texas, September 17, 1907. Attended the University of Texas. Five feet six, weighs 120, brownish blond hair. Picture Play for February contained an interview with her. Her most recent films are "The Wedding Night" and "Private Worlds."

[Continued on page 81]

Continued from page 7

A Wasted Afternoon.

THIS is my first attempt to write to any movie magazine, but to-day's experience compels me to air my views.

On my afternoon off, I wasted three perfectly good hours in a theater, bored to tears, just to see my beloved Bing Crosby. Why do they give him such insipid stories, anyway? And Kitty Carlisle just ruined it altogether.

On the same bill with "Here Is My Heart" was "West of the Pecos." It was awful. So darn childish and ridiculous. An insult to any adult of normal reason.

Unless producers give us pictures with plot and depth, something worth seeing, the theaters will be empty save for children and half-wits. D. E. VINE.

Norwood, Massachusetts.

Pæans of Praises.

WHERE, oh where, has Robert Donat been all our lives? After seeing "The Count of Monte Cristo" twice, I have just come out of my daydreams to write about him. Pæans of praise to that fine actor. Wonderful! One scene I can never erase from my mind—where *Montego* comes to the count's house about the libel in the paper. Do you remember when Donat said the word "think" to the former in recalling his name? That one word stays in my mind. "Thin-n-n-nk." It made me think of cut crystal that has been hit with a small object and rings, rin-n-ngs for some time after, dying away with a sigh. I can say no more about him, just dream.

Why, oh why, won't Dick Powell at least close his eyes when he finishes a song? I go through the horror that his orbs will pop on the floor. He has such a way of opening them. Is that necessary?

What has got into Garbo? Her speech was flawless and almost perfect in "The Painted Veil"? I am used to a heavy accent from her. Where has it gone? But, then, who cares? As long as she appears in pictures that display her talent, well and good; I'm for her. More pictures, please, in which foreign backgrounds are the locale. Why doesn't some studio film a story in Haiti or Cuba?

MISS W. GILHENNING.

Stevens Hotel, Chicago, Illinois.

She Likes Them Masculine.

WHILE viewing "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," it brought to mind one thing I have been wanting to get off my chest for quite some time, and that is, in most English plays, whether produced by American or British film companies, they depict such effeminate-acting male characters. In the above picture, I am not alluding to Fredric March, who gave an excellent performance, but to most of the other men who appeared in the production—which reminded me of the many pictures and plays I have seen which boasted an "original London cast."

I have always found stories about England very fascinating, and adore English scenery and home life as I have seen them portrayed, and I really think the women stars are very beautiful and charming, but with the exception of Ronald Colman, Colin Clive, Leslie Howard, and a few other English actors, the male characters of these plays always get under my skin, somehow. Probably my brother summed up my feelings with the terse remark: "Oh, gosh—they are so utterly sweet and nicey-nice, they make me feel embarrassed looking at them!"

I don't know what part of England most of these actors come from, but they are not at all like the really virile and splendid Britons I know personally. I do see the Englishmen I admire in plays dealing with military life, as they manage somehow to get more of the honest-to-goodness masculine-looking males in them, but in the society plays my disgust knows no bounds when the English hero comes floating in on the scene, delivering his lines in that maddening, mincing manner and with such machine-gunlike rapidity that one can only catch a few fragments of the dialogue here and there.

No doubt, the folks over there would argue that our James Cagney, in one of his famous grapefruit-hurling scenes, or Charles Bickford in his most intractable mood, would hardly serve as good examples of highly civilized conduct—still, one can forgive these faults easier than tolerating the other extreme. Now—what do *you* think? ETHEL CARLSON.

8123 Escanaba Avenue,
Chicago, Illinois.

Everywhere Mary Carlisle goes, Sammy is sure to follow. He's the most lasting of Mary's many escorts, too.

Beauty Corrections.

I WAS very interested in Madeline Glass's article on "Hollywood Beauties" as I am an ardent fan, and I must say I admire her courage as it's pretty difficult to make a choice among all the lovely cinema ladies.

I thought a great many of her comments very true, though I disagreed with some of them. For instance, she leaves out the lovely Madge Evans, as rather inanimate-looking, but rates the quite insipid Helen Vinson in the first ten.

Certainly Loretta Young's thick, shapeless lips and protruding teeth are far from beautiful. I do agree with her choice of Dolores del Rio and Frances Dee. They are exquisite. However, what bothers me is how Miss Glass can admit Maureen O'Sullivan's wide mouth and piquant little face into the beautiful class and omit the classically beautiful Ann Harding with her lovely deep-blue eyes. As for her nose—it is perfect. Anita Page's nose is perfect also. I agree with Miss Glass about her eyebrows, however.

Please tell, too, why is lovely Carol Lombard any more artificial-looking than Lupe Velez? Certainly it would seem that the patrician Carol is nearer real beauty than the Velez girl with her rather coarse-looking mouth and face. However, as I said before, Miss Glass had a difficult job on her hands and wrote a very interesting article at that.

Before closing, I have one more brickbat and two more bouquets. While I agree that Joan Crawford is not a beauty, strictly speaking, surely that vibrant, dramatic face puts her in the picturesque or distinguished rather than the merely pretty class.

Now for my first bouquet. Miss Glass's favorite actress may not be in the first ten but mine is and she is Gloria Stuart. She is one of the most beautiful girls it has ever been my privilege to see. I was thrilled to see her right up there with Miss Glass's first ten and I do wish she'd be given greater opportunity to display her talent and great beauty. I never tire of looking at her.

Now my other bouquet goes to Picture Play. Long may it prosper.

AN ARDENT MOVIE FAN.

Los Angeles, California.

Those Outmoded Musicals.

WITH the sweeping success of the new musicals, it is probably heresy to suggest such a thing, but are there any other fans disappointed in the latest cycle of such films? They may be quite good of their kind, but I feel sure I'm not the only fan who prefers the melody and charm of operetta to the snap and speed of the back-stage type of story, and stirring voices like those of Lawrence Tibbett and Grace Moore to the mild crooners' efforts.

It was all "Forty-second Street's" fault!

Though a stellar production, "Forty-second Street" was really just a carbon copy of "Broadway Melody" and it succeeded in throwing us back to the early musicals—now a hackneyed, outmoded type of film. C. JACK THORNTON.

Bryant Street,
Ashgrove, Brisbane, Australia.

A Sympathetic Fan.

I HAVE read many letters in Picture Play representing what the fans think and as a fan I would like to write about something I know. I recently had the pleasure of visiting Hollywood and while there, I was honored with introductions to Ralph Bellamy, Virginia Cherrill, Roger Pryor, and Bodil Rosing. Each one was just grand to me, one of a million fans.

We read so much about the stars refusing to acknowledge mail. How many of us would answer thousands of letters each month? I'm sure the majority of stars appreciate all fan mail received, but please, fellow fans, do not expect the impossible. These stars have their share of work to do and though they may wish to answer all their mail, it would mean the loss of valuable time even to attempt it. I have been a member of various fan clubs twelve years, and I want to say that I have never regretted writing to any of the stars even though but few of my letters were answered.

Boost all you wish, but please be considerate about expecting replies to letters.

HARRY J. FRAZIER.

P. O. Box 131,
Bellevue, Nebraska.

He Must Be Good.

THANK you, Picture Play, for the real inside story about that extremely likable fellow, Frankie Darro. I really don't think enough credit is given to this lad for his fine, natural performances.

Frankie skyrocketed to fame overnight when he skipped off with the honors in "The Mayor of Hell," and by the way, he happens to be the only one to date who ever stole a picture from James Cagney. Yes, sir, the only one.

There just seems to be something about this Darro lad that is appealing and makes me want to see his pictures over and over again. In my estimation, he's the most capable of all the younger players; he's a great little actor, and I'm all for him.

I am anxiously awaiting his new picture, "Little Men," which has already won a place on my "pictures-not-to-be-missed" list. "DOTS."

Newark, New Jersey.

Unappreciated Star.

I HAVE been greatly interested in reading the various opinions of Elissa Landi which have recently appeared in "What the Fans Think," and I feel that the time has come when appreciation, and lots of it, should be expressed for this lovely star's work on the screen.

Doris Tabois was certainly correct when she wrote that Miss Landi is not cold; she is far from that. I would advise those who insist upon calling her "S. O. S. Iceberg" to watch her performance as *Lisa della Robbia* in "Enter Madame." A thoroughly interesting, brilliantly vital characterization if there ever was one, and I implore her fans to write to Picture Play and give her credit for it.

As to the rude remarks I have understood other stars to say concerning Miss Landi, I can only say that she is so far above the average mentality in Hollywood, that they are incapable of understanding her. In this respect she is similar to Garbo.

Elissa Landi is a splendid actress, a fascinating novelist, and a thoroughly intelligent woman, and yet I read in the March Picture Play that no fan club is listed in her honor! Let's make up for lost time now, fans, and come to the aid of a lovely, misunderstood and unappreciated star. C. B. SHOEMAKER.

Westtown School,
Westtown, Pennsylvania.

A Boost for Boy Stars.

AS an ardent follower of the screen and a regular reader of Picture Play, may I say a word in praise of our boy stars who so seldom are mentioned in "What the Fans Think"?

There are many boy actors who are really fine, but the three who lead the pack are, in my estimation, Dickie Moore, David Holt, and Jackie Searl. But since seeing "Wednesday's Child," Frankie Thomas, who starred in it, will soon be on top.

Come on, fans, let me read your opinions of these youngsters, who are as necessary to movie production as the adult actors.

I dare any fair-minded movie-goer to say he does not get a real thrill when any of these wonderful boys are brought to the screen! A. F. B.

Toronto, Canada.

Rays of Inborn Charm.

WHY the producers and directors insist on typing stars is a dark mystery to me. It seems strange that "genius" is allowed so little novelty and so little variety.

The first time we see a new star in a picture it is a brand-new experience for us, full of thrills and surprises. Then the second time we see the glorified star it's just a repetition. Every time we see Mae West, Katharine Hepburn, Marlene Dietrich, and Greta Garbo, they go through the same emotions and motions, a carbon copy of their previous interpretations. Nothing changes about them, except their new leading men and their clothes.

Garbo in "The Painted Veil" was as flat and as stale as a warmed-over pancake. No wonder the public stays home from the movies to escape such monotony. It is rather pathetic that Garbo should go on trying her luck when she must possess enough intelligence to know that the public does not want her. She is second-rate entertainment, now.

The same may be said of Marlene Dietrich. She absolutely and positively can't act. She can only pose. Her type is as much in style to-day as our five-year-old hats would be.

Ann Harding, Claudette Colbert, Joan Crawford, and Irene Dunne, will always be the same old headache type. Dull, monotonous, and very much lacking in animation and charm. I often wonder why God makes some women so irresistible and others so monotonous. No matter how beautiful they look, no matter how gorgeous their clothes, the monotony shines right through.

However, there are two women in Hollywood that never will possess an atom of monotony. They are Elissa Landi and Norma Shearer. Miss Landi is the most beautiful and the most intelligent actress in the world. Miss Shearer is the most sophisticated and the darlingest girl in the world. They are both so inoculated with the virus of their own charm and animation that it shines right through them and gives them that shimmering appearance, that inner radiance that makes us gasp in awe and admiration and wonder what it is.

I have often read in magazines where fans ask if Norma is scrubbed and scrubbed until she shines. That is, in reality, the rays of her inborn charm. The same goes for Elissa, and it was that quality that made her transcend poor pictures. Watch out now, Elissa will soon be a super-excellent star. JOAN MYALL.

Red Bank, New Jersey.

Why New Talent?

THE search for new talent amazes me. Why search for new players when producers cannot find enough good material for the already established stars and featured players?

As for the new discoveries, what have they to offer the screen? Absolutely nothing. Brian Aherne, discovered for a second or third time, walks around with a look of perpetual blankness. Even next to the colorless Ann Harding, he is without a spark of light. He avoids interviewers. It seems to me interviewers should avoid him. He is not a good screen actor, and has no personality. I hope he stays on the stage he loves so well.

As for Whitney Bourne, her "talent" consists of blowing cigarette rings and saying "Oh, you're horrible." She is in pictures and producers let Tallulah Bankhead go!

Donald Woods is so impossible that I cannot recall any characteristic except a very boring voice.

Some of the stars who already are established aren't so good, either. Ruby Keeler, for instance. Why do some people persist in calling her an actress? She isn't. Here is a typical incident in every picture in which she appears. Ruby throws her hands and feet around. Some one comments, "That kid can dance." Where would she be without Dick Powell?

Are the producers afraid to tackle Shakespeare? I don't mean to produce his plays as written, but a good adapter could rewrite them for the screen, keeping the best lines as written. I would like to see Greta Garbo and Charles Laughton in "Macbeth," and Ramon Novarro and Elissa Landi in "Hamlet." Wake up, producers, give the public what it wants!

MARY MARGARET LATTIN.

385 Ontario Street,
Lockport, New York.

Hawaii Ignores Joan.

IF all the ballyhoo about Joan Crawford is so, and the extravagant fan statements regarding her popularity are correct, why does she fail to draw full houses here?

We have a million-dollar theater in Hawaii, another nearly as well equipped, and thirteen other popular movie houses. Perhaps, in proportion to its population, there is no other city which has the theatrical attendance we have here.

Wynne Gibson is very popular with our people, as well as Norma Shearer, Marion Davies, and many others.

But Joan, even with Clark Gable, shows to small houses.

People have got tired of her physical and mental poses, her publicity propaganda, prize advertisements, magazine interviews, and temperamental reactions. She is not sincerely friendly to her admirers except those she can use, and answers few letters with genuine friendliness. She has little savoir-faire.

Her acts of charity, so-called, are well advertised. How different from those of Marion Davies, Will Rogers, or Mae West. They do not, as a writer says of some Hollywood actresses, "advertise their slightest acts of kindness in order to reap a harvest of public approval."

After all, Miss Crawford, under the spell of Tone, has reached the acme of fame. It did not come through any histrionic ability she possesses, but from systematic, well-organized publicity.

If she is a star, it has begun its meteoric descent! HARRY BROWNING.

Honolulu, Hawaii.

The Magic Garbo.

IF imitation is flattery, Garbo should be tickled pink every time she sees the latest opus of one of her so-called rivals. The Garbo influence is clearly discernible. It may be a trick of expression, an inflection of speech, or merely a hairdress. But in one way or another, they all reveal that they study hard at the Garbo school.

What's in a name? Magic—when the name is Garbo! A. B.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

It's the Voice that Counts.

MOVIES have been such a source of outstanding service to the education of the public, to say nothing of the entertainment which they have bestowed on humans, far and near, rich and poor alike, that it really seems rather ungrateful to offer criticism, but I can't miss the opportunity of adding my protest about some of the voices of our movie stars. For instance: What flat, ordinary voices—Jean Harlow, Joan Crawford, Carol Lombard, Claudette Colbert, Constance Bennett, Fredric March, Robert Montgomery, Gene Raymond, and Gary Cooper.

These are all Americans, and it is a disgrace to their profession to possess voices like theirs. The very sound of their voices and diction betray their lack of culture and breeding. I'm in favor of a school of voice culture for a lot of our "glamour stars." At least they might make use of some good book on proper

Continued on page 79

STREET & SMITH'S

VOLUME XLII
NUMBER 5

PICTURE PLAY

JULY
1935

Photo by Tanner

AGAIN Joan Crawford assumes the mood of gay, bantering worldliness for her current picture, "No More Ladies," in which she is even more smartly garbed than usual, with Robert Montgomery and Franchot Tone as partners in the game of tit for tat. Then will come "The Garden of Allah," Joan's great and glowing opportunity for serious, tragic acting.

MY MOTHER

"Her name is Della Williams," says Miss Loy of her mother. "Once, before my time, it was Della Johnson. So, you see, if names mean anything, she's as thoroughly American as your own front yard." And then the star proceeds to describe Mrs. Williams in a way that accounts for the wisdom, strength and gentleness in her face.

Exclusive to Picture Play! Acknowledged as one of the most brilliant actresses, Miss Loy exhibits a gift for writing which sets her apart from them all. This delightful revelation of herself and her mother is irresistible.

THIS is a hard job—one of the hardest I've ever had. First, because I make no pretense of being a writer, and second, because it's difficult to say anything about the grandest, swellest—and other like adjectives—person I have ever known, without becoming mawkishly sentimental. And my mother wouldn't like that. And, not liking it, she'd tell me so very quickly, and I wouldn't like *that*. But I'm going to try.

Her name is Della Williams. Once, before my time, it was Della Johnson. So, you see, if names mean anything, she's as thoroughly American as your own front yard. In this case, names do mean something. Her

by Myrna Loy

own mother, my grandmother, was a pioneer woman. She crossed the Western plains in the proverbial covered wagon, stopping and settling in Montana, where Della was born.

It has been said that one cannot escape the effects of, or completely outlive, one's early environment. Della has always been, and still is, as sturdy, as independent, and as self-reliant as her native State was during her—and its—youth.

Now, when she is slightly past her adolescence, she does things that few youngsters would do.

Not long ago she decided she needed a change. So, with few words to anybody, she got on a ship and sailed off to Europe, unaccompanied. More about that later. It's worthy of note.

After all these years of being daughter to her, she continues to amaze and surprise me. Sometimes I wonder whether I'm mothering her, or she's mothering me. At such times it becomes rather confusing. But let's go back a bit.

My father died when I was quite young. He left my mother with a good deal of Montana property, myself, and my younger brother, David.

A good many women, finding themselves in such a position, would have done one of two things. They would have turned the property over to a capable manager and devoted themselves to rearing their children, or they would have found a man capable of managing both property and children—and then married him.

Della did neither. She decided that she was perfectly capable of managing both, and proceeded to do so, with neatness and dispatch.

The Montana winters were rigorous, so she decided to move to California. Friends advised her against it, saying she was a woman and alone in the world, and that those California people were slickers. Della said "Fiddlesticks!" or its equivalent, sold most of the Montana property—driving excellent bargains—and moved.

David and I were too young to realize the importance of such an uprooting. To us it was a lark. We had gone to California on several occasions during past summers, when our father was still with us, and we loved it. That our mother was now our sole support meant nothing to us.

We settled in Culver City, California—then hardly more than a hamlet—and Della set to work, undaunted by the responsibility of two children and money to invest, on the wisdom of which investments our futures depended.

She bought income properties, and, lo and behold! it was really property that produced an income. Many women other than my mother are excellent business women, but, remember, I am writing about some one very close to me, and when such a thing becomes entirely personal it is sometimes cause for wonderment.

All our Montana relatives and friends had expected her to be cheated out of her money, and were prepared to rescue her from the wailing wall. That she wasn't, I believe increased their respect for her a hundredfold.

She sent David and me to school. She looked after us in true motherly fashion, partook of the community social life, and managed her own business, all successfully. Often when I think back I say to myself, "What a woman!"

These were my formative years. Mother has always held to the theory that children are like young trees. If one permits them to develop along the lines of their own inclinations, it is best. They may not always be beautiful, but they will have character, and to her, character is more important.

Whatever my character is—and that is not for me to judge—it is entirely due to her method of handling me as a child. And I do know that her method has given me an aggressiveness that stood me in good stead while I was fighting to get out of poor rôles in pictures into parts I wanted to play.

One very indicative and very important example of

Continued on page 68

These two old pictures of Myrna Loy hold especial interest for those who have followed her remorkoble coreer. The one on the far left shows her when she played exotic rôles and wos photographed in that make-up.

This picture is more interesting because it shows a very youthful Myrna who has just graduated from a year of extra work and was playing smoll parts for Warners.

Photo by Riches

HAIL

Claudette Colbert has zoomed to top-notch popularity, a half-million-dollar contract being concrete evidence of her strength at the box office. This is no whim on the part of a studio, but is based on facts and figures. This revealing article throws new light on the character behind this success, with many hitherto unpublished details of Miss Colbert's tastes and habits.

By Helen Louise Walker

Claudette Colbert was a fragile child and was reared with extreme care, taught to consider her hours of rest, her comfort, as matters of importance. But picture work has taught her endurance. She can "take it," now, with the toughest studio workers.

IN a brief six years Claudette Colbert has established herself as one of the most valuable players in pictures. The contract which she signed recently with Paramount caused a distinct flurry in Hollywood where large contracts are, after all, no novelties.

Every major studio was anxious to bid for her services and the arrangement which was finally reached was an extremely advantageous one for the fortunate lady, calling for three pictures a year for Paramount and allowing her to star in productions for other companies in her spare moments.

If all goes well, Claudette should emerge within the next few years as one of the wealthiest women in pictures. And Claudette, I think, more than most successful actresses, has distinctly *earned* that success. I'll tell you how.

Talent she undoubtedly has—talent, intelligence, and a sparkling personality. As for beauty, you should hear Claudette's giggle when she reads that some exuberant critic has called her "radiant." "After the trouble I've had with this face!" she laughs.

It is true that she has considered her face one of her chief obstacles and that she has made a careful and painstaking study of make-up, lighting, and camera angles to overcome what she considers defects.

But she has had other, much more serious obstacles to overcome. She was a fragile child and was reared with extreme care, taught to consider her hours of rest, her personal routine, her comfort, as matters of importance. She has taken it for granted all her life that she must live carefully, fastidiously, luxuriously.

Her work on the stage taught her something of discipline and hard work over long hours. Nor was it easy for the fragile Claudette to adjust herself to discipline. But she conquered that. And the stage knows nothing of the hardships which are everyday matters to picture actors. There were experiences in store for her.

I think that her ordeal in "Four Frightened People" wrought a change in Claudette's mental attitude toward herself which will influence the rest of her life.

"That picture taught me what a durable person I am, really," is the way she puts it. "I had always pampered myself—almost babied myself—and what was my astonishment to learn that I could take a considerable amount of physical discomfort and actually thrive on it. I gained weight while I was making that picture. It was an extremely important lesson for me to learn that of 'taking it.' It destroyed my ingrained fear of physical hardship."

If you know Claudette and her personal habits, her reactions to that and to subsequent pictures will surprise you, too.

She is, for instance, one of the few actresses in Hollywood who keeps a personal maid at home as well as upon the set. Winifred, who has been with her for years, who understands her likes and dislikes as no one else could, is her almost constant companion.

Winifred arrives at the studio at noon when Claudette is working, bearing a hamper with her mistress's lunch all hot and appetizing inside. A cream of spinach soup, perhaps, squabs, stuffed with wild rice and cooked under glass, water cress and tomato salad, mixed in a bowl in the European fashion, a custard. Nothing exotic or complicated. All so daintily, delicately prepared.

Imagine then, Claudette in Hawaii, sitting in a dismal, ill-smelling swamp which crawls with slimy, extremely obnoxious creatures, regaling herself at lunch with two

THE WOMAN!

soggy sandwiches which have suffered from being squashed between tin pie plates in the company of a hunk of equally soggy cake and a half of a canned pear! She did thus regale herself and she gained weight and mental poise while doing it. It was because she had wanted that part so much, because it was so important to her to make good in it.

She had been two weeks out of the hospital after a serious illness when she entered the surf for the first shot of that picture. In the swamp, for subsequent shots, there were alternately broiling sun and then soaking rain. Claudette, shivering in a sudden shower, collapsed in gales of mirth when she saw an earnest prop boy holding a large umbrella carefully over a tiny camp fire which would be required for the next shot. There were no umbrellas and no camp fires available for the cast!

Claudette's house is not exactly one of the show places of Hollywood. It isn't as large as some or as ornate as others. But it has a beautiful garden and inside it is as exquisitely appointed, as smooth-running, as a Swiss watch. It is a rented house and Claudette added a few individual touches here and there. But she had her bedroom entirely refurnished and redecorated according to her own taste. It is the most beautifully appointed room in the house. She must, perforce, spend a great deal of time resting when she is between pictures and she wants to have her surroundings as dainty as possible.

Since the signing of her spectacular contract, Claudette has approved designs for a house of her own and it is now in the process of construction. This should be a little nifty!

But the Claudette whom you might glimpse having breakfast from that gay little tray, wearing that frothy bed-jacket, in that super-chic bedroom, is scarcely the hardy young woman whom a number of people saw on the "Cleopatra" set, working at night in a sheer costume, when husky men assistants

Photo by International

Miss Colbert has one gift that is rare in any circle these days and which is particularly rare in Hollywood. She is an intelligent and enthusiastic listener.

Photo by Shalitt

Pretty but lacking sparkle—that was Claudette when she entered pictures and for some time afterward. She considered her face a handicap.

wearing heavy overcoats were complaining profanely about the cold and acquiring obvious sniffles. The fragile and pampered Colbert neither complained nor did she acquire sniffles. She had learned, by this time, to "take it."

She had another "taking it" lesson on "Cleopatra." When Cecil DeMille called her to discuss the rôle he said, tentatively, "You remember how Cleopatra died?"

"It was from the bite of a snake," Claudette recalled. Then she shuddered and cried, "You don't mean that I shall have to handle a live snake, do you?"

DeMille asked, softly, "If you should have to handle one, would that necessarily force you to give up the rôle?"

[Continued on page 73]

Preview Flashes FROM

YOU'LL HOLD YOUR SIDES AS WILL HOLDS HIS WIFE

from crashing the stage!

THERE'S NO DOUBT ABOUT IT! "Doubting Thomas" is just what the family ordered. It's the laugh round-up.

You really see *two* plays for the price of one. Because all the hilarity centers about an amateur production, with Will and his son facing the same woman trouble . . . A & C . . . Art and Culture. But do you think Will lets the Bugaboo of Art bust up his happy home? Do you think he lets the Halo about Culture break his son's heart? Not if you know your Will, you don't!

• WATCH FOR THE OPENING DATE.

"Well, Thomas, why aren't you just pelting your wife with flowers?"

"What! Say listen, if I didn't lose my mind watching that show, I couldn't go nutty if I tried."

"Goodness, what happened?"

"Your husband fell downstairs dear . . . THAT'S ALL."

"Shall I call a doctor?"

"Come, come my child, be brave. THE SHOW MUST GO ON!"

WILL ROGERS

in

'Doubting Thomas'

A B. G. DeSYLVA PRODUCTION

with

BILLIE BURKE · ALLISON SKIPWORTH

STERLING HOLLOWAY

GAIL PATRICK · FRANCES GRANT

Directed by David Butler

2 ROARING HITS!

BY JERRY HALLIDAY

He rides like the wind and loves like the whirlwind!

Carramba, but this is one grandioso picture! And as for Warner Baxter . . . ah, be still, fluttering heart. What a man! What a lover! He's even more tempestuous than as "The Cisco Kid." So prepare for fireworks when Baxter, a gallant gaucho with the swiftest horse, the smoothest line, the stunningest senoritas on the pampas, meets a gay m'amselle from the Boulevards of Paree! And to add to the excitement, there's a feud, a thrilling horse race, a glamorous cabaret scene in romantic Buenos Aires.

If your blood tingles to the tinkle of guitars . . . if your heart thrills to the throbbing rhythms of the rhumba, to the passionate songs of the gauchos, to the sinuous tempo of the tango, then rush to see this picture — *and take the "love interest" with you!*

"I have a very good name with the women . . a bad name perhaps, with the fathers!"

Warner BAXTER · *Ketti* GALLIAN 'UNDER THE PAMPAS MOON'

A B. G. DeSYLVA PRODUCTION

with **TITO GUIZAR**

Radio's Troubadour of Love

VELOZ and YOLANDA

Internationally renowned Artists of the Dance

Directed by James Tinling

"Your fragrance is like a garden. Your mouth a red carnation. And your lips, oh, your lips, to kiss, to kiss again."

ACCLAIMED BY SOCIETY ON TWO CONTINENTS, VELOZ and YOLANDA bring their superb talent to the screen in a breath-taking creation, the exotic COBRA TANGO.

HOLLYWOOD NOTES

Leave it to the fans of Hollywood to think up a new one. This time they're playing a game called the Triple "S" Test . . . studio, star, story. And here's how it works. Fans rate a picture on these three counts *before* they see it. Then they check their judgment *after* the performance. And it's simply *amazing* how high Fox Films rank!

But then, that's to be expected. For Fox Studios have the ace directors, the leading writers, the biggest headline names.

So take a tip from Hollywood . . . .when you look for entertainment, look for the name . . .

FOX

"I'm no Clark Gable in the matter of looks," says Mr. Clive, "and I require a good dramatic play before my fatal charm is discernible." This is the keynote of his sense of humor.

CLIVE OF ENGLAND

Colin Clive, who portrays morbid, menacing or harried souls on the screen, is by nature addicted to humor, sports, gardening and other quite normal pursuits.

By Madeline Glass

"COLIN CLIVE was born in Saint Malo, France." After reading this item in his studio biography I looked up at this very English actor and requested an explanation.

"You see," said he, blandly, "my country was engaged in the Boer War. My mother went to France to get away from the turmoil at home, and I wanted to be with her when I was born, so I had to be born in France."

A wink and a grin accompanied the explanation, for this actor, who portrays morbid, menacing or harried souls on the screen, is by nature addicted to humor, sports, gardening, and other quite normal pursuits.

His enthusiasm for the latter had brought about a temporary distress, as was evidenced by his bandaged hands. While weeding, digging, and planting in his garden he had contacted poison oak.

"The doctor told me to use a disinfectant on my hands," said he. "I did, but I didn't know it was necessary to dilute the stuff. It cured the poisoning, all right, but left some lively burns."

As in the case with many actors, Colin Clive did not set out in life with Thespian ambitions. His clan, from the time of his celebrated ancestor, Lord Clive, whose life was recently recorded in celluloid, down to the present generation has been rigidly identified with the English army.

It was assumed that Colin would carry on the good old family traditions, and he was accordingly attending the Royal Military College at Sandhurst when an accident occurred which rendered a military career inadvisable. At eighteen young Clive was thrown from a horse. That might not have been a serious matter had the horse not fallen on top of him. After recuperating from two broken knees he decided to become an actor.

Under the kindly guidance of the famous actor-manager, Sir Charles Hawtrey, Colin made his stage début in a play called "The Law Divine." Later a young English clerk, of vast obscurity, wrote a war drama which he called "Journey's End." So far as Colin was concerned it might have been called "Journey's Beginning," for it marked his start as an actor of importance.

It was he who created the rôle of *Captain Stanhope*, and during its eighteen months' run in London he never missed a performance. Five years ago he came to Hollywood and enacted the same rôle in the screen version of the play.

Recently R. C. Sheriff, author of "Journey's End," and Jeanne de Casalis, who in private life is Mrs. Clive, wrote a play which has Colin's enthusiastic indorsement.

"I hope it makes a lot of money," said he, with gay candor. "It would help pay the taxes!"

This particular expense is something of a cloud in Mr. Clive's otherwise clear sky. Besides the usual taxes, which spring from a dozen sources, he has to pay income tax in both the United States and England.

"Last year," he told me, "my agent found that only thirty per cent of my earnings accrued to me. The rest went for taxes. My English income tax could be avoided were I to become a citizen of this country, but I want to remain an English subject.

"Americans feel that a foreign actor who is earning his living in this country should take out citizenship papers, but there are many angles to be considered in the matter. For instance, I want to be able to offer my services if England should become involved in a war. I was too young for the last conflict, but to-day I am ready to do my part."

This was stated in the casual tone that he used when expressing a liking for tennis, roast beef, and good books, for there is nothing florid or melodramatic in the Clive temperament.

Continued on page 55

FAVORITES OF THE FANS

CAROL LOMBARD

Photo by William Walling, Jr.

EVELYN BRENT

FANS who wax indignant because Hollywood neglects old favorites now have opportunity to display the loyalty that producers are said to lack. For here is Evelyn Brent, one of the most vivid actresses ever to face a camera, back in the fray—never, we hope, to leave it. Let's rally to her support in Wheeler and Woolsey's "The Nitwits."

Photo by William A. Bachrach

Photo by Robert W. Coburn

PERT KELTON

SHE'S as peppy as her name and the manner you know on the screen, is Miss Pert. What you don't know, however, is that she has a limpid coloratura voice that doesn't fit the snappy rôles she plays and therefore she keeps it to herself. You wouldn't have dreamed it, would you? Next you'll see her in "Hooray for Love."

CHARLES BOYER

NO wonder Monsieur Boyer —pronounced *Bwah-yay*— is the premier cinemo actor of Fronce! After seeing him in "Privote Worlds" there can be no doubt of it. Whot is more, he hos every quolification to make him the idol of American fans. Especiolly the finesse ond restraint of civilized acting which has token the ploce of the lote sock-you-on-the-jow type. His next picture will be "Shanghai."

Photo by Eugene Robert Richee

Photo by Elmer Fryer

WINIFRED SHAW

ONE of the few actresses with the right to be called exotic, Winifred Shaw's beauty was born of Hawaiian music and flowers and moonlight. But instead of being only a sultry charmer, she was gifted by the gods with a sense of humor and rhythm. That is why she excels as a singer. You saw her in "Gold Diggers of 1935" and you'll be seeing her often now.

Photo by William Walling, Jr.

GERTRUDE MICHAEL

ALABAMA'S pride among the girls of Hollywood is Gertrude Michael who is everything that a Southern gen'leman thinks an actress should be. Which is to say that she is handsome, soft-voiced, womanly and sincere. You can't help believing everything she says and sympathizing with all she does.

GENEVIEVE TOBIN

HE evolution of Genevieve is tribute to her cleverness ond ollywood's skill. For no stor s undergone more rodical— d delightful—transformation thout losing o whit of individ- lity. Insteod, Miss Tobin has ined distinction. The circled oto shows her os o stoge star, e squored one reminds us of er eorly doys in pictures, ond e ponel illustrotes her glom- orous present.

Photo by Russell Ball

WILLIAM POWELL

MALCOLM H. OETTINGER visits William Powell after eight years, contrasting the star he is to-day with the carefree man-about-town he used to be, sprinkling his narrative with pungent, revealing observations on the opposite page.

ACTORS ARE PRACTICALLY HUMAN

BY MALCOLM H. OETTINGER

WHEN I first met William Powell he was a notorious scene-snatcher. Such stars as Dorothy Dalton and Thomas Meighan viewed his entrance into the cast with mixed apprehension and pleasure. Powell was sure to give a good performance; the trouble was it was likely to be too good.

Bill wasn't a star in those days. He was a carefree man-about-town with a good-looking girl on his arm, a cold bottle on ice, and a large evening ahead.

A typical morning was that one on the set at Paramount's Long Island plant. Bill was starched and immaculate in a dinner coat, leading astray Betty Bronson, who, fresh from *Peter Pan*icking the public, was attempting dramatics. Nothing ever came of that.

Shaking hands with Powell I noticed a glassy eye, a clammy fin. "You must have had a bad night," I murmured.

"On the contrary," said the redoubtable fellow, "I had a delightful evening. But I didn't go to bed."

These diversions must be tonic for the actor. In a few short years Bill was bowling them over at Paramount in the Van Dine series of "Who Killed Cock Robin?" Then Warners called, amplifying the call with telephone numbers on the pay check. So it went. Year after year Powell grew to be more and more stellar. Then Metro-Goldwyn reached out and snared him.

Starting out to meet him for the first time in seven or eight years I wondered how stardom had affected the old Powell, the guy who laughed at high hats, upstage tactics, and pretense.

He was doing a new picture with Myrna Loy. The camera was turning, the set was still, and Bill was telling Myrna how madly in love he was.

"I can't think of leaving you, darling. You must understand, my dear," he said, as his eye sighted a visitor, "that this will be a retake."

There was nothing to do but to lunch with him at his Beverly Hills hacienda. The day was fixed, and he went back to work.

At the Powell residence I was greeted by a considerate butler who told me that Mr. Powell awaited me in the patio. Better than that, Mr. Powell awaited me with a pair of swimming trunks and a pool. With the grateful California sun blazing down we swam a bit, lay in the sun a great deal, and discussed life, not too seriously, but not too casually either.

Powell looked better than he had in New York. He has broadened and deepened and mellowed. The touch of gray in his hair adds distinction. In Manhattan he had been the playboy actor. Here he was a little more thoughtful, a trifle less buoyant, and considerably more skeptical about this world's rewards.

"I'm a star and making big money and it's all very lovely," he said, "but there's more to it than meets the eye, as the shell-game expert said. When I made pictures in a studio that shall be nameless, I was greeted each morning with a scowl. That meant that my last picture was flopping in Peoria and Pawtucket, or else cleaning up in Iowa and Louisiana. In the one case they figured I was slipping, and in the other they feared I might ask for an increase or a new dressing room or something. It didn't make any difference—things were unpleasant."

He traced a figure on the grass with his foot.

"On the other hand, it's delightful with MGM. Making 'The Thin Man' and 'Evelyn Prentice' was a holiday. We had fun, worked like the devil, and felt that we were right all the time. Every one there is concerned in turning out good pictures, and if you manage to be of good assistance you are thanked, not scowled at. You see, actors are practically human."

No one approximates his screen self more than this same Bill Powell. He is urbane, smooth as a pony's flank, worldly, and blessed with a natural savoir-faire. Life has been good to him and he appreciates it.

He expresses himself with clarity and distinction, not unleavened with wit. This is rare among the actors one meets. After they get the first "I" out, most of the boys grow inarticulate.

"I'm sick of playing cads and bounders," said Bill, explaining why he had turned down a rôle in "The Painted Veil" with the one and only Garbo. "When the audience is informed that *Lord Chippendale* is a devil with the women, irresistible no less, a soldier of fortune to boot, and the most polished fellow alive, the audience prepares to take a runout powder on the guy. That's me, with two strikes on me, before I even appear."

He fingered his close-cropped mustache.

"Of course we all kick about our pictures. Poor stories, no punch, lack of conflict. I'm not kicking. Give me a couple like 'The Thin Man' every year and I'll spot the handicap of a 'Key.' But what I'd like to get across is this. We know when we've been handed a lemon to turn into champagne. We know it can't be done. And when the critics leap for their bludgeons while the audience reaches for its hat, we know it was less than a four-star picture."

Bill was enthusiastic about his vacation on Ronald Colman's yacht. He and Colman and Barthelmess are inseparable companions.

In the chaste pine-walled bar in his home Powell has hung a clinical study of Barthelmess, painted in oils by an admirer blessed with more determination than talent. Powell directs toasts to it with all the cruel suavity at his command. Sometimes he adds moustachios or goatee to the painting, according to his mood.

"A mustache is always tony, and much easier to add than a Van Dyke," he explained. "Goatees slide into beards before you know it, and that's bad. Painters should never let their brushes get the upper hand."

Powell reads his fan mail to keep a finger on the public pulse. But he finds that the pictures the fans seem to dislike gross the most at the box office, while the hosannaed operas flop dismally. It's all very confusing.

His telephone number codes MY MY MY, which pleases him more than a good review.

Continued on page 56

Photo by Bachrach

Broadway eagerly awaited Ann Sothern on her first visit since her success in films, but dust storms grounded her plane and she arrived too late for some of the biggest parties.

They Say

By Karen Hollis

ONCE more Broadway is just one big happy family. Al Jolson and Eddie Cantor patched up a long-sizzling feud and paid fulsome tributes to each other at a huge party given in honor of Jolson and Ruby Keeler by Warner Brothers.

The party was held at the Casino de Paree, which figures largely in the new film, "Go Into Your Dance," and celebrities tripped over each other in such profusion that an actor by the name of John Barrymore was just one of the crowd.

Rudy Vallée, Jack Pearl, Jimmy Durante, Ethel Merman, and innumerable others were there. Mary Brian and Dorothy Mackaill were the prize beauties of the evening. And Jimmy Durante was the big surprise. The brash, roistering Durante faced, at last, an audience that actually made him nervous.

Afternoon Pick-up.—Practically the same crowd had recovered sufficiently by the next afternoon to attend a party given by Joseph Schenck for Darryl Zanuck, producer of Twentieth Century pictures. Diminutive Mr. Zanuck was bearing up nobly under the encomiums lavished on him for making "Les Miserables" and "Cardinal Richelieu," and pushing Paul Whiteman, who is soon to make a picture for him, to the foreground of attention. Pleasant and gracious and friendly as it was, the clattering din of voices and glasses was too much for your delegate. She fled, resolving that one film celebrity at a time is much more fun.

Rubes, Raspberries, Cosmetics, and Points East.—Two blocks from the staccato hails and farewells of the Twentieth Century party, I joined Helen Vinson in the serene splendor of the Persian room at the Plaza. Trivial memories of our first meeting a year ago were of utterly mad hats and a translucent skin. I recognized her the moment I sighted a cocky black headpiece with a squared brim jutting way forward. On closer inspection I found that her lovely complexion still defied the peril of make-up poisoning.

The few days leading up to her departure for England were one mad rush, she confided. Her eyes sparkled with pleasure at the prospect of going to the north coast of Africa on a location trip to make "King of the Damned," opposite Conrad Veidt, for Gaumont-British. Noah Beery also is in the cast.

The morning after her arrival from Hollywood, she had roused her mother and father practically at the crack of dawn and entrained for Lyme, Connecticut. There is an old farm of three hundred and twelve acres that she wants to buy. The only flaw is that it is too near the coast to permit cultivation

George Raft's reappearance on Broadway is hailed with joy by tailors and haberdashers who deluge him with their choicest goods.

in NEW YORK—

Early summer finds Broadway thronged with Hollywood visitors, some of them bound for England and picture work.

Helen Vinson was the first of the large contingent of important players to arrive for work in Gaumont-British films abroad.

Photo by International News

of tobacco. All through the making of "The Wedding Night" the conviction grew in her that what she wanted from life was the deep satisfaction of living on a Connecticut farm. Friends tell her she would have to be rolling in wealth to support the place she has chosen, but she figures she could set up a business making jams and jellies from the profusion of wild berries growing on the place.

At a galloping conversational pace we celebrated our joint enthusiasm for Myrna Loy, animal pets, Consumers Research bulletins, Connecticut farms, Beverley Nichols's garden books, Mainbocher print evening dresses, face-scrubbing with soap and a brush, and Walter Huston. Tearing myself away, I forgot to mention that she must—simply must—read Macdonell's "England, Their England." Excuse me, please, while I wrap up my well-worn copy and send it off to her ship. I'd yield it to her, but no one else.

In Search of a New Dance.—Until a successor to the bolero and the rumba is found, Paramount doesn't know just what to do with George Raft, so they are lending him to Walter Wanger for a musical called "Every Night at Eight." In the interim Mr. Raft has been exploring the new crop of Broadway night haunts. With a studied elegance about as inconspicuous as a three-alarm fire, Mr. Raft makes his entrance. What an idol he is for all those snappy dressers who yearn for pleated trousers that reach almost to the armpits, for coats tailored to look as if they had been donned with the hanger left in! His guttural voice is innocent of affectations of diction. He fills, in the inspired words of one of his fellow-players, a much needed gap.

Mary Boland came East for a broadcast, this being the smartest way of combining business with pleasure and profit nowadays.

Wynne Gibson went to England to make several films.

Triumph of the Season.—Although Elisabeth Bergner in "Escape Me Never" still filled the theater at every performance, she stuck to her original intention of playing only twelve weeks in New York. The rest of the country will have to be satisfied to see the picture version which she made in England some months ago.

During the last few weeks of her visit, she emerged from her

Continued on page 54

VIRGINIA BRUCE

All photos by Bull

Miss Bruce has all that you could ask of a heroine. Delicate beauty and subtle allure, a droll sense of humor and a quick mind, with the strength of character to carry her through triumph and tragedy.

The life of one of the screen's most beautiful blondes is stranger and more dramatic than fiction. A young girl, the bloom of the prairie country still upon her cheeks, comes to Hollywood and marries a famous star. From that moment she begins to live drama.

IF you were to plot a novel of thrilling romance, poignant drama, and glamorous characters, and sprinkle it with tears and leaven it with laughter, you would do well to look into the amazing story of Virginia Bruce.

Your heroine has all that you could ask. She has delicate beauty and subtle allure, a droll sense of humor, and a quick mind, with the strength of character to carry her through all her triumphs and tragedies, not as a puppet of fate but as a warmly alive woman.

And as for the plot—well, think of a young and inexperienced girl, the bloom of the prairie country still upon her cheeks, who comes to Hollywood and marries the most famous star since the days of Valentino. Then imagine what could happen to them both when his career crashes!

Imagine her doing everything she can for him, giving up her own picture career at his behest, bearing the child he wanted, and at last, when all else has failed, going back into the maelstrom of Hollywood nobodies to emerge as a star.

Here, indeed, is a tale of rare romance and drama, and one that has never been told in fact or fiction.

Certainly, Virginia Bruce has *lived*.

She has had enough happen to her to fill a novelist's heart with delight. To-day she is ready for stardom at the same studio where the hero of our story, John Gilbert, became one of the biggest box-office idols the country has known.

But let us turn back the pages to Chapter One, for that is where all novels should begin. We have written the foreword. We know what happens next. It is only the ending of our story that remains unfinished.

The mills of the gods are in motion and they are carrying Virginia Bruce to stardom as the next development in one of the most dramatic lives Hollywood has known.

HAS LIVED

By Jack Smalley

Virginia came from North Dakota to Hollywood when she was eighteen. She appeared in a number of pictures, all small bits, and it was evident she had talent and beauty. Irving Thalberg, looking for a girl to play a romantic lead with John Gilbert in "Downstairs," selected her for the rôle.

From that moment things began to happen to Virginia.

All the ingredients that make for drama had been suddenly placed alongside each other.

A man of many romances—dynamic, self-willed, a powerful figure—fell in love with a country girl from the wheat belt, a sweet, unaffected child with big blue eyes and a coronet of soft blond hair.

And she loved him. How could she help it? I can think of no more interesting and exciting personality in Hollywood than Jack Gilbert. He is irresistible to women. He has fire. He burns and consumes. He is erratic, he is moody, he is dangerous, he is brilliant. Greta Garbo found him supremely important. Other men paled into insignificance beside him. His magnetic force is compounded of a highly explosive mixture of mental and physical appeal. The witty Ina Claire was his wife. And Leatrice Joy.

But Virginia was like none of these women. She was willing to give up anything and everything, including a career in pictures. Few women who have tasted success in Hollywood are willing to make that sacrifice.

When their little daughter, Susan Ann, was born, it would seem that our novel were moving to a happy ending.

We forget the villain. And the villain is not another man, or another woman. It is ambition—the driving, irresistible desire to cling to fame. It is pride—the horror of losing, the fear of failing. The villain, being inhuman, is compounded of all inhuman qualities.

And yet human, after all, for Jack Gilbert is human. And the villains of the piece are the creations of his mind. We can't blame him, really.

And neither, for that matter, can Virginia Bruce. For what happened to them both she has no reproach, no word except in sympathy.

Thus our novel rushes into dramatic events.

When "Queen Christina" was produced, Garbo called for Gilbert as her leading man, and again we find the element of poignant drama, again a situation which would delight the novelist. Garbo, greatest of stars, coming to the aid of her friend, now married to another, giving him a helping hand when his star is dimmed.

Hollywood fully appreciated the possibilities in this strange situation. Gilbert had raised Garbo to the heights when, as a romantic team, they took the country by storm. Now it was her turn, and she responded with unselfish gallantry. The picture was financially a success, as we know, but it certainly was not successful in restoring Gilbert to his throne.

What is just as vital to our story is the peculiar situation in which Virginia Bruce was placed by this strange turn of events. Obviously, every one thought it was a revival of the old romance between Jack and Garbo. What, then, of his wife? How would it affect her?

Actually, a triangle situation would have been much simpler than the true state of affairs turned out to be.

Continued on page 72

One of the most important factors in Virginia's success as an actress and a woman is her popularity in studio circles. Her dignity and reticence won for her the respect of every one in her darkest hours.

By Molly Lewin

CLOSE

Hollywood is notable for partnerships—some strange, others easily understood. But all are important to somebody's success or comfort. Here, some of the outstanding combinations are described.

Frank Capra and Robert Riskin form the most conspicuous director-writer partnership. For proof of it we have only to remember "It Happened One Night."

IT'S rarely a one-man job, this business of winning success. For those who scale the heights there is always some one who made the ascent speedier. And none knows this more surely than those who have won screen fame.

There is scarcely a star or a player in Hollywood who cannot credit a portion of his success to the unfailing help of another person. Sometimes it is a professional association, sometimes a friendship.

Occasionally fame settles jointly on two persons. More often one is thrown into the vivid light of acclaim, the other willingly retreats to the shadows. But Hollywood always has its inseparables.

Perhaps the more sensitive the artist, the more aware he is of his dependence on a sympathetic person. Garbo, for instance, is grateful for the help William Daniels, her cameraman, gave her on her first picture. Perhaps Daniels didn't have any idea how frightened and lonesome the Swedish girl was during the filming of "The Torrent." Perhaps it was only routine courtesy that prompted him, on completion of the picture, to say to the actress that he hoped to work with her again.

Photo by Wide World

The association of Marlene Dietrich and Josef von Sternberg as star and director has been discussed for years. Now they have parted company professionally.

To the troubled newcomer this was the first friendly gesture that had been offered to her. She found that her shyness, her reticence, her fear of people disappeared while working with Daniels. Consequently he has photographed all the pictures Garbo has made. He is acutely conscious of her moods. When she is before the camera he shields her from all the mechanics of picture production so that she has perfect verisimilitude for her acting.

That sort of thing is indispensable to Garbo. When production started on "The Single Standard," Daniels was engaged on another picture, and one of the other cameramen was assigned to the Garbo film. It just didn't work. In succession four other cameramen tried to photograph her. Finally Daniels's release was obtained and the picture went on.

Never since have they varied the Garbo-Daniels combination. The star knows that the unfailing technique of an understanding cameraman is assured on all her pictures.

Garbo is by no means the only actress who realizes how important the presence of a skilled cameraman is to one's screen success. Lighting, camera angles, flattering features, one's susceptibility to trick shots—all these things which combine to form the illusive quality of glamour, are in the hand of the artist behind the camera. Little wonder that Janet Gaynor, for instance, has insisted that Hal Mohr photograph all her recent pictures, because of the charming qualities he caught in "The First Year."

And little wonder, too, that more than one actress-photographer combination has led to the altar. A girl can hardly ignore the attentions of a man who spends all his working hours capturing her beauty for the screen. It was when George Barnes was photographing "The Greeks Had a Word for Them" that he first met Joan Blondell.

Charles Ruggles and Mary Boland manage to be the best of friends in spite of their bickerings as the typical American couple on the screen.

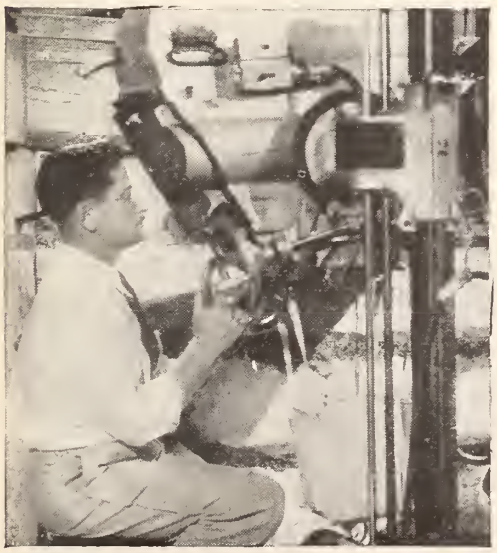
HARMONY

Likewise, it was partially due to the skillful camera work of Hal Rosson that Jean Harlow looked so dazzling in her first Metro-Goldwyn picture, "Red-headed Woman." The friendship that sprang up during work on that picture developed during "Red Dust" and "Hold Your Man" until, during the filming of "Blond Bombshell," it matured into love, and the actress and the cameraman eloped.

Beyond her dependence on Bill Daniels, Garbo looks for constant advice and assistance to her one close friend in Hollywood, Salka Viertel. It is a friendship of long standing, beginning, like her one with Daniels, during her early years in Hollywood. It is Mrs. Viertel with whom she is seen at concerts, shopping, on her between-pictures excursions to the mountains. When Garbo returned from Europe, Mrs. Viertel officially assumed the managership of the actress's business affairs.

An equally close association exists between May Robson and her companion-secretary and adviser on all matters, Lillian Harmer. Theirs is a friendship of twenty-five years' standing, springing from the time when Miss Robson was touring in one of her many stage successes. In need of a secretary, she employed Miss Harmer, and the association quickly developed into a lasting one.

A school-teacher by profession, Miss Harmer on one occasion met an emergency by appearing in a play with Miss Robson. From that point on nothing would do but that the friendship be further cemented by their continually working together. And so now, in addition to watching Miss Robson's diet, guarding her health and going shopping with her, Miss Harmer usually appears in Miss Robson's pictures.



William Daniels has photographed every Garbo film, the attempts of other cameramen failing to satisfy her or to achieve that rapport necessary to her peace of mind.

It is not actors alone who frequently owe their success to writers. More and more Hollywood is realizing the power for good pictures that lies in a director-writer combination. At present the town is convinced that a charm hovers over the work of director Frank Capra and writer Robert Riskin. Together they were responsible for "American Madness," "Lady for a Day," and "It Happened One Night." It seems to be one of those rare instances where two talents directly complement one another—Capra, the volatile Italian, and Riskin, the somber Russian, turning out the most typical American comedy the screen has seen.

While they are working on a picture they are inseparable. Late revelers in Hollywood see them huddled in restaurant booths far past midnight threshing out their story over a last sandwich. During the preparation period, Capra turns writer—not a new rôle to him—and works out details with Riskin. While the picture is shooting, Riskin haunts the set and helps Capra execute the ideas they have planned. Together they manage to extract unusual values out of any formula.

May Robson has enjoyed the companionship and advice of Lillian Harmer for twenty-five years. Miss Harmer acts in pictures, too.

Cecil DeMille is equally dependent on the services of one writer—Jeanie MacPherson. It is one of Hollywood's oldest relationships—beginning almost twenty years ago when Jeanie appeared as an actress in "Rose of the Rancho." So successfully did she catch the spirit of the director's work that she left acting, became his assistant, then his collaborator, finally his chief scenarist. The DeMille biblical pictures were all written by her—as were scores of his other spectacles. And with "The Crusades" under way, Jeanie is again at work with the old master. DeMille is, as a matter of fact, insistent almost to the point of superstition on always surrounding himself with the same workers.

The actor-director combination has been recognized by Hollywood ever since the time when it was believed that Lillian Gish couldn't flutter an eyelid before the camera without the instructions of D. W. Griffith. Her comeback in "His Double Life" disproved that, but it is still true that many actresses depend very vitally upon the conception of the man behind the megaphone. Sometimes it is merely that a harmony is established between them; sometimes it seems that the director actually imparts an intangible something to the actress.

The dependence of Marlene Dietrich on Josef von Sternberg is legend in Hollywood. Perhaps it is only because Von Sternberg discovered the German music-hall favorite and brought her to America. At any rate, on only one occasion has she been intrusted

Continued on page 74

HIS EXCELLENCY

All photos by Bull

Freddie has perfect poise, charming manners, but he's a real boy and ot times is up to plenty of mischief.

Freddie Bartholomew, whose *David Copperfield* made him more widely known than some players who have started for years, is now launched on a career in Hollywood. This interview captures much of the charm and individuality that made him loved in the picture.

By Helen Ludlam

EVERY now and then appears a child player who astounds the world. We think that there never was such a child and never will be such a child. And then another youngster skyrockets over our horizon, upsetting all calculations to date. What we can't seem to get through our heads is that the world is full of wonderful children. It always has been, but they hadn't the opportunities they have to-day to let their talents shine. Shirley Temple was the last excitement, Freddie Bartholomew the newest.

As young *David Copperfield* he made his bow to American audiences, and the picture broke all records at the Capitol Theater in New York, remaining there six weeks. In the United States alone, receipts have totaled $1,350,000. It cannot fairly be said that Freddie is the main attraction, of course. There is an all-star cast, and the story is amazingly well told.

Freddie appeared in person with the showing of the picture, a quaint little figure in his *Copperfield* costume. In a clear, well-modulated voice he told his story and recited a bit of poetry.

There is a fatalistic quality about his winning the deciding vote for the most coveted child rôle in years. It just happens that "David Copperfield" is Freddie's favorite book, and at the age of ten he had read it four times! His first introduction to the character was when he was six and the story was read to him by his aunt, Miss Millicent Bartholomew, who has reared him from an infant.

Miss Bartholomew believes in giving children the best early in life. Then their standards will be set and they will have a background from which to branch out.

Freddie reads good books, hears good music, and sees good plays and pictures. He has read all of Dickens, Shakespeare, and some of Thackeray. His favorite studies are literature and English and early American

Continued on page 57

Here is Freddie Bartholomew in Russian costume as Garbo's son in "Anna Karenina." A warm friendship has sprung up between the two, largely because Freddie's naturalness makes it impossible for him to be in owe of any one.

Our Contest Winners

Here is announcement of prize winners in Picture Play's remarkable "See Films and Earn Money" competition, as well as identification of the backs of fifteen stars which baffled you and made the contest different and thrilling.

Every one will want to know whose backs were pictured first of all, so here goes. They were as follows:

FEBRUARY

1. Helen Twelvetrees....."One Hour Late"
2. Bette Davis....."Bordertown"
3. Tom Brown....."Bachelor of Arts"
4. Barbara Stanwyck....."The Secret Bride"
5. Sylvia Sidney....."Behold My Wife"

MARCH

1. Joan Crawford....."Forsaking All Others"
2. Chester Morris....."I've Been Around"
3. Claudette Colbert....."The Gilded Lily"
4. Randolph Scott....."Rocky Mountain Mystery"
5. Mary Astor....."Straight from the Heart"

APRIL

1. Ann Dvorak....."Sweet Music"
2. Peggy Fears....."Lottery Lover"
3. Rochelle Hudson....."Life Begins at 40"
4. Myrna Loy....."Wings in the Dark"
5. Dixie Lee....."Love in Bloom"

Now for awarding the prizes, the moment every contestant eagerly awaits! They are as follows:

FIRST PRIZE, $500

to MISS ELEANOR THOMPSON, 130 East 57th Street, New York, N. Y., for perfect answers perfectly presented, accompanied by a letter of unusual merit.

SECOND PRIZE, $250

to MRS. DULCIE BOLTON, 19 West Ridgewood Avenue, Ridgewood, New Jersey, for a one hundred per cent set of answers.

THIRD PRIZE, $200

to MISS FLORENCE H. McNALLY, 776 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

FOURTH PRIZE, $100

to MRS. D. R. BLAIR, 529 South Lawndale Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

Then to the next fifty contestants whose coupons came nearest to perfection, a year's subscription to Picture Play. Congratulations to you all!

This was a very difficult contest, one that had to be solved by the contestant unaided, and it is a tribute to the intelligence of our readers that all who entered it prepared their answers with care.

OUTDOOR GIRL,

Elizabeth Allan is recognized by producers as a new personality with a poignant, touching appeal. But even after a successful year in Hollywood, England's ex-poster girl prefers simple sport frocks to dazzling evening clothes, and a set of tennis to the gaudiest parties.

Photo by Bull

One cannot help but feel that behind the candor of Elizabeth Allan's eyes there is an astute mind which weighs and balances everything with utmost honesty.

By Sonia Lee

FIVE years ago Elizabeth Allan of England was simply the girl on the poster. The girl who turned off alarm clocks, drank soda pop, ate breakfast food—withal smiling charmingly in front of a camera. She was one of the dozens of unknowns who make their first bid for fame via the commercial photography and illustrator's route.

To-day, she is definitely on the way to stardom, and producers recognize her as a new personality with a poignant, touching appeal to which audiences respond. Yet, she herself is a strong and breezy and forthright person.

Her hair is an in-between shade. Her eyes are large and round—so blue that her skin looks darker in contrast. Her nose is an abbreviation, and her high cheek bones give her the look of a child. She is a new approximation in beauty and a new approximation in talent. Neither is, to date, fully developed because Elizabeth herself has as yet not reached full bloom either as a person or as a personality.

Primarily it is due to the fact that at the moment her mind is in chaos and her personal equations are variable. She has as yet not had time to make the adjustment between struggle and fame. Five years, even in an actress's life, is not long when it spans the period from childhood to womanhood.

Those were full five years. They marked the transition between a small-town youngster in pigtails, who coaxed her mother and father to let her study in a theater training school in London, and Miss Elizabeth Allan of Hollywood, who was received with acclaim when she returned last year to her old London hunting grounds.

We might as well sketch her background, to give you some understanding of the hurdles this now poised young woman had to take before she arrived where she is

She was born in Skegness, a small seaside village in Lincolnshire, England. Her father was the village physician. Her mother had her hands full in keeping a boisterous brood of six mended and washed. Elizabeth's two sisters and three brothers, with great indulgence, only called her "balmy" when she informed them in all her dignity that she was going to be a great actress.

No one in the Allan family, up to then, had ever had such startling ideas. As a matter of fact, there wasn't even a remotely related aunt who had Little Theater ambitions However, the hoyden Elizabeth, who had more or less been permitted to do as she pleased when her physician father went to War, continued to think as she pleased when he returned. And her thinking was definitely directed stageward.

Elizabeth thought that it must have been her own particular saint who had

OUTDOOR MIND

something to do with her being awarded a scholarship in the "Old Vic" training school in London when she was fifteen. The family, who had her future all mapped out as an elocution teacher, thought it wouldn't do her any harm. It would probably help her in teaching the local Johnnies and Marys to recite their pieces with greater aplomb.

So, off she went to London. Her mother installed her at the Y. W. C. A. and gave the head of the house full instructions on the care of Elizabeth. A glass of hot milk at ten, which was to be bedtime. Rubbers, of course, when it rained.

Elizabeth had other ideas. Almost before the smoke of the train bearing her mother home had cleared away from the station, she had a new plan mapped out for herself. Without ado she moved into a small and very cheap room in the immediate neighborhood, in the interest of economy, and for the sake of her independent soul. And she went about the business of learning how to be an actress.

It wasn't until months later, when her mother paid her a surprise visit, that the change of residence was discovered. But, by that time, training as an actress had given Elizabeth sufficient vocal stamina to convince her mother that she herself knew best.

By and by the scholarship expired, and the family made all haste to kill the fatted calf for an elocution teacher. Instead, the Allans received a letter announcing that Elizabeth would remain in London and be an actress. The answer was neither slow nor indirect. Elizabeth could come home, or stay in London with no allowance. She stayed in London with no allowance.

The next three years were devoted entirely to convincing skeptical theatrical agents that a young and ardent and untried girl might be an actress. They were difficult to convince. During that time, too, there were numerous compromises Elizabeth had to make. Compromise between a week of nourishing food or the purchase of a new blouse or a pair of gloves or a new pair of

Continued on page 75

Photo by McNulty

Elizabeth retains her schoolgirl complexion by indulging in the finest of sports, but admits that she'd prefer being kept busy in pictures.

Photo by McNulty

Hollywood has been of great benefit to Elizabeth. She will tell you that it has given her a new independence and a new self-reliance which marriage to a rather masterful man curbed.

THE MYSTERY OF

What holds Miss O'Sullivan back? She could be an important dramatic actress, but she is content to give pleasant performances with only an occasional glimpse of true brilliance. Why? This penetrating insight into her character and career explains her more clearly than any interview you have ever read.

HOLLYWOOD is so intense. Every one connected with pictures is highly keyed, overambitious, eager about the present and anxious about the future. Nothing is unqualified—everything is the "greatest," the "biggest," or the "lousiest." Superlatives fly through the air like confetti on New Year's Eve.

That's why it is rare to meet a movie-ite who is casual about the whole darn business. One who doesn't think the industry would be permanently disabled if she ceased making pictures, and who doesn't feel her life would be blighted if her place on the screen were lost to another.

That's the impression Maureen O'Sullivan gave me. Accustomed to meeting, among the stars, glamour girls and personality fellows who project their types with intensity, it is difficult to describe this girl who is vivid without effort, friendly but reserved in manner, earnest in her screen efforts and yet careless of her screen future. But let me tell you about her.

I first met Maureen last fall in Texas when she was on location with "West Point of the Air," shooting at Randolph Field in San Antonio. Her father, Major Charles J. O'Sullivan, was visiting America at that time and had accompanied his daughter to Texas, welcoming the location trip as an opportunity to see more of this vast country where his daughter has won fame and fortune.

Major O'Sullivan, a retired army man in his native Ireland, is small, wiry, sharp-witted, and humorous. Maureen is obviously devoted to him. An artificial arm was mute evidence of the major's war years, and Maureen buttered his rolls and assisted him during the meal. Maureen was silent most of the meal, seldom taking part in our discussion. Once she laughed and exclaimed:

"Father, you'll never realize the difference between Britain and the United States so much as when you want tea in this country. Try going into a restaurant and ordering tea. Of course, in our country," she explained to me, "that means a pot of tea with bread and butter or cake. The girl takes your order with no questions and brings you whatever they serve. But over here, tea isn't a meal—it's only a beverage. They invariably say, 'Do you want black or green or orange pekoe? And what do you want with it? A ham sandwich?'"

Maureen says that by the time a picture is finished she hates the clothes she has worn in it and is glad to get rid of them all.

Photo by McNulty

MAUREEN

By Mabel Duke

Major O'Sullivan laughed merrily and even those at the next table were amused at Maureen's imitated Yankee accent.

After lunch Maureen and I crossed the field to her "dressing room," which had been hurriedly set up in the kitchen of an unoccupied house on the field. The furnishings in the otherwise empty house consisted of a dresser and mirror in the pantry, and a cook stove, kitchen table and one straight chair in the kitchen.

The famous Texas wind was doing its stuff that day and Maureen's naturally curly hair was so blown and tossed that her maid had to resort to artificial means to keep it presentable for her camera scenes. Maureen perched nonchalantly on the kitchen table as the maid heated irons on the stove and curled the wind-blown ends of her long bob.

An incongruous setting for a pampered screen star, I thought.

But Maureen ignored the inappropriate environment and neither complained nor joked about the inconveniences. She disregarded them as completely as if she were comfortably settled in her attractive dressing room in Culver City. Her maid hovered anxiously over her and appeared much more interested in the actress's appearance than did Maureen herself.

"How does that look now, Miss O'Sullivan?" the girl urged.

"Fine! It's perfectly all right," she said, jumping down from the table, hardly glancing at the mirror the maid held before her.

As she hurriedly changed from the bathing suit she had worn for the morning shooting into a sports suit for her afternoon scenes, she showed me her wardrobe for the picture—several sports outfits and a couple of evening frocks. I exclaimed over them for they were all unusually attractive.

"Adrian's?" I asked her.

"Heavens, no!" she laughed. "It's only the stars who get Adrian. We leading ladies shop for our things ready-made. A girl from the wardrobe department and I set out one afternoon and collected these in the Hollywood and Los Angeles shops for this picture."

"They're darling, all of them, especially this green. It's lovely," I exclaimed.

She eyed it critically. "Yes, I liked it a lot at first. You know, I don't understand myself about my picture clothes. I love pretty things and become attached to frocks in my personal wardrobe and never want to stop wearing them. But I get so tired of my picture clothes. When I go shopping for my next film, I fall in love with everything I pick out and promise myself I'll have duplicates made for my personal wardrobe. But by the time the picture's finished, I hate everything I've worn in it and I'm glad to get rid of them all. Only one thing I've ever kept from a picture wardrobe. That's this." She held up a little dove-gray silk draw-string bag which held her make-up.

"I carried this in 'The Barretts' and I've kept it because it's so convenient to carry on the set."

I remembered the sentiment of Joan Crawford and other stars who retain mementoes of every big part they play. Janet Gaynor still has the shoes she wore in "Seventh Heaven," and she keeps many frocks from her pictures as reminders of the big moments of her career. Maureen's unconcern, which seemed to reflect an unconcern for her work as well, seemed odd.

Continued on page 67

Photo by Apger

Miss O'Sullivan hasn't the consuming ambition that spurs on Joan Crawford, Norma Shearer, and Ginger Rogers. She says she'd rather be married than starred. And that explains why she is casual toward her career.

HOLLYWOOD

Cheerfully, energetically, Bert Wheeler and Robert Waolsey, with Betty Grable between them, carry an in "The Nitwits."

Photo by Wide World

Elissa Landi's passion far the printed ward daes not stop with writing navels. She means ta print, too, on a press installed in the basement of her hame.

Did Madge Evans take her Hallywaod swimming suit to England? She's there making a picture, sa Brightan ar Harrogate may see her as we da here.

What's being talked about by the gossips of the cinema colony.

By Edwin and Elza Schallert

"NO marriages for us!" Behold the new banner hoisted by the film girlies! Will they make it stick? Joan Crawford announced she would remain a bachelor lady "once removed" about a year ago. That is, she had one marriage, which accounts for the phrase "once removed." And she hasn't married again.

Latest is Jean Harlow. "As I feel about things now," she says, "I don't think I will ever marry again." That means considerable persuasion will have to be used by William Powell to get her to change her mind. Jean, of course, has quite a few months to go before she will be privileged to embark again matrimonially. So her vow is a safe one for the time being.

Novarro Realizing Ambition.—If you think Ramon Novarro has slipped out of sight, since his contract with MGM expired, that is a great mistake. Novarro is fulfilling the dream of a lifetime in directing a picture. This film, "Against the Current," won't perhaps

HIGH LIGHTS

appeal to American audiences, since it is mostly in Spanish, but after that Ramon himself will be seen with his sister, Carmela, in a short Technicolor feature in English. It will be made up of the program he gave during his South American tour.

Funny thing, when Ramon undertook his independent venture, not a player he knew came to wish him well, except Janet Gaynor. She dropped around to the studio on the day he started the production, and cheered him along. He had never played with her in a picture, either—just known her socially.

Janet-Margaret Friendship.—Lest you don't know it, one of the real friendships of the colony exists between Janet and Margaret Lindsay. They met while both were playing in "Paddy-the-Next-Best-Thing" about two years ago, and have been pals ever since. Margaret lives right around the corner from Janet's home, and funnily enough, Janet lives right next door to the Colony Club, which for so long was the gay midnight rendezvous of Hollywood, and is open from time to time now. We don't know whether the doings—for there were many cars driving up to this night club—kept Janet awake at night, but they probably did some of the time.

Incidentally, you must know by now that Janet and Gene Raymond are the newest twosome. Ann Sothern was on the scene for a while, but Janet and Gene have lately seemed the real combination.

Rebel Against Hollywood.—Ann Harding is in ecstasies over having discovered a new release from the toils and troubles and infestations—*is* that the word?—of Hollywood. Her happy hide-out is army camps. First it was Fort Schofield in Hawaii, and later she paid a visit to a Texas cantonment. Ann says that no one should stay in Hollywood between pictures. It threatens one's perspective. So now she is dashing away whenever a vacation is on. Ann declares emphatically there are no romantic attachments in the military world, but we're wondering.

Teasing the Censors.—Just a little flirting with the censors is going on nowadays. One company advertised recently, per suggestion, the return of what it calls "Intestinal fortitude" in films. Also, we catch slick little scenes once in a while, like one having to do with a music box in a bathroom in "Star of Midnight," that make things look as if the producers were beginning to take some chances. Joseph I. Breen has been planning a tour abroad this summer, but if the film-makers start finding loopholes through censorship, he may have to stay home and keep things straight.

Anna Sten's Versatility.—Anna Sten is one foreign actress who not only has very varied talents but also very studious habits. For instance, even though she has sung in such pictures as "The Brothers Karamazov" and "Nana," she has commenced concentrating on vocal

Continued on page 70

At last! Ruth Chatterton has agreed to make two pictures for Columbia. But first she had to run over to Spain for the fiesta in Seville.

Steadily the cycle of Dickens pictures gains momentum. The latest is "A Tale of Two Cities," with Ronald Colman. Charles Butterworth is as pleased as we are.

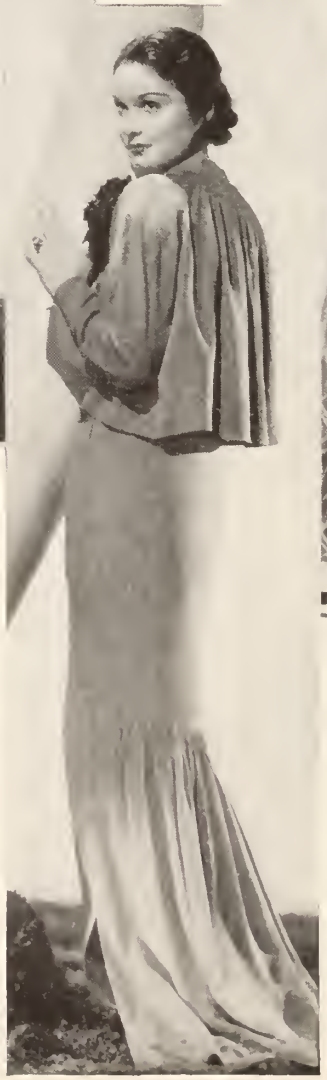
Suzanne Kaaren, one of the prettiest girls in the colony, has no beauty secret except exercise in the open air. She believes in moderation in sports, too.

Frocks and

The summer advances with new notes in daytime and evening wear. Hollywood designers offer styles to suit the personality of each individual.

Carol Lombard's white crêpe dinner gown suggests newness, smartness and originality. The bodice and sleeves are all in one. There is also a box-pleat on each tier in the back.

For house and garden Gertrude Michael prefers pajamas. The long tunic is of red and white checked silk and the trousers of electric blue.



Brown plaid organdy with ailored lines as worn by Ann Sheridan makes a pleasing informal dance costume. Organdy over a brown taffeta slip gives a youthful note.

The lines of Gail Patrick's sophisticated gown speak for themselves. Made of American beauty crêpe, a corsage of fresh violets completes the picture.

Frills

Miss Patrick wears a long coat of white kidskin over a semi-formal dinner frock. These flat fur coats serve equally smartly for day or evening wear.

This black tulle evening gown was especially designed for Carol Lombard's personal wardrobe by Travis Banton. Huge flowers at the neckline are an important detail.

A chic costume for informal wear is this aqua-green crêpe worn by Rosalind Culli. The jacket and generous scarf-tie are of red, white and green print.

Miss Culli's black taffeta daytime suit is made very much like a tailored costume. The jacket has the new hipbone length. Rows of white buttons are accented on the gilet underneath.

The Sweetest

A recent Hollywood wedding of a chorus boy and chorus girl serves to dramatize the injustice that is done to the junior members of the film colony. Here is a young couple with an idealistic conception of love and marriage which upsets the traditional attitude toward members of their profession.

By Franc Dillon

Eddie Foy and Eleanor Bayley, both of the chorus, proved to be just an old-fashioned boy and girl completely in love. A two-year engagement enabled them to save enough money to furnish their own home in time for the wedding.

The bridal party on the steps of the Wee Kirk o' the Heather. From left to right: Virginia Grey, Victoria Vinton, Plumo Noisom, Lois Lindsey, the bride and groom, Woody Spears, Bob Spencer, George Ford, Lee and Roy Moore.

YOUNG love can be idealistic in Hollywood, too.

That may seem incredible to a public which has been regaled almost to the point of nausea with tales of the ephemeral romances, hasty marriages, and precipitate divorces of the film city's great and near great. Nevertheless, it is a fact that there have been Hollywood couples who married without keeping the proximity of Reno in mind.

Perhaps the public may be willing to believe this is true of a certain few mature actors and actresses whose screen rôles have almost invariably depicted them as exponents of all the homely virtues, but how about the younger, the hot-cha generation? The answer to that could well be: "You'd be surprised!"

To make the surprise as extreme as possible, we'll disregard the youthful stars who must live their everyday lives in the consciousness that they are ceaselessly on dress parade before an interested and curious public. We'll take a group of youngsters whose anonymity allows them all the freedom of conduct they might desire and who, it is assumed, take full advantage of that freedom.

These are the chorus girls and chorus boys of Hollywood—those beautiful, well-shaped maidens who so unreservedly display their physical charms as they go through the picturesque evolutions devised by Busby Berkeley et al, and the sleek, worldly-looking dancing boys who contribute their taps and glides to the rhythmic and visual pattern of a musical picture.

There have been chorus girls who married rich men, generally described in the newspapers as "wealthy playboys"; there have also been chorus girls—or ladies of

Story Ever Told

uncertain occupation who said they were chorus girls—who sued rich men for breach of promise. These over-publicized young women have always constituted a very small minority among their hard-working and professionally ambitious sisters. But still it seems to be part of the American credo that if a chorus girl thinks of matrimony at all, she does so only in terms of the entrapment of some unwary Crœsus, who thereafter either becomes her husband or pays what the papers call "heart balm."

As to the chorus boys, they are not given much thought by the public, but the popular tendency when considering them is undoubtedly to classify them as a set of profligate youths whose most serious problem of life is how to keep their hair shining and wavy. An assertion that many of them are also gigolos would find ready acceptance everywhere.

An assertion, however, that any of these boys—or any of the girls, for that matter—is a serious young person with an idealistic conception of love and marriage and a common sense realization of the responsibilities of wedlock would, unfortunately, have a much more difficult road toward acceptance. Still, it would be as true of the average Hollywood dancing girl or boy as it would be to-day of their contemporaries in any other environment.

It is because of the widespread misunderstanding of the character of these youngsters that one recent Hollywood wedding served to dramatize the injustice that is done so unthinkingly to the junior members of the film colony. The bride and groom were a chorus girl and a chorus boy, and not only was the ceremony itself conducted in accordance with all the beautiful traditions of such an event, but it was the culmination of a courtship and betrothal period during which the two youngsters revealed themselves as positively old-fashioned in their concepts of the proper preparations for matrimony.

How many young couples will you find anywhere in this cynical age who, passionately in love, will bother to obtain their parents' consent to their marriage and then wait two years until they have scraped together enough money to furnish completely a little home of their own before they took the fatal step? [Continued on page 77]

Eleanor sets a fine table and is a perfect housewife. She has already learned the fine art of co-ordinating her two careers—kicking in the chorus and cooking in the kitchen.

Although our heroine has been dancing in musical films far more than two years, under a new studio contract she will have an opportunity to show her ability as an actress.

TRYING TOO

Charles Vidor, the director, is Karen Morley's husband who finds her more attractive with the dark hair we now see on the screen rather than the blond she used to affect.

Photo by International News

Marie Dressler gave Karen advice which helped her to realize herself. Said Miss Dressler: "No young girl can amount to anything until she tests her own abilities and capabilities, without any family help or influence."

Karen Morley's cool intelligence warns girls against one of the faults most often seen in Hollywood. "We've all watched the pitiful efforts of players to cultivate persons who might help them," she says. Then she explains why it is a mistake to *make* people like us.

By Maude Lathem

WHEN Robert Montgomery rushed into the office of Clarence Brown, who was then directing Garbo in "Inspiration," filled with praise and enthusiasm for his young discovery, Brown signed the young lady for a part at once, for she read lines more beautifully than any one he had heard in ages.

At that time neither Brown nor Montgomery dreamed that little Karen Morley—for it was none other than she—would be recognized as one of the most talented players in Hollywood.

Maybe you are surprised that I call her little. I was myself. The first time I met her was in the MGM lunch room. She wore a white turtle-neck sweater, with white slacks, and her brown hair, unconfined by a hat, was blowing about her face. In passing, I might tell you she never wears hats unless compelled to do so, for the slightest pressure on her head is annoying.

I found her quiet, courteous, interested and interesting, and wholly free from any of the mannerisms of one who is currying favor. I reminded her this was rather a novel attitude.

"I like people immensely," she said, "but I can never place myself in the attitude of *trying to win over* any one. I think it's a great mistake to work too hard to please. This defeats your purpose before you start.

HARD TO PLEASE

"You're certain to become side-tracked from the main issue and waste a lot of precious energy. We've all watched the pitiful efforts of players to cultivate producers and directors, as well as stars who might help them. If we would spend more time doing important things, instead of trying to *make* people like us, we would get much further in a shorter time."

Karen is perfectly willing to work hard for success and she thinks that is enough. She does not believe it is necessary to rush around until she becomes fluttery and actressy.

When you saw her in "Our Daily Bread" you undoubtedly thought you were seeing an entirely *new* Karen Morley, a serious-minded, forthright young girl who never could have been a seductive, blond vamp. But she has not changed one whit, unless it be that marriage and motherhood have done their inevitable bit in broadening her mind and increasing her sympathies.

It was her own foresight that impelled her to allow her hair to go back to its natural brown. She thought she saw the handwriting on the wall. She believed that the artificial type of glamorous women was on the wane, and she didn't want to be typed in that category and be left stranded high and dry.

"Anyway," she added, "I think dark hair is a big advantage in putting over a real characterization. It naturally suggests sincerity."

There is undoubtedly a very serious side to her nature, for her early ambition, like that of Jean Muir, was to become a surgeon. It was economic necessity which drove her into a field where she could earn money quickly.

Photo by Fryer

Miss Morley says her beautiful voice is not a cultivated but a studied one. Her theory of vocal magnetism is interesting and original

When she entered Hollywood High School, she was known as Mildred Linton, from Ottumwa, Iowa, and she would still like to live in a small town if it were possible.

If you have followed her rise from obscurity to prominence, I do not need to sell you on the importance of her place in the industry. The bit she had in "Inspiration" was her first rôle. It led to a contract and leading parts. After which she took a year and a half off for marriage, motherhood, and enjoyment of her home. Since returning to the screen, she has been borrowed by two studios and has made two pictures for MGM.

This is a pretty fair record for a girl who, in 1930, had never been heard of outside some minor work done with the Pasadena Community Theater, and a few performances in Los Angeles and Hollywood theaters.

That which impresses one most forcibly about Karen Morley is her poise. On the screen this is so deeply felt that it suggests much more maturity than she possesses, for she is still just a girl.

In analyzing each of her features, you probably never would call her a beautiful girl, yet she has an ethereal quality which intrigues, and an inner magnetism which absolutely precludes the possibility of her ever being described as commonplace. Hazel eyes, olive skin, and some sparsely scattered freckles seem just right for her.

She has that slimness which is described as willowy, with a rhythmic grace that immediately attracts the eye when she walks across a room. She gives thought to clothes, at certain times, in order to be free from thought of them the rest of the time. She says nothing can make her more self-conscious than to think about clothes while wearing them. Therefore, hers are always perfect, always right for the occasion, and this helps her to maintain her poise.

Karen is never seen at a first-night performance. She feels that second nights are less conspicuous and she need not be on dress parade. She has one of the finest gifts of a good conversationalist—she is a perfect listener. She makes you feel that *your* views are far more important than anything *she* might say.

She says it was Marie Dressler who pulled her up with a start, as it were, and made her see she was not depending on herself, but relying on her mother for everything. Marie said: "No young person—you or any other girl—can amount to anything until she tests her own abilities and capabilities, without any family help or influence." And right there, Karen began to stand on her own, for which she expresses unbounded gratitude to Marie.

Nothing has pleased her as much as when Lionel Barrymore, on the completion of "Washington Masquerade," expressed the wish that she be his leading woman again. That did more toward making her feel she had "arrived" than any prior experience.

When I asked her about glamour, and how she always conveys this impression to her audience when off screen you would never suspect her of being a glamorous actress, I inquired if it were merely her individuality.

"No," she answered, "individuality is not enough. I think I would call glamour the distinctiveness of individuality."

Continued on page 56

THE SCREEN

"THE DEVIL IS A WOMAN."

One thing is uppermost, one thing is unforgetable in Marlene Dietrich's new picture—its superb photography. A marvel of pure visual beauty, it is unspoiled by the affectations which often have obscured Josef von Sternberg's genius with the lens in other films. His mountain railway station toward the end of the picture is breath-taking in composition, atmosphere and lighting. I wish I could say as much for the drama played in this environment and elsewhere in the picture. The story is pretty much of a bore, a denatured version of "The Woman and the Puppet," with a happy ending, quite missing those facts and implications in the original which make it a fascinating study of perverse psychology. Here, Miss Dietrich is a gorgeously costumed pseudo-Spanish charmer who carries on a mild, studied, censor-proof flirtation with Lionel Atwill in the cut-back which relates Mr. Atwill's warning to Cesar Romero, Miss Dietrich's new admirer. Drawn blinds and refined screams scarcely hint at the terrible punishment visited upon *Concha Perez* by her maddened victim in the book. Anyway, she tricks Mr. Romero into believing that she will accompany him to Paris and then deserts him at the station for Mr. Atwill. Miss Dietrich wears her extravagant costumes with an extravagant air, is often animated and provocative, but it cannot be said that her acting is deeper than the shallows of the character and the evasive writing which bring Pierre Louys's strange woman to the screen as a showgirl.

"RECKLESS."

Jean Harlow's new picture is a shallow, heedless fabrication which manages to offer scattered entertainment in spite of a hodgepodge. Music, dancing, suicide, scandal and spectacle are frantically jumbled without ever really giving Miss Harlow full opportunities. Her figure, though, has never been more magnificently displayed and her remarkable sense of humor more obscured. She is a dancer who marries a playboy and discovers that a wiser choice would have been her manager. And as her husband commits suicide, there isn't any impediment to her union with the right man played by William Powell. Something of a dramatic climax is achieved when she returns to the stage against the protests of women's clubs, is insulted by indignant members of the first-night audience and finally wins over the majority by an appeal to its sympathy. Franchot Tone is believable as the morbid playboy and Rosalind Russell is charmingly authentic as the girl he jilted. So, too, is the remainder of the cast good, especially Henry Stephenson, but there's no getting away from the triviality of the material that enlists them.

"G-MEN."

More gunplay and noise are here than have been present on the screen since the passing of gangster films. All the violence of that era returns, with the Department of Justice the avenger instead of the local police, and the criminals discreetly stripped of attractiveness or even prosperity. They are an ugly, snarling bunch of desperadoes melodramatically worsted by the quicker wits and better aim of the noble government men. In spite of its speed and explosiveness, the picture fails to tell anything interesting about the methods of the Department of Justice and the personal drama of the characters is commonplace and easily anticipated. When James Cagney tells the sentimental racketeer who spent $20,000 educating him that he is joining the "G" men, you know that duty will make him his benefactor's foe. And when Robert Armstrong appears as Mr. Cagney's antagonistic superior, it is easy to guess that he will turn out to be a softie. So, too, does Margaret Lindsay's haughtiness toward the upstart Mr. Cagney point to love, if you know the signs. The acting is good, accustomed and inconspicuous.

IN REVIEW

BY NORBERT LUSK

PICTURE PLAY'S HONOR LIST

The best, the most towering performance comes from Charles Laughton, in "Les Miserables."

The greatest progress this month is shown by Ginger Rogers, in "Star of Midnight."

Photographically, the most beautiful picture is "The Devil Is a Woman."

"CARDINAL RICHELIEU."

A wealth of silk, satin, velvet and old lace, all of it expensively real, is used to recreate court life in France under the reign of Louis XIII and the intrigue of Cardinal Richelieu. Costumes, palatial settings and careful groupings give many of the scenes the aspect of paintings that have come to life. They make a glittering pageant which frequently is stuffy and dull, though. Unfortunately, the romance of the cardinal's protegée is subordinated to his political maneuvers. Enjoyment of the picture, then, depends on your interest in seventeenth-century politics in France and whether you care if the cardinal saves the kingdom or not. Of course, George Arliss gives a commanding performance as *Richelieu*, suave, crafty, ambitious for his country, merciless to his enemies and kind to Maureen O'Sullivan and Cesar Romero in their tepid love-making. And his make-up is quite marvelous. The picture lacks warmth and drama, however, and is academic and impersonal rather than the stirring melodrama found in the play from which the new version is adapted.

"LES MISERABLES."

Carefully, painstakingly, without stint or excess, the immortal story of *Jean Valjean* is revived for those who respond to episodic treatment of a monumental work. All the salient characters and incidents are faithfully realized and are acted with taste, two of them with brilliant inspiration. The tragic history of *Valjean*, condemned to the galleys for stealing a loaf of bread to feed a starving child, his release and rehabilitation, his downfall and pursuit by *Javert*—all this unrolls with steady interest in perfect settings and atmosphere. A great deal more than interest is felt, however, when Charles Laughton's *Javert* appears. It is another of the actor's great portrayals. More than *Valjean's* Nemesis, he reduces to the status of apprentices those with whom he shares scenes. This is because Mr. Laughton makes *Javert* a man tortured by the discovery that the world he has created for himself is insecure. Sir Cedric Hardwicke, as the bishop whose kindness to *Valjean* brings about his reform, contributes far more of beauty and truth than one would expect of a character briefly seen.

"STRANGERS ALL."

n with, he plays it splendidly, mak- g it one of his finest performances. he picture is unusual, too, though ot altogether satisfying. Its several nrelated stories leave the spectator ndecided where to fix his chief inter- st. But attention never wanders, for ll the characters and threads of nar- rative are interesting. Everything takes place in a theater during a performance, not backstage but mostly in the lounge. Mr. Barthelmess is a criminal handcuffed to a detective on his way to prison, with four hours to pass before train time. Joe Morrison, in charge of the coat room, is in

responds to tor reel anous black join in that's exactly wa final Its novelty come I am of huge go Any- es in a

"Love in B boiler me, oh my! Carter Allen and tire runs a but lost in gest is something mu causes certainly is. peace- Burns and All unistic son and Dixie l. Per- director, J. C. If so, it fares better; ould-be a character ance on the at they this as a triu

THE SCREEN IN REVIEW

"VANESSA: HER LOVE STORY."

The trouble with *Vanessa Paris* and the persons concerned in her story is that they're as uninteresting as the events which keep them moving. They have everything but life and reality, and a dead calm hangs over them as if they were appalled at the huge amount of money spent on a picture in an effort to justify their existence. *Vanessa* is a young girl in Victorian England who is in love with her cousin *Benjie* and who marries somebody else. Her husband is a madman who refuses to die when *Vanessa* discovers that *Benjie* is alive and still loves her. Because of this obstacle we are supposed to feel sorry for *Vanessa's* martyrdom and rejoice when it ends. But the release for the spectator is far greater than the happiness of Helen Hayes and Robert Montgomery in each other's arms. The acting is good, the settings are elaborate and richly detailed, there's much unnecessary pageantry and no one, so far as I have been able to find, gives a whoop except when May Robson, as a hundred-year-old grandmother, wisecracks with the vigor of a tireless trouper in the ageless quest for laughs.

"WEST POINT OF THE AIR."

The usual faults of aviation stories are here although this one has more interesting players and is better acted than most. But the plot is trite and has too many offshoots to be more than mildly interesting in any particular. Last, but not least, the insistent cheer, boys, cheer attitude toward Army aviation is unconvincing because every fact shown points toward the tragedy of such a calling. Crashes galore, an amputated leg, dishonor or death apparently are the only reward of the Army flyer. Wallace Beery, a lovable sergeant, begins early to train his son to be a flyer and has a hard time disciplining him. When finally the youth becomes a qualified flyer, he strikes his father because the old man opposes him, and Mr. Beery is expelled for lack of respect for a superior officer. Then he redeems himself by heroism. The love life of the son is conventional, too. A "bad" girl tries to get him from a "good" girl, both rôles so beguilingly played by Rosalind Russell and Maureen Sullivan, respectively, that they're angels of charm.

"MISSISSIPPI."

Pretty and mild is this musical version of a story called "The Fighting Coward" and "Magnolia" on previous occasions, the last with Buddy Rogers and Mary Brian in the rôles now played by Bing Crosby and Joan Bennett. Though the scenes and costumes follow the romantic tradition of the fabulous South, the attractive story is told without verve and appreciation. It is sloughed over, perhaps because of music and Mr. Crosby's required singing. Well, anyway, the predicament of the Northerner whose refusal to fight a silly duel costs him his fiancée and wins the affection of the right girl, is set forth with no spirit at all. Nor does the obvious satire of his subsequent masquerade as a fire-eating killer register with any emphasis. This is as much the fault of Mr. Crosby as any one. He sees in his part a walking gentleman who croons and nothing more. Time was, in "College Humor" and "Too Much Harmony," when he displayed a sense of humor that made his singing gift remarkable. Now he amiably and perhaps lazily permits W. C. Fields to steal the show rather than exert himself.

"STAR OF MIDNIGHT."

A wholly delightful mystery melodrama patterned after "The Thin Man" combines William Powell with Ginger Rogers instead of Myrna Loy. The kid's as good in this sort of thing as she was in "The Gay Divorcee" and "Roberta." Her progress is phenomenal, one of the most refreshing careers to follow because it never is at a standstill and her development is sound, not superficial. Here she is a witty girl-about-town with a capacity for liquor as tremendous as Mr. Powell's and, like him, as debonair a drinker and as unaffected by potations. Between drinks, they solve a murder smoothly, pleasantly, and not quite plausibly, but it doesn't matter because it's all so diverting. *Star Of Midnight* is a masked dancer who mysteriously disappears from the theater. A gossip columnist, on the point of telling Mr. Powell the secret of her absence, is shot down. The solution of this seemingly simple assassination is one of the most complicated ever attempted on the screen. But it is never heavy or solemn. Actually, the characters are more interesting and easier to know than those in the famed "Thin Man."

inplay and noise are here than have been pres- screen since the passing of gangster films. All ice of that era returns, with the Department of he avenger instead of the local police, and the discreetly stripped of attractiveness or even pros- hey are an ugly, snarling bunch of desperadoes tically worsted by the quicker wits and better noble government men. In spite of its speed iveness, the picture fails to tell anything inter- t the methods of the Department of Justice and al drama of the characters is commonplace and cipated. When James Cagney tells the senti- keteer who spent $20,000 educating him that he the "G" men, you know that duty will make him ctor's foe. And when Robert Armstrong ap- Ir. Cagney's antagonistic superior, it is easy to he will turn out to be a softie. So, too, does Lindsay's haughtiness toward the upstart Mr. nt to love, if you know the signs. The acting is tomed and inconspicuous.

"The Scoundrel."—Paramount. The famed Noel Coward appears as the star of the latest Ben Hecht-Charles MacArthur picture. The combination will be hailed as one of the major events of the year by those who set great store by cynical epigrams. the smart bohemian cocktail set and a picture that is more original than pleasant. But I am afraid that movie-goers in Punxsutawney will still prefer Will Rogers and will look upon the cast of stage players surrounding Mr. Coward merely as strangers who don't photograph well. The picture is definitely interesting, though, because of superior dialogue, an abundance of glittering epigrams and a story that is far away from the beaten track. But all this is depressing rather than stimulating because the characters are symbolic figures in an artificial world rather than flesh-and-blood humans who are understood by average persons. The story is fantastic, too. A heartless philanderer, Mr. Coward, dazzles an innocent, idealistic girl, Julie Haydon, with his love-making. Honest as well as cynical, he warns her that his love is only temporary, but she is unafraid and gives up the man she promised to marry. Soon Mr. Coward deserts her for another woman, recklessly taking a plane in pursuit of the new inamorata. The plane is lost at sea with all on board. Then Mr. Coward reappears in his old haunts, sorrowful, tortured, doomed to roam the earth till he finds one person who honestly mourns his death. Only tears can send his soul to rest. In a dramatic climax he finds that Miss Haydon can shed the tears needed for his salvation. Mr. Coward is excellently cast as this frenetic, repellant character and Miss Haydon's emotional sincerity is well placed, too, in a picture that must be described as a study of disillusionment, of hopelessness.

"Four Hours to Kill."—Paramount. If you have missed Richard Barthelmess in his year's absence from the screen, here is an opportunity to see him at his best in a rôle of his own choosing. With that advantage to begin with, he plays it splendidly, making it one of his finest performances. The picture is unusual, too, though not altogether satisfying. Its several unrelated stories leave the spectator undecided where to fix his chief interest. But attention never wanders, for all the characters and threads of narrative are interesting. Everything takes place in a theater during a performance, not backstage but mostly in the lounge. Mr. Barthelmess is a criminal handcuffed to a detective on his way to prison, with four hours to pass before train time. Joe Morrison, in charge of the coat room, is in trouble as a result of his affair with Dorothy Tree, an usher, and Helen Mack loves him in spite of it. Then we have Gertrude Michael and Ray Milland, the former a wife who is deceiving her husband, the latter a cad and a crook, and Roscoe Karns as a frantic husband who strangely passes the evening in a theater while his wife expects a baby in a hospital. All these characters are in and out of the lounge to do their bit for melodrama and an exciting climax.

Photo by Richee

Trust Gertrude Michael to wear black chiffon! She knows that every man responds to the allurement of diaphanous black with simple lines. And that's exactly what this dinner dress is. Its novelty comes from the double row of huge gold beads at the neck.

"Love in Bloom."—Paramount. Oh me, oh my! When vivacious Gracie Allen and tireless George Burns are all but lost in a starring picture, then something must be wrong. And it certainly is. Poor material handicaps Burns and Allen as well as Joe Morrison and Dixie Lee. The father of the director, J. C. Nugent, parent of Eliot, fares better; but as no one cares about a character man's occasional appearance on the screen, he can't chalk up this as a triumph, either. The picture, then, is pretty much a total loss in spite of a tuneful score and three song hits, "Lookie, Lookie, Lookie, Here Comes Cookie," "My Heart Is an Open Book," and "You Get Me Doin' Things." Miss Lee's return to the screen is promising in spite of playing a glum heroine without a smile in her system. Cheerful for a musical, what? Nevertheless, Miss Lee shows that she can act and sing, while Mr. Morrison sings well, too, but the director should have taken the trouble to coax him to act a little to while away the time between songs.

"Hold 'Em Yale."—Paramount. Tolerably amusing is the best that can be said of this. The story and dialogue are better than the result. The acting is good, too. Why the result is not stronger is something that can't be explained except, perhaps, by the absence of a stellar cast instead of the presence of a competent one. The set-up includes a group of small-time ticket scalpers whose earthy slang and inhibitions and delusions give promise of more than the characters amount to as a whole. One of them, *Gigolo Georgie,* double-crosses them by making love to a society girl whose susceptibility to men in uniform has made her notorious. *Georgie* masquerades as a foreign flyer, accent and all, and the girl runs away from home to his hotel. When his comrades enter their room they find the girl there and considerable fun comes from their efforts in getting rid of her. Finally, the girl's father hires the roughnecks to cure her of her weakness for strange men. They force the football coach at Yale to put a dumb young man who really loves her into the game and he accidentally becomes the hero of the day and her hero as well. All this is too fantastic to be convincing, but the picture is harmless pastime. Such excellent comedians as William Frawley, Warren Hymer, George E. Stone, and Andy Devine are the ticket scalpers, with Cesar Romero the slick one of the group. Patricia Ellis, unkindly photographed, is the girl, and Buster Crabbe is perfectly cast as the negative youth who wins her after all.

"The Florentine Dagger."—Warners. Unusual without being strong entertainment, this murder mystery has much to recommend it. One attraction is a foreign background for a change. Another is a psychological story instead of merely a killing. Some confusion comes from the fact that the players obviously are American, except minor ones for atmosphere, and the characters are Europeans. For example, Donald Woods is *Cesare,* latter-day descendant of the Borgias, as wholesome and straightforward a young man as there is in Hollywood. But *Cesare* is supposed to be neurotic. He fears that his Borgia blood will break out and cause him to become a poisoner. A kindly psychiatrist urges him to find escape from his complex by writing about it. So *Cesare* writes a play about the Borgias and falls in love with Margaret Lindsay who plays *Lucrezia.* There is a murder, a Florentine dagger implanted in the heart of the producer. *Cesare* fears that he may have committed the crime though evidence points to *Lucrezia.* The solution of the mystery is absorbing, but there is no excitement about it. Careful, matter-of-fact direction and acting cool the feverish intent of the proceedings.

CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES

"THE DEVIL IS A WOMAN"—Paramount. From "The Woman and the Puppet," by Pierre Louys. Adapted by John Dos Passos. Directed by Josef von Sternberg.

CAST:

Concha Perez.....Marlene Dietrich
Antonio Galvan.....Cesar Romero
Don Pasqual.....Lionel Atwill
Don Paquito.....Edward Everett Horton
Señora Perez.....Alison Skipworth
Morenito.....Don Alvarado
Doctor Mendez.....Morgan Wallace
Tuerta.....Tempe Piggott
Maria.....Jil Dennett
Conductor.....Lawrence Grant

"CARDINAL RICHELIEU"—United Artists. From the play by Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton. Adapted by Cameron Rogers. Directed by Rowland V. Lee.

CAST:

Cardinal Richelieu.....George Arliss
Father Joseph.....Halliwell Hobbes
Louis XIII.....Edward Arnold
Queen Marie.....Violet Kemble-Cooper
Queen Anne.....Katharine Alexander
Lenore.....Maureen O'Sullivan
Andre de Pons.....Cesar Romero
Barads.....Douglas Dumbrille
Gaston.....Francis Lister
Frontrailles.....Robert Harrigan
De Bussy.....Joseph Tozer
Buckingham.....Guy Bellis
Austrian Prime Minister.....Boyd Irwin
Olivares.....Leonard Mudie
King of Sweden.....Lumsden Hare
Conde.....Russell Hicks
Duke d'Epernon.....Keith Kenneth
Duke of Lorraine.....Murray Kinnell
Duke of Brittany.....Herbert Bunston
Large Innkeeper.....David Clyde
Old Innkeeper.....Charles Evans
Coachman.....Reginald Sheffield
Tradesman.....Frank Dunn
Chamberlain.....William Worthington

"STRANGERS ALL"—RKO. From the play by Marie M. Bercovici. Adapted by Milton Krims. Directed by Charles Vidor.

CAST:

Mom Carter.....May Robson
Murray Carter.....Preston Foster
Lily Carter.....Florine McKinney
Dick Carter.....William Bakewell
Lewis Carter.....James Bush
Mr. Green.....Samuel Hinds
Pat Green.....Clifford Jones
Frances Farrell.....Suzanne Kaaren
Mr. Walker.....Leon Waycoff
Judge.....Reginald Barlow
Prosecuting Attorney.....Paul Stanton

"LES MISERABLES"—United Artists. From the novel by Victor Hugo. Adapted by W. P. Lipscomb. Directed by Richard Boleslawski.

CAST:

Jean Valjean.....Fredric March
Javert.....Charles Laughton
Cosette.....Rochelle Hudson
Little Cosette.....Marilynne Knowlden
Marius.....John Beal
Eponine.....Frances Drake
Bishop Bienvenue.....Sir Cedric Hardwicke
Madame Magloire.....Jessie Ralph
Fantine.....Florence Eldridge
Thenardier.....Ferdinand Gottschalk
Madame Thenardier.....Jane Kerr
Mother Superior.....Eiley Malyon

"STAR OF MIDNIGHT"—RKO. From the novel by Arthur Somers Roche. Adapted by Howard J. Green, Anthony Veiller, and Edward Kaufman. Directed by Stephen Roberts.

CAST:

Clay Dalzell.....William Powell
Donna Mantin.....Ginger Rogers
Kinland.....Paul Kelly
Swayne.....Gene Lockhart
Mr. Clusson.....Ralph Morgan
Tim Winthrop.....Leslie Fenton
Doremus.....J. Farrell Macdonald
Tommy Tennant.....Russell Hopton
Mrs. Classon.....Vivien Oakland
Cleary.....Robert Emmett O'Connor

"RECKLESS"—MGM. Screen drama by P. J. Wolfson and P. J. Wilson. Music by Jerome Kern, Con Conrad, and Jack King. Directed by Victor Fleming.

CAST:

Mona.....Jean Harlow
Ned Riley.....William Powell
Bob Harrison.....Franchot Tone
Granny.....May Robson
Smiley.....Ted Healy
Blossom.....Nat Pendleton
Paul Mercer.....Robert Light
Joe.....Rosalind Russell
Harrison.....Henry Stephenson
Louise.....Louise Henry
Dale Every.....James Ellison
Ralph Watson.....Leon Waycoff
Man Mountain Dean.....Himself
Gold Dust.....Farina
Allan.....Allan Jones
Carl Randall.....Himself
Nina Mae McKinney.....Herself

"G MEN"—First National. Screen play by Seton I. Miller. Directed by William Keighley.

CAST:

Brick Davis.....James Cagney
Kay McCord.....Margaret Lindsay
Collins.....Barton MacLane
Gerard.....Russell Hopton
McKay.....William Harrigan
Bill.....Monte Blue
The Man.....Raymond Hatton
Venke.....Harold Huber
Jean Morgan.....Ann Dvorak
Jeff McCord.....Robert Armstrong
Hugh Farrell.....Lloyd Nolan
Leggett.....Edward Pawley
Durfee.....Noel Madison
Bruce J. Gregory.....Addison Richards
Buchanan.....Regis Toomey

"MISSISSIPPI"—Paramount. From the play, "Magnolia," by Booth Tarkington. Adapted by Herbert Fields and Claude Binyon. Directed by Edward A. Sutherland.

CAST:

Tom Grayson.....Bing Crosby
Commodore Jackson.....W. C. Fields
Lucy Rumford.....Joan Bennett
Alabam.....Queenie Smith
Elvira Rumford.....Gail Patrick
General Rumford.....Claude Gillingwater
Major Patterson.....John Miljan
Joe Patterson.....Edward Pawley
Captain Blackie.....Fred Kohler, Sr.
Rumbo.....John Larkin
Lavinia.....Libby Taylor
Stage Manager.....Harry Myers
Hefty.....Paul Hurst

"VANESSA: HER LOVE STORY"—MGM. From the novel by Hugh Walpole. Adapted by Mr. Walpole and Lenore Coffee. Directed by William K. Howard.

CAST:

Vanessa.....Helen Hayes
Benjie.....Robert Montgomery
Ellis.....Otto Kruger
Judith.....May Robson
Adam.....Lewis Stone
Barney.....Henry Stephenson
Lady Herries.....Violet Kemble-Cooper
George.....Donald Crisp
Lady Mullion.....Jessie Ralph
Marion.....Agnes Anderson
Leathwaite.....Lionel Belmore

"WEST POINT OF THE AIR"—MGM. From the story by James K. McGuinness and John Monk Saunders. Adapted by Frank Wead and Arthur J. Beckhard. Directed by Richard Rosson.

CAST:

Big Mike.....Wallace Beery
Little Mike.....Robert Young
General Carter.....Lewis Stone
Skip.....Maureen O'Sullivan
Phil.....Russell Hardie
Dare.....Rosalind Russell
Joe Bags.....James Gleason
Pettis.....Henry Wadsworth
Jaskerelli.....Robert Taylor
Pipinger.....Robert Livingston
Captain Cannon.....Frank Conroy
Lieutenant Kelly.....G. Pat Collins
Mike, as a boy.....Ronnie Cosby
Phil, as a boy.....Bobbie Caldwell
Skip, as a girl.....Marilyn Spinner

"THE SCOUNDREL"—Paramount. Story and direction by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur.

CAST:

Anthony Mallare.....Noel Coward
Cora Moore.....Julie Haydon
Paul Decker.....Stanley Ridges
Carlotta.....Rosita Moreno
Vandeveer Veyden.....Alexander Woollcott
Maggie.....Hope Williams
Julia Vivian.....Martha Sleeper
Jimmy Clay.....Ernest Cossart
Rothenstein.....Lionel Stander
Maurice Stern.....Edmardo Ciannelli
Mildred.....Everley Gregg
Mrs. Rollinson.....Helen Strickland
Massey.....Frank Conlan
Luigi.....William Ricciardi
Slezack.....Harry Davenport
Howard Gillette.....Richard Bond
Fortune Teller.....Shushkina
Felix Abrams.....Raymond Bramley
Calhoun.....O. Z. Whitehead

"THE FLORENTINE DAGGER"—Warners. From a story by Ben Hecht. Screen play by Tom Reed. Directed by Robert Florey.

CAST:

Cesare.....Donald Woods
Florence.....Margaret Lindsay
Doctor Lytton.....C. Aubrey Smith
Victor Ballau.....Henry O'Neill
The Captain.....Robert Barrat
Teresa.....Florence Fair
Von Stein.....Frank Reicher
Salvatore.....Charles Judels
Lili Salvatore.....Rafaela Ottiano
Antonio.....Paul Porcasi
Fredericka.....Eily Malyon
Karl.....Egon Brecher
Auctioneer.....Henry Kolker
The Baker.....Herman Bing

"HOLD 'EM YALE"—Paramount. From the story by Damon Runyon. Adapted by Paul Gerard Smith and Eddi Welch. Directed by Sidney Lanfield.

CAST:

Clarice Van Cleve.....Patricia Ellis
Gigolo George.....Cesar Romero
Hector Wilmot.....Buster Crabbe
Sunshine Joe.....William Frawley
Liverlips.....Andy Devine
Mr. Van Cleve.....George Barbier
Sam, the Gonoph.....Warren Hymer
Bennie.....George E. Stone
Mr. Wilmot.....Hale Hamilton
Coach Jennings.....Guy Usher
Cleary.....Grant Withers

"FOUR HOURS TO KILL"—Paramount. From a play by Norman Krasna. Adapted by him. Directed by Mitchell Leisen.

CAST:

Tony.....Richard Barthelmess
Eddie.....Joe Morrison
Helen.....Helen Mack
Sylvia.....Gertrude Michael
Mae Danish.....Dorothy Tree
Johnson.....Roscoe Karns
Carl.....Ray Milland
Taft.....Charles C. Wilson
Mac. Mason.....Henry Travers
Captain Seavers.....Paul Harvey
Anderson.....Noel Madison
Pa (Herman).....Lee Kohlmar
Ma.....Bodil Rosing
Little Girl.....Lois Kent

"LOVE IN BLOOM"—Paramount. Story by Frank R. Adams. Screen play by J. P. McEvoy and Keene Thompson. Directed by Elliott Nugent.

CAST:

George.....George Burns
Gracie.....Gracie Allen
Larry Deane.....Joe Morrison
Violet Downey.....Dixie Lee
Colonel "Dad" Downey.....J. C. Nugent
Pop.....Lee Kohlmar
Sheriff.....Richard Carle
Mrs. Cassidy.....Mary Foy
Cop.....Wade Boteler
Edith Bowen.....Marian Mansfield
Beggar.....Jack Mulhall

Photo by Eugene Robert Richee

LORETTA Y

Continued from page 29

They Say in New York——

seclusion, went shopping with Marlene Dietrich and even visited a bar or two. Right up until the moment of her departure, Hollywood producers hoped to get her to make a picture in this country. They were willing to pay her the one hundred and fifty thousand dollars that she asked. But they did balk at giving her five per cent of the gross earnings in addition. That might easily amount to two hundred thousand dollars more.

English players have an idea, not entirely unwarranted, that Hollywood producers will bid high for any one they want. Madeleine Carroll, who was only a mild success in American films, wants one hundred and fifty thousand dollars to come back and make another.

Man's Dictates.—Orry-Kelly, dress designer for Warner stars, told New York reporters that truly feminine and fluttery clothes were the new mode. Whereupon, Constance Bennett, in town for a broadcast, appeared publicly in a black-net gown, almost tailored in its severity, and looked so beguiling that the town is already full of copies of it.

The Current Fashion War.—Orry-Kelly, Bernard Newman of [illegible] are neck and neck in a race to be elected fashion dictator of the country. Copies of the gowns Orry-Kelly creates for Kay Francis, Dolores del Rio, Verree Teasdale, Jean Muir, and others are on sale in one department store in each sizable city in the country. Newman's and Adrian's creations, in considerably cheaper copies, are sold in the stores that have cinema shops. At the moment, Mr. Newman threatens to forge ahead with the quiet assistance of Ginger Rogers and Irene Dunne. But wait until you see the Orry-Kelly clothes designed for Marion Davies in "Page Miss Glory"!

A Comédienne from Grand Opera.—Search for a story in which to introduce the Metropolitan Opera's particular pet, Lily Pons, to screen audiences is carving furrows in the brows of RKO executives. The slender and soulful-eyed Miss Pons is full of surprises.

With Gladys Swarthout and Helen Jepson, also opera canaries, she appeared at a theatrical benefit singing "Minnie the Moocher" no less, and sang it with great gusto. Then at the great post-season jubilee performance at the opera, she appeared as an acrobat. In tights and spangled trunks, with a manner of grim [illegible] and eagerness to please, she proved so ingratiating, so hilariously amusing, that she combined many of the best features of Shirley Temple and Zasu Pitts. RKO was looking for a vehicle for a young and beautiful opera singer. Now they find they have to get a story for a musical buffoon.

No Sales Resistance.—Mary Boland off-screen is just as vital, just as entertaining, but quite different from the meddling magpie that she plays on the screen. She was interviewing a newspaperman when I went to see her at the Savoy-Plaza.

Firing questions at him about the income tax, the Lindbergh case, politics and news stories that he had relegated to the past, she revealed a pungent and somewhat cynical wit. Callers tried to veer to the subject of Mary Boland, but first thing we knew we were talking about Helen Hayes, Ruth Gordon, Alice Brady, all of whom she admires greatly, of plays and night clubs Miss Boland had been seeing, and of bridge which she plays avidly for hours at a stretch.

She has no sales resistance against radio appeals—swears by the hand lotion, cold cream, rye wafers, and so forth extolled by her radio favorites. She was about to appear on a yeast program and hoped she wouldn't yield to its recommendations, but was fairly sure that she would.

Her most enjoyable moment during her visit had been hearing Sophie Tucker sing "But I Didn't Get My Man." In the song, Sophie uses all the gargles, soaps, creams, and tonics advertised to make a woman irresistible, but she doesn't get her man. But even if she *is* gullible about advertised panaceas, Miss Boland points out that at least she has never taken up a special diet or systematic exercise.

In Search of Ann Sothern.—Come one, come all, on a sight-seeing tour of New York. We thought we were going to present Ann Sothern to you, but all the time she was grounded in a dust storm somewhere along the airplane route from Hollywood. We didn't know that, though, t first. We thought we had just nissed her at the Newark airport. o Hortense Schorr, confidante, onfessor, and ringmaster to Columa's players and I set out to look for er in all the places an ex-musical omedy player would be most likely spend her first day in New York. We were willing to take almost ybody on faith, because Ann looks different in every picture. We ed Sardi's, the Algonquin, and the

cocktail patio high in the sky in Rockefeller Center. Katharine Hepburn was there, having just done her part for Bryn Mawr college at a benefit downstairs. She contributed her presence at a fashion show in the blue taffeta gown she wore in the latter part of "Little Women."

We went to Jack Dempsey's restaurant, and only the firm hand of the Columbia exploiteer kept me from abandoning the search for Ann then and there. I had caught a glimpse of Irene Dunne. At "21" we found Miriam Hopkins, thin to the point of emaciation, but animated. At a department store we found some thousands of people trying to get in to see Colleen Moore's doll house.

At a bowling alley we found Gary Cooper and his wife. At the Waldorf-Astoria we found Wynne Gibson preparing to sail for England where she is to make pictures. On Fifth Avenue, window shopping, we found Lupe Velez, lounging along in gaminlike suit and sweater while she gazed at swirls of tulle and chiffon. Just as we were about to start in on hairdressing parlors, word caught up with us that the search was hopeless. Ann Sothern had been grounded in the West.

She Is In No Hurry.—Having been off the screen for so many months, Ruth Chatterton figured that a further delay would not matter much. Seized with nostalgia for Spain, which she last visited with George Brent during their brief marriage, she skipped off for a few weeks' trip. For months she has frantically read plays and novels, searching for a vehicle for her return to the screen. At last she found two, "Feather in Her Hat" and "Modern Lady," and decided that her eyes needed a rest before facing the camera. Columbia will try to do for her what they did for Grace Moore.

What's Gracie Allen up to now? It looks as if she's planning a safe and sane Fourth, more or less, and if she survives she'll be in "The Big Broadcast of 1935."

One Worry Is Over.—Stars can now visit New York with more peace of mind, owing to the courage of the wife of a prominent business man. For months a racket has flourished here that threw terror into the hearts of film belles. Photographic experts printed stars' faces on revolting pictures of nudes, then demanded hush money, under threat to turn them over to company executives.

Many a girl paid because the pictures were diabolically clever fabrications, and the terror of the moral turpitude clause in their contracts had them jittery. When the racketeers tried to pull the same stunt on the wife of a well-known business man, she caught them and turned them over to police. But don't be too hard on the stars' lack of stamina. People are always so ready to believe the worst of them.

Clive of England

Continued from page 18

During the absence of Mrs. Clive, who is in London, he is leading a quiet existence in a mountainside residence with his servants and Brenda, a Cairn terrier.

"Speaking of pets," I said, "I should like awfully to own a leopard."

Colin scoffed, openly and unrestrainedly. I gathered from his remarks that neither in this nor the next five incarnations did he wish to be even remotely connected with such an animal.

"Leopard!" said he, flashing amused reproach from his fine gray eyes.

"Tell me about your work," I hastily suggested.

"Well, I noticed in this morning's newspaper—it must be a mistake; such things can't happen even in Hollywood—that Bela Lugosi, Boris Karloff, Claude Rains, and myself are to appear in the same production. I can't imagine what a picture would be like with four horror actors running at large in it.

"I nearly laughed myself to death during the making of 'The Bride of Frankenstein.' Again and again the director would have to call 'cut.' Every time I looked at Karloff——"

Feeling another "seizure" coming on he abandoned the subject.

Since Mr. Clive has traveled widely, I asked in what place he preferred to make his home.

"It seems silly to mention the California climate," said he, "so I won't. I should prefer to live in New York or London, but only because such cities make stage work possible for me. I prefer the stage to the screen and have had more success in the theater. After all, I'm no Clark Gable in the matter of looks, and I require a good dramatic play before my fatal charm is discernible."

He closed his remarks with a characteristic wink and began investigating his damaged hands.

Granting that Colin is not exactly an Adonis, his appearance is entirely pleasing. Although he patronizes London tailors, I doubt that he is ambitious to rival the local Brummells in the matter of sartorial enchantment. The clothes he wore at the time of our talk appeared to have been taken from the wardrobe at random.

Finding that Katharine Hepburn, with whom he appeared on Broadway in "The Lake" and in a picture, "Christopher Strong," is a cherished friend of his, I couldn't resist a nosey question: "Is it true that she swears like a trooper?"

"No," said Colin. "I have never heard her swear at all."

Although he sportingly takes whatever rôle is assigned him and does his best with it, he admits that failing to get the rôle of *Lord Clive* in "Clive of India" was disappointing.

"I would have liked an opportunity to portray that hard-drinking ancestor of mine," said he. "Instead, I was given a small rôle that required less than four days' work—a rôle that any actor could have played." He suddenly eyed me askance and exclaimed, irrelevantly, "Leopard!"

Ignoring this I again referred to the biography. "It says here that you once wrote a play. Was it a success?"

"It ran for three months in the Queen's Theater in London," he replied. "Now I am working on one that transpires three thousand years in the future."

At that I eyed *him* askance and elevated the eyebrows a bit. At that, he probably knows what he is about, for Colin Clive is mentally capable and alert

Despite the fact that he is "no Clark Gable in the matter of looks," and has no appreciation of leopards, I found Clive of England to be a very interesting and agreeable person.

Actors Are Practically Human

Continued from page 27

He has a double shift of butlers, so that when he is entertaining, the second shift can relieve the first, fatigued by replenishing glasses, carrying ice, and stepping lively.

He goes to the fights one night and the symphony concert the second, enjoying both equally.

He is a fanatic on life insurance; any agent can catch his ear, and any good salesman can sell him.

He dresses well for the most part, but clothes do not occupy his waking moments as he has no wish to usurp Adolphe Menjou as the male mannequin of Wilshire Boulevard.

Around the Metro-Goldwyn studio Bill is rated a right guy who will not be imposed upon. They told me how he refused Louis B. Mayer when requested to work on Sunday. He had no religious scruples but he felt that a day's rest was his due, after six solid shooting days.

After the picture was finished, Frank Whitbeck, in charge of exploitation for MGM, asked Bill if he'd do a trailer for his department. "Sure," said Bill.

"We have to rush it to-morrow," said Whitbeck. "Nine a. m."

"Nine a. m.," said Bill.

And on the morrow, Sabbath though it was, Powell worked with the exploitation crew turning out the trailer.

"We worked until midnight," said Whitbeck, "and no effort was too much for Bill. He directed the thing, helped with the camera angles, shoved sets around, and acted the darn thing. I think the guy's aces."

Metro-Goldwyn made a tidy sum on "The Thin Man" and very cannily the powers have decided that since the public must like Powell and Loy, Powell and Loy it will get. In the meantime you are seeing Bill in "Reckless," with Jean Harlow, and in "Star of Midnight," with Ginger Rogers. Then he is scheduled to impersonate Flo Ziegfeld in a picture to be known as "The Great Ziegfeld."

Stardom hasn't changed Bill Powell. The only difference I could find in him was that instead of serving highballs he had champagne.

Trying Too Hard to Please

Continued from page 47

Even when she was in high school, she admired Norma Talmadge, Gloria Swanson, and Alice Terry, and tried to analyze their qualities to see what they had that produced glamour. She decided then that any girl who worked to give her best points distinction, could acquire glamour.

"Any girl who uses her intelligence in the right way can acquire glamour, in a degree," she added. "The vital things that enter into this precious glamour are voice, appearance, poise, and grace. As the screen was just finding its voice when I began my career, I concentrated mainly on voice."

You will have to admit that her voice, with its deep, mellow, sexy tones does thrill. You may forget her face, but never her voice.

She insists that hers is not a cultivated voice, but a studied one, which I think is a most interesting comment.

Maria Gambarelli, the petite ballerina nicknamed "Gamby," is making a screen début in "Hooray for Love!"

"There's a trick in listening to your own voice so that you know it," she continued. "Not the surface sound, but the impression it makes. And the best way to learn this is to study everyday conversation. Very few people know how their voice sounds. By studied effort, you can polish your speech and eliminate many defects. In this way you are less likely to become affected than when training the voice by elocution."

This, briefly, is a picture of the girl who is skeptical of praise.

"You see," she says, "I was taught that friendship is a sacred thing, a beautiful thing, to be carefully guarded and not cheapened by gaudy imitations. So, I don't make friends easily, even though I want people to like me. That geniality which makes for easy friendships, that desire to find favor everywhere, is a quality that was left entirely out of my make-up."

Star Names

Edmund Lowe means one who offers the valuable protection of a lion. Edmund comes from the Teutonic and means protection of a valuable kind, and Lowe is from the German and means lion.

Janet Gaynor means one who is ready for duty through God's grace. Janet is from the Hebrew and means God's grace, while Gaynor is derived from Guinever which in ancient English meant ready for duty.

Norma Shearer means a woman of the sea who clips wool from sheep. Norma comes from Normaid, a woman of the sea, and Shearer is one who shears.

Warner Baxter signifies the protecting warrior of women bakers. Both names are from the Anglo-Saxon, Warner meaning protecting warrior and Baxter meaning a woman baker.

Anna May Wong means the graciously flourishing meadow. Anna is from the Hebrew meaning gracious. May is from the Latin meaning flourishing. And Wong is Chinese for meadow.

Clark Gable is a clerk who is a hero of God. Clark is Old English for clerk, while Gable is a form of the name Gabriel which comes from the Hebrew and means hero of God.

Paul Lukas stands for little light. Paul is from the Greek and means little or small, while Lukas is from the Latin meaning light.

Sylvia Sidney means one of two things. It either means trouble in a rustic setting, or it means a rustic setting that belongs to the god of wine. Sylvia is from the Latin and means rustic, but Sidney has two origins. In Saxon it meant bruised or troubled, but in Old French it meant St. Denis, Denis coming from a Greek word which meant belonging to the god of wine.

Boris Randolph.

Continued from page 34

history. American history particularly fascinates him, and he intends to start on James Fennimore Cooper as soon as he gets time.

To most American children that may seem a pretty heavy diet for a boy just turning eleven, but it's all in the way you look at it. But reading isn't the only thing he likes to do. He loves to swim and ride horseback. And he likes to go to pictures and plays. He only had time for one play while in New York, and his choice centered upon "Romeo and Juliet." He was then looking forward to "Clive of India" and "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer."

Freddie was born in London, March 28, 1924. When he was three years old he began acting in amateur theatricals. He has a wonderfully retentive memory, and when he was still very young would learn long passages from Shakespeare and whole chapters from Dickens and recite them in public. He became the rage in the little town of Warminster, where he lived with his aunt, and was in constant demand. Later he had a tiny part in two London plays and two pictures, but there was no serious thought of a career when he and his aunt started off to America "for fun."

One day Freddie read that Metro-Goldwyn was looking for a boy to play young *David Copperfield,* and he was wild to do the part. His aunt made inquiries, thinking he had a chance from the description sent out for the type of child wanted. But when she heard that thousands of children had already applied from all parts of the world, she thought it would be a waste of time. But Freddie's heart was set on it. The more he thought about it the less he wanted to give it up. He worked himself into such a state that to play *David Copperfield* seemed a matter of life and death to him.

His governess, who travels everywhere with him, told me that when he played some of those scenes he showed the true quality of the artist, completely losing himself in the character of the boy he was impersonating. You saw it in the scene where the poor tormented child is trying to do his lessons with the two *Murdstones* glowering at him. His terrified cry, "I can't do it; oh, I can't do it!" is one of the finest bits of acting in the picture, to my mind.

Why search the world for a child to play *David Copperfield,* you may say, when Hollywood has plenty of clever child actors. But the problem here was that the child selected to play this part must not have an American accent, must have a personality sympathetic to the sweep of the story and must be appealing. Freddie was the right answer to all these necessities. Now Jackie Cooper, splendid as he is, would be completely out of place in the part of the wistful Dickens character. Jackie can be wistful, too, but with a difference. With a great difference.

Freddie is a manly little fellow, slight, with a wide, high forehead, clear, white skin, and dark, wavy hair. His eyes are dark blue with long lashes, and he has the stamp of poetry all over his intelligent little face. He writes poetry, too, and some prose, but he best likes to chronicle his impressions of the day's adventures. His aunt encourages this, feeling that one day his imagination will find expression in written words as well as in acting.

Helen Gahagan, star of the stage, comes to the screen at last in "She," H. Rider Haggard's famous romance which practically every one has read. She's the wife of Melvyn Douglas in private life.

Already the Bartholomews are beginning to feel the glamour of the limelight. Fan mail is pouring in, beautiful letters, most of them interesting and intelligent comments about the picture and Freddie's work in it. A fan club has been started in his honor, and he gets more invitations than he could possibly accept, even if he wasn't a little boy and had to have a generous amount of sleep each night.

Freddie is enchanted with the new life that has opened to him. "It's so much fun having something to do all day long," he said. "I don't get up very early because I'm in the theater until after ten, so it is almost eleven when I wake up. Then when I have tidied up and had my breakfast it's time to get ready for the theater. It takes me half an hour to get into this suit—so many buttons and things." He referred to his *Copperfield* costume, which was as complicated as a lawyer's brief. Of course, his routine in California is different.

Between shows he would go places and see things, the zoo, the top of the Empire State Building, the Museum of Natural History, which he was crazy about, and other places of interest in the city. There was always an interesting dinner engagement, then the theater and home to bed.

He speaks very distinctly, with a decided British accent. His aunt was somewhat perturbed to read that he had been kept from the company of other children while he was in Hollywood in an effort to keep this diction pure.

"I'm sure the writer did not mean to give the impression, but people did get it, that Freddie was rather caged in and not given the freedom of companionship a child should have. He couldn't do much visiting because the studio kept him very busy, and when he was not actually working he was doing his lessons in a little studio built for him on the set. Then he had to have a certain amount of exercise in the fresh air, so with such a busy schedule he had little chance to make friends."

What amazes me is the manner these present-day children have. There is nothing bold or aggressive about Freddie, but he has the *savoir faire* of a grown man. We went up to the dressing room in the theater to have our talk and some one offered me a cigarette.

"Mayn't I light it for you?" he said instantly, and struck a match. It went out and he tried again, and the third time. "It's this window," he decided. "You see, the draft blows the flame so low that the cigarette won't ignite. I'll just hold my hand around it and see what *that* does." He cupped his little hand and success was achieved. But he wasn't embarrassed or self-conscious in the least at the failure of the match. He has perfect poise, charming manners, but he's a real boy, and at times up to plenty of mischief.

When I arrived at the theater he was plastered against the proscenium arch off stage where he could just see the screen. The news reel was on, and some snow pictures. When his governess called him he said in a tense whisper, "Just a moment, may I? The sleds are just going down the hill!"

He will have another interesting part in Garbo's "Anna Karenina," so life looks pretty bright and rosy for this little visitor from overseas.

THE OTHER CONNIE

By Judith Field

Often as Constance Bennett has been criticized, just so often has she been defended. Now a friend who has known her since childhood discloses lovable characteristics that contradict those attributed to the most misunderstood star in Hollywood.

Photo by Wide World

Gilbert Roland escorts Miss Bennett to the races where she may lose her sense of humor when her horse comes in last, but she quickly recovers it.

SHE'S a swell person once you get to know her!"

How many times have you heard that statement about Constance Bennett? And how often have you believed it?

Had any one asked me, the answers would have run: "Much too much!" and "Not at all!"

Privately, I've been skeptical of all the stories which declared that, in spite of Connie's bona-fide reputation for being difficult, she was quite different with her friends. As well as the further contention that the unpleasant characteristics we've heard so much about were merely part of the "front" she adopts to protect herself from the public and Hollywood.

It just seemed to be so much more publicity, for the arguments were rarely proved by incidents, and a girl like that couldn't retain friendships, anyway.

But a chance meeting changed most of those ideas. It was with a cultured person who has known Constance for years. The lady prefers to remain unidentified, but through her enthusiastically gleaming eyes Miss Bennett may be glimpsed as a fitting subject for one of those articles entitled "A New—or Another Constance Bennett." That is, if the sight of such headings hasn't already bored you to tears.

Unfamiliar disclosures reveal that Constance is devoid of conceit, possesses congeniality and can even be sentimental. And you haven't heard anything yet!

"She is the cleverest girl I ever met in my life," vowed her friend earnestly, and proceeded to tell all about it.

She was first amused by an entertaining sample of Connie's strong personality when the star was only twelve. In those days the Bennetts were a two-car family. They owned a Ford and a limousine, the Ford being used to carry the Bennett children to school.

"Mother," Constance inquired one day, "can't you send me to school in the big car so that people will know we have something else besides a Ford?"

As a popular sub-deb of fifteen, Constance, followed by devoted escorts, liked to attend tea dances at the Hotel Plaza in New York. The impression the young beauty made, with her blond hair, blue eyes, and willowy figure, is still vivid in the minds of observers who even then were fascinated by her grace.

Her continually surprising and unexpected accomplishments have always won admiration for her.

On one occasion Barbara Bennett, who was a professional dancer at the time, was very pleasingly demonstrating some new steps before a group of friends. No one was aware that Connie had studied dancing, but she suddenly rose and went through the same intricate routine with such delightful ease that Barbara gasped, "Well, I guess *I'll* have to retire!"

Although she has never mentioned it, as an adult she also became skilled in drawing. In fact, a description of Constance's aptitude for casual sketches of pretty faces was concluded with the firm assertion that the girl could have gone in for magazine-cover illustration. Another

Continued on page 68

Photo by Stephen McNally

Constance Bennett

ON the opposite page you will find the most intimate and appealing description of Constance Bennett ever written. It does a great deal to dispel the belief that she is cold, aloof and conceited by citing instances of her friendliness, sentimentality and hilarious sense of humor. Altogether a remarkable insight into a baffling character.

THE MIDDLE-WEST

THESE glimpses of "The Hoosier Schoolmoster" further illustrate the trend toward simple, wholesome pictures based on widely read books. In the upper photograph are Norman Foster and Dorothy Libaire. The tall youth on the far right is Wallace Reid, Jr. The lower views show Charlotte Henry with Mr. Foster and Tommy Bupp.

Anatole France's "The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard," a story as touching and tender as it is famous, comes to the screen as "Chasing Yesterday," and would be welcome by any name.

THREE of the principals who made "Anne of Green Gables" memorable are united in the new picture. They are Anne Shirley, O. P. Heggie, and Helen Westley. The young man with Miss Shirley is Junior Durkin.

AS SWEET AS A JUNE ROSE

Eagerly awaited is Grace Moore's new picture, "Love Me Forever." Again it will be a feast of tuneful music and light-hearted acting, with Leo Carrillo as the prima donna's vis-a-vis.

HER popularity enormously increased by the success of "One Night of Love," and further enhanced by a winter's broadcasting, Miss Moore smiles from the peak of fame, as unspoiled to-day as she was when a choir singer in Jellicoe, Tennessee.

OUR DIVA

THE LEGION OF VALOR

'Em Have It" is the exciting film
:h describes the activities of the
artment of Justice in combating
ie in this country. Leading rôles
played by Richard Arlen, Virginia
:e, Alice Brady, and Harvey Stephens
) are pictured on this page, with
:e Cabot and Eric Linden also
prominent.

THREE-STAR EXTRA

Katharine Hepburn, Charles Boyer, and John Beal brilliantly shine in "Break of Hearts."

MUSIC is the keynote of the picture, Charles Boyer being a celebrated orchestra leader and Katharine Hepburn an eager devotee of the symphony. She is with Mr. Boyer, top, and with Reginald Pasch, above.

HERE Miss Hepburn again is opposite John Beal, as in "The Little Minister," but Mr. Boyer is the man who breaks her heart and heals it again. Remember his magnificent performance in "Private Worlds"?

AH, L'AMOUR!

"PARIS IN SPRING" is the fragrant title of the picture that brings together Mary Ellis and Tullio Carminati. You saw her in "All the King's Horses" and him in "One Night of Love." Both are smooth sophisticates who shine in light comedy, while Miss Ellis is a singer of high repute.

IDA LUPINO and James Blakeley are paired as the juvenile sweethearts whose love affair amiably complicates the musical passion of Miss Ellis and Mr. Carminati.

NOEL COWARD, famous playwright, actor and composer, makes a film début in "The Scoundrel" under the enviable auspices of Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur. The story is fascinating, original and dramatic. Mr. Coward is with Julie Haydon in the large photo. Miss Haydan, above, Martha Sleeper, right, and Rosita Moreno, next, display smart costumes warn in the film.

CYNIC'S FATE

Continued from page 39

As a matter of fact, Maureen is a rather unusual person. With the appearance of a standardized ingénue she has never accomplished anything particularly outstanding in pictures, and yet her popularity has steadily increased. Whereas several ingénues who entered pictures when she did have disappeared from the Hollywood scene, Maureen has managed to remain, giving consistently good performances with sometimes a glimpse of brilliance, as in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" and "David Copperfield." But it's only a glimpse. She returns to stereotyped leading lady parts that could as easily be played by any one of several girls on the lot.

It's as if she had the capacity to do something outstanding, if only she cared enough to exert herself.

Maureen in reality isn't just a sweet and girlish ingénue. Seldom have I met a girl of her years with as definitely a mind of her own. She could be, I firmly believe, one of the important dramatic actresses of the screen. But since meeting and talking with her, I doubt that she ever will be.

In the first place, she hasn't the consuming desire that spurs on girls like Joan Crawford, Norma Shearer, or Ginger Rogers. She'd rather be married to her Johnny—Farrow's the name, in case you don't know.

In the second place, she insists she's lazy and that her entrance into and progress in pictures can all be attributed solely to luck.

This she told me the second time we met. It was in Hollywood, when we had lunch together one day. It was then that she gave fate full credit for everything she's ever accomplished.

"I've just been lucky, that's all. I guess I'll continue in pictures as long as my luck holds out, and I'm going to collect while it does last," she declared.

"It's strange about luck, isn't it?" she considered reflectively. "I believe definitely that the reason some of us are successful in Hollywood and others aren't is because Fate smiles on some of us and not on others. And yet, I'm convinced, too, that we have something to do with our own luck. Take for example, how I got a start in pictures. I might easily have missed my chance.

"I was going out an awful lot in Dublin—every night to a show or a dance or party. Mother thought I was going out too much and should stay at home more. One night she put her foot down and definitely stated that I shouldn't go out that particular night. I suppose I've always been pretty headstrong, so I put my foot down and said that I *should* go, but that I'd stay home the next night if she really wished it. So I went.

"That was the night I attended the dance where Frank Borzage saw me and offered me a contract, and the next night, instead of staying home as I had agreed, we were all madly packing for my trek to Hollywood.

"I didn't deserve a chance in pictures—I had done nothing to merit a contract, had seldom even thought of acting, but luck brought it to me. And yet, by such a small margin, I might have missed it altogether. Strange, isn't it? I can't figure it out."

It's pretty obvious in talking to Maureen that life right now isn't exactly as she would have it. She declares emphatically that she thinks a woman is happier at home than engaged in professional work, and that she'd rather be married than starred in pictures. But because of their religion, she and Mr. Farrow can't yet be married because of some technicality in his former divorce. The luck that has been so kind professionally seems to have deserted her in her personal affairs.

"I like making pictures, and I like living in Hollywood, but I certainly wouldn't be happy if I thought I'd spend the rest of my life here," she declared. "No one can have roots in Hollywood. Everything is constantly changing here. The people you meet and like one day are perhaps gone tomorrow. I've lived in a trunk since I've been in California. I don't feel settled enough to buy a house. When Johnny and I marry—if it is ever possible—we want to buy a house, perhaps in the California hills, but preferably back in Devonshire.

"Of course, as long as I am in pictures Hollywood will be the only place to live, but Johnny, being a writer, can fortunately live anywhere. His work is not limited by geographical locations. In Devonshire we would be near my family. I have three young sisters, you know, and a brother. We can have roots and raise a family and feel settled. That's what I'd like, I think." She looked off wistfully in the distance.

Educators say that it is only the things we give our full attention to and work earnestly for in which we achieve satisfying success. Without doubt, that is the principal reason why Maureen O'Sullivan is still a leading lady instead of a star. But how can she concentrate entirely on screen romances in the transitory environment of Hollywood, when she'd rather be securely settled in her own home in Merrie England, living a real-life romance?

Henry Fonda, highly regarded stage actor and former husband of Margaret Sullavan, is with Janet Gaynor in "The Farmer Takes a Wife."

The Other Connie

Continued from page 58

of her talents is a gift for languages. She knows Spanish, can speak French, and has a smattering of Italian.

For a person whose appearance has attracted as much attention as hers, the natural expectation is that she's conceited. She isn't, although her manner appears to belie it. Many less favored women spend hours dressing before their mirrors, while Constance is very brief and expeditious about her toilette.

And she isn't a slave to the human sense of gratification which comes after one has posed for a good photograph. For she was never known to go voluntarily to have her picture taken until she had to do so for professional purposes.

The absence of vanity in this particular Bennett was amazingly displayed when she once relegated a beautiful portrait of herself to the basement because there wasn't room anywhere else. Most of us would have *made* room.

After her divorce from Philip Plant she was at loose ends.

"What shall I do now?" she mourned to a confidante.

She shook her head unhappily at the suggestion that she return to the films. "Oh," Connie sighed, "I'm too old."

She was then only about twenty-three.

Can you imagine the suave and aloof Constance Bennett sprawled on a bed laughing and talking with a woman friend, working cross-word puzzles until three o'clock in the morning? Yet, that is what she's done frequently. It's her companionship in moments like these and her marvelous sense of humor that close associates find so charming.

And her sense of the ridiculous cropped up even at her own wedding. As the car stopped before the minister's house in Greenwich, Connecticut, for her second runaway marriage to be performed, Connie, already nervous and excited, began to shriek with almost hysterical mirth. The other members of the party couldn't understand what was so funny.

"My God!" she cried, pointing to the approaching clergyman. "This is the man who married me before!"

Later in Paris, stunningly gowned from hat to slippers in a new blue outfit, she hurried out to keep a luncheon appointment. Unexpectedly, the monstrous sheep dog who was the household pet appeared before her. With an extreme display of affection, he lunged toward the frail Connie, knocked her down, trampled on her and licked her face before she could recover. Of course, she looked a wreck after that. Her battered hat lay in the dust, her dress was streaked with mud, and blood oozed from the holes in her torn stockings.

Constance was speechless with rage and grabbed off her shoe to hurl it at the animal. But his bewildered expression and her own predicament suddenly tickled her, so she sat down on the curb and shouted with laughter.

Even her poise, it seems, can be pricked with an appeal to her humor.

During a trip to New York she visited a night club. Gorgeously dressed and the center of attention, she was very much the bored movie star. Then, a member of her party made a wisecrack while passing her on the dance floor. The grand manner was forgot and Constance bent over in such a fit of giggling that she had to be led back to her table.

Like all slight people who depend upon their nervous energy, her appetite is enormous. An occurrence in a Paris restaurant is recalled with a smile. Connie devoured twelve tea sandwiches, one after another, and took several more to eat in her car.

After all that has been said about her, it does seem strange to suggest that Constance is sentimental. But what else could you call it when she names her adopted son and second cousin Peter, because that was her pet name for her ex-husband, Phil Plant? Then, there's the evidence of the small gold-linked slave bracelet which she always wears on her right arm. It was the first thing Plant ever gave her.

A more familiar trait is the Bennett determination. One of her earlier ambitions was to be able to sing. Every one made fun of her efforts—she even laughed at them, herself. Nevertheless, she would play her own accompaniment and practice for hours. And, if you remember, she finally did sing in "Moulin Rouge."

Those thrifty tendencies of hers aren't recent acquisitions. She began saving way back in the days when she first started in pictures. One morning she was rushing out of her apartment and ran headlong into an acquaintance. Curious in regard to her haste, he asked where she was going.

"I have thirty-five dollars," she explained, "and I'm going down to put it in trust."

She is just as one-track minded when in love. Then, she is only interested in being in the company of the man she cares for. The presence of almost every one else is, to her, an intrusion and a bore—and she doesn't hesitate to show it. It is a habit which has done a lot to stimulate her celebrity, but these details have already been plentifully discussed.

After Miss Bennett is finished with pictures, she plans to live in Paris—a place she adores. Once there, it's said, she becomes a different girl as soon as she steps off the ship.

Even her best friends admit she has all of her reputed temperament. Though, coupled with that admission is still the insistence, "She's sweet when you know her."

My Mother

Continued from page 13

this method stands out in my mind at this writing.

I was at the playhouse age, and my playhouse was a play theater. All the kids in our neighborhood were interested, either as participants or as spectators, and I was the leading lady. Thinking back, I do believe that I had elected myself to that important spot, but I would have fought hard had any one contested my right to it. But they didn't, and I was the leading lady.

Now, leading ladies must have wardrobes, particularly if the plays are costume plays. All of ours were —beautiful things (to us) without rhyme or reason, wherein the hero and the heroine were invariably knight and lady, and the villain a combination of *Uriah Heep* and that uncle you don't like. Mother encouraged us simply by permitting us to go ahead.

The costumes were important to me, very important, and one day while wondering what I was going to wear in our newest production, I happened to poke my head into mother's clothes closet. There I saw just the thing—a beautiful piece of material, covered with sequins. How those sequins would glisten behind the lantern footlights!

That the piece of material happened to have been made up into an evening dress some weeks before, and that mother had not yet worn it, seemed to have made no impression whatever on my mind. I took the dress out of the closet, cut it up into a costume, and wore it in the play.

As might be expected, that was decidedly not the end. A few days later, mother decided to wear the dress for the first time. When she went to get it, naturally it was gone. I heard her say:

"I wonder what on earth became of my new evening dress?"

I was sitting on the floor, reading. To lie about it never entered my mind, so I told her that I had taken it, and had cut it up into a costume. If, at that moment, she had punished me, the whole course of my life might have been changed. It leads to much speculation. But it so happened that she did not punish me. She merely looked at me for a moment, very thoughtfully, and asked:

"Did it make a nice costume, dear?"

I assured her that it, and I in it, had been very successful.

"Were you satisfied?" she asked.

I answered that I had been completely satisfied.

She never mentioned it again. And with that little story, I believe I have illustrated her lifelong attitude toward me and David. The important point to her is: Does what we do completely satisfy our own natures?

That attitude has bred in me a demand on myself that at times has led to torment, particularly in regard to my work. Does it satisfy me? The answer to that question, to date, is *no*.

After two years at high school, mother thought that for me to finish at a so-called finishing school would be of benefit. I agreed, and we chose a well-known school in Los Angeles noted for its ability to turn out "young ladies," whatever the term might mean. Mainly I wanted to go there because it offered a course in dramatics.

For one year I attended classes. Well, in so far as I was concerned, it was a "finishing" school, all right, and it almost finished me. The dull routines, the insistence on meaningless little formalities, the whole petty scheme of it—all these things were threatening to stifle every bit of individuality I had. I realized that I had come to a crucial period in my life. Would I go on and submit to the mold, or would I rebel against it? I rebelled. And when I told mother that I couldn't go on with it any longer, she said:

"If you feel like that about it, stop."

She realized the seriousness of the situation from my standpoint.

I stopped. A few months later I was dancing in the chorus of Sid Grauman's prologues at the Egyptian Theater in Hollywood. I had been studying dancing since I was a child, and securing this place was comparatively easy. And for two years I pranced and plodded through dull routines, and finally I sickened again. I quit to work as an extra in pictures.

The year that followed was at times heartbreaking. I thought I'd never get anywhere. When I'd come home crying from a day of seemingly futile extra work and bemoan my lot, mother would not sympathize with me, knowing that if she did, I'd chuck the whole thing. And she knew that I didn't want to chuck it. She would get my dinner, put me to bed, and let me sleep off my weariness and discouragement. Next morning I'd feel like going on, yesterday's despair forgotten.

At that time I thought her rather heartless because she refused to sympathize with me. But how glad I am now that she didn't! It would have instilled a self-pity in me that would have submerged me completely.

She has handled David the same way when he has been discouraged about his art work. Encouraging always, but never pitying. She has helped us to help ourselves.

Now about her trip abroad. About two years ago, with my aunt in town to look after David and me, she suddenly decided that she needed a rest —which she most certainly did. And, having decided, she moved with characteristic efficiency and speed.

Turning over all business affairs to a competent manager, she booked passage for Italy on a freighter for the simple reason that she had heard that there was less formality and better times to be had on such a vessel. That she was alone and past her youth meant nothing to her.

She didn't know a soul on the boat, and no one in Europe. But to hear her tell it, she knew half the people on the Continent by the time she was ready to come home. Possessed of amazing energy and a penchant for making friends, she didn't have a hard time making me believe it.

At times she has a tendency to "crab." You would think that the responsibility of the world's continuance rested on her shoulders, if you took her seriously. But David and I long since learned how to handle that. We just let her spiel on, knowing she'll be all right when she gets it out of her system. It's a dose of her own medicine, and she has to take it whether she likes it or not, just as we did when we complained. Besides, it isn't half as bad as she makes it sound. She can't fool us—we've known her too long.

She retains all her old friends, mostly in Culver City. As an outlet for her energies, she does a great deal of work in the Women's Club, and in a philanthropic organization, when she isn't puttering about her garden at home. Give her some old cotton gloves, a pair of pruning shears, and lead her to a flower garden and she's happy. And she does know how to coax even the most reluctant plant into bloom.

In closing, I could say that my mother is the sweetest, dearest, most beautiful, most devoted mother in the whole world. But I won't. She'd think I was kidding her if I did. Besides, that's a lot of slush. I believe she's like the average mother, and all that that implies. But she's mine, and she's given me everything I've needed all my life. I couldn't ask for more—even if she does become a problem at times.

But I suppose yours does, too.

Paramount lines up a sextet of beauty and talent for your inspection. Gertrude Michael comes first, then Wendy Barrie, Gail Patrick, Ann Sheridan, Katherine DeMille, and Grace Bradley.

Continued from page 41

instruction, taking three lessons a week. Also Anna can paint, and she has never taken instruction in her life. And what's more, she may do a little writing one of these days. She has gifts along that line. She is, above all, the perfection of naturalness and reality—rare qualities in the artificial world of Hollywood.

All Landis Present.—Elissa Landi has been having a great family reunion of late. Not only her mother, but her father, the Count Zanardi-Landi, has been with her, as well as her brother and sister-in-law. Elissa's father is a most interesting person, his business being the salvaging of ships from the depths of the sea. He has a great knowledge of international affairs.

The only cloud on the Landi horizon is delays in the maturing of another picture starring her since "Enter Madame." She is considering a possible return to the stage.

Visitors Lionized.—The Countess of Warwick, tall, patrician, and brunet, was a much-fêted guest of the colony during recent weeks. Bruce Cabot and Adrienne Ames, who met her in England, have been entertaining her as house guest, and Edmund Lowe also gave a party in her honor. Fedor Chaliapin, the celebrated basso, found various hosts about the town on his recent visit.

But all that was as nothing to the way Michael Balcon, head producer for Gaumont-British was lionized while he was in Hollywood looking for talent. Too, he captured quite a bit of talent for English pictures, including Richard Dix, Madge Evans, Helen Vinson, Peter Lorre, Noah Beery, Maureen O'Sullivan, C. Aubrey Smith, and Boris Karloff, all of whom will make at least one film abroad. Balcon also signed up Walter Huston, who was playing on the stage in "Dodsworth." Day and night he was pursued by agents who wanted him to engage various other actors, directors, and writers.

The Children's Crusade.—Whether little girl or little boy actors will now remain in the ascendancy seems to be a much-debated question in the films. Shirley Temple really pioneered a place for girls for the first time ever in pictures. And since then Virginia Weidler has been deemed a great find because of her work in "Laddie." Then there's Jane Withers, who is being starred with Jackie Searl in "Ginger." It's quite the most remarkable group of children of the feminine gender so far assembled.

On the other hand, predictions are being made that Freddie Bartholomew will outdistance any of these competitors. This is based on his work in Garbo's "Anna Karenina" following, as it does, "David Copperfield." Garbo herself is taking a great interest in the boy.

Canine Rampages.—Filmland dogs are getting to be very obstreperous. A couple of Anita Louise's pets recently tore up her diary, and one of Anna Sten's spitzes recently just about wrecked her bathroom, when she locked him up in it. He finally wound up by swallowing the top of a medicine bottle, and had to be taken to a veterinary for castor oil, et cetera.

Anita Louise had kept her diary for years, and was pretty put out about the destruction of the document, since she was planning to write a book based on it. She had an order from a publisher and everything.

Katharine Hepburn arrives in the East for a visit with her family in Connecticut. Then Katie goes back to RKO for "Alice Adams."

Bing Fashion Plate.—Bing Crosby has suddenly chosen to be a sartorial wonder. He used to knock around wearing any kind of old suit, zippered jerkin, sweat shirt—or anything that came handy. And any old hat was good enough. But Bing has suddenly decided that this sort of attire doesn't become a man who has three growing children, and he has bought himself a lot of brand-new togs. Furthermore he's after his brothers, Ev and Larry, to be very fashionable. And it's caused a terrific psychological upset in the Crosby family, even though his brothers didn't have half as far to go to the "well-dressed man" stage as Bing.

Boyer's Day of Triumph.—Naught but raves are heard everywhere, since "Private Worlds," about the performance of Charles Boyer. He is, by the way, just the second Frenchman to have won prominence in pictures, since they became talkified, Maurice Chevalier having been the first.

It begins to look as if there would be a lot of rivalry between Boyer and John Beal concerning who will play opposite Katharine Hepburn in forthcoming films.

Boyer is noted for keeping out of the public eye. He is very retiring. And he and Pat Paterson are apparently very happily married, despite the long separation which followed right on the heels of their wedding.

May's Anniversaries.—May Robson gets all the breaks on parties among the elderly actresses. The reason is that she is beginning to celebrate anniversaries at a great rate. About a year ago she was given a testimonial luncheon by MGM in honor of her fiftieth year in the theatrical profession, and just a few weeks ago a tea was given to honor her seventieth birthday. Incidentally, May's probably going to inherit one of the films announced for Marie Dressler, "Living in a Big Way." Which shows the trend of things.

Ill-fated Heroine.—Real regrets have been expressed since Mary Astor and Doctor Franklyn Thorpe broke up their marriage, especially since Mary lost the custody of her child to her ex-husband—anyway, that's what he will be when the final decree is granted. Ill luck seems to be dogging Mary lately, what with the court troubles she had with her parents and all. And then it wasn't so long ago that she lost her first husband, Kenneth Hawks, in the airplane tragedy. They were very happy together, too.

Anita's Annulment.—Anita Page's marriage, per Mexican ceremony, to Nacio Herb Brown was short-lived. She obtained an annulment after a few months of married life. The annulment was possible because Brown's California decree of

divorce from his former wife wasn't final.

Anita is round and about these days, and will probably go on another personal-appearance tour. She is living with her father and mother, but may later decide to maintain a separate establishment. Great are the changes in the life of the former "nine o'clock girl."

Buck Jones, idol of juvenile moviegoers, uses the studio gymnasium for the frequent work-outs that keep him in condition. His new picture is "Stone of Silver Creek."

We never have understood why this young lady can't make a screen return. She's as pretty as ever, if not more so.

Anita and Brown were not quite *simpatico.*

A New Dolores.—Dolores Costello Barrymore—remember her enchanting beauty in silent films?—is emerging from her shell ever since she moved out of John Barrymore's domicile in Beverly Hills. Her sister, Helene, is also back in Hollywood from Cuba, and has played in a picture or two. Dolores looks lovely and radiant. She has lost considerable poundage, and now wears a Grecian hairdress which is most becoming. You can look forward to seeing her early return to the screen.

Whether John Barrymore will make another film seems a matter of great debate. Also what will be done about that marriage? It looks like divorce.

Mae's "Marriage" Good Ad.—Mae West couldn't have got better publicity for her picture, "Goin' To Town," than all the matrimonial talk which was given space on many front pages of newspapers throughout the country. In the picture itself, much stress is laid on the theme of Mae's marriage. Could there be any relation between the "news stories" and the plot?

Eddie's Champagne Punch.—Eddie Lowe recently gave the first party at his house since the death of Lilyan Tashman, and the honored guest of the occasion was the Countess of Warwick. Eddie occasionally escorted her ladyship during her visit to Hollywood; but, of course, he is really attentive to that beauty of golden charm, Marian Marsh.

Eddie's party, as were his and Lilyan's during her lifetime, became famous for the champagne punch that Eddie brewed. The ingredients are white wine, two bottles; champagne, one quart; gin, sufficient to fortify reasonably; pineapple or lime juice, and crême de menthe. There are very few people who know how to concoct a champagne punch in Hollywood.

The Lovely Rosalind.—Rosalind Russell is about to become the style queen of Hollywood, and she has her own very personal ideas about clothes, as had Lilyan Tashman, and as has Hedda Hopper, who is known as a sartorial high priestess.

Much of Miss Russell's personal charm has seemed to reach the screen in her portrayals in "The President Vanishes," "Reckless," "West Point of the Air," and other films. She is a highly cultivated woman, who evades the egotism usually associated with youthful Hollywood winners. And there is scarcely a director who does not demand her for his pictures, if he has a chance.

Traveling Light.—All kinds of wisecracks are being made about the studios moving from California to the East. "What will we do with our equipment?" ask the studio heads. "Shall I take my household goods with me, or just what I can carry on the limited?" cry the stars. You see, it's had them all in quite a dither. The climax was reached when Johnny Weissmuller calmly announced he was shipping his *Tarzan* costumes east in a telegram.

John Lodge, Rhetorician.—John Davis Lodge takes the palm as one of the best reciters of poetry in the colony. And what's more, he isn't limited to the English language. He can do a little number or two by Paul Verlaine in French. And he knows lots of Shakespeare by heart.

John has a fine voice, as was demonstrated last summer by his work in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" at the Hollywood Bowl, and this year he'll probably do a big and impressive reading with the orchestra.

Nobody knows why Lodge hasn't been able to get more movie jobs since he appeared in "The Scarlet Empress."

A Not-so-ardent Fan.—Somebody asked Mrs. Pat Campbell at a party recently whether she went often to the pictures. "Oh, dear, no!" Mrs. Pat exclaimed; "I haven't seen a thing lately. In fact, the last picture I saw was 'Riptide.'" That's the one, of course, in which she appeared with Norma Shearer.

Myrna No Sentimentalist.—Myrna Loy doesn't care to play weepy, unsophisticated rôles. She made this known during "Masquerade." It was to be another of those William Powell-Myrna Loy pictures, but after about four days' work Myrna quit the cast and received executive approval on her decision.

Her retirement from the picture gave a chance to Luise Rainer, who was more or less discovered by Bob Ritchie, fiancé of Jeanette MacDonold, on his European trip of about a year ago.

Rosamond Will Yet Win.—Rosamond Pinchot is the latest personality to have done the little trick of being under contract to a studio without making a single picture.

Miss Pinchot, during her stay in Hollywood, appeared in the stage play, "Glorious Gallows," for the Pasadena Community Playhouse, but that was all. She was much fêted

Cecilia Parker, the ingénue who charms with her naturalness, is between pictures just now. That's why she's relaxing at the beach.

socially prior to her departure. She went East to play a stock engagement, and, regardless of the unsatisfactory outcome of her first visit, is going to try the studios again. Well, that sort of determination has previously won success for several women who have fought for recognition.

Miss Pinchot is considered tall for the screen.

Virginia Bruce Has Lived

Continued from page 31

Gilbert was not in love with Garbo again, nor was she in love with him. Whatever gossips might say, whatever the sob sisters might spread over the daily papers, Jack and Virginia were really in love with each other. No *person* came between them.

G. P. Huntley, Jr., and Frances Dee were so captivated by the charm of the waltz quadrille they danced in "Becky Sharp" that they're trying out a modernized version of it.

No. The problem reached far deeper than what appeared on the surface. If Gilbert succeeded—and he gambled heavily on this turn of the wheel—it meant continued happiness for him and his wife.

Unfortunately, this film was not a good concoction in the first place. It was a gloomy, historical picture of a mannish queen, and though that element was toned down, Garbo did have to wear male attire. After a few scenes of romance, spoiled by direction that had Garbo wandering about fondling everything in the room where they had found love, the rest was involved intrigue in an ancient Swedish castle, something to do with wars and ambassadors and greedy noblemen. To cap it all, the public saw no reason why Gilbert had to die and give the film a tragic ending. It may have been art, but it wasn't good box-office.

The history of what happened in that picture is important to our story because it is the turning point. If it had been a success, Gilbert would have found happiness in his career, happiness in his home. Its failure was like a row of cards tumbling down, swiftly, one after the other, until it reached Virginia and baby Susan.

It brought their marriage to an end. A girl made of less sterner stuff would have given up long before she did. And the long train of events set into motion by "Queen Christina" ended in their divorce.

But the story, already filled with dramatic events and surprise twists, now enters upon an even more exciting chapter.

Virginia had learned a great deal about life during the two years of her marriage. She had rubbed elbows with artists, thinkers, society people, producers. She had, as a wife, the duties of hostess in the home of a big star, and those duties called for tact and cleverness.

The things a girl has to learn in Hollywood could easily fill another book, what with the complicated social problems and the diplomas in diplomacy which a wife must earn by her own wit. Mothering a small baby adds its share to the complications of life.

Virginia, now divorced, was not one to sit idle and let time go by. She needed work, and she intended to resume her career. True, she had done very little in pictures, and it was a long, hard fight that she faced in carving out a career. What she won, she would have to win alone, without the help or guidance of Jack Gilbert.

She took a small home at Toluca Lake, a few blocks from the Richard Arlens, the Crosbys, and Dick Powell. Her mother could see that Susan Ann was cared for while Virginia went to the studios.

Her first big chance came in "The Mighty Barnum," starring Wallace Beery. She appeared in this production as *Jenny Lind*, the Swedish nightingale. And she was breathlessly lovely. Everybody in the theater buzzed with interest when she came on the screen. I remember hearing people about me asking, "Who is she? What's her name?"

It recalled a similar flurry when an unknown girl appeared in "A Bill of Divorcement," and the public demanded to see more of the actress named Katharine Hepburn.

History repeats itself so often in Hollywood that it positively stutters.

The public also wanted to see more of Virginia Bruce.

Metro-Goldwyn gave her a part in "Society Doctor," with Chester Morris. After the executives looked over the rushes they decided to take the plunge, and feature Virginia immediately. They had an exciting detective story, "Shadow of Doubt," in the works. It would be just the ticket for Miss Bruce. They signed Ricardo Cortez as her leading man.

Those who believe in destiny regarded this situation with interest, for years ago Ricardo Cortez was given an unknown named Garbo as his leading lady, and thus began a far-reaching train of events.

Quite evidently a similar situation arose when this picture was finished, because even before critics could preview it, Metro-Goldwyn announced Virginia Bruce's next picture, "Times Square Lady." Then she was borrowed by Reliance for "Let 'Em Have It" and is now with William Powell and Myrna Loy in "Masquerade."

Spanky McFarland, cute little husky of "Our Gang," is ready for all comers. He says he can lick any man of his weight.

The mills of the gods are in motion. By the time this reaches print, Virginia Bruce may have been announced as a star, so rapid has been her rise. And the climax of her amazing story will have been written.

Hail the Woman!

Continued from page 15

He knew that she feared snakes above all living creatures. But he had seen her conquer her fear of the crawling things in Hawaii.

Claudette hesitated. "Well, no. But you can do something about it, some sort of faking, so that I shan't have to handle one, can't you?"

"When the time comes, we shall do something about it," DeMille promised her.

What he did was this. A week before the scene with the snake was to be shot he arrived upon the set with a huge king snake wound about his arm and his neck. He approached Claudette who recoiled and screamed, "Do I have to touch that? Oh, tell me I shan't have to touch that ugly, dreadful thing!"

"It's quite tame," DeMille told her, fondling the snake. "It can't possibly harm you."

Claudette retreated, shuddering. Suddenly the director put his hand in his pocket and brought out a tiny, threadlike reptile, saying, "Why not begin on this one?"

She was so relieved at the difference in size that she consented to touch, later to caress in a gingerly fashion, the tiny one. The snakes were daily visitors to the set for the next week and by the time they were ready to shoot the scene, with the little one, Claudette was on friendly terms not only with him but also with his big cousin, the king snake.

Does that Cecil DeMille know his feminine psychology?

She is a strange collection of little contrasts, this Claudette, who has zoomed suddenly to a position of enormous importance in the picture industry.

For instance, she employs an Italian chef. She never eats anything more hearty than chicken or lamb at her own table. She likes to dine, daintily dressed, at eight, making a little ceremony of the meal. Yet, clad in sweater and slacks, she likes to eat hamburgers and do the concessions at a beach pier, on occasion.

She will dress with painstaking, meticulous care to attend a preview of one of her pictures, and then run like anything to avoid being seen by any member of the audience at the close.

She will fret, "My hair is terrible!" and fuss with it for goodness knows how long with water and fingers and combs and then slam a tiny hat over the architectural magnificence she has achieved, scoot off for an informal gathering of friends and the most impassioned urging will not persuade her to remove the hat.

She loves bracelets and one can scarcely please her with any gift as much as with a nicely designed dingus for her wrist. Yet, she rarely wears them. She is interested in hats, shoes, gloves, bags, exquisitely equipped week-end cases, blended perfumes and similar niceties. She delights especially in dainty bedroom slippers and owns dozens of them. She takes a serious and intelligent interest in the designs for her costumes in pictures. But the selection of frocks to wear off the screen bores her. Her taste in clothes for everyday wear runs to the distinctly informal.

She has one gift which is rare in any circle these days and which is particularly rare in Hollywood. She is an intelligent and enthusiastic listener. Whenever a studio magnate is burdened with the wearisome task of escorting a visiting celebrity about the lots, he darts, like a homing pigeon, to whatever set is embellished by the Colbert presence.

Be the visitor a politician, a famous scientist, a sportsman, the head of an oil company, or an ambassador, in two minutes Claudette has found out all about him, has asked intelligent questions, has flattered him by displaying energetic interest in his pet concerns, his favorite theories and in the individual, himself, as a person. She has made him feel that he is important and charming.

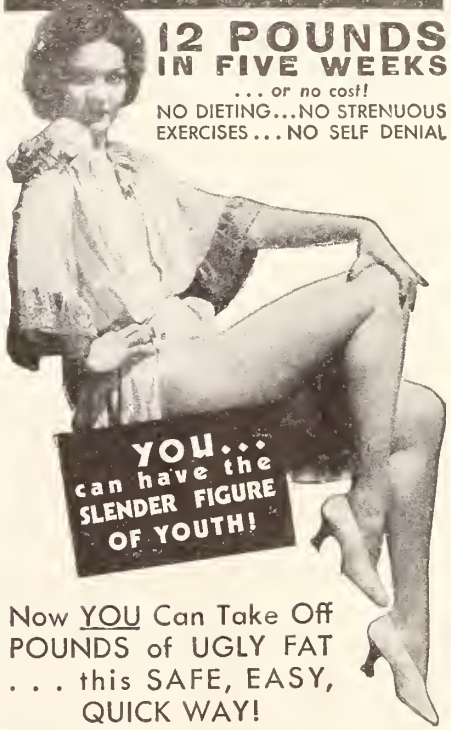
Well, there she is, this charming and rather puzzling young woman who has caused such a stir in picture circles in the past year. The pampered, luxurious young woman who can take more physical discomfort than most men in pictures.

CLAUDETTE.

I adore the flaming Crawford,
The exquisiteness of Harlow,
The genius of a Hepburn,
The art of the great Garbo.
But in all the market of beauty
The screen has offered yet,
The most charming and beautiful
Is the lovely, vivacious Claudette.

RUTH WHITMAN BOWERS.

GUARANTEED WEIGHT REDUCTION



12 POUNDS IN FIVE WEEKS
... or no cost!
NO DIETING...NO STRENUOUS EXERCISES... NO SELF DENIAL

Now YOU Can Take Off POUNDS of UGLY FAT . . . this SAFE, EASY, QUICK WAY!

SOUNDS too good to be true? Yet it is true. Dilex-Redusols increase your metabolism; that is, they turn food into energy instead of fat. You will be amazed at your increased vitality.

YOU MAY EAT WHAT YOU WISH AND AS MUCH AS YOU WANT

■ There is no need to change your present mode of living, yet objectionable surplus fat—especially around hips and waist—will quickly disappear.

THE DILEX-REDUSOL WAY IS THE SAFE WAY!

■ Beware of products claiming more rapid reduction—physicians agree that 15 pounds a month is the limit of safety. And, do not accept any substitute for SAFE Dilex-Redusols—the harmless capsules which reduce fat by increasing metabolism. Dilex-Redusols contain no thyroid extract or other harmful ingredient. They are absolutely safe when taken as directed.

READ HOW A SECRETARY OF STATE REDUCED 18 POUNDS IN 5 WEEKS!

THE DILEX INSTITUTE
9 East 40th Street, New York City
Dear Sirs:
I am very glad to tell you that Dilex-Redusols have reduced my weight 18 pounds in the past 5 weeks. Before taking Dilex-Redusols I weighed 205 pounds. I now have a fine appetite, eat 3 good meals a day, feel energetic and ambitious, and yet have reduced my weight to 187 pounds. This has been done without diet or tiring exercises . . . simply by taking Dilex-Redusols.
You may use this letter in any manner you wish.
Very truly yours,
(Signed) JOHN J. LYONS

THIS TESTIMONIAL FROM THE HONORABLE JOHN J. LYONS

—former Secretary of New York State, reflects the average experience of hundreds of users who daily send us unsolicited testimonials. Many letters on file show reductions of from 30 to 40 pounds! Why not rid yourself of burdensome FAT—Remember, you REDUCE 12 pounds in 5 weeks or it costs you nothing!

DON'T WAIT...MAIL COUPON NOW

DILEX INSTITUTE, INC.
9 East 40th St., Dept. 237, New York City.

☐ Enclosed find $3.00, please forward, postpaid, one box of 90 Dilex-Redusol Capsules in plain wrapper.
☐ Send Dilex-Redusol Capsules, C. O. D. I will pay postman $3 00 (plus 23 cents postage.)

If I do not lose at least 12 pounds after taking the first box of Dilex-Redusols as directed, you will refund my $3.

Mr.
Mrs.....
Miss

Address.....

City.....State.....
Orders from Canada & Foreign Countries Cash in Advance.

PLANNED

MEALS

PLEASE!

•

Your table can be the envy of your guests!

•

THE MARVEL COOK BOOK

TELLS YOU HOW

Order By Mail

PRICE 60 CENTS

Postage Paid

•

CHELSEA HOUSE

79 SEVENTH AVENUE,
NEW YORK, N. Y.

Close Harmony

Continued from page 33

to another director. Recently, however, Paramount decided to place Dietrich in other hands, thus breaking up a famous combination.

In a less conspicuous but none the less definite manner does Sylvia Sidney work best when her pictures are directed by Marion Gering, while Ann Harding has done some of her best work when directed by E. H. Griffith. And likewise does Mae West seek the advice of Boris Petroff, stage director, who acts unofficially as her dramatic coach, and who hopes some day to direct her.

Much more rare is the actor-producer relationship. Usually they meet only under business compulsion, and there's usually a bit of guarded enmity—art versus box-office battle.

Not so in the case of Gene Raymond and Jesse L. Lasky, who are the closest of friends as well as, by unspoken agreement, business associates. It was Lasky who first brought Gene to Hollywood after seeing him in "Young Sinners" in New York. It was when Lasky left Paramount, where Gene was under contract, that the actor felt his picture career was slowly being smothered by a series of unsympathetic rôles, and it was when Lasky cast him in his own "Zoo in Budapest," that Gene won his real screen success. It is now understood between them that whenever a suitable rôle occurs in a Lasky picture, Gene will play it.

Hollywood's most frequent association is, of course, the costarring one. It's always a bit delicate, frequently shadowed by professional jealousy, and rarely lasts long. For a long time the salient exception to this was the Janet Gaynor-Charles Farrell team, but this partnership eventually was dissolved by differences of opinion. Ruby Keeler and Dick Powell are simply exuberant about working with each other. Their joint appearance in "42nd Street" meant fame for them both, and since then their ingenuousness and naïve charm have made them an ideal team, and formed a friendship they carry off the lot with them, for with Al Jolson they make one of Hollywood's most frequently seen trios. And Mary Boland and Charlie Ruggles are devoted to their rôle as the typical American couple.

Grace Bradley scampers up the racks, the better to see the plane that is taking her sweetheart from Catalina Island to the mainland. And while she's perched on a peak, you can get a better look at her swimming togs.

Outdoor Girl, Outdoor Mind

Continued from page 37

shoes, when the old ones resisted all efforts to make them look respectable.

Even an economical young lady has to eat occasionally in three years, so Elizabeth was delighted with commercial photographers who found her piquant face a good photographic subject.

That was the time when you could have seen her almost on any billboard coaxing English by-passers to purchase certain brands of alarm clocks and baby foods and drinkables.

There came a time, of course—in the last few months, as a matter of fact—when her face on a poster could mean important money to her, but at that time posing served to keep the wolf at least two and a half inches from her door.

Eventually, small rôles did come her way. For a year she toured England with a Shakespearean repertoire company. In 1930, she made her first London appearance in "Michael and Mary," in which Herbert Marshall and Edna Best were starred. Through them she met William J. O'Bryen, an actors' agent, whom she later married and from whom she is now separated.

Mr. O'Bryen, from the first meeting, was intrigued by Elizabeth, and he put forth his best efforts in her behalf. He found a bit part for her in "Alibi," one of the first acceptable English-made pictures. She clicked in the tiny rôle, and from then on divided her time between the stage and the screen.

A Hollywood eagle eye espied her in "Reserved for Ladies," in which she supported Leslie Howard, and before she could say "Skegness, Lincolnshire, England," she was aboard a ship bound for California, for which her heart had yearned through many months.

Hollywood then, as it is to-day, was a heavenly dream come true. Confidentially, Elizabeth will tell you that if Metro-Goldwyn, her present employers, paid her much, much less than they do, she would still be glad to play in pictures for them. That is, if they gave her a lot of work and kept her busy learning lines days on end.

For she is one who rejects leisure and finds tennis and golf and horseback riding and swimming—her main diversions—a poor substitute for being continually under the hot glare of stage lights.

Elizabeth has an idea that Hollywood has been of tremendous benefit to her. She will tell you that it has given her a new independence and a new self-reliance which marriage to a rather masterful man curbed. There was a time in recent years when Elizabeth was no good at all at keeping track of her luggage or her tickets during her travels. Now, she is getting to the point where she can tell you from minute to minute where her smallest possession is.

Without a question, the past year has wrought some changes in Miss Allan. Twelve months ago, she was frantic with delight when newspaper paragraphers chronicled her comings and goings, and when little boys lined up to beg for autographs. She has a more adult—or perhaps it might be a more sophisticated attitude—toward such to-do's, attendant on fame. She no longer asks naïvely "Do you think I'll ever get into the papers?" but takes publicity more as a matter of course. Which is as it should be.

She is very cautious about becoming temperamental, even though other actresses indulge that tendency.

"If I find myself going temperamental," she will tell you, "I go off in the corner and chide myself, because I remember those tough years and how lucky I am to be where I am. Sometimes I feel sorry for the people who got to the top with no struggle at all. Personally, I wouldn't have missed being hungry and cold and discouraged for all the money in the world. There's nothing like the memory of a hungry stomach to give you perspective and understanding. I'd never have dared to do some of the rôles I have done in the past two years if I hadn't had a background of troubles and humiliations."

Elizabeth Allan is a girl with an outdoor look, an outdoor mind, who after a year of going through the Hollywood mill, continues to wear gold hooped earrings in pierced lobes, who prefers little sport frocks to dazzling dinner clothes, and a set of tennis to the gaudiest parties.

I have an idea that behind the candor of her eyes there is an astute mind which weighs and balances every item in her existence, with uncompromising honesty.

THE APPLIED RESEARCH SOCIETY

. . . is using this space to correct a popular error about **ASTROLOGY**

Astrology is no more related to "Fortune Telling" than is a Doctor's advice to **eat certain foods and avoid certain infections.**

—Or the caution of a Beach Guard that you should **keep inside the ropes** at high water. Both **tell** and **caution,** but do not COMPEL.

Just so Astrology **tells,** but does not **compel;** it cautions, restrains or indicates action **on certain Dates** and about certain things.

These favorable and unfavorable **Dates** are not matters of chance, but determined by mathematical progression of Star positions from the exact time of your own Birth.

That the advice is good and the Dates are accurate can easily be accepted, because of Astrology's **absolute accuracy** upon intimate personal matters, **known only to you.**

© 1935 A. R. S.

Applied Research Society forecasts guide the lives and guard the acts of countless Men and Women in Business, Banking, Education and the Theatrical and Medical Professions.

Read letter from Doctor S. H. J.:

"I was certainly amazed at the accuracy and deep knowledge you have displayed in casting this Horoscope.

I have had work of this kind done many times, in India, Germany and the United States, and I con truthfully say that the work done by you hos been the most accurate.

I am sending you the enclosed remittance to cast a Horoscope for a young lady who was born on the 17th. 10 A. M."

These Forecasts are very detailed (about 20,000 words) and cover full 12 months from date it is sent to you.

Being based upon your Birth Date, we must be informed *where, what year, month* and *date* you were born.

YOUR Forecast will be sent, sealed, for one dollar (bill or check) which will be refunded if you are not fully satisfied and return the Manuscript.

Or, if you simply enclose a 3c stamp for postage on reply, the Society will advise of certain Dates important to you.

APPLIED RESEARCH SOCIETY

78 Prospect Street • Marblehead, Mass.

Photos by Bert Longworth

"OIL FOR THE LAMPS OF CHINA"

THIS charming, atmospheric scene indicates what may be expected when the picturization of the popular novel reaches the screen. The story, in case you have not read the book, dramatizes the distribution of petroleum in the Orient and deals with highly interesting Americans in China as it exists to-day. The lower group brings together John Eldredge, Jean Muir, Pat O'Brien, and Josephine Hutchinson, while in the upper picture Mr. O'Brien and Miss Hutchinson are seen again.

The Sweetest Story Ever Told

Continued from page 45

Old-fashioned? Certainly. But just the practical manifestation of the idealism with which a Hollywood chorus girl and chorus boy set forth upon the great adventure of marriage.

The girl is Eleanor Bayley, who for more than two years has been dancing in Warner musicals and was only recently selected with several other pretty and talented girls from the chorus and given a contract by the studio under which she will have an opportunity to play bits and demonstrate her ability as an actress.

The boy is Eddie Foy, who has also been in Warner chorus lines for the past two years, and he also has recently taken the first steps toward professional advancement, having been given an opportunity by Busby Berkeley to serve as an assistant dance director. It is his ambition, however, to be an actor of virile, dramatic rôles, and it is safe to say that he will continue his dancing activities only as long as they mean the difference between having a job and not having one.

He is a serious young fellow of an extremely practical turn of mind who came here with his parents from Fort Worth, Texas, several years ago to make a career for himself in pictures. He is not related to the well-known Foy family of stage fame, for his right name is William H. Sprinkle, but in choosing a professional name he had no thought of subsequent confusion, for he merely took the name of his maternal grandfather, unaware at the time of the existence of the other theatrical Foys.

Like virtually every other Hollywood chorine, Eleanor is a small-town girl who migrated to the Coast with her family. Specifically, it is Atchison, Kansas, that boasts of her, and "boasts" is used advisedly, for every step of her professional advancement is recorded faithfully in the well-known Atchison *Globe*. Her recent wedding was not only the subject of an extended story in the home-town paper but, before the event, the Kansas City *Journal-Post*, under the heading, "Home Town Girl's Nearing Wedding in Hollywood Is Thrill to Atchison," printed a signed story from its Atchison correspondent which, with pictures, took up two full columns.

Both her parents, it was pointed out in that story, are members of leading families of Atchison, and mention is made that the first announcement of her engagement appeared in the society column of the *Globe*, "reported by Miss Nellie Webb, beloved society editor of that paper, who had written the account of the wedding of Eleanor's parents, the child's birth and the various stages of her progress in amateur theatricals in Atchison."

So you can be certain that whenever a full-length photograph of Eleanor in unconventional scantiness of costume appeared in the newspaper advertisements of the musical pictures in which she had danced—and her picture has been thus used often—the good residents of Atchison did not exclaim, as you and you and you may have done, "that blond Hollywood hussy!" No, they asked each other "Isn't that a cute picture of that sweet little Bayley girl?" Which is just another indication of how a knowledge of actualities may prevent the harboring of erroneous impressions.

With all the sophistication she may have acquired around movie lots, Eleanor is still, in the essentials of her character, the same girl she would have been if she had remained in Atchison. And so is Eddie Foy the same youth essentially that he would have been if he had remained in Fort Worth.

They fell in love two years ago—"at first sight," they will tell you. Eddie was impatient to be married at once, but Eleanor insisted upon waiting until she could have everything dear to a bride's heart. "Anyway, mother thinks I'm too young to get married before we know each other thoroughly," she said at that time. Eddie never lost his impatience, but he acceded to his loved one's desires and entered wholeheartedly into the planning and saving for their little love nest.

It may have been their old-fashioned temperaments, but they soon found that there was much more pleasure in buying an attractive piece of furniture for their intended home than going to parties or dancing at a night club.

"We went to lots of picture shows," Eleanor will tell you, "but going to dances costs so much money. We dance all day, anyway, and we thought it more fun to pay for our furniture.

"I didn't have many clothes at first, because all the money I was earning, as well as Eddie's, went into the house. I didn't want to be one of those brides who can't have any new clothes for the first few years of her married life because all the money has to go to pay for the furniture."

TEST...*the* PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE
. . . at our expense!

WE want YOU to test the Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere *at our expense!* Test them for yourself for ten days absolutely FREE! We are so sure that you can be your slimmer self without diets, drugs or exercises, that we make this unconditional offer . . .

REDUCE Your Waist and Hips 3 INCHES in 10 DAYS

. . . or no cost

Massage-Like Action Reduces Quickly

■ Worn next to the body with perfect safety, the tiny perforations permit the skin to breathe as the gentle massage-like action removes flabby, disfiguring fat with every movement . . . stimulating the body once more into energetic health!

Don't Wait Any Longer — Act Today

■ You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely in 10 days whether or not this very efficient girdle and brassiere will reduce your waist and hips THREE INCHES! You do not need to risk one penny . . . try them for 10 days . . . at no cost!

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.
Dept. 664, 41 EAST 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ *State* _____

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Post Card

Well, now she can buy those clothes, for their little home, high in the hills back of Hollywood, was completely furnished by the time they were married. And the pleasure they had in furnishing it is amply reflected in the tastefulness and attractiveness of each room. Judging by appearances, you would say it was the home of much wealthier persons than a chorus girl and chorus boy who furnished it with their savings of only two years.

When they became engaged these youngsters started looking at houses, and it was fully a year ago that they found just the one they wanted. They took it at once, moved in such furnishings as they had accumulated, and while Eleanor remained at home with her parents, Eddie took possession and lived there in solitary bachelor grandeur. But he occupied all his spare time in redecorating the rooms, painting furniture, gardening, building a fish pond and otherwise making it as attractive a site as possible for a honeymoon cottage. Whenever Eleanor had any freedom from her work she dashed over to the house and helped Eddie at these tasks. Small wonder it was complete in every detail by the wedding date.

Following the wedding, Eleanor's hope chest—of course she had one—and the wedding presents were moved in. A few weeks before the wedding, the contents of the hope chest had been generously augmented at a shower which all the Warner chorines united in giving for her at the home of Lois Lindsey, who had been chosen as one of her bridesmaids.

The shower was such a complete surprise to Eleanor that when she was lured over to the house where it was to be held she was wearing a pair of old slacks and a sweater. Of course she wept when she realized what was what and then all the other girls wept over the little girl who was going to get married—believe it or not, you too-wise cynics who think that chorus girls are essentially different from any other girls.

Tears flowed copiously again on the night of the wedding, but don't people always cry at weddings? It was a pretentious affair, but Eleanor's parents thought they should stretch their purses to the limit to provide a grand, old-fashioned wedding for a daughter who had proved herself a grand, old-fashioned girl.

Has the circulating library rolled up to your door yet? This one has six hundred books to lend and is patronized by many players in Hollywood. Here's Iris Adrian making her selection.

The fact that the wedding day fell on the thirteenth of the month did not dampen the spirits of the couple, and their marriage took place in the beautiful Wee Kirk o' the Heather, in near-by Glendale, with Reverend Arthur H. Wurtele, rector of St. Thomas's Episcopal Church of Hollywood, officiating. Everything was done in accordance with the time-honored conventions except that Eleanor had no maid of honor, being loath to favor any one girl in her quartet of dearest friends. The only Hollywood touch was when many people, upon receiving their invitations to the wedding, had called Eleanor up to ask if they might bring a friend.

The guests were agreed that they had never seen a more beautiful bridal party than that composed of Eleanor and her four bridesmaids. Eleanor is one of the prettiest blondes in Hollywood. Three of the bridesmaids are certainly contestants for that honor, and the fourth ranks exceedingly high among the brunette beauties. The blondes, all of them chorus girls, were Lois Lindsey, Victoria Vinton, and Virginia Grey, while the dark-haired miss was Pluma Noisom, a former Warner chorus beauty who is now Claudette Colbert's stand-in.

Eddie's four ushers—none of them hard on the eyes, either—were George Ford, Lee and Roy Moore, twins, and Bob Spencer, all of them film dancers who, like him, aspire to be star actors some day. His best man, however, was Woody Spears, a nonprofessional, a friend of his school days.

And now that she's married, what are Eleanor's plans? Well, for the present she thinks she should continue to work for a little while, until she and Eddie accumulate a sizable nest egg. But only until then, she says, and adds: "My career from now on is being a good wife and raising a fine family."

GEOGRAPHICALLY SPEAKING.

Frances * is a river flowing
Toward the heaving Irish Sea,
While *Rochelle's* * another, showing
Gotham gleams of majesty.

Alabama has a city
That was named for *Doug* * and *Bob*,*
While for *Mary* * and for *Kitty*,*
Pennsylvania does the job.

Nestled near a Jersey highland
Is a town that's *Pat's* * alone,
But *Patricia* * shares an island
That's another *Mary's* * own.

Here's a chance for sheer perfection:
Not a village, state, or bay;
Nothing but one lone direction
On the compass—first name, *Mac*.*

BROCK MILTON.

* Dee, Hudson, Montgomery, Carlisle, Paterson, Ellis, West.

What the Fans Think

Continued from page 10

pronunciation as all English stars must do. It is an insult to our ears to listen to some of them.

What a contrast to hearing the refreshing and appealing voices of Katharine Hepburn, Elissa Landi, Helen Hayes, Margaret Sullavan, Ann Harding, and Norma Shearer. Their voices are an integral part of themselves and blend beautifully with their charming personalities. Their speech is fitting and constructive and uttered in the well-bred diction of ladies of culture.

JEAN LILLIAN.
568—21st Street,
West New York, New Jersey.

Is Lederer Underrated?

WHY doesn't some one give Francis Lederer a break—give him what he deserves? I am speaking of his latest picture, "Romance in Manhattan." Look at the billing they give him. He is costarred with Ginger Rogers. Well, then, why not acknowledge it as such?

I do not say that Ginger is not a good actress. She is; but so is Lederer a good actor. He is a great artist, too. Just looking at his work can tell you that. Who else could give "Romance in Manhattan" the life and color that it has? Making poverty, hunger, and strikes appear romantically appealing. It is easy to be a hit in a picture where costumes and beautiful scenery will help you, but in the drabness of poverty, it is different. It was Lederer's gay and pleasant personality that really saved the picture.

Then, too, he is not a beginner. He has made success after success in Europe. He is the byword of Europe. Giving such a man scarce billing like that is not fair. In "Pursuit of Happiness" his work was better acknowledged, but he deserves more than that.

All you Lederer fans, let's hear from you! Do you want him to fail, to get the bad breaks he is getting now? He will if we do not stick together and show them what wrong they are doing. Only by our sincere support can the studios be made to appreciate him.

MARIA LUKASGEWSKA.
1164 Noe Street,
San Francisco, California.

May Robson is an inveterate knitter and has been for years. Here's her invention, a satchel sewing-stand which she carries around or opens and sets up to fit her need of the moment.

Who's to Blame?

READING letters of criticism in your magazine makes me tell you something that I have had on my mind for a long time.

There is some one in Hollywood I know—a young lady named Lilian Harvey. Not a very familiar name, to you, of course, but to me and the public of France, England and Germany, Lilian is one of our greatest stars.

I remember reading in a German paper of Miss Harvey's connections with Hollywood. She had been offered a salary no actress in Germany could ever hope to get and turned it down, saying she'd rather be the Queen of the Movies in Germany, than one of the queens in Hollywood. Why she changed her opinion and went to Hollywood, anyhow, is not for me to ask.

Fact is that she has been there now for some time and can't get a break. The pictures she has appeared in so far gave her absolutely no chance to unfold her talent. Whose fault is that? Why doesn't she get a decent picture to introduce herself to the American public as the actress she really is? She proved to be one of the best long ago in Europe. Yet, Hollywood turns her down, overlooks her. Why?

Wouldn't Otto Kruger and Harvey make a good team? Instead she has some young fellow as a leading man who does not know what it is all about. What is the matter with those directors, can't they see straight?

If I were Miss Harvey, I would go back home. She has the choice of three countries to go to. Why should she waste her lovely self in a place where nobody cares about her? Wake up, Lilian, and don't forget your pride.

"EINE FREUNDIN."
Peoria, Illinois.

Not Logical.

IS it necessary to be illogical as well as unintelligent? "Commentator" takes exception to the flutters and caperings of Shirley Temple and our modern grandmothers, and in the same breath requires cuteness of Ann Harding. Apparently, this super-critic does not appreciate refinement or sensitiveness, and it is indeed fortunate that the type of mind that cannot appreciate the delicacy of the intimate scenes in "Queen Christina" is so obviously in the minority.

The purity campaign also seems to be the excuse for a lot of nauseating nonsense from people whose minds seek unpleasantness. "Two Worried Mothers" would be better employed if they suppressed their virtuous shudders over Cagney and Gable, and exercised some authority over their children's evenings out, if they seriously believe that the movies will affect their

EXPENSIVE HOSE WEAR weeks LONGER

New Type Soap Prevents Runs .. Makes Stockings Clearer .. More Sheer .. Easy as Rinsing

Absolutely new! A sensational liquid soap that actually *washes* your expensive hose into weeks of added wear. Think of the savings! No runs—a softer, finer, more "elastic" feel—a costlier, more transparent texture. Gives even ordinary stockings expensive look. "Rinses" stockings clean in one minute. Tests prove that Sealrun more than doubles the life of average stockings.

SEND FOR GENEROUS TEST BOTTLE

Photo of silk thread .. before and after sealing with SEALRUN. Strands sealed into one firm thread.

Prove to yourself the amazing, LIFE-DOUBLING qualities of Sealrun! SEND 15c FOR GENEROUS TEST BOTTLE—ENOUGH TO WASH AND SEAL 8 PAIR HOSE! Wash ONE of a pair with Sealrun, one with ordinary soap. If the one washed with Sealrun is not still good when the other is beyond repair, your money will be refunded. Take advantage of this amazing offer NOW! Start saving at once. Send 15c (stamps or coin) for test bottle—or 30c for 16-pair bottle! Agents wanted.

Sealrun SOAP

SEALRUN COMPANY, 1102 Morris Ave., Steubenville, Ohio, or 1031 South Broadway, Room 430, Los Angeles, Calif.
I enclose ☐ 15c for test bottle ☐ 30c for regular size.
NAME_____
ADDRESS_____

ENLARGEMENT 10c
BEAUTIFUL PROFESSIONAL ENLARGEMENT 10c; THREE FOR 25c, POSTPAID (NOT MORE THAN TWELVE TO A CUSTOMER). SEND YOUR BEST NEGATIVES (FILMS) WITH THIS AD AND REMITTANCE (CASH). NEGATIVES RETURNED.
UNIQUE-ART-SERVICE, 550 W. 144 ST., NEW YORK.

The thrills and romance of a cameraman can be YOURS!
Fascinating opportunities to make big money as a COMMERCIAL, NEWS, PORTRAIT or MOTION PICTURE PHOTOGRAPHER. Easy to learn. Personal attendance and Home Study courses. *25th year.* Send for free booklet.
New York Institute of Photography
10 West 33 St., (Dept. 3) New York City

GRAY FADED HAIR
Women, girls, men with gray, faded, streaked hair. Shampoo and color your hair at the same time with new French discovery "SHAMPO-KOLOR," takes few minutes, leaves hair soft, glossy, natural. Permits permanent wave and curl. Free Booklet, Monsieur L. P. Valligny, Dept. 37, 254 W. 31 St., New York

WHY BE FLAT-CHESTED?

Try my new VENUS CREAM Method to increase bust measure 1 to 4 ins. Wonderful for ugly, sagging lines, scrawny neck and arms, undeveloped forms, wrinkles and crowsfeet. To convince you I will send generous 10-day treatment for 25c. Money back if you are not amazed with results!
ONLY 25¢
ROSE MILLER, Box 1271-P, Birmingham, Ala.

WONDER PEEL PASTE $5

For Superficial Blemishes
One day Home Treatment
(*means one application*)
WHY WORRY about
Wrinkles, Pimples, Puffs, Blackheads, Acne, Pits, Freckles, Flabby Neck.
ADELE MILLAR PRENTISS
Dept. 7, 1800 N. Western, Hollywood, Cal.

REMOVES HAIR
X-BAZIN CREAM
SIMPLY APPLY—WASH OFF
A HUNDRED YEAR OLD FRENCH FORMULA
GIANT TUBE 50¢ SMALLER TUBE 10¢
DRUG • • DEPT. STORES • • TEN CENT STORES
SAFELY • QUICKLY • SURELY

Has New Hair

Mary H. Little has luxuriant hair now. Yet for years her head, as she describes it, "was as bare and bald as the back of my hand."

When her hair began to fall, she tried to stop it by using various shampoos, oils and lotions, but her hair continued to come out. Her only hope seemed to be in having a wig.

Luckily she learned about KOTALKO, and used it. Watching in her mirror she saw hairs developing. Faithfully she applied KOTALKO, and the hair continued to grow. It became long, strong and silklike. The likeness above is from her photograph.

Many other men and women attest that hair has stopped falling excessively, dandruff has been decreased, or new luxuriant hair growth has been developed where roots were alive, after using Kotalko to stimulate the scalp.

Are your hair roots alive but dormant? If so, why not use Kotalko? Encourage new growth of hair to respond to sustenance available in your own scalp.

Kotalko is sold at drug stores everywhere

FREE BOX To prove the efficacy of Kotalko for men's, women's and children's hair. Use coupon.

Kotalko Co., A-327, Station O, New York

Please send me Proof Box of KOTALKO

Name.....

Full Address.....

.....

IS EPILEPSY INHERITED? CAN IT BE CURED?

A booklet containing the opinions of famous doctors on this interesting subject will be sent FREE, while they last, to any reader writing to the Educational Division, Dept. AP-7, 545 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

KILL THE HAIR ROOT

My method positively prevents hair from growing again. Safe, easy, permanent. Use it privately, at home. Brings relief, happiness, comfort, freedom of mind. We teach Beauty Culture.

Send 6c in stamps TODAY for Booklet.

D. J. MAHLER

D. J. MAHLER CO., Dept. 26G, Providence, R. I.

PILES DON'T BE CUT Until You Try This Wonderful Treatment

for pile suffering. If you have piles in any form write for a FREE sample of Page's Pile Tablets and you will bless the day that you read this. Write today. E. R. Page Co., 2392-K Page Bldg., Marshall, Mich.

BOW LEGS Corrected by yourself without pain or inconvenience and at small cost. Write for free booklet "C". N. Y. Surgical Appliance Co., 132 Lexington Avenue, N. Y.

DEAFNESS IS MISERY

Many people with defective hearing and Head Noises enjoy Conversation, Movies, Church and Radio, because they use Leonard Invisible Ear Drums which resemble Tiny Megaphones fitting in the Ear entirely out of sight. No wires, batteries or head piece. They are inexpensive. Write for booklet and sworn statement of the inventor who was himself deaf.

A. O. LEONARD, Inc., Suite 667, 70 5th Ave., New York

YOUR WORTHLESS STOCKINGS REPAIRED

like new for 15c by creators of this new exclusive method. Mail 15c with each stocking to be mended. Satisfaction guaranteed. Prompt prepaid delivery. PULSOFAST MENDING CO., Inc., News Building, N. Y. C.

Your Marriage Forecast

As Told By Your Stars

What is the romance in store for you . . . destined from the day of your birth? Whom should you marry? What is your luckiest day? Send full birth date with Dime and Stamped Return envelope for your Chart at once.

THURSTON, Dept. 1-7

20 W. Jackson Blvd. Chicago, Ill.

minds to a greater extent than their own limited vision is likely to.

In any case, I would recommend Picture Play's critical guide to the new films, where they might rely on the impartial judgment of one who has a less prejudiced outlook. JEAN WEBSTER BROUGH.

Globe Theater, Shaftesbury Avenue,
London, England.

A Large Order.

I MAKE bold to ask you to employ the influence of Picture Play to eradicate certain features from our much-discussed screen.

1. Let the producers know that we will not tolerate many more pictures with Bing Crosby and his senseless crooning.
2. Rid the screen for all time of hard-boiled cutie types such as Carol Lombard, Joan Crawford, Constance Bennett, and Jean Harlow.
3. Let Garbo and Dietrich go home.
4. Kill those would-be funny actors, including Jimmie Durante, W. C. Fields, Wheeler and Woolsey, Billie Burke, Alice Brady, Polly Moran, and Lee Tracy.
5. Deliver us from such tasteless and insipid movies as "Anne of Green Gables." Only the mentally deficient would tolerate pictures like that.
6. Slaughter all those so-called stars whose only excuse for being on the screen is a beautiful figure. For instance, Claudette Colbert, Kay Francis, Gloria Swanson, Loretta Young, and Dolores del Rio.
7. Have the producers give marvelous Elissa Landi perfect rôles so as to be in keeping with her charming personality, exquisite beauty, and artistic acting.
8. See if you can't induce producers to get better rôles for Francis Lederer, David Manners, Brian Aherne, Paul Lukas, and Chester Morris, not forgetting sweet little Heather Angel.
9. Ship all those so-called British imports back to England—Diana Wynyard, Pat Paterson, Ida Lupino, Evelyn Laye, Herbert Marshall, and Clive Brook. We are bored to death with them.

LEWIS W. DELAFIELD,
Plainfield, New Jersey.

Star Material Wasted.

I AGREE partly with Jack W. McElveney's letter in Picture Play for November.

Neil Hamilton could act all the players he supports off the screen. Why producers waste such fine talent in the rôles Mr. Hamilton has been playing I have often wondered.

However, I'm not sure if Mr. McElveney is right when he says this is due to Mr. Hamilton living his own life, away from the "Hollywood game." Other fine actors seldom attend premières or show places, and their careers have in no way suffered. Take, for example, George Arliss, Ronald Colman, and Ramon Novarro, all front-rank stars, who are seldom photographed except for films.

I blame entirely the producers, who must think that Mr. Hamilton has such a large and faithful fan following that they'll see his pictures good or bad so long as he's in them, and therefore they devote their time and thoughts to newcomers.

This probably is quite true, but why we should watch mediocre actors in star rôles just for a glimpse of Mr. Hamilton I really can't understand.

Neil should be starring in his own films, after the years of consistently fine and sincere acting he has put into his rôles. EVELYN WESTWELL.

167, Denton's Green Lane,
St. Helens, Lancs, England.

Katharine the Great.

I AM a regular reader of Picture Play. It is a complete movie magazine. We have not one to compare with it in England.

Katharine Hepburn makes acting an art. She holds her audience with her amazing personality and voice. She is destined to rank with such great personalities as Bernhardt, Duse, Rejane, and Terry. Only a great actress could have rendered so perfect a heroine as *Eva Lovelace* in "Morning Glory," and *Jo* in "Little Women."

There is only one word to describe her—that is "great." MISS R. P. BOURDIN.

51 Bedford Square, W. C. 1,
London, England.

Her Heart-throb.

I AM only fifteen years of age, but may I have my say?

I see each of Frankie Darro's pictures at least half a dozen times. Why? Well, because I think he is just about perfect. There is a boy who has what it takes, and so I say, let my big sister rave about Clark Gable; I cast my vote for bigger and better rôles for my one and only heart-throb, Frankie Darro, and I don't mean maybe. DOTTY GOLD.

155 Hunterdon Street,
Newark, New Jersey.

Joan Should Be Praised.

IN answer to Mr. Alfred R. Parr's letter in Picture Play for January, I wish to say that the description of Joan Crawford as a brazen burlesque type is a lie. I have the deepest respect for Miss Crawford's acting. I don't know Mr. Parr, but I would like to bet he has a voice like a frog.

No other star has worked any harder than Joan, and I think she should be praised for her work—not slammed. She is my favorite actress, and it sure did make me angry when I read that. I don't think we can ever have enough pictures of Miss Crawford. Here's wishing her luck.

EDITH DRUMMOND.

1319 North 18th Street,
Clarksburg, West Virginia.

Pleasant Diversion.

HAS any one ever thought of discovering music to fit the personalities of the stars? It is great fun. Here are a few of my guesses.

Helen Hayes, "The Moonlight Sonata."
Paul Muni, Grieg's "Homage March."
Muriel Kirkland, Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel."
Margaret Sullavan, "The Traviata Prelude."

My favorite actor is Russell Hopton, but I cannot find anything musical that comes within a mile of expressing his rather elusive self.

Maybe somebody else can.

IRIS BILLING.

42 Claude Road, Manchester, England.

The Public's at Fault.

WHAT'S all the noise about? What's wrong with the movies? Everything possible under the sun is wrong with the movies, from Mae West down to little Shirley Temple. Was there ever such a cynical, scornful, selfish, hard-to-please public? Mae West is too hot, Elissa Landi is too cold, Shirley Temple is too bold. Bah!

Public, do you know what's the matter with you? The movies have been altogether too wonderful for you. They've given you every type of picture it was possible to make. They've sweat blood, paid

fortunes for new types, new talents, to say nothing of the poor stars that are worn to a frazzle just to give you what you want. What would you do without the movies? Think this over. Quit howling and, in humanity's name, be charitable. This goes for the Legion of Decency drive, too.

T. H. HAYWARD.

Oyster Bay, Long Island, N. Y.

Romantic Raft.

I HAVE the deepest admiration for George Raft. Besides being an actor of rare ability, he is the most graceful dancer on the screen.

George has had a series of poor pictures and I am looking forward to seeing him in a film worthy of his talent. In my estimation, he is the screen's greatest lover. He is sincere in his love making, which is an uncommon thing in these days of crazy histrionics on the screen.

Last but not least, he is the only actor to whom the term "romantic" may be applied. Try as I may, I can think of no other actor who bears the least resemblance to George Raft.

BERTHA LAMBERT.

San Jacinto, California.

Katie the Spice of Life.

IT'S beyond me to fathom why some of your correspondents have the heart to write in such cruel terms of Katharine Hepburn. Quite apart from her natural talent, she is such a hard-working little girl who gives us the very best in her. She has no illusions about her personal beauty, but she knows that she has something very lovely within which is far greater than classical features.

I cannot see any point in comparing her with Greta Garbo. To my mind, they have nothing whatever in common. Miss Hepburn is so obviously of a newer generation, although their birthdates may not have been far apart.

Again, Greta has had many years of experience on the screen, while Katharine is still a newcomer, with her wings untried. There is something so wonderful and lovable about her personality that I cannot understand how any one can criticize her features. She gives us that "something different to look forward to, which is the very spice of life." DAISY M. HOLMAN.

Whyte Croft, Wood Ride,
Petts Wood, Kent, England.

Typical Emotions.

I ALWAYS think of various stars as expressing a certain emotion which is typical of them. For instance:

Edgar Kennedy—exasperation.
George Brent—a fit of pouts.
Katharine Hepburn—defiance.
Charles Bickford—belligerence.
Dick Powell—coyness.
Adolphe Menjou—boredom.
Bing Crosby—amusement.
Sylvia Sidney—doubt.
Any one agree on these?

NAOMI ROGERS.

Oakland, California.

Information, Please

Continued from page 8

LENNOX ALLEN.—The music and lyrics for "Sweet Adeline" were by Jerome Kern and Oscar Hammerstein II. The song hits were "Here Am I," "We Were So Young," "Don't Ever Leave Me," and "Why Was I Born?"

M. E. D. T.—Paul Kelly was born in Brooklyn, New York, August 9, 1899. He has dark hair and gray eyes. Married to Dorothy MacKaye. For his photo, write to him at Fox studio. The March, 1934, issue of Picture Play contained an interview with him. Bob Steele may be reached at 1805 North Wilcox Avenue, Hollywood. It is customary to inclose twenty-five cents with each request for a picture.

ROSE AND PHILIP SCHACCA.—Elissa Landi was born in Venice, Italy, December 6, 1906. Gene Raymond in "Hooray for Love," and Joel McCrea in "Our Little Girl." In 1932 Shirley Temple played in a picture called "Red-haired Alibi." John Boles is with Fox.

AMELIA PIETRO.—Clark Gable was born in Cadiz, Ohio, February 1, 1901; six feet one, weighs 190, brown hair, gray eyes. Claudette Colbert, Paris, France, September 13, 1907; five feet four, weighs about 108, reddish-golden hair, brown eyes. Diana Wynyard, London England, January 16, 1908; five feet six, weighs 125, ash-blond hair, blue-gray eyes. Elisabeth Bergner, Vienna, Austria, August 22, 1900; light-brown hair, brown eyes.

PHILIP J. SCHACCA.—Colleen Moore and Spencer Tracy had the leads in "The Power and the Glory." For a photograph of Norma Shearer, address her at Metro-Goldwyn. Robert Donat is making "Captain Blood." Carol Lombard is playing in "Rhumba."

BETTY WALSH.—That is the up-and-coming Robert Taylor you saw in the MGM short, "Buried Loot." He is now under contract to that company. You may have seen him in any of the following: "Handy Andy," "There's Always Tomorrow," "A Wicked Woman," and "Times Square Lady." His next will be "Broadway Melody of 1935."

F. K. R.—Ralph Morgan will be seen next in "The Unwelcome Stranger," which includes Mona Barrie, Jackie Searl, Bradley Page, and Frankie Darro.

JERRY.—John Boles is to play the lead opposite Gladys Swarthout in "Rose of the Rancho," to be produced by Paramount. This is the opera star's début in films. Lawrence Tibbett, too, is soon to be heard in "Diamond Horseshoe."

L. M.—Marion Davies is making "Page Miss Glory." Dick Powell and Joan Blondell have the leads in Warners' "Broadway Gondolier." Bette Davis is making "Men Or Her Mind," with Ian Hunter, John Eldredge, Phillip Reed, Claire Dodd, Ruth Donnelly.

JEANNE.—Address Tom Tyler, care of Reliable Pictures, 1420 North Beachwood Drive, Hollywood, where he is making "Silent Valley." He was born in Port Henry, New York, August 8, 1903; six feet one, weighs 190, brown hair, gray eyes. Still single.

YAHYA ABASBHOY.—Greta Garbo was born in Stockholm, Sweden, September 18, 1906; five feet six, weighs 125, light golden-brown hair, blue eyes. Plays tennis and rides horseback. Also, she is a great hiker.

Have FULL ROUND ALLURING CURVES

You can add 3 to 6 inches with Beautipon Cream treatment, which has given thousands a beautiful form. YOUR MONEY BACK if your form is not increased after applying Beautipon Cream Treatment for 14 days! Full 30-days' treatment, $1.00 sent in plain wrapper. The ultra-rapid, positive GUARANTEED way to have the bewitching, magnetic, feminine charm you've always longed for.

Read what others say:

"I can scarcely express my delight with the results. Since I started using Beautipon Cream I have increased my chest-line 5 inches! Your Beautipon Cream works like magic and I am thrilled to own a form so feminine and shapely." B. T.

"Your treatment is simply splendid. I am filling out and getting larger and rounder." B. T.

"I have put 3 inches on my chest measurement and increased 10 lbs. in weight." G.

Free! "Fascinating Loveliness" Free!

The world famous Beauty Expert's Course, "Fascinating Loveliness" for which thousands have paid $1.00 will be sent FREE if you send $1.00 for Beautipon Cream Treatment NOW. OFFER LIMITED, SEND $1.00 TODAY. Add 25c for foreign countries.

You, too, can have a full rounded form

DAISY STEBBING
Suite 90 Forest Hills, N. Y.

PIMPLES, BLACKHEADS

After only a few applications of ACLEAV the face feels new and clear. Results show immediately. ACLEAV is not a cosmetic but a scientific preparation expressly for Acne Vulgaris (Pimples).

You too, can have a clear complexion. Send $1.00 (money order or cash) or C.O.D. and ACLEAV will be mailed to you in plain wrapper, or send for free booklet "ACLEAV treatment of Pimples."

Tel Laboratories, 115 Park Ave., Englewood, N. J.

TAP DANCING BY MAIL
Reg. Tap; Adv. Tap; Soft Shoe; Waltz, Clog; $1.00 each. Ballroom Dances 50c. each. HAL LEROY studied here. Send for List "P." Time-Step 10c.
KINSELLA ACADEMY, 2538 May St., Cincinnati, Ohio

ECZEMA TORMENTS quickly pacified. For efficient help use concentrated POSLAM
Send for FREE SAMPLE Poslam Station G New York

Beautiful!
She had her Nose Corrected

by Dr. Radin's Plastic Methods, developed by many years experience. All kinds of noses reshaped; outstanding ears corrected; lips rebuilt; lines, wrinkles, blemishes and scars removed. Bust corrections. Reduced fees. Consultation and booklet free. Dr. Radin, 1482 Broadway, New York. Dept. P.

Alviene SCHOOL OF THE Theatre
Graduates: Lee Tracy, Peggy Shannon, Fred Astaire, Una Merkel, Zita Johann, Mary Pickford, etc. Drama, Dance, Speech, Musical Comedy, Opera, Personal Development, Culture. Stock Theatre Training appearances while learning. For catalog, write Sec'y LOREE, 66 West 85th St., N. Y.

Be charming! WHETHER 16 OR 60
TIME MARCHES ON! RETAIN YOUR YOUTH with this new
REJUVENATION KIT $1.00
RESTORES natural color, texture, contour.
REMOVES blemishes, coarse pores, blackheads, lines.
STIMULATES and tones sagging muscles.
Send for one today and see how much better you LOOK and FEEL.
REVELATION COMPLEXION KIT CORP.
640 Madison Av. Dept. P. New York City.

ADDRESSES OF PLAYERS

Columbia Studio, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Jean Arthur
Tala Birell
John Mack Brown
Tullio Carminati
Nancy Carroll
Walter Connolly
Donald Cook
Richard Cromwell
Wallace Ford
Jack Holt
Victor Jory
Peter Lorre
Edmund Lowe
Marian Marsh
Tim McCoy
Grace Moore
Florence Rice
Edward G. Robinson
Billie Seward
Ann Sothern
Raymond Walburn
Fay Wray

Fox Studio, Beverly Hills, California.

Rosemary Ames
Lew Ayres
Warner Baxter
Madge Bellamy
Bill Benedict
John Boles
Alan Dinehart
James Dunn
Alice Faye
Norman Foster
Ketti Gallian
Janet Gaynor
Tito Guizar
Rochelle Hudson
Paul Kelly
Walter King
Nino Martini
Frank Melton
Herbert Mundin
Pat Paterson
Valentin Parera
Gene Raymond
Kane Richmond
Will Rogers
Raul Roulien
Shirley Temple
Claire Trevor
Jane Withers

Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California.

Brian Aherne
Elizabeth Allan
Edward Arnold
John Barrymore
Lionel Barrymore
Freddie Bartholomew
Wallace Beery
Charles Butterworth
Bruce Cabot
Mary Carlisle
Leo Carrillo
Mady Christians
Jackie Cooper
Violet Kemble-Cooper
Joan Crawford
Nelson Eddy
Wera Engels
Stuart Erwin
Madge Evans
Preston Foster
Betty Furness
Clark Gable
Greta Garbo
Jean Harlow
Helen Hayes
William Henry
June Knight
Otto Kruger
Evelyn Laye
Myrna Loy
Paul Lukas
Jeanette MacDonald
Una Merkel
Robert Montgomery
Frank Morgan
Edna May Oliver
Maureen O'Sullivan
Jean Parker
Eleanor Powell
William Powell
May Robson
Mickey Rooney
Rosalind Russell
Norma Shearer
Martha Sleeper
Lewis Stone
Gloria Swanson
Robert Taylor
Franchot Tone
Spencer Tracy
Henry Wadsworth
Johnny Weissmuller
Diana Wynyard
Robert Young

Warners-First National Studio, Burbank, California.

Ross Alexander
John Arledge
Mary Astor
Joan Blondell
George Brent
Joe E. Brown
James Cagney
Colin Clive
Ricardo Cortez
Dorothy Dare
Marion Davies
Bette Davis
Olivia de Haviland
Dolores del Rio
Claire Dodd
Robert Donat
Ann Dvorak
John Eldredge
Patricia Ellis
Glenda Farrell
Kay Francis
William Gargan
Leslie Howard
Josephine Hutchinson
Allen Jenkins
Al Jolson
Ruby Keeler
Guy Kibbee
Margaret Lindsay
Anita Louise
Aline MacMahon
Frank McHugh
James Melton
Jean Muir
Paul Muni
Pat O'Brien
Dick Powell
Phillip Reed
Phil Regan
Lyle Talbot
Verree Teasdale
Genevieve Tobin
Dorothy Tree
Rudy Vallée
Warren William
Donald Woods

RKO Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Fred Astaire
Nils Asther
John Beal
Bill Boyd
Clive Brook
Frances Dee
Richard Dix
Irene Dunne
Betty Grable
Margot Grahame
Ann Harding
Katharine Hepburn
Kay Johnson
Francis Lederer
Mary Mason
Virginia Reid
Erik Rhodes
Ginger Rogers
Anne Shirley
Bert Wheeler
Gretchen Wilson
Robert Woolsey

United Artists Studio, 1041 N. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, California.

George Arliss
Constance Bennett
Eddie Cantor
Charles Chaplin
Ronald Colman
Miriam Hopkins
Fredric March
Merle Oberon
Mary Pickford
Anna Sten
Loretta Young

Universal Studio, Universal City, California.

Binnie Barnes
Noah Beery, Jr.
Phyllis Brooks
Russ Brown
Andy Devine
Sterling Holloway
Henry Hull
Baby Jane
Lois January
Buck Jones
Boris Karloff
Bela Lugosi
Douglass Montgomery
Chester Morris
Zasu Pitts
Claude Rains
Cesar Romero
Gloria Stuart
Margaret Sullavan
Slim Summerville
Irene Ware
Alice White
Jane Wyatt

Paramount Studio, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, California.

Iris Adrian
Gracie Allen
Wendy Barrie
Mary Boland
Grace Bradley
Carl Brisson
Kathleen Burke
George Burns
Kitty Carlisle
Claudette Colbert
Gary Cooper
Buster Crabbe
Bing Crosby
Katherine DeMille
Marlene Dietrich
Johnny Downs
Frances Drake
Mary Ellis
W. C. Fields
Cary Grant
Samuel Hinds
David Holt
Roscoe Karns
Jan Kiepura
Elissa Landi
Charles Laughton
Baby LeRoy
Carol Lombard
Pauline Lord
Ida Lupino
Helen Mack
Fred MacMurray
Margo
Herbert Marshall
Gertrude Michael
Ray Milland
Joe Morrison
Jack Oakie
Lynne Overman
Gail Patrick
George Raft
Lyda Roberti
Charles Ruggles
Randolph Scott
Ann Sheridan
Sylvia Sidney
Alison Skipworth
Queenie Smith
Sir Guy Standing
Gladys Swarthout
Kent Taylor
Lee Tracy
Mae West
Henry Wilcoxon
Toby Wing

Free-lance Players:

Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood. Ralph Bellamy, Sidney Fox, 6615 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood. Ralph Forbes, 10111 Valley Spring Lane, North Hollywood. Joan Bennett, Lila Lee, Marian Nixon, Sharon Lynn, Mary Brian, 430 California Bank Building, Hollywood. Lionel Atwill, Estelle Taylor, Dorothy Peterson, Cora Sue Collins, 1509 North Vine Street, Hollywood. Neil Hamilton, 351 North Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, California. Fifi Dorsay, care of Vernon D. Wood, 210 Pantages Theater Bldg., Hollywood.

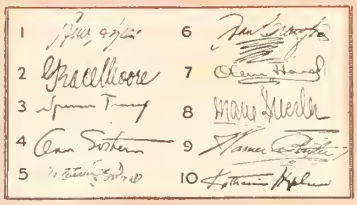
WOULD YOU LIKE TO WIN $3000.00?

MORE THAN $5000.00 IN CASH PRIZES

If you would like to WIN $2,000.00 CASH and a new 1935 Buick 4-door Sedan TOO—start reading these famous autographs AT ONCE. Thousands of dollars in real money and beautiful new automobiles are soon to be awarded, and all you have to do to enter this new Autograph Game is read CORRECTLY 5 or more of the famous unusual autographs in the square at right. We will award over $5,000.00 in cash prizes. One hundred participants will each receive a cash prize ranging up to $3,000.00 — SPOT CASH profits are available to EVERYONE who enters. These famous stars are all well known, to be sure. But, their handwriting is UNUSUAL and DIFFICULT to read, as you will soon see. So, to make it easier for you, we've printed here a picture of every star whose autograph is shown. You will undoubtedly recognize some of them right away—but, here's where the real difficulty comes in—can you read their autographs *correctly?*—that's where you have to apply REAL SKILL.

WHO ARE THEY?

How Many of These Autographs Can You Read?



Do YOU Want $2000.00 and a NEW BUICK?

First prize is choice of $3,000.00 all in cash or BOTH $2,000.00 cash AND a new 1935 Buick 4-door Sedan for promptness. In addition, there is a new 1935 Chevrolet 4-door Sedan or $750.00 cash—$300.00 cash—$150.00 cash—and on and on goes this huge list of wonderful cash prizes amounting to more than $5,000.00 cash in all. And, if there is a tie for any prize in the Autograph Game, the full amount of the prize tied for will be paid to each person so tying. Not only that, but additional SPOT CASH profits are positively available to everyone who enters.

This Buick For Promptness

$1,100.00 EXTRA!

FOR PROMPTNESS I will give you $100.00 Extra if you mail your answer to this announcement WITHIN 3 DAYS of the time you first read it and win first prize. Rush your answer and see for yourself how ANOTHER $1,000.00 Cash or a beautiful new 1935 Buick 4-door sedan may be won for promptness TOO, making a total of $1,100.00 just for being quick—ALL THIS in addition to the wonderful first prize of $2,000.00 making the grand total of $3,100.00. Let the slowpokes miss the FULL OPPORTUNITY if they want to, by waiting for July thirty-first next, the closing date for entries — RUSH YOUR ANSWER TODAY.

100 PRIZES!

The Autograph Game is so new and interesting that we have added all these thousands of dollars in prizes to make it doubly exciting and attractive for folks to participate. When you realize that you have a real opportunity to win any one of the 100 big cash prizes ranging up to $3,000.00 it seems foolish NOT to enter at once—doesn't it? And, send NO money—don't go to a lot of unnecessary trouble. If you find you can read 5 of the autographs correctly, MAIL YOUR ANSWER on the coupon or just a penny postcard will do. But, the important thing is to MAIL it QUICK!

Can You Read 5 Autographs?

Can YOU read 5 or more of the famous names in the square above CORRECTLY? If you can, write your solutions plainly on the coupon below and MAIL QUICK—or just send your answer on a postcard. Over $50,000.00 in prizes have already been given by The Gentlewoman. Just recently, Peter Migun, Jr., won $2,500.00 cash; Leonard E. Wolff, Jr., $1,640.00 cash; Mrs. J. W. Snook won $750.00 cash. Hundreds have already won cash prizes ranging up to $3,000.00 from The Gentlewoman.

SEND NO MONEY! All you have to do is read and spell correctly 5 or more of the Autographs above. Mail them to me on this coupon or a postcard at once, and you will be entered among those participating in the Autograph Game from whom the winners of 100 big cash prizes ranging up to $3,000.00 will be determined. Costs nothing to try. So answer now.

Fill Out and Mail This Coupon NOW! →

We will reply at once and you'll see how more than $5,000.00 in cash prizes will be awarded and how you may win as much as $3,000.00 in cash including the new Buick Sedan for promptness. Answer quickly.

M. A. Kelly, Autograph Manager Dept. 221 W. J. Thompson Co. 154 W. 14th St., New York City, N.Y.

Tear Out and Send This Coupon Quick!

M. A. Kelly, Autograph Manager, Dept. 221
154 West 14th St., New York City, N.Y.

I read this ad. Date _____

I have made out _____ of the unusual Autographs as follows:

1. _____ 6. _____
2. _____ 7. _____
3. _____ 8. _____
4. _____ 9. _____
5. _____ 10. _____

My Name is _____

Street, Box or R. F. D. No. _____

City _____ State _____

Use a separate sheet of paper or postcard if you wish.

CLEAN WHITE CIGARETTE PAPER FOR CHESTERFIELDS . .

"poured" like milk and just as pure . .

Liquid paper in "beating" machines of the Champagne Paper Co.

To *make Chesterfield cigarette paper,* the linen pulp of the flax plant is washed over and over again in water as pure as a mountain stream.

So thin is this crisp white paper that an 18-inch reel contains enough for 55,000 Chesterfields—actually over 2 miles of paper

Chesterfield paper must be pure
Chesterfield paper must burn right
It must have no taste or odor

—the cigarette that's MILDER
—the cigarette that TASTES BETTER

© 1935, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

NTENTS COPYRIGHTED 1935

STREET & SMITH'S

PICTURE PLAY

AUGUST

5
NTS
NGLAND

CAROL LOMBARD
By DAN OSHER

Discovered

IN A HOLLYWOOD PROJECTION ROOM!

Together, A GREAT STAR and a NEW STAR

The hush in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer projection room turned to a muffled whisper...the whisper rose to an audible hum... and in less than five minutes everybody in the room knew that a great new star had been born—LUISE RAINER—making her first American appearance in "Escapade", WILLIAM POWELL'S great new starring hit! It was a historic day for Hollywood, reminiscent of the first appearance of Garbo — another of those rare occasions when a great motion picture catapults a player to stardom.

WILLIAM POWELL *in* *Escapade*

with

LUISE RAINER

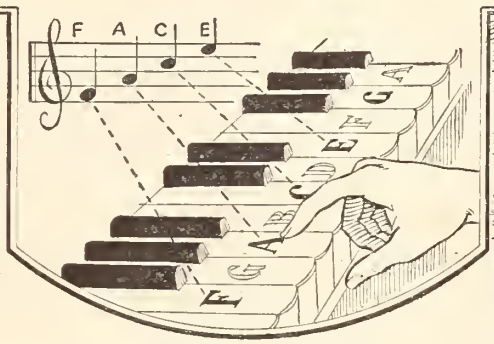
FRANK MORGAN
VIRGINIA BRUCE
REGINALD OWEN
MADY CHRISTIANS

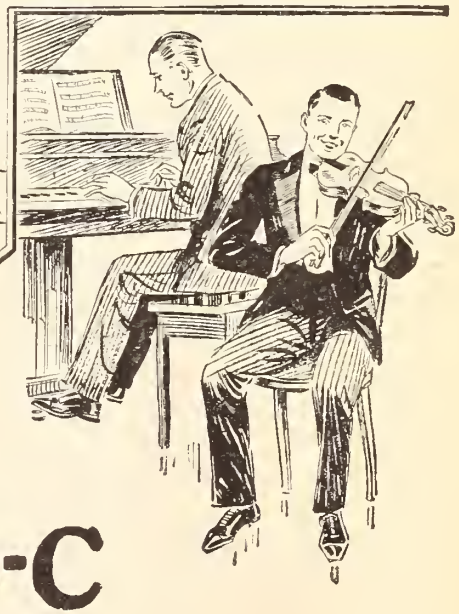
A Robert Z. Leonard Production
Produced by Bernard H. Hyman
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

William Powell adds another suave characterization to his long list of successes...and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer swells the longest list of stars in filmdom with another brilliant name —Luise Rainer!

Aristocrat, sophisticate, innocent—one wanted romance, the other wanted excitement—but one wanted his heart —and won it!...Sparkling romance of an artist who dabbled with love as he dabbled with paints...and of a girl who hid behind a mask—but could not hide her heart from the man she loved!

Half a Million People
have learned music this easy way





You, too, Can Learn to Play Your Favorite Instrument Without a Teacher

Easy as A-B-C

YES, over 700,000 delighted men and women all over the world have learned music this quick, easy way.

Seven hundred thousand—what a gigantic orchestra they would make! Some are playing on the stage, others in orchestras, and many thousands are daily enjoying the pleasure and popularity of being able to play some instrument.

Surely this is convincing proof of the success of the *new, modern method* perfected by the U. S. School of Music! And what these people have done, YOU, too, can do!

Many of these 700,000 didn't know one note from another—others had never touched an instrument—yet in half the usual time they learned to play their favorite instrument. Best of all, they found learning music *amazingly* easy. No monotonous hours of exercises—no tedious scales—no expensive teachers. This simplified method made learning music as easy as A-B-C!

What Instrument For You?

Piano	Piccolo
Organ	Guitar
Violin	Hawaiian Steel Guitar
Banjo (Plectrum, 5-String or Tenor)	Drums and Traps
Clarinet	Mandolin
Flute	Ukulele
Harp	Trombone
Cornet	Saxophone
	'Cello

Trumpet
Sight Singing
Voice and Speech Culture
Harmony and Composition
Automatic Finger Control
Piano Accordion
Italian and German Accordion
Juniors' Piano Course

It is like a fascinating game. From the very start you are playing *real* tunes, perfectly, by *note*. You simply can't go wrong, for every step, from beginning to end, is right before your eyes in print and picture. First you are *told* how to do a thing, then a picture *shows* you how, then you do it yourself and *hear* it. And almost before you know it, you are playing your favorite pieces—jazz, ballads, classics. No private teacher could make it clearer. Little theory—plenty of accomplishment. That's why students of the U. S. School of Music get ahead *twice as fast—three times as fast* as those who study old-fashioned plodding methods.

You don't need any special "talent." Many of the 700,000 who have already become accomplished players never dreamed they possessed musical ability. They only wanted to play some instrument—just like you—and they found they could quickly learn how this easy way. Just a little of your spare time each day is needed—and you enjoy every minute of it. The cost is surprisingly low—averaging only a few cents a day—and the price is the same for whatever instrument you choose. And remember you are studying right in your own home—without paying big fees to private teachers.

Don't miss any more good times, learn now to play your favorite instrument and surprise all your friends! Change from a wallflower to the center of attraction. Music is the best thing to offer at a party—musicians are invited everywhere. Enjoy the popularity you have been missing. Get your share of the Musician's pleasure and profit! Start Now!

Free Booklet and Demonstration Lesson

If you are in earnest about wanting to join the crowd of entertainers and be a "big hit" at any party—if you really *do* want to play your favorite instrument, to become a performer whose services will be in demand—fill out and mail the convenient coupon asking for our Free Booklet and Free Demonstration Lesson. These explain our wonderful method fully and show you how easily and quickly you can learn to play at little expense. The booklet will also tell you all about the amazing new *Automatic Finger Control.* U. S. School of Music, 533 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

Thirty-sixth Year (Established 1898)

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC
533 Brunswick Bldg., New York City

Please send me your free book, "How You Can Master Music in Your Own Home," with inspiring message by Dr. Frank Crane, Free Demonstration Lesson, and particulars of your easy payment plan. I am interested in the following course:

.....Have you Instrument?.....

Name .....
(Please Write Plainly)

Address .....

City ..... State.....

Volume XLII MONTHLY Number 6

STREET & SMITH'S

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION $1.50

PICTURE PLAY

SINGLE COPIES, 15 CENTS

CONTENTS FOR AUGUST, 1935

The entire contents of this magazine are protected by copyright, and must not be reprinted without the publishers' consent.

FRONTISPIECE:

Queen of Charm—*Claudette Colbert* 11

SPECIAL ARTICLES:

Those "Heartbreak" Contracts—*Signed But Never Seen* . Helen Pade 12
The Strange Case of Helen Hayes . . . . Richard Griffith 16
King of Zest—*Walter King* . . . . . William H. McKegg 18
Not Annoyingly Noble—*Evelyn Venable* . . . . Ben Maddox 27
Bergner Refuses $100,000—*Elisabeth Bergner* . Malcolm H. Oettinger 30
They're Capra-crazy—*Frank Capra* . . . Whitney Williams 31
Three Live Ghosts—*Lugosi, Karloff, Atwill* . Helen Louise Walker 32
Dixie Does It—*Dixie Lee* . . . . . Samuel Richard Mook 34
Laughing Enigma—*Claude Rains* . . . . . Joe Mackey 36
Grand Old Girl—*Helen Westley* . . . . Laura Ellsworth Fitch 37
The Secret of Color—*Decorations in Harmony with the Stars* Maie Lounsbury Wells 40
When It Rains—Then What?—*Their Wet-day Hobbies* Helen Ludlam 42
That Sothern Belle—*Ann Sothern* . . . . . Laura Benham 44
Two Who Are Different—*Frances Dee and Joel McCrea* Mark Dowling 46
Checking Up On Jean—*Jean Harlow* . . . . Leroy Keleher 58

DEPARTMENTS:

What the Fans Think—*Ravings and Rantings* 6
Information, Please—*Replies to Avid Fans* . . . The Oracle 8
They Say in New York—*Reporting on Stars in Manhattan* Karen Hollis 28
Hollywood High Lights—*Gossip Picked Up Here and There on the Coast* Edwin and Elza Schallert 38
The Screen in Review—*Unbiased Opinions of Recent Films* Norbert Lusk 48
Casts of Current Pictures 52
Addresses of Players 82

ART GALLERY:

Favorites of the Fans—*Claudette Colbert, Ann Harding, Arline Judge, Robert Armstrong, Sir Guy Standing, Charles Boyer, Paul Muni, Franchot Tone, Gordon Westcott, Nat Pendleton, Gene Raymond, Evelyn Venable, Jean Harlow* 19

FASHIONS:

Ladies Must Dress—*Margaret Lindsay, Verree Teasdale, Evelyn Venable, Kathleen Burke, Patricia Ellis* 20

PREVIEWS:

Glimpses of Future Films—*"Anna Karenina," "Stranded," "The Crusades," "Top Hat," "Dante's Inferno," "She"* 60

Monthly publication issued by Street & Smith Publications, Inc., 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y. George C. Smith, Jr., President; Ormond V. Gould, Vice President and Treasurer; Artemas Holmes, Vice President and Secretary; Clarence C. Vernam, Vice President. Copyright, 1935, by Street & Smith Publications, Inc., New York. Copyright, 1935, by Street & Smith Publications, Inc., Great Britain. Entered as Second-class Matter, March 6, 1916, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Subscriptions to Cuba, Dom. Republic, Haiti, Spain, Central and South American Countries, except The Guianas and British Honduras, $1.75 per year. To all other Foreign Countries, including The Guianas and British Honduras, $2.25 per year.

We do not accept responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts. 16

To facilitate handling, the author should inclose a self-addressed envelope with the requisite postage attached.

STREET & SMITH PUBLICATIONS, INC., 79 7th AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

WHAT YOU MAY EXPECT OF PICTURE PLAY

One thing is certain, there will be no dull season for you—and us—this summer. Not while Hollywood is humming with activity and while we are conscious of our duty to inform you of everything that matters in the progress of the screen. All Picture Play's writers are pledged and primed to tell you more than ever before, to acquaint you more fully with your favorites and, from time to time, to introduce you to choice newcomers on the first rung of the ladder leading to fame.

THE LONELIEST BOY IN HOLLYWOOD

Who is he? That's your first question. He's a young actor you know well, one of the finest of the juvenile players. Whenever he enters a new school, no one will have anything to do with him. The boys refuse him admittance to their clubs, the girls pass him by with sneers. Yet producers and directors seek him and praise his work. He is a success, but he is lonely, unwanted, shunned. "I don't want to be an actor when I grow up, but I probably will." Read Jackie Searl's true story in next month's Picture Play!

BETTE DAVIS SPEAKS UP

And, as usual, she is frank. Dorothy Wooldridge continues her popular series, "What Hollywood Has Given Me—What It Has Taken From Me," with Miss Davis as the subject. Her answers bring her closer to her admirers than anything heretofore written about her.

LILY PONS

The famous French soprano of the Metropolitan Opera is in Hollywood making her first film. Tiny, vivacious, a born comédienne with a bird-like voice and as slim as a child, she is sure to make film history. September Picture Play will bring her to you before she does.

"Accent on Youth"

Should a girl marry a man of her own age or should she choose a more mature husband? Can a girl in her twenties find happiness with a man twice her age? Granted that May and December are mismated; but what about June and September?

Millions of girls for millions of years have asked themselves these questions and attempted to answer them in their own lives.

Now the question — and one of the several possible answers — has been made the theme of one of the most charming screen romances of the season, Paramount's "Accent on Youth". . . As a stage play "Accent on Youth" won acclaim from the Broadway critics and tremendous popularity with the theatre-goers. Opening late in 1934 it promises to continue its successful run well into the summer of 1935.

Sylvia Sidney plays the screen role of the girl who comes face to face with this age-old question. She is adored by young, handsome and athletic Phillip Reed and she is loved by the brilliant and successful but more mature playwright, Herbert Marshall . . . Which man shall she choose? . . . That is the question around which the entire plot revolves and to answer it in print would spoil the delightful suspense which the author, Samson Raphaelson, developed to a high degree in his original New York stage success and which Director Wesley Ruggles maintains with equal success and charm in the screen play.

In the supporting cast are such well-known players as Holmes Herbert and Ernest Cossart. The latter is playing the same role on the screen as that which he created in the original Broadway stage production.

WHAT THE FANS THINK

Can't Oberon Be Saved?

GOSH, I've been wanting to do this for a week. Hope it's not too late to save Merle Oberon. She's a beautiful thing, or at least she

Dee Dee Forbes deplores Merle Oberon's make-up and pleads that she be saved from becoming just another exotic.

was in "The Private Life of Henry VIII" and "The Scarlet Pimpernel," but "Folies Bergère de Paris"!

What are they trying to do in Hollywood, make a positively stunning girl over to look like a Chinese? Even her acting couldn't keep me from seeing a beautiful girl underneath a Chinese make-up. Her too-high forehead, the too-rouged lips, and the stupid hairdress—is that supposed to spell "exotic"? I think not. In fact, I'm sure of it.

Instead of becoming a sensation as a beautiful *Anne Boleyn* and a grand actress in "The Scarlet Pimpernel," she will be on a boat, same as the rest of the imported exotics, sailing home.

Please, for every one concerned, have them do something about it. Don't spoil the only actress I've ever wanted as my idol.

DEE DEE FORBES.
Bakersfield, California.

Discerning Jean Stewart, of Toronto, Canada, acclaims Charles Boyer a "find."

Boyer Has Caught On.

THIS is the first letter I have ever written concerning any star, but I was so greatly impressed by Charles Boyer's sincere performance in "Private Worlds" that I thought it only fair to let him know about it. He's a real "find" and I hope he gets a chance to prove it in worth-while pictures.

And let me also give Claudette Colbert a great big bouquet. She's delightful. That's the word that suits

Another Canadian fan, Florence Ashby, thinks that Anna Sten should cease being a peasant and play a modern American girl.

her to perfection, and I hope she keeps on making pictures that really are both refreshing and interesting.

JEAN STEWART.
Toronto, Canada.

A Modern Miss Sten.

MAY I be permitted through your valuable magazine to say a few words about Anna Sten? I saw her in "We Live Again" and "The Wedding Night." Both pictures were excellent, and I think I can truthfully say that besides being a very beautiful girl, she is also a splendid actress.

Now, I would like to see Miss Sten play the rôle of a modern American girl, and wear some up-to-date clothes. I think it is a shame always to have her portray the peasant and

Kay Francis has a highly enthusiastic admirer in Dorothy Holcombe, of the Philippine Islands.

wear their customary dress. I am sure she is capable of playing the rôle of an American girl, and would wear smart clothes to perfection.

How about some of her fans demanding her appearance in a modern rôle?

FLORENCE ASHBY.
495 Pine Avenue, West,
Montreal, Canada.

Why don't producers "discover" Thelma Todd?—inquires Ruth Whitman Bowers

Too Sweety-sweet.

FILMS like "David Copperfield" and "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" comply with the rules of censorship, but that's about all. Of course, the casts of both were perfect, the settings fine, and the hours of work spent on them couldn't be counted, but what of the result? They were both sweety-sweet pictures, typical of simple home life with mince pies and tender partings. When the pictures were completed, it might be said that the goal of each was reached, but why in the world do we have to be reminded of such commonplace, ordinary things?

Modern pictures are usually intended to release the audience from the burdens of life and make each one forget the trials of living. These pictures only brought most of us back to worrying about the rent.

Kay Francis always gives us a good picture no matter whether she plays the part of a Florodora girl or a baroness. She completely wins the attention of her audience and then carries them to a land of sophistication, glamour, luxury, music, soft lights, and rich furnishings supplying the setting of a glorious romance.

After I've seen one of her pictures about four times I watch others' reactions to it. I've seen them sigh and cry with exultation and emotion when Kay, in a long black velvet evening gown melts in the hero's arms, her long dark hair streaming in ripply waves to her shoulders, her arms about his neck. So, down with family life pictures! DOROTHY HOLCOMBE.

Fort William McKinley,
Aizal, Philippine Islands.

Calling Old Stars.

I HAVEN'T written to Picture Play in quite some time, but the bevy of interesting letters in the May issue has inspired me to write again.

There are several fans I should like to agree with, and vice versa. First, why doesn't some one give Thelma Todd a chance? I'll tell you why. Producers are too busy looking for new talent really to discover the old! I don't mean old in years, either, but old in experience on the screen, which ought to make one *more* in demand if anything.

And where is Ruth Chatterton, that lovely and talented lady who made the earlier talkies bearable? The screen must have new faces to satisfy the fans, producers cry, while all the time the fans are crying for their old favorites to be given a chance again.

Charles Farrell and Barry Norton were called for again. As seldom as Barry has appeared the last few years, fans beg producers to give him a chance.

In the May issue, a fan asked that Alice Brady be given rôles worthy of her talent. Who doesn't want the best for the gay, sparkling Alice, who has the ability for either comedy or drama and is as great in one as the other?

Fans asked for better parts for Buster Crabbe, Elissa Landi, and Mary Carlisle. Why? Because they are known and loved. You never hear a fan begging for new talent. It is always "give some one a chance" or "better rôles," and the like!

Now to that wonderful open letter to Malcolm H. Oettinger. Though Mr. Oettinger has and will always be my favorite interviewer, I like to think that the letter signed M. L., Hollywood, is from some intelligent actor, or perhaps actress, who has made a struggle for success and attained it and retained his balance, so loves pictures; and though he can see the sham and tinsel, is loyal to his kind.

If only Picture Play would tell us or M. L. would just speak up and say if he is an actor, how thrilling that would be for the fans! For M. L. must be a very tolerant person, with an understanding of the heights to which man may ascend, and the depths also. Bravo, M. L.! Your defense was excellent. But if you read Picture Play you must know that Mr. Oettinger is not afraid to tell the truth about our favorites and that's what we like to hear.

RUTH WHITMAN BOWERS.
Box 57, Childress, Texas.

Three Complaints.

I HAVE just read that Merle Oberon is to play the Vilma Banky rôle in the new edition of "Dark Angel," and I think it the most appalling example of miscasting I have ever heard. Miss Oberon is fairly interesting in her own sullen way, but to put her into the Banky rôle is utter madness. Vilma herself is no longer suited to look the part, but why can't we have some one a trifle *like* her? That girl should be the exquisitely dainty, ethereal type, not an Asiatic adventuress.

Margot Grahame, who was so well received in her first American picture, "The Informer," decided to become a citizen of this country, beginning her education with a Hollywood costume.

Why did no one nominate Tullio Carminati in "One Night of Love" for the Academy Award? There was *real* acting for you! Gable was a dear in "It Happened One Night," but as an example of fine acting his performance did not come up to Carminati's. And speaking of Carminati, why doesn't some bright mind think of starring him in "Conrad in Quest of His Youth"? Remember how delightful that film was in the silent days, with Tommy Meighan as *Conrad?* There's a fine, adult, and clean, film for you. Carminati would be glorious in that rôle!

In a recent issue of Picture Play, Pola Negri naïvely asks if the fans want her back. No! A thousand times no! I hear she's gone back to Europe and I hope she stays there. Elissa Landi is another who can go with her; also Leslie Howard. His remarks about Hollywood producers may be fairly accurate, but I don't approve of biting the hand that's feeding you, and that's a common failing of English importations. I think that Englishmen, as individuals, should strive to be a trifle more appreciative of private blessings at our hands. They come over here and make more money in a month than they can make in "dear ole Lunnon" in a year, then go home and thumb their noses at us. Yet they prate about their superior "culture." Oh, yeah? If they've got it, why doesn't some of it show? MABEL SHAW.

5110 Bomer Drive,
Highland Park, California.

Franchot Worthy of Better Things.

WILL Hollywood in general, and interviewers in particular, forget the resentment they have shown toward Franchot Tone because of certain qualities he has? Surely he is not the *only* well-educated male in their midst who looks and acts like a gentleman. I hope they will manage to take those things for granted, in the future, as an integral part of the man.

He is every bit okay—a fine actor and a young man who, so far, has kept his equilibrium pretty well and will probably continue to do so, since he has been in Hollywood for over two years.

That's about all, except to say that he deserves more careful casting than given by MGM. He is anything but the good-for-nothing type they persist in associating with his screen characters. Some day, perhaps, they will actually put him in a sympathetic part, which will be almost too much to expect. Until then, we'll have to continue seeing him in such rôles as those in "The Girl from Missouri" and "Reckless," knowing that he is worthy of better things. ELLEN W. WHITE.

5247 Florence Avenue,
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

In Joan's Defense.

A CORRESPONDENT certainly did tread on my toes in May Picture Play, wherein he states that Joan Crawford's coiffures are ridiculous, that her make-up is awful, that she always looks as if she had lost her best friend, and that painted mouth! Such remarks make me see red.

What qualifies you to pass criticism on Joan's make-up? Can you prove that her make-up is unattractive and unbecoming? You can't. Then the reason you say this is just because you don't think, isn't it? Such silly accusations *prove* that you don't think. Crawford's coiffures not smart? That meaningless statement makes me think that you penned your little note as a means of gaining publicity. Is that not true?

What a smile, what gay laughter, what charm! Add them all together and they equal pep, plus. Her expressive mouth is glamorous. Joan's "shiny" face helps to display her inner charm and grace. In short, her perfectly proportioned face has quality. She has a depth of beauty which removes from her all trace of sensuousness. She never has given prominence to her slim, beautiful figure. In other words, she possesses proper reserve and dignity. To me she is the most alluring, yet the cleanest-acting female in pictures. Joan typifies youth. I think she was more beautiful than ever in "Chained" and "Forsaking All Others."

Miss Crawford is always immaculately and tastefully groomed. She wears her clothes beautifully. Her influence on her audiences is upbuilding.

As an actress Joan is superb. She is truly a dramatic genius. After her charm-

Continued on page 9

Information, Please

Your puzzling questions about players and pictures are answered by the man who knows.

By The Oracle

ANNETTE MYER.—Dick Powell's birthdate is November 14, 1904. "Page Miss Glory" and "Broadway Gondolier" are his next films.

A WASHINGTON READER.—George Raft's right name is Ranft, but in 1934 he petitioned the Superior Court to change his name to George Raft. He was born in New York City, September 26, 1903. Mary Pickford has made no announcement of her intention to return to the screen at this time. It is possible, however, that she may do a stage play if a suitable one can be found.

FRANKIE.—Paul Kelly is with Fox. That was Joe Sauers as *Whitey* and Dean Jagger as *Burton* in "Car 99"; Armand de Bordes as *Marcel* in "The White Cockatoo," and John Darrow as *Chase* in "Flirtation Walk." Frankie Darro will be seventeen on December 12th.

B. B. P.—Nelson Eddy, the man of the moment, was born in Providence, Rhode Island, in 1901, the son of Mr. and Mrs. William Darius Eddy, both of whom were singers. Nelson was a boy soprano in a church choir. He was educated in grammar school at Rhode Island Normal. The remainder of his education was obtained in night school, and from correspondence courses. First job was as a telephone operator in an iron works company where he later worked in the shipping department. For the next five years he worked on newspapers as reporter, copy reader, et cetera. Then he wrote advertising copy for a large concern, but was fired because he paid too much attention to music. He learned operatic arias from phonograph records. His first stage appearance was in a society show in 1922. For the last three years he has made successful concert tours. He went to Los Angeles in March, 1933, as an unknown substitute artist. The result was a screen test and a MGM contract. "Dancing Lady" and "Naughty Marietta" are his only films to date, but he will be seen again opposite Jeanette MacDonald in "Americans Can Sing" as his next. Mr. Nelson, who is still single, is six feet tall, and has blond hair.

DORIS LAMBDEN.—Robert Donat is married and has two children. Joanna is about four, and John is about three. He recently arrived from England to make "Captain Blood" for Warners. You might address him at that studio. That is his right name.

MARY MCDONALD.—Bing Crosby's chum in "She Loves Me Not" was Eddie Nugent. Both Preston Foster and Bruce Cabot are under contract to Metro-Goldwyn. It may be that occasionally the studios supply photos of the stars free of charge, but it is customary to inclose 25 cents with each request to cover the cost.

MARIE GIUS.—In the May issue we published an interview with Ramon Novarro which explains his retirement from the screen and his plans for the future. Novarro is five feet ten and is now thirty-six. He has four brothers and five sisters.

LILY MONAT.—June Clayworth was born in Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, June 9, 1912. Five feet four and three-quarters, weighs 110; chestnut-brown hair, brown eyes. She is the daughter of David and Ida Clayworth. Not married. Formerly on the stage.

LEE.—Claudette Colbert, Joan Crawford, and Constance Cummings are five feet four; Ginger Rogers, five feet five, and Fred Astaire, five feet nine.

ESTHER GEISLER.—David Durand was born in Los Angeles, California, September 29, 1920. Now he is about five feet five, and weighs about 120. Has dark-brown hair and eyes. The cast of "Little Men" follows: *Professor Bhaer*, Ralph Morgan; *Jo*, Erin O'Brien-Moore; *Franz*, Junior Durkin; *Daisy*, Cora Sue Collins; *Mary Anne*, Phyllis Fraser; *Dan*, Frankie Darro; *Nat*, David Durand; *Demi*, Dickie Moore; *Jack*, Tad Alexander; *Rob*, Ronnie Cosby; *Tommy*, Tommy Bupp; *Stuffy*, Bobby Cox; *Dolly*, Dickie Jones; *Ned*, Richard Quine; *Billy*, Donald Buck; *Teddy*, Eddie Dale Heiden; *Emil*, George Ernest.

TEDDY.—Helen Vinson played the rôle of *Claire, Doctor Monet's* sister, in "Private Worlds." The other principals were Claudette Colbert as *Jane Everest;* Charles Boyer as *Charles Monet;* Joel McCrea as *Alex MacGregor;* Joan Bennett as *Sally MacGregor;* Esther Dale as the *Matron;* Samuel Hinds as *Doctor Arnold;* Jean Rouverol as *Carrie;* Guinn Williams as *Jerry*.

JOANNE.—Rochelle Hudson is playing in "Les Miserables," also in "Life Begins at Forty," the current Will Rogers picture. See "B. B. P." for information about Nelson Eddy.

F. M. D.—Fifi Dorsay is a native of Canada, born there April 16, 1908. Her real name is Yvonne Lussier. Married Maurice Hill, son of a wealthy Chicago manufacturer, December 6, 1933. You'll find her address among "Free-lance Players" on page 82. For stills of "Lives of a Bengal Lancer," address the Publicity Department, Paramount Pictures, Paramount Building, Times Square, New York City. These sell for ten cents each. Richard Cromwell was twenty-five on January 8th.

LEOPOLD ST. CHARLES.—Months ago Pola Negri planned a comeback in American films, but instead decided to go to Europe where she has remained ever since. Her last picture here was in "A Woman Commands."

T. M. C.—George Brent has not remarried since his divorce from Ruth Chatterton on October 4, 1934. He was born in Dublin, Ireland, March 15, 1904; is six feet one, weighs 170, hazel eyes, black hair. Latest is with Kay Francis in "The Goose and the Gander."

FREDDIE GOLDEN.—If the Jean Lee Carter about whom you inquire was in pictures it must have been as an extra, for I do not find her name listed in any of the old or new studio directories. I am sorry that there just isn't any available information about her to pass on to you.

LOLA K.—John Mack Brown is married to Cornelia Foster. Their daughter, Jane Harriet, was born about August, 1929, and their son on September 21, 1933. Johnny comes from Dothan, Alabama, where he was born September 1, 1904; six feet, weighs 165; black hair, brown eyes. Janet Gaynor with Henry Fonda in "The Farmer Takes a Wife." Fredric March with Greta Garbo in "Anna Karenina." Sylvia Sidney with Herbert Marshall in "Accent on Youth."

AGNES.—If you had included your full name and address I would have answered your questions by mail so that you would have received them before the contest closed. You probably don't realize that it takes several weeks for answers to appear in the magazine. Martha Sleeper was born in Lake Bluff, Illinois; Frances Drake, New York City; Kathleen Burke, Hammond, Indiana; Valerie Hobson, Larne, Ireland. Conchita Montenegro was a 1931 débutante star. Irene Hervey played the wife in "Stranger's Return."

M. A. A.—Claire Dodd is under contract to Warners. She was born in New York City, December 29, 1908; five feet six, weighs 120; blond hair, green eyes. Playing in "The Goose and the Gander." Sally Eilers also is a New Yorker, born there December 11, 1908; five feet three, weighs 110; light-brown hair, brown eyes.

Continued from page 7

ing performances in "Chained" and "Forsaking All Others," she will have, I am sure, more followers than ever. And the loveliest gardenias to Joan because she is one of the best sports in Hollywood, because her charities are many, and because no one ever hears of them except in rare instances. It is things like this that make us love you, Joan.

I hope they costar Crawford and Gable again. They're two of a kind, with natural acting ability and charm and glamour personified.

So my advice to you, "For and Against," is never to go to a Crawford picture, and give your seat to some one who really appreciates art and beauty.

HELEN MCCLEARY.
902 Maple Street, Des Moines, Iowa.

Let's See You Do Better!

I HAVE thought many times I would write this letter, and I have put it off as long as I can.

Why can't people live and let live and say no more about it, especially when it is something which will hurt people's feelings?

Such a letter as E. M. Karajulles's, of 1480 North Claiborne Avenue, New Orleans, Louisiana, in May Picture Play just makes my blood boil. I wonder if E. M. can act better than Maurice Chevalier? I also wonder how much he knows of Greta Garbo to say she would never care for George Brent. I give Garbo credit for more character than to care for a person simply because he is a good actor, or because of his social standing.

Why can't people realize that an actor or actress plays the part assigned to him or her? If they play that part well or to the best of their ability, give them credit for it instead of saying something which will hurt their feelings, for, after all, the stars are human, so let's treat them as such.

I have my favorites, of course, but if there is a picture and I don't like the star, I don't go to see the picture.

I say, power and more power to every star in Hollywood. May they live long and have good breaks, and may the public have sense enough and good manners enough to give them a few breaks. I'll bet we couldn't do as well.

WANDA STASEY.
Parco, Wyoming.

Thoughtful Comments.

HERE'S to "What the Fans Think" in May Picture Play. It hasn't been so good for a long time.

May I offer a few bouquets to correspondents?

To Roger Strawn, of Montreal, Canada. Many thanks for the grand letter on Richard Cromwell. There are many here and in England that feel the same as you do. Wasn't "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer" a marvelous picture? We'll have to admit that Hollywood is second to none when it comes to glorifying England and the Empire, i. e., "Cavalcade," "Bengal Lancer," "Clive of India," et cetera.

To Alex Knox, of South Africa. Of course we have seen Jessie Matthews in the States and think she's quite the tops. I have seen "Evergreen" twice and am hoping that in the near future she will make a picture with Fred Astaire. What a treat that would be, seeing those two artists dancing together.

To William Thomas. Boy! What a letter. I could shake your hand for writing it.

To Gloria Hunt. Your letter of reproof to Marjorie Payn was a gem, and a pleasure to read. It was written in such good taste, without ranting and raving and tearing your hair. Congratulations.

To M. L., Hollywood, California. Thanks. Malcolm H. Oettinger always impressed me as having a bump on himself. It's about time some one put a dent in his inflated ego.

To John Bryan, N. Y. C. All you say is true, but it does take Hollywood so long to learn and MGM does dote so on *femmes fatale*, as you call them.

To Peace Wyatt-Zeeman, South Africa. I say, young lady, you South Africans do have the right ideas, don't you? You and Alex Knox should get together. But then, no doubt you have already, as I notice you live in the same province, in towns quite near each other.

ERNEST S. GRANT.
45 Stearns Road,
Brookline, Massachusetts.

Bert Wheeler shows what it feels like to get up early, even when a starring career beckons and the alarm clock sounds. You'll see how he comes out of his daze in "The Nitwits."

He-man Cromwell.

IN the May issue, Roger Strawn wrote a pleasant letter about Richard Cromwell and he's my friend for life. It's true. Mr. Cromwell never had a chance to prove what a truly great actor he is until "Lives of a Bengal Lancer" was released.

Although not the star of this superb production, he all but snatched it away from the others. In spite of his boyish countenance, he's proved he fits equally as well into daring he-man rôles. I, for one, want to see him more often in these grown-up rôles.

Go to it, Richard, and show every one that you can top the best of them!

ELEANOR I. BOLDT.
1842 Greenleaf Avenue,
Chicago, Illinois.

Misrepresented.

FOR quite some time I have been reading in newspapers and magazines that Marlene Dietrich is to appear in a Spanish film called "The Devil Is a Woman."

Why do the directors still picture the Spanish women in costumes of about one hundred years ago, and have them serenaded by admirers who, incidentally, are always shown dressed as bull-fighters? Also, why are the women always decided brunettes when there are just as many blondes in Spain?

Another thing. Why do the producers always have bull-fighting scenes in practically every Spanish film?

If the producers insist on making Spanish films, I would suggest that they first ascertain the correct mode of dressing, customs, and habits of our country.

RAMÓN DE THARRAY VILLABASO.
Bilbao, Spain.

Two Features Exhausting.

THIS is my first contribution to your interesting department and it seems unfortunate to begin with a criticism through a medium that brings so much pleasure to many people, but allow me to register a very definite objection to the double-feature policy followed by innumerable theaters.

Do not the exhibitors realize that after one full-length picture a second fills the average person with a feeling of satiety? For example, at our local theater my family and I saw the lovely and poignant "The Wedding Night." This was followed by "Mississippi." Each picture suffered because of the length and lack of balance of the program.

On another occasion it was "Lives of a Bengal Lancer" and "Transient Lady." Again, "Roberta" and "Sequoia," and yesterday, the inimitable Maurice Chevalier in "Folies Bergère" and the splendid Edward G. Robinson in "The Whole Town's Talking." In each case there were short subjects, too.

In the first place, three hours and more is too long for the average intelligent picture-goer. I know of any number of people who refrain from attending certain showings because the length of the program puts the start of one of the features at such an impossible hour, and for the reason that by the end of such a long showing, pleasure becomes boredom, and often exhaustion. Why not return to the feature, newsreel, comedy, or other varying "shorts" of yesteryear and hold an audience only too anxious to continue as ardent devotees of the screen?

CATHERINE M. LIVINGSTON.
132 West Moveed Street,
Sarasota, Florida.

Gentleman Actor.

I HAVE noticed that Picture Play seems to be boosting Colin Clive, and I should like to add just this one word of sincere admiration for this fine actor. No matter what part he plays he always does it with such naturalness that one cannot fail to comment on it. In spite of all his fine work, he appears to be very retiring and does not gather laurels for himself. Why do others overlook him?

He nearly made one cry for pity in "The Right to Live," and his torture overshadowed all other characters and performances in the picture; your critic, Norbert Lusk, considers his acting the finest.

A well-known actor on the stage for "Journey's End," why isn't he a star in pictures? He is handsome, and oh, so romantic! Any one can see he is better-looking than Clark Gable. What women

see in Gable when Clive is around is beyond me.

Maybe you don't know it, but Clive was a real Bengal Lancer. Why not give such an actor who shows all the evidence of culture and refinement, breeding, and education as well as modesty as an actor, a chance? I am sure there are many who would appreciate this high-class gentleman actor for a change. Let's give him a boost to stardom! ARLINE.

Brooklyn, New York.

Close Observations.

I SAW "Sweet Music." My, how Rudy Vallée has improved in his acting and how much better he photographs!

Bette Davis deserves much credit for her recent pictures, although they may tend to drive the fans away.

Gene Raymond is one of the screen's finest actors. He plays his parts with such ease.

John Beal, too, deserves honorable mention. There's a chap who will go far.

Can't they let Hepburn do a picture without a costume? The second picture she played in was one of her best—"Christopher Strong." These quaint characters after a while become a bore.

Charles Laughton is great, but in his manner of speaking he is so cocksure of himself that it grows a little "too much of the one thing." JANET E. MURRAY.

8831 Fort Hamilton Parkway,
Brooklyn, New York.

Loyal to Novarro.

RAMON NOVARRO, I didn't believe you'd do it! I didn't believe you'd leave MGM no matter what stories and rôles they wished on you. You certainly have given your many loyal fans new courage. Thanks, Ben Maddox, and Picture Play, for that delightfully reassuring article.

I cannot agree, however, with Mr. Novarro when he says "the public thinks I'm versatile, but in my heart I know it isn't so." He may have become discouraged because he has been given little opportunity to show that versatility. Why, if he does all the things that article says he has in mind to do and is capable of doing, he is much more inherently versatile than he realizes, and time will now prove that versatility as he will be able to choose the rôles which he will play.

Moreover, much of the versatility exploited on the screen to-day is merely a matter of expert make-up, and those actors are playing the same rôles to-day that they played the first time we saw them.

There is but one Ramon Novarro, and his fans could never be reconciled to his leaving the screen permanently. Assurance of their steadfast loyalty has often been given, and their best wishes are sincerely with him in his new ventures.

LA DONNA IGNOTA.

Reading Center, New York.

Gable a Sissy?

IT would be a great idea to subject Clark Gable to a little torture for turning sissified on a million *femmes* who worshiped him for being an ingratiating, challenging, youthful, primitive male.

For Heaven's sakes, we want Clark rough, uncouth, a cave man—anything but the way he is to-day. Where is all the brisk virility the man had, the terrific punch which dominated every picture, the man who seemed to carry a prehistoric club in his eye?

How I loved to watch him flash that old sex-appeal grin, and how I used to sigh to think that actresses actually got paid for scenes with him! But now, my fascinating two-fisted guy has donned misplaced eyebrows, and for no good reason has stopped exercising that menacing charm of his. I'm forced to admit that the performances of my one-time idol now leave me cold.

Gable has a full face, shaggy eyebrows, large dimples, and big ears. Isn't that enough on one face? I should think he would at least spare us the mustache. Can't something be done to make him take off the silly, unbecoming thing, and be the man he was in "Susan Lenox," "Hell Divers," "Red Dust," and "Hold Your Man"? Yes, he's certainly a changed man, and as far as I'm concerned, he can change back.

If he doesn't, I'll just make Frankie Darro my big moment. At least he's more of a man than Gable is right now, and isn't it consoling to know that it will be years before he'll wear a mustache?

VIRGINIA D. KAREN.

361 Peshine Avenue,
Newark, New Jersey.

John Eldredge was grand as Dick Powell's gallant rival in "Flirtation Walk,"—good reason to hope he has a swell opportunity in "Oil for the Lamps of China."

Greater Compositions Needed.

THERE was an especially interesting letter in February Picture Play by J. Norris, asking that music-loving fans join him in a plea for high-grade operatic talent on the screen.

While his idea might bring relief from the awful compositions we have to endure in the average musical film, I sincerely hope the producers won't succumb to the usual brainstorm and open the doors to an avalanche of squealing, shrieking women, in those operatic films we are led to expect will be produced.

Frankly, it is my opinion that only men can sing from the screen. Also, a voice of great volume is a distinct drawback on the stage. It is not greater voices but greater compositions which are needed and which were in no small measure responsible for Grace Moore's success in "One Night of Love."

Whatever happens, Heaven deliver us from a teetering coloratura! It matters not how beautiful she is nor how well she can act. Give us more films like "Call of the Flesh," "The Rogue Song," "The Desert Song," "The Cat and the Fiddle," and "One Night of Love." G. V. H.

Elmira, New York.

Those Publicity Stunts.

FOR many years I have been reading this department. Sometimes the fans say pretty nice things about the stars and sometimes pretty rude things. I don't know into which group my letter may be put, but here goes.

Two stars—or sometimes a star and a nonprofessional—are divorced. For months after we are deluged with articles in papers and magazines insisting, nay proclaiming, that the divorced couple are the best of friends, that they are together frequently, that they send each other gifts, and that they have the warmest affection for each other, and so on, until one wonders in Heaven's name why they were divorced.

Why is it that every female player when first heard from insists that her age is nineteen? Why not twenty or even eighteen? It may be just a coincidence, of course, but it does seem strange they all arrive in the public notice at the same age. Recently, however, there seems to be a deluge of young hopefuls of sixteen thrust upon us. Is that to be the official beginner's age from now on? Of course, one realizes only too well how swiftly the years roll on, and the younger the given age the longer it will take them to grow old. Indeed, some of our stars never do seem to reach thirty.

It would be a decided pleasure to the fans to read a star's history and find in it no mention of her having attended a convent school or a finishing school. It seems to matter not how poor and humble her parents, she managed to have herself finished off.

The stars all read autobiographies, it seems, exclusive of every other form of literature. They all plan to have children, *later on*. They are all generous to the poor, and insist absolutely that word of their charities never reach the public ear. However, it leaks out. They announce with beaming self-satisfaction that they have never refused to sign an autograph book for a fan.

Please don't think I'm a crusty old crab who condemns the movie industry on account of a few pet publicity stunts on the part of the players. When Hollywood can give us pictures like "David Copperfield," "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," and "Kid Millions," I guess we can overlook any faults the stars may have.

DIANA KANE.

Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Shirley or Jane?

I WAS very pleased to see a picture of Jane Withers in your April issue. I'm watching this child with great interest for she has that something about her acting that I have never noticed in another youngster—true sincerity and naturalness. I hope Picture Play will soon have her picture on the cover.

I see where Shirley Temple won a special award for her work in "Bright Eyes." If there was one to be presented for that picture it surely belonged to Jane, for she played the most difficult rôle of the year, in my opinion. Any child could have done what Shirley did, but Jane really acted.

I hope Fox will turn their attention to some good stories like Mitzi Green tried to play in, for she has that mischievous way to put them across.

MRS. DAN MITCHELL.

408 Philadelphia Avenue,
Whittier, California.

Continued on page 80

STREET & SMITH'S

VOLUME XLII
NUMBER 6

PICTURE PLAY

AUGUST
1935

Photo by Eugene Robert Richee

IN Picture Play's recent contest, a challenge to its intelligent readers, more letters were written in tribute to Claudette Colbert than any other star. Just another wave in the tide of popular approval that is bearing this lovely favorite upward and onward. Two new pictures are engaging her at present. First, "She Married Her Boss" for Columbia, and then a return to Paramount for "The Bride Comes Home."

THOSE "HEART

By Helen Pade

Arline Judge will tell you that it was such photographs as this that engaged her before she got a chance to act.

Loretta Young, left, center, once obliged with pictures such as this for the sake of publicity before her acting spoke for itself.

Five years ago, Rochelle Hudson, below, worked out her contract in this way, never a chance on the screen coming her way.

THERE are still many ways for beginners to get movie contracts. They may catch the eye of a producer, director, or star. Only the other day Eddie Cantor discovered a charming nurse, Dick Powell a chorus girl. They may win a beauty or hog-calling contest. Or attract attention as fan dancers, stage players, radio performers, night-club entertainers. Hardly a week goes by that some studio doesn't announce, with a flourish of trumpets, such a discovery. A potential star, signed on a long-term contract!

It is really a trial contract, with options. It may be for six months, a year, three years, or even five. The salary ranges from forty to a hundred and fifty dollars a week; in exceptional instances, considerably more. Everything looks rosy. The contractees see only success ahead, and along the broad highway which leads to that success, lots of fun, prosperity and opportunity. But wait.

Thelma Todd, outer left, graduated from Paramount's school of acting into a contract and duties like this.

Once Alice White was a "heartbreak" contract girl and earned her salary posing for publicity pictures.

BREAK" CONTRACTS

If you aspire to screen fame, what could be grander than a contract with a big studio? It's sad but true that it is sometimes better to have none at all. The fate of the young contractee often is painful and uncertain, his chances of success as remote as if he never were rubbing elbows with stars.

After signing their contracts, they seem to disappear almost totally from the public view. Perhaps we see occasional photographs of the more shapely girls among them, posing with tame lions, new beauty products, daring bathing suits, or politicians. Ordinarily, we look for them in vain where we might justly expect to see them—on the screen.

Some of them never do reappear, but others, after a few or many months, are actually seen in small parts. They may continue to be seen at intervals; may even score hits that lead toward stardom. Or they may disappear again as mysteriously as before.

What is happening to them during these blank periods, and why? What decides their fate? Why do some succeed, and others fail? Why are some of them dropped at first option time, others kept on indefinitely, without being given a chance to show their wares? That is told here for the first time, a story of particular import to those who aspire to become actors or actresses.

There are fifty-odd young contractees in the studios to-day—a colorful company from all walks of life. Headed hopefully toward a single goal, they encourage each other with such inspiring legends as Garbo's. She, too, had to pose in scant or trick costumes for snapshots with lions, commercial gadgets and track teams, in order to earn the one hundred and twenty-five dollars they gave her weekly. She, like them, had narrow escapes at option time. Look, they say, where Greta is *now!*

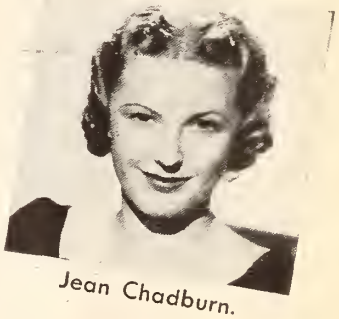
They also seek inspiration in the careers of successful players such as Loretta Young, Claire Dodd, Ann Dvorak, Rochelle Hudson, Gertrude Michael, Virginia Bruce, Arline Judge, Richard Arlen, Robert Young, and Ross Alexander, who had trial-contract pasts. Ross, successful now, once languished in alternative hope and despair through two contracts with two different studios, without being given a single chance to show what he could do. Then, by some miracle, he wrangled a third contract from a third studio, got a chance on the screen at last, and made good in a rush.

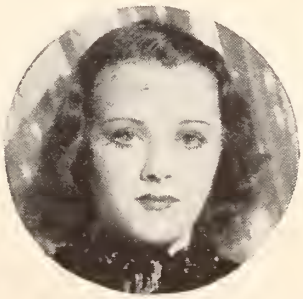
There is one considerable difference between past and present conditions affecting newcomers to films. Recently all paths to screen fame have converged, until now there is *only one,* except of course for celebrities from other fields, with their valuable reputations. For all others there is only one route, and one form of contract: the trial contract.

Once many shrewd, ambitious players refused to sign such one-sided, option-filled agreements. They saw better chances in extra and bit-player ranks. Probably many of them had heard that the paper technically known as a term short-option agreement too often merits its nickname, "heartbreak contract."

To-day extra lists are closed. Former stars are seeking all available free-lance work. If an influential director or producer wants to help a beautiful girl, the best he can get for her is a trial contract. Once he might have given her a fat salary and an ironclad agreement, with corresponding screen opportunities, but financial backers have at last put a stop to this amiable practice.

The new contractee soon discovers that he or she hasn't been handed the keys to movie fame on a silver


Jean Chadburn.


Mary Ellen Brown.

Robert Livingston

Marina Schubert.

Allan Jones.

Marian Mansfield.

Dolores Casey.

William Tannen.

Louise Henry.

Robert Allen.

Douglas Blackley

Dorothy Page.

platter. A struggle is still ahead. True, sporadic advice and hit-or-miss efforts to instruct the beginner in costume, make-up, and acting are sometimes made. But ordinarily studios can't spare time or money to this end. And getting actual camera experience becomes largely a matter of luck, supplemented by shrewd opportunity-courting.

Formerly, chances for seasoning in small but discernable bits came along with fair regularity. Now most of these are given to veterans, who whether young or old, are capable and experienced and must be cared for. What director wants an untried youngster when a fine selection of proved talent is available?

Rochelle Hudson's career offers one of the best examples of a trial contractee's varying fortunes. Rochelle got her first heartbreak contract with Fox, the company with which she is now zooming to fame. But she did not survive many option periods on that occasion. By showing a film test they had made of her, however, she obtained a similar contract with RKO.

There she earned her salary by doing the usual things. Posing for publicity snapshots, modeling for fashion photos, helping entertain visiting theater men and film distributors at Hollywood conventions. Journeying here and there to lend pulchritude and photographic publicity to the opening of a movie house or new grocery store, the unveiling of this or that statue, the dedication of this or that new bridge or irrigation dam.

This was good advertising for the studio, but not for Rochelle. Practically her only experience before the cameras was in making tests. Even these were rarely tests of herself, but of a new kind of make-up, a new costume dye, a new photographic wrinkle. Or, less frequently, a new leading man from the stage or another studio, trying out for some particular rôle. In any case, the test would be scrutinized to determine the worth of the leading man, the dye, the film, or the make-up, rather than Rochelle.

Then Director Wesley Ruggles prepared to film a picture in which youth had all the juicy rôles, "Are These Our Children?" Six principal parts were to be enacted by youngsters, and it was planned to use youthful veterans of the stage or screen. Eric Linden of stage fame, Mary Kornman of "Our Gang" comedies, and Ben Alexander, the grown-up child star, were hired. Then casting difficulties began. The noted juvenile players needed happened to be busy in other pictures and would not soon be free.

Ruggles, a director of vision and daring, suddenly decided to give the two most important feminine rôles to RKO contractees. Rochelle got virtually the ingénue lead. Arlene Judge played a feminine menace. Both clicked. For Rochelle it meant the opportunity to play other fairly important rôles; for Arline, recognition of her ability. And, incidentally, Arline, as the result of a romance begun while making the picture, later became Mrs. Ruggles.

Did this bring Rochelle a featured contract? Hardly! The later options in her trial contract called for slight increases in salary. The studio decided to release her rather than meet these raises. Fortunately Rochelle was able to join Fox again. She pleased producers by her fine work in several pictures, clicked loudly when lent to Universal for "Imitation of Life," and pulled out of the heartbreak list for good when she made a hit in "Life Begins at Forty."

Another illuminating success story, just as typical now as when it happened, is Richard Arlen's. For many months Dick got one hundred dollars a week on a heartbreak contract, and no chance on the screen. Every option-time filled him with dread, for although he hung about the studio as unobtrusively as a mere visitor, success meant much to him; the possibility of failure loomed as a major tragedy. [Continued on page 75]

Ann Sheridan.

Benny Baker.

Mary Joe Matthews.

Rosalind Culli.

Joan Crawford and Robert Montgomery

THIS prerelease glimpse of a celebrated pair in "No More Ladies" shows a poised and lovely Joan and a scapegrace Bob, the rôle he plays best of all. They are in a glittering comedy of modern marriage in a fashionable setting—butlers, bars, country houses, moonlit terraces, ultra-smart gowns for Joan and polite, forgivable infidelities for Bob. Miss Crawford's next picture, by the way, will have Brian Aherne for her leading man.

THE STRANGE CASE

By Richard Griffith

Photo by Bull

A star is a public figure and an integral part of the social life of Hollywood. She must keep herself in the spotlight without seeming to do so. This Helen Hayes failed to do.

SO Helen Hayes leaves the screen!

Yes, the lady herself has made the announcement to a more or less agitated world. In Cleveland, where she was playing in "Mary of Scotland" for the Theater Guild, she summoned reporters to hear what she had to say and, her royal raiment lending majesty to the decree, revealed that she was done with pictures.

"I am leaving Hollywood for good." In print, the words are sharply final. "There are too many demands on me. My husband, my daughter, the stage, the screen. Something out of this combination must go, and it will have to be the movies. I have one more picture to make under my contract with MGM. I'll finish that this summer and return to Broadway next season."

Well, that's that. There can be no getting round such a statement. Neither can it be regarded as a grand-stand play for publicity. It would be too hard to retract. Miss Hayes must really mean it.

And since she purposely consigns her career to screen history, there's nothing you and I can do but agree with her that the Hayes chapter is ended. The reason why is another matter.

Of course, we can accept her statement that she is too busy doing other things to have time to make pictures. But does that ring true to you? After four years of Hollywood success, four years during which she has gained world fame where before she was known only to a comparatively small group of theatergoers, does it seem possible that Miss Hayes should ditch a flourishing career just because she can't fit it into her commuting schedule conveniently?

Suppose we look back over her career and cast up accounts. Maybe we'll find that her stardom has been something less than one long flower-strewn path. And perhaps the relation of profit to loss will throw some light on a decision that would otherwise seem meaningless.

Turn back the hours to the year 1931. Helen Hayes, then a prominent stage star with but one movie experience and that one disastrous, had just gone to the Coast for a picture. No proud pilgrimage, this. Broadway luminary though she was, Miss Hayes was aware that she knew nothing as far as movies were concerned. She went expecting to do what she was told.

Accustomed to working out her characterizations through long periods of rehearsals and road tours, she was bewildered by the mechanistic efficiencies of the studios. Every day, she learned, an actress begins and completes a part of her performance. It's up to her to meet the difficulty of making the whole develop smoothly.

Miss Hayes's first reaction was that it was all quite, quite impossible. She was ill at ease in the new method; it did not suit her painstaking style of acting. Yet people did it every day, obviously, and did it well.

She put herself completely in the hands of Irving Thalberg, to whom she was under contract. After a careful search for a suitable story in which to introduce her, he chose the play "Lullaby." They made it. It was unsatisfactory.

Direction and continuity both were slow, and the result was a draggy, weepy picture. These are matters which every fan understands, and for which no one blames the star. But Miss Hayes wanted to take the next train for Broadway. She thought the picture was terrible; she thought her acting was worse.

But Thalberg refused to let her go. To her surprise, he saw merit in the picture. He insisted that she stay and make a few retakes. Then he lent her to United Artists for Ronald Colman's "Arrowsmith," and went into a huddle with the workers in the cutting room. Miss Hayes was still unconvinced.

She finished her part in "Arrowsmith" as quickly as possible, then beat it back to New York to do a play. Thalberg permitted this. He was willing to leave the verdict of her film future to the fans.

Once back in Times Square, Miss Hayes saw her Hollywood experience as a bad dream. The stage was the place for her. She should have known that in the first place, but now she was doubly sure. With a sigh of relief she began to rehearse her play and set about to forget her picture adventure.

Before the play opened, there appeared in New York the film called "The Sin of Madelon Claudet," which Miss Hayes dimly recognized as "Lullaby."

# of HELEN HAYES

The great talent which amazed the picture-going world four years ago is no less and her fame is far greater, but a star is quitting the screen because her films are no longer popular. What more is demanded than she has given? The answer to this is the strangest of all Hollywood's paradoxes.

The critics raved, the fans gushed, and Helen Hayes pondered. She was unable to understand why the new picture was any better than the original. She had worked hard on "Lullaby," had strained to make her performance the best she had ever given. She had done no better work in the retakes. What, then, had brought about the change? Nothing with which she had anything to do, evidently. The magic had been wrought by Irving Thalberg and the people who paste pieces of film together.

Well, anyway, here she was a big star, some said potentially the biggest. She didn't understand what they meant by "potentially." As far as she understood it, her efforts had little to do with the success of "Madelon Claudet," and if that were true, what could she do about following up her first hit? Nothing, it seemed to her, but hang on Irving Thalberg's every word.

So ends the first chapter of Helen Hayes's screen career. And thus far we're still in the dark. A shaky start, then a triumph. But that's only the beginning.

After her play closed, she returned to Hollywood. "Madelon Claudet's" success had not shaken her loyalty to the stage, but films made her money and brought new admirers. Why not combine the two? Especially when making a picture demanded so little thought from her. As she saw it, all she had to do was give the best performance she could and leave the rest to the technicians. [Continued on page 68]

Critics raved and fans gushed when they saw Helen Hayes as *Madelon Claudet*. She won the Academy award for her performance and delighted interviewers with her modesty.

"What Every Woman Knows," one of Miss Hayes's greatest successes on the stage was a failure in films. Beautifully produced and acted, the subject did not appeal to modern-minded fans.

Two failures do not mean the end of a career, especially when they have been preceded by an unbroken series of great hits. Helen Hayes's mistake came from her refusal to forget that she was a stage star and needed to give more to her pictures than splendid acting.

Photo by Bull

Mr. King made his first real hit in "One More Spring," taking his place as a first-rank player beside Warner Baxter and Janet Gaynor, but his film experience dates from the early musicals.

KING of ZEST

Nothing succeeds like the right attitude in Hollywood. Take Walter King. Broadway favorite, he doesn't disdain interviews, autographs and contact with fans. He likes everything connected with being an actor! He's zestful!

By William H. McKegg

OF course I like to give interviews, and talk about myself—if asked. Yes, you can tell the world I'm a married man, father of a girl of six and a boy of three.

"Naturally, I take acting seriously. I like everything about pictures. I enjoy having fans recognize me. Now that I am in a position where all these likes are being realized, I hope to learn how worth while it is to feel this way."

In brief, as you can see, Walter King is no lethargic creature, satiated with his art, indifferent to admiration. He is willing to please, so he will be liked—and liked a lot.

If setbacks dampen one's enthusiasm, he should by now be a very soured Thespian. If getting sleepy while waiting for Dame Fortune is a feasible excuse, Walter could be *Rip Van Winkle* the second without any apology.

His opening remarks explain why he has arrived, why he has won his wings, and why he is soaring, instead of souring, on the job.

"One More Spring" did more than establish him. It placed him on an equal footing with such fixed stars as Janet Gaynor and Warner Baxter.

Comparing this picture with others he appeared in offers proof to any skeptic that Walter King is a real actor. His earlier film work in "The Girl Without a Room," and "Embarrassing Moments" showed that. In each he placed himself alongside experienced players, Hollywood favorites, yet kept abreast, if not beyond.

Of course he has had plenty of experience. Quite enough, in fact, to fit him for any position in the acting world.

With a good voice, looks to match, he set out from his native San Francisco for New York, then the city of histrionic opportunities.

"I intended to become an actor," Walter related, eager to oblige with personal details. "But when I turned up on Broadway there were more established actors, budding actors and aspiring actors than there were opportunities.

"I said to myself: 'Sing now; act later.' After all, musicals are not so far off the beaten track. It was better for me to dive into something I could do right off the bat, such as singing, than hang around agents' offices, asking for work in dramas. I knew I'd land in them eventually. I mean in plays."

As indeed he did. As Walter Woolf, he made himself known. An operetta "Lady in Ermine" was one of his early successes.

"Because there was a good story behind the music," Walter added. "It was an excellent rôle for me. The fellow I portrayed was one of those brutal-tender chaps. I played and dressed him for all he was worth. I carried a whip. During the love scenes, the audience expected me to use it on the heroine any moment.

"Strangely enough, women liked it tremendously. It also appealed to men. And it afforded me my first real insight into the power of the theater and of the actor.

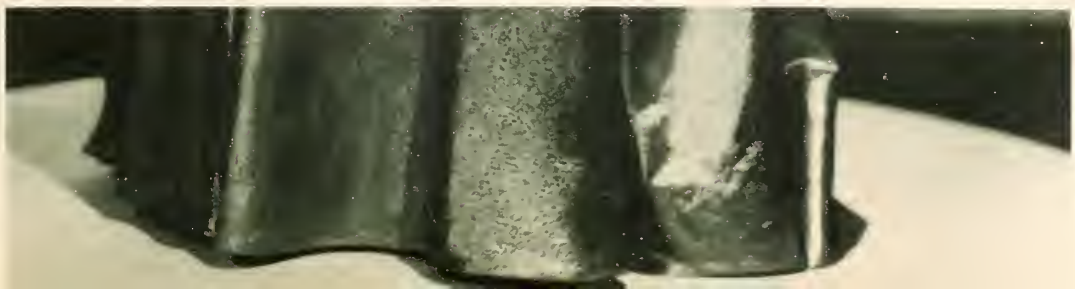
"In the short time I've been in Hollywood I have once again discovered how

Continued on page 55

FAVORITES of the FANS

CLAUDETTE COLBERT

Photo by Eugene Robert Richee



Ladies

And if you model your clothes after the good taste shown b

VERY smart is Margaret Lindsay's navy-and-white ensemble, especially the jacket of white crêpe with its open front and huge pearl buttons. It is the perfection of artful simplicity.

ON the right we have Verree Teasdale in one of her informal summer frocks. It is of nubby cream-colored wool with wide tan stripes. The twine-belt is fastened with a big coral buckle.

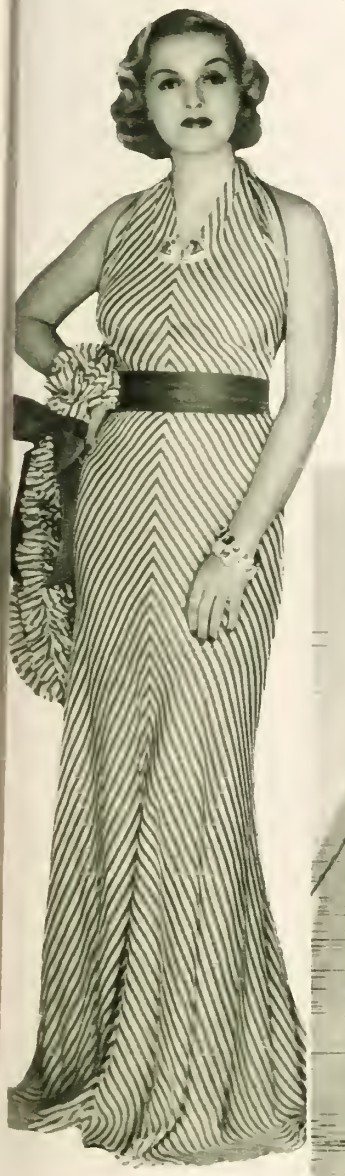
EVELYN VENABLE, at top of page, is gayly turned out in a striking sports costume, white crêpe with blouse, coat sleeves and pockets of brilliantly striped silk.

OLD-FASHIONED dotted Swiss is brought back by Kathleen Burke, above, with devastating effect. The dots are bright blue and so, too, is the rick-rack braid which borders the ruffles.

Must Dress

these beauties of the screen, you can't go wrong—not even if you use less expensive materials.

DASHING yet dignified, that's the description of Verree Teasdale's costume, right. A navy-and-white print with a pleated flounce at the hemline. Her toreador's cape is of unlined navy wool.



DELECTABLY cool is Miss Teasdale, below, in snow-white chiffon in rippling ruffles of graduating width. Jeweled clips of ice-clear stones carry out the frosty effect.

RED-AND-WHITE peppermint stripes, diagonally cut, make an arresting backless dance dress for Patricia Ellis, above. A pleated tie-on lei is an unusual touch, too.

AGAIN Margaret Lindsay, right, shows how to be fashionable without an effort. Her frock is of navy-and-white checked taffeta, set off by a wide belt of navy kid.

ARLINE JUDGE

BEWITCHING Miss Judge, petite with dark-brown hair and eyes, has that certain something—call it hotcha, if you want to—which places her in college films, one after the other. She's just finished her fifteenth, "College Scandal." And as long as she doesn't yearn to play *Ophelia*, the films will continue to be gay.

Photo by Eugene Robert Richee

ANN HARDING

"AND who is the young man who is to play opposite me in 'Peter Ibbetson'?" Ann Harding is reported to have asked the Paramount bosses. "Gary Cooper," was the reply given the *Duchess of Towers*. The idealistic rôle of the soulful heroine who lives and loves in her dreams should be perfect for Miss Harding. But first you will see her in "The Flame Within" as a modern psychiatrist.

Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull

ROBERT ARMSTRONG

SIR GUY STANDING

CHARLES BOYER

PAUL MUNI

A SWELL JOB

FRANCHOT TONE

GORDON WESTCOTT

NAT PENDLETON

GENE RAYMOND

EVERY TIME

EVELYN VENABLE

FAR from being a young intellectual iceberg, Evelyn Venable sparkles with friendliness and humor, says Ben Maddox in his encounter with her on the opposite page. She's been a movie fan all her life, too, and when she and her husband are in a frisky mood they wrestle and roll all over the house. Yes, Miss Venable has been misrepresented.

Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull

NOT ANNOYINGLY NOBLE

By Ben Maddox

Evelyn Venable has been maligned by publicity which made her something of a prig and very much a highbrow. She couldn't be kissed in pictures and she carried a gun for protection against bold males. Now she speaks for herself and introduces a very different sort of girl.

WHAT every interviewer winds up knowing about Hollywood's higher-ups is that the famous emphatically fall into three groups.

Some are exactly what you anticipated. The screen and their publicity boys have forewarned, told all. Meeting such stars means that you will be automatically ecstatic or pained, according to your already formed opinion.

Then there are those, sad to relate, who have been magnificently bolstered. They are the sort who merely seem glorious, thanks to expert casting, direction, photography, and publicity of an exciting nature. They turn out distressingly dull.

The third class of players are the ones who, in person, are a delightful surprise. In their pictures they have not yet been allowed to reveal their full charm. And in the tales dealt out about them they have been quite misrepresented.

In this last category is Evelyn Venable.

She is infinitely more interesting than we have been led to believe, for she is not annoyingly noble.

Exceptionally bright, yes. But she doesn't parade facts or speak in sonnets. A serious student of the drama, true. Yet why overlook her attitude toward the movies?

All reports to date on her have been exceedingly tinged with her highbrow frame of mind. Her one desire, we have been told, is to be a Shakespearean star. Her violent objection to love scenes has been printed repeatedly. No necking for Miss Venable, "The Unkissable," *if* you please!

That pistol she carried was given its due share of spotlight, too. It appeared that a gun was a definite accessory for dates, the way she looked at it. She was grimly prepared to expect the worst. One could only gather that Miss Venable was Victorian with a vengeance.

Far be it from me to discourage leanings toward refinement among our actresses, but my private conclusion was that here was too much of a good thing. I didn't shout with glee at her being on the buxom side, either. Even when advised that Miss Venable was too elegantly wholesome to contemplate dieting a bit.

Accustomed by this time to the condescension adopted by most stage imports, I went forth to encounter this austere personage with the comforting thought that at last one course I took in college would come in handy in Hollywood. In a hectic ten weeks I once had had to familiarize myself with thirty Shakespearean efforts.

The first blow was learning that she was working at the Hal Roach studio in a very modern comedy. The second shock was Evelyn, as she is.

Continued on page 56

Judging from what was written about her, one could only gather that Miss Venable was Victorian with a vengeance and too plump to be interesting. Here she is, less seventeen pounds.

THEY SAY IN

Photo © by Gaumont-British

Back in New York after making two pictures in London, Fay Wray dashed to the Coast to acquire a suntan.

NEW YORK—

Preconceived notions about stars vanish when you meet them informally.

By Karen Hollis

IF you want to make a hit with Grace Moore, just call her "Colonel." She loves it, and so far only the studio carpenters and electricians have obliged.

And please remember that she is no ordinary Kentucky colonel, of which there are some thousands, including Mae West and Ben Bernie. She is a Tennessee colonel, the first woman to be so honored in her home State. They really should make her official greeter of the State University, too, she is so hospitable to all her kid brother's friends who wander out to Hollywood.

Play "Pomp and Circumstance," Please.—Attended by her husband, a caged canary, and a maid, Miss Moore arrived in New York recently headed for honors which will make it difficult for any one to wrest the title of First Lady of the Screen from her. She received a medal from the Society of Arts and Sciences for popularizing operatic music in films, is to sing at Covent Garden in London as part of the King's Jubilee, then give a command performance before the King of Sweden. From five hundred to a thousand letters a week have come to her from England telling her that she is the first American to sing at Covent Garden. And each correspondent expresses the intention of going to hear her.

Miss Moore bears her honors with justifiable pride, and no false, simpering modesty about it. She is a dominant individual, which leads reporters, interviewers, and many others to set her down as "difficult." She can be overwhelmingly gracious when the occasion merits it; she can be brutally intolerant when she shrewdly figures she can afford it.

Photo © by International News

Myrna Loy is casual about engagements but charmed all who were lucky enough to see her.

The New Matinée Idol.—While Grace Moore has been taking the lead among feminine stars, Charles Boyer has quietly slipped into the place of national matinée idol. "Private Worlds" and "Break of Hearts" can be counted on to keep him intrenched in the hearts of women from sixteen to sixty for the next few months. Meanwhile, he and Pat Paterson, his wife, are off to France where he will make two pictures, then to England where they will visit her family. They are due back in Hollywood about October when he will go on making pictures for Walter Wanger, she for Fox. They are an ingratiating couple; she blithe and crisp and radiant, he somewhat darkly brooding and intense.

An Unpredictable Bennett.—Joan Bennett has suddenly become one of the major joys of my life. She was so unlike what I had expected. Sitting next to her in cafés and during chance encounters while shopping, I had pigeonholed her as mild and serene and disciplined in quiet courtesy to the point of chill reserve. Then I dropped in to see her one twilight recently and found her as gusty as wind or rain.

She gives an impression of deep currents that make her excessively pretty pastel countenance a mockery. "This face is my undoing," she admitted with a deep chuckle. "It crops up all sweet and girlish when I want to do heavy dramatic parts. That's why I'd like to do a play. Behind the footlights that face would not show up so much. I'd give almost anything to play *Jenny* in 'February Hill.'"

Being a Bennett Is a Career.—"Every time I come to New York, I swear it's the last time," the youngest Bennett proclaimed, burrowing further into the depths of a Sherry-Netherland lounge and stretching out her feet incased in cumbersome white fur mules.

"There are too many of us. Barbara has a new baby and wants to rush me to Greenwich to see baby, dogs, house, friends. My stepfather is eager to show me a place for sale in Old Lyme near his and mother's. My mother has a lot of plays for me to read. My father-in-law——" She gave it up with a shrug. "It's too much all at once. I feel as if I were being pulled in all directions. I stole off alone the other afternoon, went to the movies and stayed for hours. I'm really lazy. Hope it rains so I won't have to go anywhere to-morrow. My husband is so ambitious for me. Always after me to work with a physical trainer or a dramatic coach or a voice teacher. And I can think of the best excuses to stall them off." She relaxed with a sigh and urged me not to go. There's an ingratiating hostess for you—she seemed so deeply content at the moment, critical of every one and everything outside.

The Talk of the Town.—Myrna Loy's very first trip to New York came after ten years of playing Manhattan types, first sleek sirens, then smart young women. She confused every one pretty thoroughly by telling interviewers that she had no convictions about the parts she wanted to play, though the studio executives were the best judges of that. In view of the fact that she had just walked out of a part they selected for her, it was all a little puzzling. Then she shut off her telephone, gave the Metro-Goldwyn office no inkling of her plans, cropped up here and there in smart cafés, and finally rushed off to Europe. [Continued on page 72]

Photo by Wide World

Grace Moore has cinched the title of the First Lady of the Screen. Here she is with the canary she takes everywhere.

Alice White is on another personal-appearance tour and it's successful, as usual.

Joan Bennett's lovely face bothers her. She says it isn't what she knows herself to be inside.

BERGNER REFUSES $100,000

Calmly, emphatically, the star of "Catherine the Great" and "Escape Me Never" turns down a fortune rather than go to Hollywood. "I am afraid of the place," she says in an interview that has the pomp of a court presentation.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

Despite her celebrity, Elisabeth Bergner is as seclusive as Garbo. There is some magic about her that does not meet the eye. To get her at her best you must see her on the stage or screen.

After twelve triumphant weeks on the stage in New York, Miss Bergner sailed to film Shaw's "Saint Joan" in London, with our own seclusive Katharine Cornell to see her off. Below, are glimpses of Bergner in the film "Escape Me Never" which has all the brilliance of her stage portrayal.

BERGNER in lights is a name to conjure with at the Schauspielhaus in Berlin, the Aldwych in London, the Staats Theater in Vienna, and more recently, the Shubert in New York.

Elisabeth Bergner is, you see, an international star, an artist at home on both hemispheres. Her technique has been acclaimed by critics of all lands, her stage presence worshiped by adoring audiences.

Despite her celebrity, Miss Bergner is as seclusive as Greta Garbo. She enjoys the silence of a hideaway as much as Constance Bennett enjoys the *rat-tat-tat* of clicking cameras announcing her comings and goings.

When she came to New York for the Theater Guild to simulate the gamine *Gemma* of Margaret Kennedy's "Escape Me Never," she was not at home to the press or any part of it. She was standing on her constitutional rights, and away from the theater she was invisible.

Some one unearthed the fable that she liked to cook her own meals and sit by a roaring fire rather than eat restaurant fare and endure central heating. Indeed, the saga went, she searched for days in Manhattan until she found an apartment with a real log fireplace. But that lonely anecdote was all that trickled out about Miss Bergner. She was a wraithlike figure, barely discernible in the mists of her self-imposed privacy.

Then Joseph Schenck decided to unveil his star to the press.

She has made pictures in Germany and England which have been received with huzzas in select circles in this country, although not widely released.

She is about to make a picture of George Bernard Shaw's "Saint Joan" for United Artists, so perhaps Mr. Schenck said "Elisabeth, my pretty one, publicity helps poor pictures and makes good ones thrive. Hadn't you better succumb to a

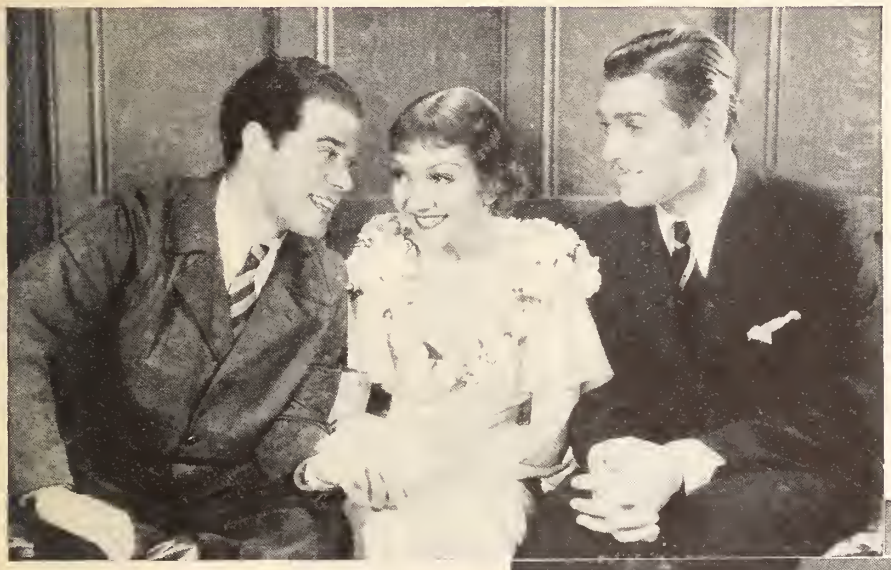
Continued on page 74

THEY'RE CAPRA-CRAZY

To Hollywood, Frank Capra represents the ultimate in directorial achievement, and there isn't a player out there who wouldn't be happy to work under his guiding genius. This is the story of the man.

By Whitney Williams

Not content merely to direct a film, Capra works on every story he produces, collaborating with the writer until the desired excellence is effected.



Frank Capra with Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable when they were making "It Happened One Night," the picture which received the Academy award.

HOLLYWOOD has gone completely Capra-conscious, just as yesteryear Herr Lubitsch and Cecil DeMille, before him, occupied the center of the directorial stage.

The name of Frank Capra now is as familiar along the Boulevard, and nearly so in the outlands, as the most glamorous star.

To the film capital, he represents the ultimate in directorial achievement.

To theater managers, a craftsman whose pictures assure big returns at the box office.

And to audiences, his name attached to a production signifies exceptional entertainment. He is responsible for such hits as "Broadway Bill," "It Happened One Night," and "Lady for a Day."

Such honor immediately elevates Mrs. Capra's boy Frank to a position of importance in the world of amusement, and makes him, at thirty-seven, a personage of high rank in Hollywood.

Were Horatio Alger still alive to tell the tale, this young Italian, native of Palermo and immigrant lad at the age of six, would be immortalized in one of his volumes. The title of "From Rags to Riches" already graces the cover of Alger's most popular book. It would, of necessity, have to be used again, in describing his rise to eminence, for Capra's life story reads like a success novel.

Born in Sicily, the youngest son of a vineyardist and one of seven children, when Frank was six his father decided to emigrate with his large family. Destination—Los Angeles. They traveled third

Continued on page 69

THREE

What of Bela Lugosi, Lionel Atwill, and Boris Karloff, prime portrayers of horrific characters? What are they like, what do they think of their abnormal rôles, and what have been their experiences? This joint interview tells you all you want to know.

By Helen Louise Walker

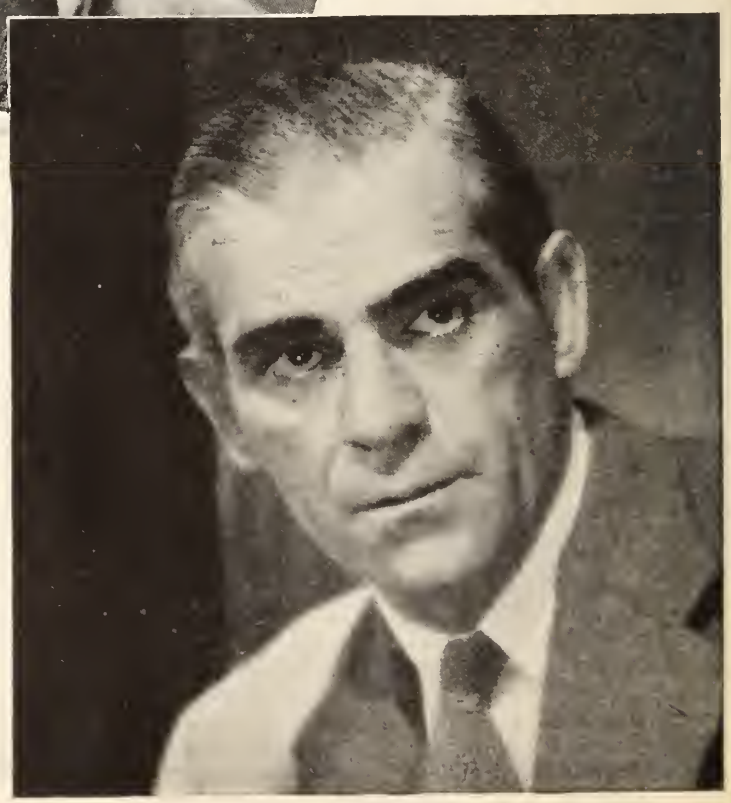
Photo by Freulich

Bela Lugosi has no yearning for different rôles. He thoroughly enjoys making people shudder. He memorizes all the syllables of a part before he studies the words as a whole. That is because he can extract all the more horror from them.

Lionel Atwill is just as soothing in suave rôles as he is chilling in monstrous ones. He can change himself before one's eyes without the least make-up.

Being horrible is a business, a matter of mechanics, to Boris Karloff, a cricket-playing, practical Englishman who doesn't even enjoy reading horror stories except as potential screen material.

Photo by Freulich



AN' the wind goes *woo-oo!*" in the words of *Orphant Annie.* The children clustered closer to the fire and peered furtively over their shoulders, fearing the approach of those "Gobble-uns who git you ef you don't watch out!"

The spellbound children of yesterday loved those tales of naughty youngsters who were snatched through the ceiling by ghostly hands, or the story of the little girl who mocked and shocked old folks and then got what was coming to *her.* When the lamp wick sputters and the flame burns blue——

Modern youngsters do not have to cluster round a kitchen fire to experience their nightmare thrills. They may save their nickels and go to the theater at the corner and be frightened even more effectually than was *Annie's* eager audience. And don't think that their elders are not willing to accompany them. A right powerful, hair-raising scare is worth anybody's money. Horror and mystery pictures are second only to Westerns in popularity at the box office.

Why? Why do the kiddies, to say nothing of father and mother and also grandpa and grandma, so enjoy jittering at the goings-on of a *Frankenstein* or producing gooseflesh over *Dracula?*

LIVE GHOSTS

Wondering about these matters, I braved the Hollywood "gobble-uns" recently and asked them about their private lives. Somewhat to my dismay, I found the three chief monsters to be dignified, prosperous, and rather civic gentlemen.

First there was Bela Lugosi who, what with years of playing the dreadful *Dracula* on the stage and then upon the screen, is almost our pioneer hair-raiser. Bela *likes* making you shudder and producing chilly sensations along your spinal column. And he admits to an occasional more or less enjoyable shudder, himself, in the pursuit of his horrific career. When it began to seem that the portrayal of *Dracula* might well become his life work, he used to have pretty awful dreams about sucking blood.

"Your nerves are bound to be affected," he remarked, "by any rôle which you play constantly over a period of years. If it were only the repetition, it would do something to you. But when you are playing, with all the earnestness and sincerity you can muster, a horrendous monster, when that portrayal is constantly on your mind, it *must* eventually have some effect upon your nerves and your mentality. It never becomes quite mechanical. Toward the end of my session of portraying *Dracula* I became downright neurotic about the character."

Yet, he likes playing horror rôles. He has always been interested in psychology, and the study of the reactions of the human mind to the horrible has absorbed him since he has become, as it were, a professional house-haunter.

He receives a greater volume of fan mail than do many of the romantic heroes of the screen. Almost as great a volume, in fact, as does that new star, Shirley Temple. Most of this is from women and children.

"But *why?*" I marveled. "*Why* do these people enjoy being frightened out of their wits? Why will they stand in line, eager to deposit their money at the box office for the sake of a gruesome thrill?"

Mr. Lugosi, professional frightener, shrugged and smiled. "Most women are masochists," he opined. "That is, they enjoy suffering, or they think they do. Every psychiatrist and almost every layman is familiar with the woman who insists upon being ill, enjoys her imaginary symptoms or who invents mental woes which she enjoys discussing.

"With children I think it is a little different. To them it is romance and unreality. They enjoy these stories of monsters just as they enjoy the tales of dragons and Gorgons, fairy stories or accounts of intrepid hunters who face man-eating beasts of the jungle."

He told an amusing story of a time, recently, when he was making a personal appearance in a theater. An urchin recognized him as he entered the stage door one afternoon and when he emerged there were swarms of youngsters waiting for him.

"Make bogyman faces for us!" they begged. Bela explained to them that the management of the theater did not allow him to go about frightening people on the streets for nothing. But since these enthusiasts obviously could not pay to see him in costume and make-up, he donated a few dreadful grimaces, to their intense delight.

He feels that his slight Hungarian accent is an asset rather than a liability, that it lends a certain distinctive filip to his macabre performances. He memorizes carefully all the actual syllables of the lines of a rôle before he allows himself to hear the cues or to try to get the sense of the lines. Interpretation comes after he is, literally, letter perfect in a part.

Boris Karloff, the horrific *Frankenstein,* is extremely practical about these matters. Karloff, a cricket-playing, plum-pudding Englishman, son of a clergyman, fine journeyman actor, finds it "much more fun" to play horror rôles than to essay straight parts. He is not in the least neurotic about his work. He is *not* interested in the study of the occult. On the contrary, he is a bit impatient with the very notion of such a thing. Being horrible is a business, a matter of mechanics, to Boris.

"The fun comes in trying to invent tricks, to visualize eerie effects, in devising make-up, inventing walks and gestures which will be suggestive of the terrible," he said.

Boris doesn't enjoy reading horror or mystery stories unless they are potential material for pictures. He has no natural tendencies in these directions. He has never shivered a single shiver or had one hair stand on end over a "thriller."

Continued on page 57

Karloff and Lugosi, most famous of frightening teams, are together again in "The Raven," the new horror picture inspired by Edgar Allen Poe's eerie poem.

Given the lead in "Redheads on Parade," Dixie was obliged to dye her hair. It is her reported success in this film which should place her among the topnotchers.

DIXIE

Marriage to Bing Crosby interrupted Dixie Lee's screen career, but now that the films have again claimed her, she bids fair to become as famous as her husband.

FOR six years I have been telling Dixie Lee, and any one else who would listen, that, properly handled and with a little confidence in herself, she could be one of the big stars of the screen. And for six years mine has been a voice crying in the wilderness of Hollywood unheeded by public and producers alike. Now, at last, my prophecies seem in a fair way to bear fruit.

I met Dixie when I first went to California. She was the first girl I ever had a date with out there. That was long before she ever heard of Bing Crosby.

In those days she was as pretty and as cute as could be, a typical flapper. Her tams were always worn at a more rakish angle than any one else's, her coats fitted a little tighter, her skirts were a little shorter. She used to sing "Button Up Your Overcoat" and "Is There Anything Wrong in That?" in a way that put Helen Kane to shame.

She was under contract to Fox at the time and had been given the old song and dance that is always fed to newcomers on every lot: "We're going to do big things with you."

She was given enough publicity in those first few months after her arrival in Hollywood to make a star of

So fresh and lovely, it is incredible that one so young could be the mother of three children.

DOES IT

By Samuel Richard Mook

her, if the studio had backed it up with good parts. She sang one number in the first "Fox Movietone Follies," called "Why Can't I Be Like That?" She sang it as wistfully and poignantly as ever Fannie Brice sang the unforgetable "My Man." But there was a long stretch after that when the studio gave her nothing but bits to play.

Then Dixie got the lead in two pictures, "Cheer Up and Smile" and "The Big Party." She gave a good account of herself in both of them, but they turned out to be Class B pictures.

Things were not going so well with her. When I first knew Dixie she had one of the most carefree dispositions imaginable. A year later she had turned slightly cynical and, at times, there was a sullen expression on her face.

The studio, realizing the great amount of publicity Sue Carol and Nick Stuart had enjoyed as a romantic young couple, had tried to publicize a synthetic romance between Dixie and David Rollins.

In the meantime, Dixie had met Bing Crosby and they had fallen head over heels in love with each other. To make matters worse, Bing had acquired an undeserved and unearned reputation around Hollywood as a *roué*. He was relatively unimportant at the time and Dixie's infatuation for him did not at all fit in with the studio's plans. They forbade her to see him again under pain of dismissal.

But she and Bing took matters into their own hands and married. The studio promptly notified her that her option would not be taken up and shortly thereafter she was free-lancing—with no offers.

I have never been able to understand it. As I said, I have always thought she could be one of the ace attractions of the screen. She has looks, personality, a gorgeous sense of humor and she is one of the few girls in pictures who can put over a "hot" number.

Paramount borrowed her once for the second lead in one of Clara Bow's pictures, "No Limit." I thought she would be deluged with offers, but she wasn't. Her career reached an apparently unbreakable impasse.

Although Bing was packing them in at the Coconut Grove, he was getting nowhere on the road to riches. As suddenly as they had married, he and Dixie packed up and left for New York. Both national networks had been after him, but up to that time he had been absolutely lacking in interest in their offers.

To this day Dixie swears the only reason Bing ever consented to try his luck in New York was because they had had a quarrel and that was the only way they could make up without either having to give in. When they had been married a short time Bing wanted to live with his brother. Dixie wanted a place of her own.

When Bing refused, she packed

Continued on page 67

Photo by Autrey

A typical flapper was Dixie Lee when she first went to Hollywood under contract to Fox.

Dixie has looks, personality and a grand sense of humor—a perfect combination on or off screen.

LAUGHING ENIGMA

By Joe Mackey

Claude Rains is a many-sided man, flashing his contradictions with such suddenness that his interviewer is left gasping in admiration. The result is one of the most fascinating descriptions of a star that Picture Play has ever published.

When Mr. Rains was asked if he learned his lines by looking at a mirror, he laughed. "Oh, no! I couldn't look at this face all that time. I analyze lines, see what's behind them, rip them apart, toss them in the air, then kick them around!" And that is typical of his dynamic originality.

REPELLENT, malevolent" the critics wrote, a tribute to the man who could instill such power into his performances, doubly a tribute when you know the real "Invisible Man," the invincible Claude Rains.

In his first picture he was not even one man, being invisible until the fade-out. Then he was two men as *Lee Gentry* and his inner self in "Crime Without Passion." Following that, nearly a genius and nearly a madman in "The Man Who Reclaimed His Head." Devout fans wondered what extreme would be next. Would he play quintuplets or a half-man? The answer is he will play another different character.

In a New York hotel lobby shortly before his departure for Hollywood, Rains threw back his head with the wild forelock of hair, and laughed.

"Do I mind being diabolic? No! I love *all* acting. However, I don't want to be eternally evil just because I started in films as a rather gay fiend. I'm an actor and don't want horror alone. I think I'm getting away from it, too. In 'The Clairvoyant' are poignancy, tragedy, and comedy, and the fellow I play is quite sympathetic. In the new picture for Paramount, 'The Last Outpost,' the stipulation was that it was not to be a horror story."

Rains's voice was so gripping, with its peculiar combination of the better features of English and American speech, that I was sorry when he stopped talking.

To convince him of his prowess as a menace I confessed having seen "Crime Without Passion" eight times.

"Yes, that was my favorite, but it wasn't a conventional horror picture. I don't mind being grim."

Well could Rains be grim. Despite his good humor and kindness, which are obviously sincere, a sinister aura lingers near. His vivid eyes contain something cunning, made almost fearsome by the cleft in his forehead and the uplifted eyebrow. That mouth could be cruel. Somehow, he suggests a volcano, only rumbling at the moment, but capable of destroying. He possesses that mysterious glamour for which so many stars strive.

He yearns to do the life of Edmund Kean. "He was a colorful figure. Began as a tumbler, you know, and became the greatest tragedian of the Drury Lane Theater. Drink broke him, though."

Another reason the English actor would banish pure horror is that he tries to live his part. "After working all day you go home, rest a few hours and start to learn the next day's lines. With such a program, when you endeavor to be the man you're creating, it would be quite a strain if the character always was sinister."

He was surprised when I asked how he learned lines. I said that some actors studied en route to work, some were cued by friends, others practiced before a mirror.

"A mirror? Oh, no!" That soft, compelling laugh

Continued on page 78

GRAND OLD GIRL

Helen Westley, veteran of the stage and screen, is presented in this informal interview as the great-hearted, tolerant and understanding woman that she really is.

By Laura Ellsworth Fitch

HELEN WESTLEY met me with large brown eyes fairly bulging. "Now, my dear," she began excitedly, "what on earth can you possibly write about me that will help you earn a livelihood? I am no longer—well, shall we say a subject for cupid to ponder over? What could the readers of a fan magazine, young, pulsing with life, with adventure, with romance, with ideals for accomplishment, want to read about me for?"

"Miss Westley," I said. "There you have it. With ideals for accomplishment. Do you think you have nothing to say about that to interest the younger generation? Come, come," I added severely. "Some years ago you did a play for the Bandbox Theater group. Since then that little group has grown by stormy stages into the most imposing and successful dramatic organization in America, the Theater Guild. Some dropped away, but a few of you clung to the ideal you had during those years and pushed it through to a success the whole theater world respects."

Miss Westley smiled. "Youth," she said a bit thoughtfully, "is the same to-day as it always was.

The fans are beginning to love Helen Westley on the screen, just as she has been admired on the stage as the foremost character actress of her time.

Miss Westley as she appears in "Chasing Yesterday," with Anne Shirley and O. P. Heggie.

They have different ways of doing things, that's all. Different ideas of what's worth doing, but youth is still interested in building a home, a business or a career in spite of what the tabloids would have us believe, and the same principle that we applied to our theater can be applied to each of their ambitions.

"In Hollywood it seemed to me that many youngsters of eighteen or so were unusually level-headed. They were not vexed by that spirit of contrariness that poisons so many lives, driving people to do just the things they should not do in order to gain the success they want.

"I know nothing more heartbreaking than the things

Continued on page 77

HOLLYWOOD

Touring about cinema town on the trail of news and gossip.

By Edwin and Elza Schallert

DON'T take the Merle Oberon-David Niven engagement reports too seriously. There's a lot of chi-chi about that. Miss Oberon was engaged to Joseph M. Schenck not so many months ago, and that didn't take. Also there were rumors of attentiveness on the part of Leslie Howard, confuted by the fact that he is, of course, married. Then, too, Willis Goldbeck escorted Miss Oberon to her début party in Hollywood. Altogether, it approaches "playing the field," and there's always safety in this. However, Miss Oberon is by way of becoming a very luring, if not much engaged lady, as a result of all the chitchat. And no question but she's the new beauty rave in the films.

Paulette's Stylistic Triumph.—Bernard Newman, fashion expert, must approve Paulette Goddard. Without

Finishing "Hooray for Love," Pert Kelton decided to freelance in an effort to be in more pictures. After all, fans say they don't see her often enough.

Charlie Chaplin, they recently showed up at the Trocadero, and danced and danced. If Newman approves, that's something, too, in the movie world. Not long ago he said that practically none of the Hollywood stars knew how to dress. He's an autocrat on the subject. He "passed" only Claudette Colbert, Carol Lombard, and Marlene Dietrich.

We were much interested in Paulette's garb on the night she was with him. She wore a very girly-girlish costume—a sheer brown polka dot gown, and a sailor hat with the brim rolled up. It was sort of Dolly Varden. Incidentally, Paulette is growing day by day to look more and more like Katharine Hepburn.

Photo by Wide World

Jack Doyle, Irish heavyweight boxer, met Judith Allen on his first visit to Hollywood and it was love in bloom at first sight. Now they're married.

Fiancé Accompanies This Time.—Benita Hume, who graced the screen for a brief while a year or two ago in Hollywood pictures, returned lately, bringing her swain, Jack Dunfee, the racing driver with her. Benita looks more slender, and even her eyes seemed to have changed a bit in shade. One or two actors who had played with her seemed scarcely to recognize her.

It's in the books, of course, that she and Dunfee will be married. On her last visit, he did not accompany. Playing safe and sure this time!

Durkin's Death Lamented.—Trent Durkin's death was a terrific blow to the younger set. They don't often face tragedy, but this one struck them bitterly and unexpectedly. Durkin belonged to that group of in-their-teens-or-just-past stars who include Tom Brown, Anita Louise, Patricia Ellis, Paula Stone, Jackie Coogan, Anne Shirley, Mary Carlisle, William Janney, and others. His sisters, Grace and Gertrude Durkin, go around with this set, and occasionally appear in the films.

George Offerman, Jr., one of the youthful coterie, assumed the part that Durkin was to have played in "Jalna." The group was happy over that, because they preferred it should be one of their own rather than an outsider. Trent Durkin is, of course, better

HIGH LIGHTS

Robert Taylor, Jean Parker, and Frank Shields do a little ping-ponging between scenes of "Murder in the Fleet."

remembered as Junior Durkin, the name he bore in "Huckleberry Finn." He began using Trent about a year ago, when he assumed more grown-up parts.

The Mystery Infant.—A mystery is always an exciting thing in Hollywood. And mystery, of course, has surrounded the adopted baby of Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler, principally because the photographers were not allowed to take pictures which would show the infant's face.

Miss Keeler had to argue against it all the way out from Chicago, beg off, and do other things to prevent the child being snapped.

The explanation is that the hospital, where they obtained the baby, advised them to avoid the photographs for fear the mother of the child might seek them out, if by any chance she recognized the pictures. It's all kind of tragic.

William's Maritime Penchant.—Probably the quietest-living star in Hollywood is Warren William. He's an awfully nice chap, too. He does his work in pictures, slips off to his home, or out on a boat, and hardly anybody ever sees anything of him. Sunday, if he and Mrs. William are at home, they have a few friends in for tennis and swimming. Their house is very much sequestered among live oaks, and looks, in some ways, like a bit of the East transplanted to California. It's a place that they've made over, with plenty of modern appurtenances, and William has a chart room in which he keeps models of ships, books on the sea, and other maritime paraphernalia. Such a mariner is he that even the paved portion of his yard represents the sea, lapping rocks and a shore. Images of whales, dolphins, and other fish are formed by the stone flags. It's a sort of miniature Treasure Island that he has created, and it's called that. All very interesting and unusual!

Isabel's Father Loses Sight.—After all the efforts made to retain and restore

Continued on page 54

Jessica Dragonette, her appearance in films delayed a year, really will be in "The Big Broadcast of 1935."

Photo by Wide World

This is how Mae West greets reports of her marriage in 1911. However, Frank Wallace, who says he is her divorced husband, is going to court to prove something or other.

THE SECRET of COLOR

A famous authority interprets the stars by the coloring they choose for their background and gives surprising facts about the influence of color on us all.

HOLLYWOOD again is to the fore with an innovation. This time it is an interesting angle on color. For some time we have been hearing about the development of color photography, and have all seen "Becky Sharp," forerunner of the dramatic film entirely in color. But something new has been started.

With the introduction of color into dressing room suites for their stars, Metro-Goldwyn has done away with the stereotyped cream-tan walls, with their accompanying green or mulberry draperies and the usual furniture, from their traditional place in room decoration, and have assigned color to a new rôle. Now color is being employed not only to add to the pleasure of stars, but to enhance their personalities, create favorable moods and to insure their well-being.

Standing in the heart of studio activity, is a new building recently erected by the far-seeing heads of MGM. Two hundred thousand dollars was spent on this great white stucco dressing room apartment. While it is simple in detail, with its soft green trim, it has an unmistakable air of grandeur. At first glance one has the impression that it may be another one of the sets that are here to-day and gone to-morrow.

This building, planned for the use of some of our greatest stars, is one of the progressive steps that are being taken by the producers.

For several years many of the stars have insisted that certain colors seemed to inspire, while others irritated and depressed, and have clamored for colors that suited them individually. Finally, at a board meeting of the directors of MGM, it was voted that the stars should have what they wanted. So, each star who has moved into this new building has been permitted to decorate his or her suite with individual colors. The result is that the sixteen dressing rooms are so colored that each reflects the personality of its occupant.

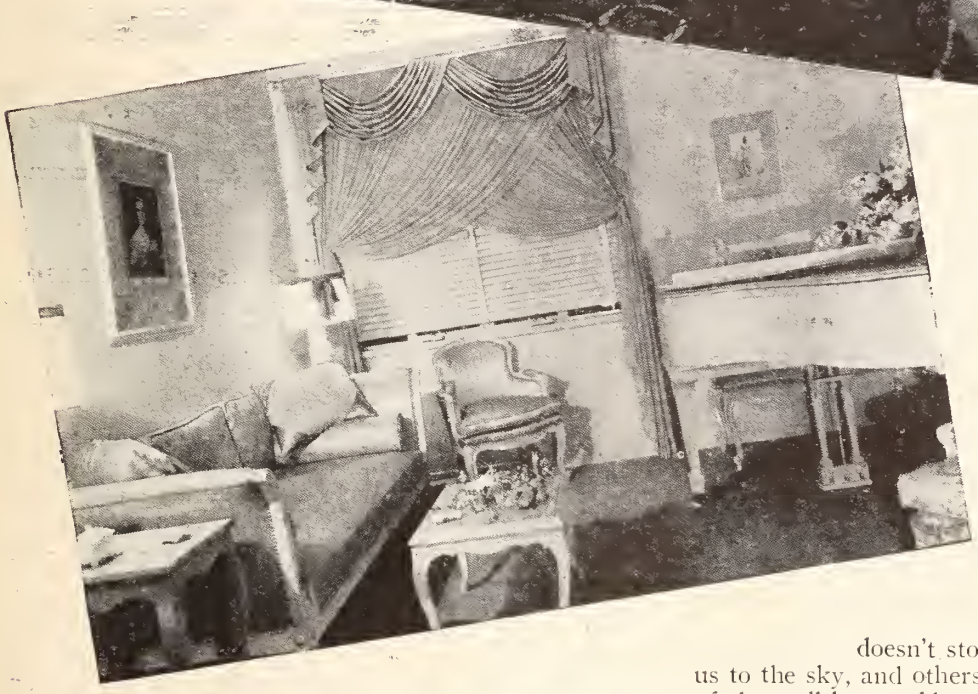
These stars have found that color is something more than a decorative pleasure. They discovered that this

A corner of Franchot Tone's sitting room reflects a color scheme of brown and white. It was designed by William Haines who believes in color, too.

Erected at a cost of $200,000 by MGM, this new dressing-room structure contains sixteen suites furnished in colors that not only add to the pleasure of stars but enhance personalities, create favorable moods and insure well-being.

By Maie Lounsbury Wells

The informality of knotted pine walls and ceiling, sporting prints and simple, gayly colored hangings proclaim Robert Montgomery.



Jeanette MacDonald surrounds herself with clear, soft rose and crystal blue, the smoothness of satin expressing the elegance of her true self.

intriguing phenomenon of nature has a tremendous effect on the way they feel, and, therefore, on everything they do.

Conservatives in the picture world are aghast. "Phooey! Superstition and extravagance," one hears. "What have colors to do with it? Just because one wears red, don't tell me that has anything to do with a star's attainments, with glamour, or wealth, or world-wide recognition."

Yes, perhaps on the surface it does seem extravagant and far-fetched; but is it?

Hollywood doesn't think so, and they have been studying this color business for many years and from many angles. They say that red, yellow, blue, green, and other colors have a startling effect on health, success, and happiness. And I can reasonably say, and with sound scientific backing, that Hollywood is right.

For many years I have experimented with the effects of color on the health, moods, and general well-being of people both normal and otherwise, and I have found that color is a powerful and vital force, one that should be used carefully and intelligently. Another thing which should be of great interest to every one, is that we all have our own color radiance, colors that are a part of us, and which should be brought into everyday life.

Every one knows that he likes some colors and can't endure others. We are all color-conscious to that extent. But most of the world doesn't stop to figure why some colors lift us to the sky, and others send us tumbling to the depths of the well-known blues.

When the color schemes selected by the stars as their own were called to my attention, I did a little research and found that their accurate sensitiveness to their own colors is nothing short of amazing. And yet, when one knows that color influence is *felt*, it is not to be wondered at that people of the screen should be among the first to realize the effect of color. This is because their entire life lies in the realm of emotions.

Why has John Boles braved many a laugh by wearing a green handkerchief when he is interpreting his characters for the screen? And on the other hand, why does George Raft so dislike this same color? In fact, I have been told even the sound of the word "green" is distasteful to him. And Alice Brady, why does she say that green is her lucky color, that every time she wears it her work is a success?

The answer is very simple and very logical when you realize what a big part color plays in the individual make-up. You are quite naturally drawn to those that harmonize with your own color radiance, and are annoyed by those that are discordant.

Continued on page 76

WHEN IT RAINS—

How do you suppose the stars amuse themselves when California has its rainy season? Or are you one of those who think the sun is always shining out there? Well, don't be deceived, because umbrellas and galoshes are an important part of their wardrobe.

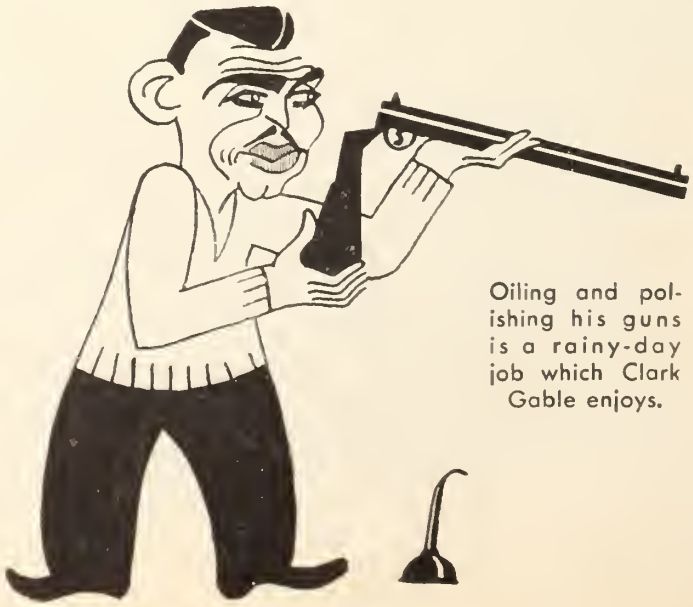
IF people stopped to think about it, they would know that it rains in the land of perpetual sunshine the same as it does in every other State. But because there is so much steady sunshine and because people new to the climate have so much to say about it, the general public is under the impression that the stars in Hollywood don't have to think up amusements for a rainy day along with the rest of the world.

Now, it does rain in California—and how! But it is a very orderly rain. It concentrates on a period of six weeks, more or less, during the winter months. For days beforehand the heavens cloud over, giving every one plenty of time to dust off galoshes, raincoats and umbrellas, and arrange their program.

None of this going into a theater in your best bib and tucker and coming out with the elements bent on destroying it—and you without the price of a taxi. However, the girls in Hollywood have something to contend with, too. The hot summer sun parches the land until a flash from Clark Gable's eyes is almost enough to start a conflagration.

Every year Hollywood is menaced by fires that sweep from the plains over hill after hill, roaring and spitting and lifting angry tongues fifty feet in the air, raging that something always robs them of their prey. One year they actually reached Cahuenga Pass and the Hollywood Bowl, when a sudden turn in the wind swept them back at the very threshold of success.

Those things go on and continue until the first rain, which usually arrives early in December. If it hangs over until January the air is filled with tension; every one is restless and irritable and jumpy for no apparent reason. With the first drops of rain parched bodies relax and luxuriate in the blessed relief, as all nature does.



Oiling and polishing his guns is a rainy-day job which Clark Gable enjoys.

If the stars happen to be working their work goes better, but if they are between pictures they plan their different activities.

Fay Wray had the terrace of her home at the mouth of Laurel Canyon inclosed in glass and turned into a game room to accommodate her ping-pong

Mae West concentrates on new gags and dialogue for her next picture when forced to remain indoors.

Now Wallace Beery, it seems, doesn't care for the rain, and what do you think *he* does? Being more fortunate than most mortals, he climbs into his plane, flies above the clouds and into the sunshine again.

Dolores del Rio likes to play ping-pong, parchesi and conquer jig-saw puzzles.

Glenda Farrell buys all the detective magazines and fills her mind with the latest crimes. In that she shakes hands with the brainy men of all nations, many of whom it is said read a detective story every night.

Gary Cooper has a pleasant little pastime. It is knife throwing. He and Dick Arlen had a contest one time on location, and I hate to tell it on Gary, but there being no target handy except a wardrobe box, he made excellent use of that. It wasn't damaged much. He threw the knives so neatly that afterward he could press the splinters in again with his thumb. At home he has a proper target, but he likes his own jackknife.

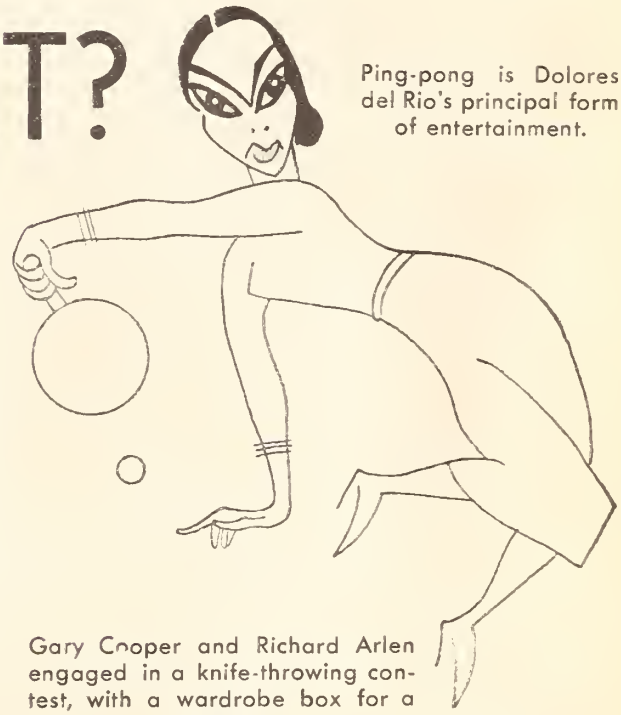
Miriam Hopkins and Marlene Dietrich, being devoted mothers, spend as much time with their children as they

Continued on page 71

THEN WHAT?

By Helen Ludlam

Illustrated by Alfred Bendiner



Ping-pong is Dolores del Rio's principal form of entertainment.

table. A curious thing about Fay, though. It isn't any game that absorbs her time during the first rainy days, and you'd never guess what it is if I didn't tell you. She takes an inventory of all her goods and chattels, just like the most proper housewife in the land. She makes a list of linen and china and kitchen ware that need replenishing and staples for her larder. She goes over the entire house inspecting furniture that might need mending or reupholstering, and planning for summer covers and curtains. Would you ever think it of Fay?

Then when that is finished she gets into a pair of thick-soled shoes, tweed coat and vagabond hat and tramps for hours. After a few days of that and if the rain still continues she sends for the latest novels and published plays, curls up on a sofa before a eucalyptus fire and that takes care of the rest of the rainy season.

Gary Cooper and Richard Arlen engaged in a knife-throwing contest, with a wardrobe box for a target.

Young, poised, lovely to look at, Ann has a mind as clear as her wide gray eyes.

THAT

Ann Sothern represents the new order of movie stars, possessing education, refinement and stage experience. She is one of those who consider acting a business as well as an art, and she conducts herself accordingly.

By Laura Benham

ANN SOTHERN is more than a lovely young girl. She is a symbol. A symbol of Hollywood to-day, with its new-found poise, its adult psychology, its really splendid achievements and its industrial importance.

In the beginning the cinema capital was a placid village of broad, unpaved avenues shaded by pepper trees and lined with small, freshly painted bungalows wherein dwelt the hardy, hearty, early settlers who, like all pioneers, had never heard of Emily Post.

They worked and played with equally rowdy abandon, tossing their lives and salaries to the wind, indulging in gaudy, glaring display, living loudly and lustily.

But as asphalt changed the dirt roads to boulevards, as picturesque white shops reared red-tiled heads proudly over the fruits and vegetables, as hillside chateaux replaced bungalows, as mammoth sound stages rose on the sites of the old ramshackle studios, a new order of men and women succeeded the stars of yesteryear.

Men and women of education and refinement, with cultural backgrounds and experience on the stages of New York and Europe. Individuals with cosmopolitan ideas and metropolitan manners who considered acting a business as well as an art and who conducted themselves accordingly.

And Ann Sothern is a splendid example of this new type of star. Young, poised, lovely to look at, she has a mind as clear as her wide gray eyes—and as frank.

"Luck is one of the most important factors of film success," she admitted when I talked to her during her first visit to New York since she scaled the Hollywood heights. "Ability and hard work count, too, of course. But no matter how great

In her newest musical picture, "The Girl Friend," Ann has Roger Pryor for her leading man.

Photo by Bachrach

SOTHERN BELLE

a player's ability or how earnest his effort, unless he gets the breaks he won't succeed.

"I say this not only because of the things I've seen happen to others, but from my own experience as well.

"I was in pictures once before, you know. It was several years ago, and I had gone to Hollywood to visit my mother who was living there at the time. She knew one of the head men at Warners and took me to see him.

"He thought I was a screen type and gave me a test, with the result that I was given a six-month contract. I appeared in any number of publicity pictures, but *never* in one intended for the screen.

"Now, granted that I was young and inexperienced, admitted that I might have been terrible in a film and that I might never have been given but one part, how did they *know?* I was worthy of one little chance to try my acting wings.

"But I didn't get a break. My option was allowed to lapse at the end of the six months, and it was then that I came back to New York."

Back to New York under the Ziegfeld aegis, she modestly failed to add. For the Great Glorifier had met her at a Hollywood party and had offered her a part in "Smiles." At the time, Ann thought Ziegfeld was merely being polite and, therefore, was greatly surprised to receive a wire from him later, repeating his offer. She accepted posthaste and hopped the next train East.

"My friends back here have been greeting me with delight, telling me that I'm the first girl that Hollywood hasn't changed," she volunteered gleefully, her bright eyes crinkling at the corners just as they do on the screen. "They mean that I haven't had to get false teeth, or have my nose done over, or my eyebrows plucked all out of shape," she added apologetically. "For, of course, I did have to dye my hair and change my name."

This last was the hardest thing she had to do. As she explains, her own name, Harriette Lake, had served her well for a good many years. Ever since she opened her eyes in a small North Dakota town where her mother, a singer, stopped between engagements long enough to welcome her little daughter.

As Harriette Lake she had gone to school and to the University of Washington, and had added glamour to the name on Broadway.

But when she arrived in Hollywood with a Columbia contract tucked safely in her handbag, the first thing the studio did was to call a council of war. There were already several Lakes in pictures—Alice Lake, an early star who is to-day doing extra work; Arthur Lake, who has never lived down his adolescent characterization of *Harold Teen;* Florence Lake, Arthur's sister, one of the cleverest comédiennes on the screen. There was danger that the new Harriette might become confused with these other Lakes in the minds of the public.

"After I fought it all out with myself, I decided that if I made good, the public would accept me even if I were called Sophie Zilch, so I agreed to find a new name.

"For days I puzzled over what it should be. It was like trying to find a name for a new baby. I wrote to all my friends for suggestions. I looked in the dictionary and the phone book. I even started to go through the city directory. Until at last the simplest solution presented itself. I took Ann, from my mother's name Annette, and Sothern because it's a good old acting name. And now I've grown to like my new name very much," she added truthfully.

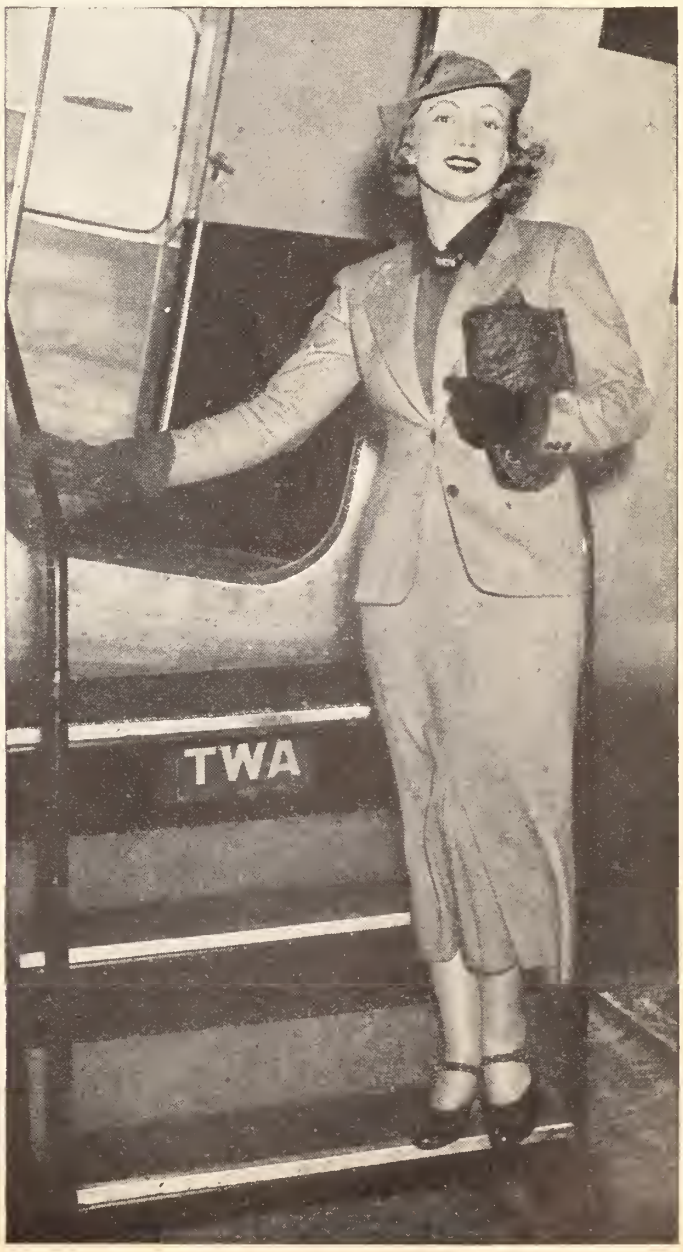
She likes it so well, in fact, that she is not contemplating another change, she insisted, when I asked her if matrimony was in her plans for the near future. She belongs to the sane young element of Hollywood who feel that marriage in the cinema capital begins with all odds against it.

"I don't think it's Hollywood, or the climate, or too much money that wrecks marriage there," she explained.

Continued on page 79

On a recent visit to New York, all Ann Sothern's friends told her that she is the first girl Hollywood hasn't changed.

Photo by Morgan



Two Who Are Different

The McCreas, Joel and Frances Dee, stand out in Hollywood. Not because their love is dramatized, not for any conscious reason at all. It is because of their refreshing normalcy, their youth, good looks and intelligence perfectly matched. And because their work on the screen makes them important as artists.

By Mark Dowling

FRANCES DEE and Joel McCrea are completely different from any other stars in Hollywood. Wholesome, healthy, and deeply devoted to one another, they pursue ordinary lives in a normal, unaffected way that is absolutely revolutionary amid the freakish surroundings of the most abnormal city in the world.

Hollywood's most idyllic married pair, they would rather stroll down the beach at Santa Monica, hand in hand, than be with the smart lunch crowd at the Vendome. Or spend weeks at a time, between pictures, at Joel's thousand-acre Circle M ranch, where he mows his own hay and herds his own cattle, while Frances takes complete care of their six-months-old heir.

This sane and simple life is the more amazing because before marrying they were both lively young persons who were seen at the best parties in the company of our most sophisticated denizens. Joel's friendship with such glamorous beauties as Constance Bennett, Gloria Swanson, and Tallulah Bankhead provided columns of titbits for the gossip writers, and Frances was seen about with our most eligible bachelors.

Even then, however, Joel was a fairly model young man with certain ideas of what should be and what should not. He did not smoke. He did not drink. And every now and again he would threaten to leave Hollywood's social whirl and retire to the privacy of a tent somewhere up the coast above Malibu. He would tell interviewers, seriously, "When I marry I want a girl who doesn't belong to the cocktail-drinking, bridge-playing set. A home girl." Somewhat to her surprise, Frances fills the bill.

"I never expected to become such a stay-at-home," she told me. "In fact, Joel thought me quite giddy

"Getting too far from simple living frightens me," says Joel. "I hate strange-looking airplanes and weird houses. Then I hear about air-conditioning—as if it's too much trouble to open a window!"

"Don't think of us as inseparables just because we spend so much time together," Frances warns. "We don't want to get in each other's hair. I'm going to keep on with my work for that very reason."

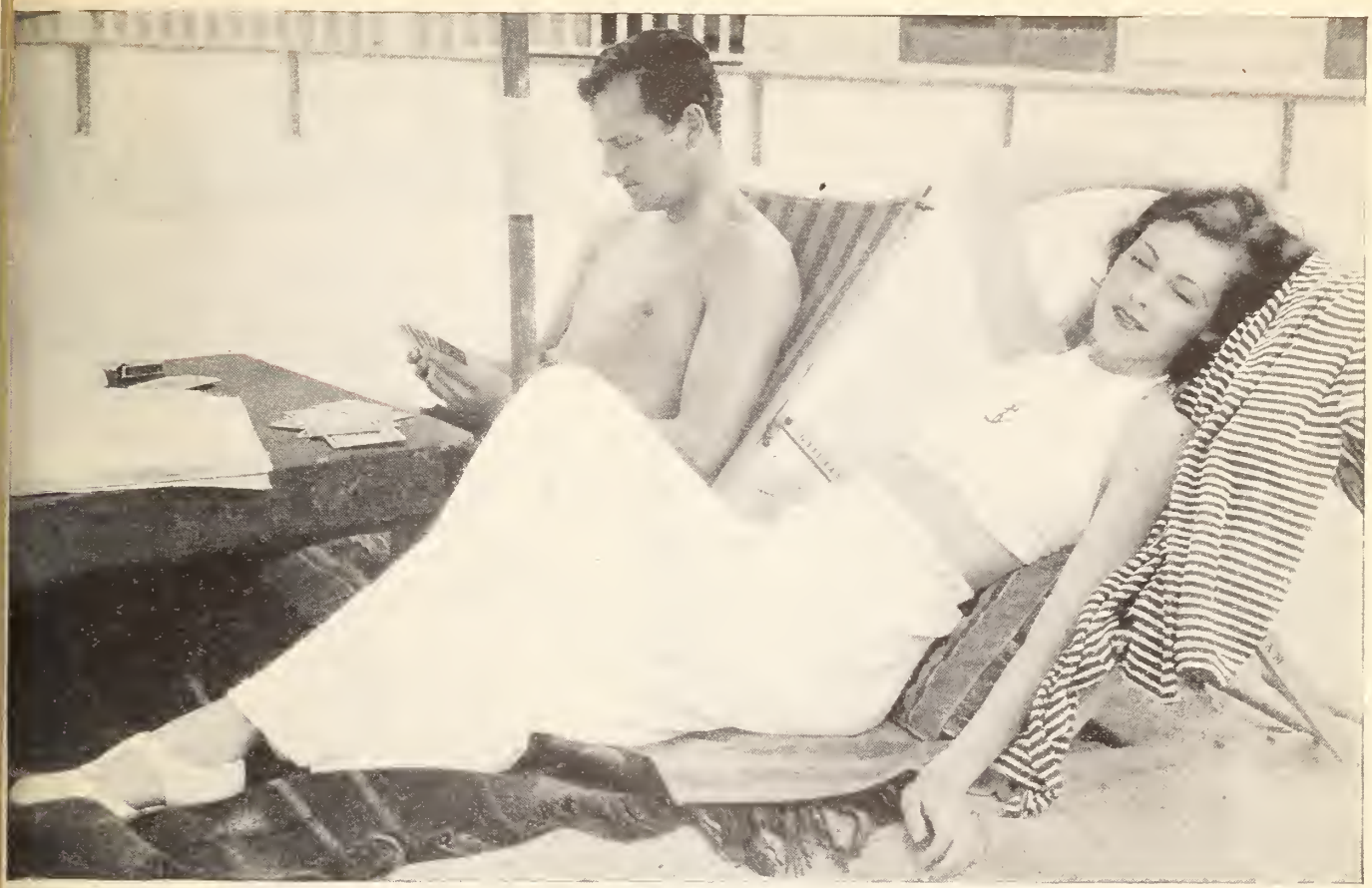


Photo by Coburn

True disciples of healthful living, Joel McCrea and Frances Dee are always gloriously tanned and have marvelously healthy bodies of whose charms they seem happily unconscious.

when we first met. And since he had a premonition that we were destined for each other he was pretty disconsolate about it. I used to feel that an evening was wasted if I spent it around the house."

Now the McCreas love to sit by the fire and read, and as like as not they'll be tucked in bed by nine-thirty. Their nearest neighbors, at the ranch, are two miles away. They seldom have guests. They don't own a telephone. "People can't reach us except by wire," Joel says with satisfaction. "It's easy to forget to answer a wire."

Daytimes the actor works around the place with his foreman, plows the fields, and rides horseback. Recently he has been "helping" a sick neighbor. Goes over and drives cattle out of the man's grain fields, or helps him with the mowing.

"I always wanted a house on a hillside with a white fence around it," Joel told me. "That's the ranch. It isn't a large place; I don't like big houses or many servants. But there are always interesting things going on. Now there are all the little calves, the spring round-up, and a lot of new mowing implements I'm going to try out."

Such pastimes might sound less than entrancing to most film celebrities, but they are better than night clubs, dinner parties, or Hollywood flirtations in the opinion of the McCreas. That's what makes them different.

Forerunners, perhaps, of that race of supermen loyal Californians like to predict, they use their own honey instead of sugar, eat their own vegetables, are always gloriously tanned, and have marvelously healthy bodies of whose charms they seem happily unconscious.

"It seems to me that half your life is your battle against or your harmony with nature," Joel says. "I hate having things made easy. It's possible to get a tan by sitting indoors under a sun lamp, but I *like* getting sand in my hair on the beach. It's possible to ride elegantly along a bridle path, but I enjoy saddling my own horse, having a rope in my hand and something to do with it. It's the inconveniences that make the sport."

We talked to him, fittingly enough, in the bright sun outside the Beach Club at Santa Monica, and the interview was a drowsy affair because McCrea, every now and then, sometimes in mid-sentence, fell fast asleep. Six feet two in a pair of brief trunks, he looked natural as a savage, and completely relaxed. Between naps, his remarks were surprisingly alert.

"Getting too far from simple living frightens me. I hate the strange-looking airplanes, the weird houses they design nowadays. When I hear about such things as air-conditioning—as if it's too much trouble to open a window!—I feel that I'd rather have been born a hundred years ago than a hundred years in the future. Soon they'll be providing us with mechanical children!"

Better rounded than most disciples of healthful living, he is not much on small talk but can make occasional acute observations. He reads newly published books with a fine critical taste, and when he finds one that offers movie possibilities, rather naïvely drops notes to producers calling it to their attention. "Magnificent Obsession" was purchased by Universal after such a reminder.

Individually, you see, the McCreas are different, too. Joel is, more than most stars, intelligently realistic about his own worth. Neither overly modest nor immoderately conceited, he was not annoyed when a producer asked him to make a picture, having tried to get Clark Gable for the part and failed. "I'd rather have Gable myself if I were a director," he remarked, adding, "But I'd also rather have McCrea than a lot of others."

Continued on page 79

THE SCREEN

"BREAK OF HEARTS."

First position is given this picture because of Katharine Hepburn, Charles Boyer, John Beal, and Jean Hersholt. But for them it would go to the foot of the department, there to have clapped on it the dunce's cap for stupidity. Stimulating talent is wasted on uninteresting characters that never capture one's imagination or sympathy. Miss Hepburn fares worst in a pallid, conventional rôle which might fit a routine actress but never should have tempted a star. None of her flashing moods are here, none of her buoyant spirit, none of that genius she has for pathos bravely masquerading as laughter. In this her heart speaks not at all. Instead, she gives us monotonous close-ups of brimming eyes in describing the grief of a musical amateur who marries a famous orchestra leader and leaves him because of jealousy and wounded pride. Both take to drink, Miss Hepburn by way of fashionable bars, Mr. Boyer in a quick descent to sodden drunkenness until Miss Hepburn takes him in hand and cures him by the sweet persuasion of love. All this is inexcusably trite. Worse, it sadly proclaims the limitations of Miss Hepburn's judgment and skill. There are stretches when her acting is blank, and never a moment when you cease to wonder why she chose the story. It is a triumph for Mr. Boyer, though, and will do much to give impetus to the tide on which he is riding to fame. John Beal's light comedy is winning, but all the players would have profited by better direction.

"THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN."

The great appeal of "Frankenstein" continues in this sequel which has been directed with the same intelligence, imagination and feeling for dramatic effect. It has been welcomed with huzzas wherever it has played and should be seen by every devotee of horror yarns. In it *The Monster* created by *Frankenstein* is discovered not to have died in the flames that you thought consumed him in the original. Not only that, but he has learned to speak through gratitude for the only kindness ever shown him by man. But when a mechanical woman is provided for his mating and she turns from him in loathing, it is too much. Hurt and furious, he destroys the laboratory and all its devilish contraptions. Boris Karloff leaves nothing undone in making *The Monster* a memorable masterpiece of make-up and curiously affecting acting. Elsa Lanchester is every inch his match in impersonating the synthetic woman whose heart was stolen from a corpse and made to beat again by the black magic of *Doctor Pretorious*, a character splendidly played by Ernest Thesiger.

"MARK OF THE VAMPIRE."

More morbid than most of its kind, this has the advantage of the incomparable Bela Lugosi whose popularity with readers of Picture Play speaks for itself and them. Bats, spiders and other creepy things are also present, not to mention a bat-woman who floats through the air with the greatest of ease. The background and atmosphere of this murder mystery, which is a horror film too, is more like that of "Dracula" than any other picture. Not only is the unmasking of the guilty person accomplished with a sort of brooding suspense, but it comes as a complete surprise. Carol Borland, hitherto unknown, plays *Luna*, the strange woman who lifts great wings and flies like a bat searching for prey. You will remember her make-up long after you have left the theater. But more than the excellent players, who include Lionel Barrymore, Elizabeth Allan, Jean Hersholt, Henry Wadsworth, and Lionel Atwill, is the weird environment and detail of the production. It is genuinely ghastly, shivery.

IN REVIEW

BY NORBERT LUSK

PICTURE PLAY'S HONOR LIST

The Best Acting of the Month

Elisabeth Bergner, "Escape Me Never"
Charles Boyer, "Break of Hearts"
Josephine Hutchinson, "Oil for the Lamps of China"
Pat O'Brien, "Oil for the Lamps of China"
Victor McLaglen, "The Informer"

"GO INTO YOUR DANCE."

The screen union of Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler is pleasant. One of its positive virtues is the dancing of Miss Keeler, seen more frequently here than in any previous film, and of course it adds to the attractiveness of this one. Mr. Jolson is his familiar self, another way of saying that he is just himself, and he enjoys his routine hugely. They are cast in a backstage story which is neither new nor interesting, but it suffices to give them both full opportunity. Mr. Jolson is a musical comedy star who loses his position on Broadway because of his habit of walking out on shows; Miss Keeler a chorine whose understanding and help restore him to the show world. The picture is lively, tuneful and tastefully spectacular but hard to remember. Patsy Kelly, that stimulating comédienne, is briefly seen, and Helen Morgan is sparingly used as a singer instead of the actress she proved herself to be in "Applause" some years ago.

"THE WEREWOLF OF LONDON."

Any part that Henry Hull plays is interesting because of his intense voice and presence. It is unfortunate that in spite of his vivid acting, none of his pictures has qualified to the degree his talent deserves. His newest is thrilling in the manner of "Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," the camera work that transforms Mr. Hull into a wolf-man being startling and convincing. But the scenario and the direction might have been more interesting, more modern. Well, anyway, Mr. Hull, an English botanist in Tibet, is bitten by a werewolf. According to what the screen calls a "legend," he is doomed to turn into a wolflike monster and can only be restored to his natural self by killing the person he loves best. The juice of a flower that only blooms by the light of the moon is also a cure. Fascinating photographs of Mr. Hull trying to coax the plant by artificial light add appropriate atmosphere. Valerie Hobson, an English newcomer, is gracious and sympathetic as Mr. Hull's wife and the entire company is notable for refined acting.

"OIL FOR THE LAMPS OF CHINA."

Unusual, absorbing and superbly acted, this is the tragic plight of man's insignificance beside the power of capital. The happy ending doesn't matter and you will respect the picture more if you don't believe it. Until then the story is honest, truthful and enormously compelling. It follows the fortunes of a representative of an American oil company in China and what his loyalty costs him: his child, his friend, almost his wife and logically his life, if you respond to the implicit realism of the subject. Not alone the story makes the picture poignant, but the care with which it is directed, the subtle appeal of the backgrounds and characters and—I may as well get to it right away—the tender glory of Josephine Hutchinson's acting. We have in our midst, as the saying goes, one whose artistry is exquisite, poignant and throbbing, whose every word and gesture communicates womanly appeal at its loveliest. Fans aren't appreciating her and probably never will. Why? Because she isn't a physical type. She is an actress, another Dorothea Wieck.

THE SCREEN IN REVIEW

"THE GIRL FROM TENTH AVENUE."

Bette Davis offered a natural set-up for a smashing picture. We expected her to come through with another performance that would be talked about. But the gods of the cinema, otherwise her shrewd bosses, decreed otherwise. Apparently they decided that the attention she had attracted would put over any picture. So they saddled her with material salvaged from the trash basket and called her a star. She does not rise above it and her acting is on a par. She plays a factory girl with an inferiority complex, marrying an alcoholic patrician out of kindness and then imagining that he is belittling her because she isn't blue-blooded. The character is neither written nor played with understanding and is merely a figure involved in theatrical make-believe. Anyway, she crashes a luncheon given by an ex-flame of her husband, and threatens to push a grapefruit in her face if she doesn't lay off. The episode is roughly effective, but it is vulgar and is not Tenth Avenue, either. Don't let the scenario editor do you wrong again, Miss Davis.

"LET 'EM HAVE IT."

The newest insight into the working of the Department of Justice is better in some respects than "G Men." Neither as noisy nor as thrilling, it is more absorbing because of the trouble taken to show us the infinite pains taken to find clews, assemble them and build them up into the likeness of the guilty person. Naturally, this slows down the chase and silences the gun play, but actually it dramatizes the brains behind the capture of criminals more satisfactorily than in shooting them down. Not only is it more believable, but it is more a tribute to the intellgence of the Federal forces. In short, this is a superior detective melodrama rather than a gangster film. Vigorously acted, it recruits such admirables as Richard Arlen and Harvey Stephens, brings back Eric Linden, minus hysterics, in the best acting he has ever given us, and shows Bruce Cabot as a perfect criminal in the best part he has ever had. Also it introduces Gordon Jones, a most likably natural newcomer who is sure to capture the interest of fans.

"GOIN' TO TOWN."

Mae West's new one is more insolently wise-cracking than her last and her innuendoes are much, much bolder. For that reason this latest edition of herself is to the liking of the West cult and is more certain entertainment for the majority. While there are growing signs that her talent is thinning through repetition and that she has shot her bolt, she shows more shrewdness in this picture than in the last two. Not only does she surround herself with good actors, but now she gives them an opportunity to show what they can do. She has not yet made this exception in the case of a woman, but it will come. Paul Cavanagh and Gilbert Emery are immensely helpful in giving substance to an absurd story. It begins with Miss West in a dance hall and ends with her slaying Long Island society with her wealth and wisecracks, emerging triumphant over plot and counterplot and marrying Mr. Cavanagh who is a British title in disguise. "Now I'm in society, come up and see me sometime," says Miss West in the fade-out.

"THE AGE OF INDISCRETION."

The dull season may be said to have begun earlier than usual, this picture ushering in the yearly doldrums with finality. Smooth, amiable, it jogs along inoffensively, offering warmed-over situations and trite speeches as earnestly as if it had something to say that one wanted to hear. Paul Lukas, a publisher, loses his wife, Helen Vinson, when financial difficulties face him. She marries a youth who is dominated by his rich mother, giving little thought to her son, David Jack Holt, who remains with his father and finds a companion in Madge Evans, the publisher's secretary. The lonely old woman demands that her daughter-in-law claim the custody of the child and, failing to get the boy, she discovers the publisher and his secretary in what seems to her a compromising situation. So the father is hailed to court and accused of unfitness. It all smooths out when she realizes her mistake and tearfully apologizes to the judge. May Robson finds congenial outlet for her vigorous acting and her scenes with the Holt boy momentarily stir the picture from its apathy.

"Escape Me Never."—United Artists. Again the magic of the screen transcends the limitations of the stage. You've heard that before, yes, but never has it been so evident as now. One has only to compare Elisabeth Bergner's film with the stage representation of the same play. The story is identical and several of the cast appear in both versions, making the comparison even closer. But the mechanics of the original are glossed over by complete continuity as would, of course, be expected of a film, and beautiful, natural backgrounds of Venice and the Tyrol give the picture a glamour and charm that were lacking on the stage. More than everything, though, is the greater importance of Miss Bergner's acting. Hailed as great by London and New York, it becomes even grander for film-goers who will see it in such brilliant perfection as never was visible on the stage, with the distractions of make-up, lights and painted scenery. You will see Miss Bergner and her art under a microscope, you will hear nuances in her voice that would have eluded you on the stage, and you will know the character she plays more intimately, more understandably. You will not be unaware that you are watching an exhibition piece, all its scenes cunningly arranged to test the virtuosity of a prima donna, but so bravely does the star meet the challenge and with such compelling art does she conquer her hearers, that one can only wonder where such a gift comes from if not from Heaven. Miss Bergner is concerned with showing you the fascinations of *Gemma,* a waiflike nondescript, and her poignant knowledge of life and people. She is a sort of practical madonna, a mother, wife and playmate all in one. You will like Miss Bergner's company, too, particularly the young men, Hugh Sinclair and Griffith Jones, with such distinguished figures of the British stage as Leon Quartermaine and Irene Vanbrugh giving the elegance and dignity of acting that was perfected before pictures began.

"The Informer."—RKO. The Dublin slums provide a squalid background for this grimly tragic and absorbing study of character. There isn't another picture current that is as raw and as starkly realistic nor one that faces facts with such uncompromising honesty. Far from depressing because of this, it fascinates and exhilarates. Because of the romanticism inherent in Irish psychology, the characters are far more glamorous in their poverty than most of the synthetic glamour manufactured by Hollywood. Even *Gypo Nolan,* who betrays his best friend to the police for a price, is not repellent, because he is a blundering human and his dull-witted reactions to the terrible thing he has done are set forth with compassion and pity. Degraded though *Gypo* is, there is something of mankind's mistakes and groping futilities in him. He is more than a type. As brought to life by Victor McLaglen, he is a haunting, tragic figure without a predecessor on the screen, and Mr. McLaglen acts him superbly. His performance automatically cancels all the dumb detectives he has played and, taking its place beside his two other best works, "What Price Glory?" and "The Lost Patrol," tops them. From which you will gather that Mr. McLaglen is among the elect. He is not alone in his perfection, however. Every one in the cast is perfect.

Wendy Barrie's swimming suit for August is cute, if you have the figure to wear it. The trunks are navy blue; the band of red pearling around the waist is topped by a bodice of white accented with tiny red and blue flags.

"Mr. Dynamite."—Universal. Authorship of "The Thin Man's" creator, Dashiell Hammett, promises more than is yielded by his new detective story which is only tolerably entertaining. It has the quality of make-believe instead of reality, and it becomes a vehicle for showing off personalities rather than in causing you to share the problems that involve the characters they are playing. Edmund Lowe is cocksure when he should have been casual as the detective who solves the elaborate murder mystery, and Jean Dixon, as his partner, delivers her wisecracks amusingly but misses making her rôle human. The return of Victor Varconi to the screen continues to interest because of what it promises when he gets a real opportunity. His performance here is excellent but brief. He is the murdered man who must needs disappear early in the picture to keep the other characters busy. He is shot by an invisible assailant while playing the organ for a rapt visitor, Verna Hillie. It never is made entirely clear how a certain musical chord could fire off a concealed gun, but one guesses that vibration causes it. The idea is unusual, but it is a bit too complicated to be convincing on the screen.

"Laddie."—RKO. There is real charm here, homy, inescapable charm if you believe in human nature more than you do in dramatized fiction. It is a companion piece to "Anne of Green Gables" and like its delightful predecessor, it has a character as refreshing as *Anne.* She is *Little Sister,* a household and neighborhood busybody, whose absorption in other people's affairs is forgiven because only good comes from it. She irons out every difficulty in the lives of those around her, but the character never seems overdrawn. This is largely due to the quaint personality of Virginia Weidler and her remarkable understanding of the child she plays. The major romance comes from John Beal and Gloria Stuart, he a young farmer and she the daughter of a mysterious, aloof English family with a secret sorrow. Mr. Beal gives a touching, simple performance that is poignant in its sincerity. Miss Stuart is no less appealing although a little too studied and much too romantically costumed for the period and rural locale. The entire cast is admirably suited to the simplicities of the characters they play, and the picture is a great deal more entertaining than you might gather from the rather innocuous set-up.

"A Night at the Ritz."—Warners. No one will object to this. It is mild, digestible fodder that leaves no aftertaste and never pretends to be a *chef d'oeuvre.* The fairly interesting story is out of the ordinary. It dwells on the comic predicament of a good-natured impostor who is hired as chef by the Ritz Hotel at $1,000 a week and cannot cook at all. Because he is descended from a famous chef he deludes himself that he inherits the talent and cultivates the temperament. A rapid-fire press agent is responsible for "selling" him to the hotel and he, too, believes that *Leopold* is a genius in the creation of sauces, et cetera. The kitchen in pandemonium on the first night of *Leopold's* engagement, his broken-accented mother appears and saves the situation. In the rôle of the conceited, humorless *Leopold,* Erik Rhodes, first seen in "The Gay Divorcee," is excellent. William Gargan, the press agent, is lively and likable, while members of the Warner stock company—Patricia Ellis, Allen Jenkins, Gordon Westcott, Dorothy Tree and others—fit neatly into familiar places.

CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES

"BREAK OF HEARTS"—RKO. Adapted by Lester Cohen. Directed by Philip Moeller.

CAST:

Constance ..... Katharine Hepburn
Roberti ..... Charles Boyer
Johnny ..... John Beal
Talma ..... Jean Hersholt
Marx ..... Sam Hardy
Miss Wilson ..... Inez Courtney
Sylvia ..... Helene Millard
Pazzini ..... Ferdinand Gottschalk
Elise ..... Susan Fleming
Schubert ..... Lee Kohlmar
Didi ..... Jean Howard
Phyllis ..... Anne Grey

"THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN"—Universal. Story by Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley. Screen play by William Hurlburt and John L. Balderston. Directed by James Whale.

CAST:

The Monster ..... Boris Karloff
Henry Frankenstein ..... Colin Clive
Elizabeth ..... Valerie Hobson
The Mate ..... Elsa Lanchester
The Hermit ..... O. P. Heggie
Mary Shelley ..... Elsa Lanchester
Doctor Pretorious ..... Ernest Thesiger
Karl ..... Dwight Frye
Burgomaster ..... E. E. Clive
Minnie ..... Una O'Connor
Shepherdess ..... Anne Darling
Percy Shelley ..... Douglas Walton
Lord Byron ..... Gavin Gordon
Rudy ..... Neil Fitzgerald
Hans ..... Reginald Barlow
His Wife ..... Mary Gorden
Uncle Glutz ..... Gunnis Davis
Auntie Glutz ..... Tempe Piggott
Ludwig ..... Ted Billings
Butler ..... Lucien Prival

"MARK OF THE VAMPIRE"—MGM. Story by Guy Endore and Bernard Schubert. Directed by Tod Browning.

CAST:

Professor ..... Lionel Barrymore
Irena ..... Elizabeth Allan
Count Mora ..... Bela Lugosi
Inspector Neumann ..... Lionel Atwill
Baron Otto ..... Jean Hersholt
Fedor ..... Henry Wadsworth
Doctor Doskil ..... Donald Meek
Midwife ..... Jessie Ralph
Jan ..... Ivan Simpson
Chauffeur ..... Franklyn Ardell
Maria ..... Leila Bennett
Annie ..... June Gittelson
Luna ..... Carol Borland
Sir Karell ..... Holmes Herbert
Innkeeper ..... Michael Visaroff

"GO INTO YOUR DANCE"—First National. Story by Bradford Ropes. Adapted by Earl Baldwin. Directed by Archie L. Mayo.

CAST:

Al Howard ..... Al Jolson
Dorothy Wayne ..... Ruby Keeler
Sadie Howard ..... Glenda Farrell
Luana Bell ..... Helen Morgan
The Duke ..... Barton MacLane
Blonde ..... Sharon Lynn
Irma ..... Patsy Kelly
Benny Rubin ..... Himself
Eddie Rio ..... Phil Regan
Fred ..... Gordon Westcott
McGee ..... William Davidson
Show Girl ..... Joyce Compton
Mexican ..... Akim Tamiroff
Jackson ..... Joseph Crehan

"OIL FOR THE LAMPS OF CHINA"—First National. From the novel by Alice Tisdale Hobart. Screen play by Laird Doyle. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy.

CAST:

Stephen Chase ..... Pat O'Brien
Hester ..... Josephine Hutchinson
Don Wellman ..... John Eldredge
Alice Wellman ..... Jean Muir
Jim Barnes ..... Lyle Talbot
Boss ..... Arthur Byron
Bunsy ..... Ronnie Cosby
Ho ..... Tetsu Komai
Kin ..... Willie Fung
MacGargar ..... Donald Crisp
Dan ..... Edward McWade
Jorgen ..... Christian Rub
Hartford ..... Henry O'Neill
Stenographer ..... Oliver Jones
George ..... John Hyams
Miss Cunningham ..... Florence Fair
Bill Kendall ..... George Meeker

"WEREWOLF OF LONDON"—Universal. Story by Robert Harris. Directed by Stuart Walker.

CAST:

Doctor Glendon ..... Henry Hull
Doctor Yogami ..... Warner Oland
Lisa Glendon ..... Valerie Hobson
Paul Ames ..... Lester Matthews
Miss Ettie Coombs ..... Spring Byington
Hugh Renwick ..... Clark Williams
Lady Forsythe ..... Charlotte Granville
Colonel Forsythe ..... Lawrence Grant
Doctor Phillips ..... Reginald Barlow
Hawkins ..... J. M. Kerrigan
Head Coolie ..... Louis Vincenot

"THE GIRL FROM TENTH AVENUE"—First National. Screen play by Charles Kenyon. Directed by Alfred E. Green.

CAST:

Miriam Brady ..... Bette Davis
Geoffrey Sherwood ..... Ian Hunter
Hugh Brown ..... John Eldredge
Tony Hewlett ..... Phillip Reed
Mrs. Martin ..... Alison Skipworth
Marland ..... Colin Clive
Valentine French ..... Katherine Alexander
Clerk ..... Gordon Elliott
Miss Mansfield ..... Helen Jerome Eddy
Max ..... Andre Cheron
Marcel ..... Adrian Rosley

"LET 'EM HAVE IT"—United Artists. Screen play by Joseph Moncure March and Elmer Harris. Directed by Sam Wood.

CAST:

Mal Stevens ..... Richard Arlen
Eleanor Spencer ..... Virginia Bruce
Aunt Ethel ..... Alice Brady
Joe Keefer ..... Bruce Cabot
Van Reusseler ..... Harvey Stephens
Buddy Spencer ..... Eric Linden
Barbara ..... Joyce Compton
Tex ..... Gordon Jones
Mr. Keefer ..... J. Farrell Macdonald
Mrs. Keefer ..... Bodil Rosing
Department Chief ..... Paul Stanton
Police Captain ..... Robert Emmett O'Connor
Ex-senator Reilly ..... Hale Hamilton
Lola ..... Dorothy Appleby
Milly ..... Barbara Pepper
Thompson ..... Mathew Betz
Big Bill ..... Harry Woods
Pete ..... Clyde Dillson
"Brooklyn" ..... Matty Fain
Sam ..... Paul Fix
Curley ..... Donald Kirke
"Dude" ..... Eugene Strong
Henkel ..... Christian Rub
Mrs. Henkel ..... Eleanor Wesselhoeft
Walton ..... Wesley Barry
Reconstructionist ..... Ian Maclaren
Doctor Hoffman ..... George Pauncefort

"GOIN' TO TOWN"—Paramount. From an original story by Marion Morgan and George B. Dowell. Adapted by Mae West. Directed by Alexander Hall.

CAST:

Cleo Borden ..... Mae West
Edward Barrington ..... Paul Cavanagh
Ivan Veladov ..... Ivan Lebedeff
Taho ..... Tito Coral
Mrs. Crane Brittony ..... Marjorie Gateson
Buck Gonzales ..... Fred Kohler, Sr.
Fletcher Colton ..... Monroe Owsley
Winslow ..... Gilbert Emery
Young Fellow ..... Grant Withers
Annette ..... Adrienne d'Ambricourt
Signor Vitola ..... Luis Alberni
Señor Ricardo Lopez ..... Lucio Villegas
Dolores Lopez ..... Mona Rico
Donovan ..... Paul Hervey
Sheriff ..... Francis Ford
Ranch Foreman ..... Wade Boteler

"ESCAPE ME NEVER"—United Artists. From the play by Margaret Kennedy. Screen story by Margaret Kennedy and Carl Zuckmayer. Directed by Doctor Paul Czinner.

CAST:

Gemma Jones ..... Elisabeth Bergner
Sebastian Sanger ..... Hugh Sinclair
Fenella McClean ..... Penelope Dudley-Ward
Caryl Sanger ..... Griffith Jones
Heinrich ..... Lyn Harding
Sir Ivor McClean ..... Leon Quartermaine
Lady McClean ..... Irene Vanbrugh

"AGE OF INDISCRETION"—MGM. Story by Lenore Coffee. Adapted by Leon Gordon and Otis Garrett. Directed by Edward Ludwig.

CAST:

Robert Lenhart ..... Paul Lukas
Maxine Bennett ..... Madge Evans
Eve Lenhart ..... Helen Vinson
Emma Shaw ..... May Robson
Bill Lenhart ..... David Jack Holt
Felix Shaw ..... Ralph Forbes
Jean Oliver ..... Catherine Doucet
Mrs. Williams ..... Beryl Mercer
Mr. Adams ..... Minor Watson
Dotty ..... Shirley Ross
Miles ..... Stuart Casey
Gus ..... Adrian Morris
Judge ..... George Irving

"THE INFORMER"—RKO. From the novel by Liam O'Flaherty. Adapted by Dudley Nichols. Directed by John Ford.

CAST:

Gypo Nolan ..... Victor McLaglen
Mary McPhillip ..... Heather Angel
Dan Gallegher ..... Preston Foster
Katie Madden ..... Margot Grahame
Frankie McPhillip ..... Wallace Ford
Mrs. McPhillip ..... Una O'Connor
Terry ..... J. M. Kerrigan
Mulholland ..... Joseph Sauers
Tommy Connor ..... Neil Fitzgerald
Rat Mulligan ..... Donald Meek
The Blind Man ..... D'Arcy Corrigan
Donahue ..... Leo McCabe
Daly ..... Gaylord Pendleton
Flynn ..... Francis Ford
Madame Betty ..... May Boley
The Lady ..... Grizelda Harvey

"LADDIE"—RKO. From the novel by Gene Stratton Porter. Screen play by Ray Harris and Dorothy Yost. Directed by George Stevens.

CAST:

Laddie Stanton ..... John Beal
Pamela Pryor ..... Gloria Stuart
Little Sister ..... Virginia Weidler
Paul Stanton ..... Willard Robertson
Mrs. Stanton, his wife ..... Dorothy Peterson
Shelley Stanton ..... Charlotte Henry
Sally Stanton ..... Gloria Shea
Leon Stanton ..... Jimmy Butler
Mahlon Pryor ..... Donald Crisp
Peter Dover ..... Grady Sutton
Mrs. Pryor ..... Mary Forbes
Candace Swartz ..... Greta Meyer
Mrs. Freshett ..... Margaret Armstrong
Mr. Freshett ..... William Gould
Their Daughter ..... Maxine Hicks
The Minister ..... Alf James

"MR. DYNAMITE"—Universal. From the story by Dashiell Hammett. Screen play by Doris Malloy and Harry Clark. Directed by Alan Crosland.

CAST:

Mr. Dynamite ..... Edmund Lowe
Lynn ..... Jean Dixon
Charmion ..... Esther Ralston
Dvorjak ..... Victor Varconi
Mona ..... Verna Hillie
Lewis ..... Minor Watson
King ..... Robert Gleckler
Williams ..... Jameson Thomas
Sunshine ..... Matt McHugh
Rod ..... G. Pat Collins
Jans ..... Greta Meyer
Felix ..... Bradley Page
Joe ..... James Burtis

"A NIGHT AT THE RITZ"—Warners. Based on a story by Albert J. Cohen and Robert T. Shannon, with dialogue by Manuel Seff. Directed by William H. McGann.

CAST:

Duke Regan ..... William Gargan
Marcia ..... Patricia Ellis
Gyp ..... Allen Jenkins
Kiki Lorraine ..... Dorothy Tree
Leopold ..... Eric Rhodes
Mr. Vincent ..... Berton Churchill
Scurvin ..... Gordon Westcott
Mama Javnos ..... Bodil Rosing
Mr. Hassler ..... Arthur Hoyt
Henri ..... Paul Porcasi
Connolly ..... William Davidson
Isabelle ..... Mary Treen
Miss Barry ..... Mary Russell

JACKIE SEARL and JANE WITHERS

WHEN Jane Withers made a hit as the mean little girl in Shirley Temple's "Bright Eyes," no one suspected that she was Hollywood's newest Cinderella in disguise. But that's exactly what she was. For she won a Fox contract to star and drew one of the cleverest boy actors as her partner, Jackie Searl. Soon you will see the result in "Ginger."

Continued from page 39

Hollywood High Lights

his sight, Isabel Jewell's father has finally suffered complete blindness. The trouble began, when as a bacteriologist and physician some years ago he did much close work with the microscope while isolating a germ. Disintegration of the retinas of his eyes set in, and while it was thought, recently, that his sight might be saved, the light, which gleamed brilliantly for a few days or weeks, finally died out. Isabel has been terribly unhappy about it, though she did everything possible to help.

Quaint and Sirenic.—Jed Harris, the theatrical producer, is very much interested in Luise Rainer, the new little Hungarian star, who will be seen in "Masquerade" for the first time. It wasn't so long ago that Harris was reported devoted to Margaret Sullavan, but of course she's much married to William Wyler.

Harris is a colorful Broadway character, who has been spending considerable time lately in Hollywood. Miss Rainer is the quaintest personage to have appeared in the movie town for a long while. She's also supposed to be a better actress than Elisabeth Bergner. We believe Harris vouches for that.

Actress or not, she is dreadfully afraid to drive an automobile at night. We discovered that about her the first time we met her. She was having fearful jitters on the subject, and it was dark then, too.

New Guessing Game.—Nancy Carroll started a new kind of guessing contest at a party recently. Nancy espied a clipping of a nude beauty on the wall of her hostess's home, and happening to recognize the lady, refused to tell who it was but had everybody trying to find out. It became such a game, that probably every Hollywood whoopee room will henceforth be adorned with some mysterious nude damozel, and those present will be required to solve her identity. It's a competition that's bound to be popular with the men.

One Bout Too Many.—That idea of the Countess di Frasso's about having pugilists stage a made-to-order battle at a party proved to be quite a bell-ringer in the movie colony. You may have heard how a scuffle, all framed up in advance, took place between some professional fighters in the entrance hall of the countess's home, with the guests subsequently adjourning outdoors to witness the supposedly irritated gentlemen battle it out in a real prize ring.

The whole thing was a hit, until some one, probably rather "high," announced that the countess herself would be the challenger in the next bout. Which gave a very *gauche* wind-up to the whole affair, and caused disgruntlement and embarrassment among the guests. Those little gags in Hollywood often go too far—further even than a hostess expects.

The Twin Parade.—Since Bing Crosby started the custom, there's no telling how far it may go. You know how things run in cycles in Hollywood. Anyway, Richard Dix is the latest proud father of twin boys. They arrived about a month ago, and are doing splendidly. Somebody checked up on twins in Hollywood, and discovered four pair altogether.

Besides Crosby and Dix, those credited were Lawrence Tibbett and Charles Starrett. They forgot the actress who once enjoyed the distinction of being the mother of two babies at once, namely, Vera Steadman, formerly in Christie comedies.

At last Peter Lorre is to get his chance in Hollywood after waiting around for a year under contract. He's the amazing foreigner who startled as the child murderer in "M" and in "The Man Who Knew Too Much." His American film is "The Hands of Orlac."

What a commotion there would be in Hollywood if some one became either the father or mother of triplets! That's the new goal. Naturally, we're not even thinking of quintuplets.

Menjous Soon To Be Parents.—Quite interesting is the fact that Adolphe Menjou and Verree Teasdale are anticipating the arrival of the stork this fall. They were married about a year ago, as you will recall.

Expectation of a Menjou heir was especially cheering to Adolphe during his long sick spell. He was laid up in the spring for three or four weeks, with work held up on the "Broadway Gondolier" the better part of that time. He suffered from influenza and a stomach ailment.

Dueting at Dawn.—Anna Sten continues to steal all honors for parties that last far into the morning hours. Her Russian Easter celebration was the latest event of events. Guests remained far after sun-up, and the prettiest sight was Marlene Dietrich and Anna, just about dawn, sitting on the floor beside the piano, singing. Marlene warbled all her familiar songs. She was in a brilliantly gay mood.

Harmony Re-proved.—Gene Markey and Joan Bennett are very much together in public, which sort of officially disposes of any rumors of a break-up in that family. These were circulating, you know, while Joan was away in the East. But then, isn't that the usual thing?

Webb Rival of Astaire.—They say Clifton Webb, who will make his début in "Broadway Melody," is going to step all over Fred Astaire's shoes, Fred being the rather exclusive male dancing star outside of that clever colored chap, Bill Robinson.

Webb is a very noted stepper, and MGM, which has him under contract, is going to boost him a lot. He arrived with his mother, and more baggage than a prima donna, not to speak of a couple of pedigreed hounds.

Men of Brawn Favored.—Judith Allen, who was married to Gus Sonnenberg, the wrestler, when she first arrived in Hollywood, recently wed Jack Doyle, the boxer. That must indicate a certain preference for brawny knights of the ring.

Salvos for Norma.—No star has ever received more cheers for carrying out her rôle of mother than Norma Shearer. It seems to be the talk of the town, her complete and happy forgoing of any following-up of her success in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," which was nominated by critics as the best picture of 1934. Norma won't be returning to the screen until late in the year, from present prospects.

Bill Cagney Quits.—Bill Cagney is quitting the game of acting. He's Jimmy's brother, you know, and he's been having a try at a career for several years, but the resemblance between the two is altogether too marked. Bill couldn't get the sort of parts he wanted, except in inde-

pendent pictures. The last that he secured in "Cheer of the Crowd" didn't suit him, and so he said "Let the career go hang. I'll try the agency business." So that's what he's doing, endeavoring to find work for others. Relatives always did have a time making good.

Margaret's Memory.—Margaret Sullavan has the best memory of any player in Hollywood. Right in our presence we heard her telling a lady who had interviewed her a year ago, exactly what her costume was like for that day. "Of course, I mightn't be able to remember your name," said Margaret, "but I don't forget faces or clothes." Yet Margaret herself exhibits no craze for sartorial adornment. She still prefers slacks and other informal garb.

New Style Flamboyance.—Fantastic is the craze over styles in movieland. The latest fad is wearing a sari or head covering like the Orientals. Lily Damita emerged, draped in one of these one evening, and danced with it on. The sari is being used, but only when one is going to and from social events. It isn't supposed to be worn over one's head while actually at them. But trust Hollywood to defy the conventions!

Nino Martini Welcomed.—More fuss is being made over Nino Martini than any singing star who has arrived in Hollywood. He even outdid Gladys Swarthout in the grandeur of his entrance. Jesse L. Lasky, who has him under contract, gave a most elaborate party in his honor, with practically everybody in movieland present, and during the course of the event Martini's voice was heard in song, which is distinctly a departure. Songbirds usually keep their warblings for the microphone, but Martini made a good impression by being quite willing to sing. Miss Swarthout made her début by appearing with the symphony orchestra.

King of Zest

Continued from page 18

great it is to be an actor. The other day I was stopped on the Boulevard by a Japanese girl. She spoke flatteringly of 'One More Spring.' I know an actor is supposed to ignore this sort of thing. To show pleasure is to brand yourself a newcomer, a greenhorn.

"I am the first, I'll admit, but not the second. I've no use for players, however great, who scoff at the public and their tastes. You hear many say they are in pictures only for the money. The money is gratifying, I'll agree, but no real actor is honest when he makes such a statement. He acts because he likes to act.

"It is also supposed to be a sign of superiority to disdain the ways of Hollywood. Undoubtedly, there are many things which call for a smile rather than admiration. But that goes for any town. And it is the people in it, not the place.

"I can speak this way, because I'm not a total stranger. I know Hollywood well."

Indeed he does. Probably that is another reason for his steady but sure advancement in the film mecca. He has seen others rush to Hollywood, rush into several pictures, and rush into oblivion.

"When talkies appeared," Walter remarked, "every one of note, or even fair standing, on the stage left Broadway for Hollywood. Perhaps it is a latent business instinct in me that made me pause and study the situation. Early musicals were pretty terrible. I was in one of them. At that time producers did not know how to film musicals. Usually, the entire piece was photographed just as it was played on the stage. It made us all seem very wooden and artificial.

"Another drawback to the talkie pioneer was that he was invariably blamed for imperfections. There must be many of those early comers from the stage, now out of pictures, who could easily shine at the top today.

"For myself, I stepped out and had Broadway almost to myself. Film producers could see me only as a singer. It is a thing you can never get over in Hollywood. Once a singer, always a singer, but never an actor—so the studios think."

To prove them wrong, Walter appeared in several stage plays. Instead of getting the usual "So here's a song-and-dance man trying to be *Hamlet*" from the critics, he won their sincere attention.

But the road to Hollywood notice was still rough and rocky. Signed by Paramount, he was placed in "The Girl Without a Room," with Marguerite Churchill and Charles Farrell. As the drunken musician, he gave a fine performance.

For some reason, Paramount wanted to renew his option, but at a lesser salary. Walter did not quite see the sense of that. To get into pictures he had accepted less than he had been receiving on the stage. So it was hail and farewell.

Though he had played on the stage in "Music in the Air," he failed to get the same rôle in the film version. John Boles was under contract to Fox, had greater film standing, and naturally came first.

Fox liked him and signed him up for a part in "Lottery Lover." He and Alan Dinehart were the best in the picture, leaving Lew Ayres and Pat Paterson to languish in a silly plot. In short, the picture was not good for any in it, but it did serve as a stepping-stone for our hero in the producers' eyes. Fox saw that Walter King was actually an actor with a projecting personality.

For this reason, a handsome part was offered him in the Gaynor-Baxter opus. And that brings us back to the present, with Walter appearing with Jane Withers, our latest tempestuous discovery, in "Ginger."

Just as he convinced Broadway, so he is convincing Hollywood. It will be his home as long as he works in pictures. There is a farm back East waiting for him and his family whenever he desires to return to the stage. He and Ernestine, his wife, feel quite at home. Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres are two of their intimates. Ginger is an old friend of New York days. Walter says they're both swell.

In talking to him you realize that he takes his work even more seriously than he admits. He is real and human and lives his life in this style. There is none of that languor toward life, and bored indifference to others, frequently encountered in film circles. He is proof that an actor can be natural.

"Zest" is the word that fits Walter King. King of zest, what?

Jack Benny, everybody's radio favorite these days, returns to Hollywood for "Broadway Melody of 1935."

Not Annoyingly Noble

Continued from page 27

She is no young intellectual iceberg, nor is she old-fashioned. Her large, blue-green eyes are particularly lovely and, what's more, they belie her dignified face. They sparkle with friendliness and humor.

Taller than average, to-day she is slim. I boldly complimented her on this stunning slenderness.

"Isn't it grand!" she exclaimed with honest feminine joy. "I've been doing so many costume pictures I guess you hadn't noticed. This is my first chance at modish clothes. I've lost seventeen pounds! One time I weighed a hundred and forty, when I was on the stage.

"That was passable there, but before I started West I tried everything to reduce. Diets, exercise, less sleep. And had bad luck. Just wouldn't melt away. Then last fall three weeks of strenuous performing in 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' miraculously did it!"

This frank humanness was disarming. "So you had designs on Hollywood? Do you approve of the cinema?"

"Cinema!" Her laughter bubbled out. "It's movies to me! Why, I've always been an ardent fan. Like any other fan I dreamt what fun it would be to be in films myself. I concentrated on the stage because it seemed so much more possible."

When lunch was called we walked over to her dressing room from the set, where I'd been introduced. Before I sensed what she was doing she had cleared the plain table which, pushed against the wall and underneath a mirror, served as her dressing table. Adjusting it alongside the window seat, she democratically whisked my sent-in lunch off a tray and her own from a paper bag. She prefers to patronize her own cook.

"Of course I complained continually at that absurd publicity they sent out about me," she explained, "but they simply wouldn't listen to me. That no-kissing business, for instance. Why, I was kissed in my first picture and in every subsequent one. Still the legend persists.

"I did have a pistol which I kept in my car when I had to work nights and would be driving home late. Protection from boy friends? Ridiculous! I still hope that by the time I'm twenty-five I'll be in a position to have a Shakespearean troupe of my own. But that doesn't mean that I'm ritzy toward Hollywood.

"On the contrary, I love it. I've discovered many intriguing people here. Acting on the stage is fascinating, but so is acting in pictures. Just being in this movie whirl is a thrill for me. Probably because I've been such a fan all my life. I always have bought all the film magazines and used to keep scrap books. Once I counted my favorites. I had six hundred!"

Beat that for enthusiasm if you can. One thing she promised herself she would do if ever lucky enough to click on the screen. "That was that I'd pay personal attention to fan mail. I do, for I used to send for photographs and I recall how disappointed I was when some star failed me."

Last fall she eloped with Hal Mohr, top-notch cameraman. They met when assigned to the same production and went together a whole year before flying off to Yuma. As yet they both have been so busy that there has been no honeymoon trip.

Clifton Webb, Broadway comedian and dancer of great reputation, arrives in Hollywood for a film début with Joan Crawford, insisting that he's not out to compete with Fred Astaire.

"Nor has my marriage upset or changed my former ideas," Evelyn declared. "I want a happy married life. That's been my main ambition and I'll never let a career interfere. Secondarily, I want to be a good actress, on screen and stage. I'm glad my husband is sympathetic with this wish. The only difference Hollywood has made in my plans is that love came along sooner than I expected it would."

Hal is considerably older, yet she finds age no barrier. "My best friends have always been thirty-five, at least. And Hal is as full of fun as any one could be. You should have caught a glimpse of our home-life the other evening. We were in a frisky mood and wrestled and rolled all over the house. Our dog nearly went mad barking at the spectacle."

Not the outdoors-scorning type, her pet pastime is riding.

"I was always crazy about horses, but never had an opportunity to own any. So I bought two here, before I even got a car. I have an Indian instructor. He puts on his native array, I don green pajamas, tie a scarf around my hair, and away we go." She rides bareback so long as they stick to the bridal paths.

Currently free-lancing and doing well at it, she made a courageous move last fall when she deliberately gave up a contract. "I didn't want to be typed. I asked for certain new conditions; they declined. So I left. Costume and super-decorous rôles are all right, but I didn't think it wise to be catalogued as suitable only for them."

Since Hollywood publicists invariably choose the easiest way, it really isn't astonishing that the Venable background has been plugged so insistently. After all, I suppose it was too classy to ignore. Not a single awe-inspiring detail had to be invented.

Only child of a noted Shakespearean professor, Evelyn was born in Cincinnati and reared in surroundings where intelligence, culture, and ideals were taken for granted.

At the age of ten her reading included literary gems usually attacked only by college grinds bent on mastering the finest thoughts ever inscribed by mortal man. At eleven she conversed ably on Mr. Shakespeare's plays and even went so far as to memorize much of his dialogue.

In high school she shone in Latin and Greek, and in Shakespearean presentations. A scholarship to Vassar followed and in the learned halls she continued to distinguish herself. She quit when Walter Hampden recognized her remarkable talent and invited her to join his company.

Two years ago they acted "Hamlet" in Los Angeles and the nineteen-year-old Evelyn was so excellent as *Ophelia* that the movies promptly grabbed her. They've tried to put her in a highbrow niche, but I didn't once get to flaunt my knowledge of the bard. So I insist that she is too swell and smart to be a smarty.

Continued from page 33

His public, also, seems to be composed mostly of women and children. He is amazed to discover, from his fan mail, that many of his admirers, especially the very young, are consumed with pity for the grisly characters he portrays.

"In 'The Old Dark House,' for instance," he relates, "I played a most unwholesome creature who pursued the lovely lady hither and thither with the most sinister intentions. I was finally dispatched by an exceedingly upright young man who was made to appear much smaller than my awful self.

"A twelve-year-old correspondent, commenting upon this episode, expressed great pity for the poor monster and deep indignation over his untimely death. 'The big bully!' he said, referring to the virtuous and physically slight gentleman who had slain me."

This feeling among Karloff's public may arise from the fact that Boris actually feels pity for these poor monsters. He is convinced that the most fiendish of the really criminally insane folk have moments when they are bewildered and terrified at the deeds which they are uncontrollably impelled to commit. They do not *want* to perpetrate these crimes, he believes, and he is sure that the very worst of them have moments when they say, "Can this be *I?*"

Therefore Karloff's monsters have a quality of helplessness and puzzlement over their own astonishing tendencies which lends them a certain pathos.

Despite Boris's casual and detached attitude toward all this, the make-up he was wearing for "The Raven" while I talked to him on the set had me in a state which required two aspirins to soothe. And the fact that a carelessly dropped cigarette caused that same set to burst into flames as I sat there did little to calm my fluttered nerves.

I don't think that I really trust these bogymen, however casual they may appear to be.

Then there was Lionel Atwill who has frightened you in many pictures as often as he has soothed with his suavity in others.

Mr. Atwill is a charming gentleman who has difficulty in telling you where he lives. This is due to the fact that the large real-estate sign by which he used to direct people has been removed. That defeats him. I located him at last by means of the emphatic white picket fence which surrounds his small estate.

Mr. Atwill did not exactly choose to play horror rôles. They were, rather, thrust upon him. But he likes them. He has always been interested in the occult, in metaphysical research in an amateur, open-minded fashion.

He likes the reactions from the people he knows, from the people who write to him, from the public at large. He enjoys especially the letters from professors of psychiatry, from spiritualistic mediums, from fortune tellers of all types, from genuinely earnest students of eerie matters and from pseudo-scientific charlatans. His own very real interest in these affairs causes him to sift this mail carefully in the hope of finding one letter which will offer him a grain of hopeful truth.

Baby Leroy says he'll show 'em, if they only give him a chance. He's to be in a picture with all the children under contract to Paramount in the cast.

The rôles he plays, the horror rôles, are tied up in his mind with his researches in metaphysical fields. But Lionel, also, has his mechanical tricks from which he gains a certain boyish satisfaction.

"Certainly you are affected by any rôle you play over a long period," he said, in total agreement with Mr. Lugosi. And he proceeded to relate anecdotes of famous actors and the effect that their rôles had had upon them.

Mr. Atwill continued, "For instance, I have learned certain tricks of being dreadful. I have found them very useful in private life. Like this." He became, before my eyes, a frightful creature and just as I was preparing to leap through the French window, he laughed. I gasped and relaxed.

"It is a useful face to make at people who want me to buy expensive and useless advertising space in small periodicals," he observed. I thought that it might well be!

"It is only this," he continued. "I smile a wide smile, showing all my teeth, and I allow my eyes no expression at all. The effect, ordinarily, is what you experienced just now. My wife doesn't allow me to do it in the house any more.

"I have found myself walking with a threatening and carefully rehearsed tread along the Boulevard, to the dismay of newsboys and vegetable mongers. These things get *to* you! There is no preventing it. You dream about these rôles, you have them on your mind. It is dangerous to allow yourself to dwell too much upon them."

Lionel Atwill's closest friends are mostly people outside the acting profession. Doctors, bankers, journalists. From these he draws not only pleasure but fresh perspectives upon his own work.

A banker friend brought his eleven-year-old son to call recently. Atwill tried to engage the boy in conversation without success. The lad merely peered at him fearfully from a corner. Atwill, knowing that the youngster had a passion for tennis, finally asked him to come and inspect his own excellent courts. The boy declined, politely but with an emphatic firmness. At last the truth came out. The kid was not sure that Atwill would not turn into something vicious before his eyes.

After Lionel had gained the lad's trust and friendship, he opined that the boy was really disappointed to find him just a regular human being. He was a little like Karloff's young admirer who, having asked for and received an autograph from the great frightener, requested, timidly, "Would you mind putting the name of *'Frankenstein'* under 'Karloff'?"

They *want* to be frightened, they insist upon having their shivers, and I think that they will be glad to know that these portrayers of horrific rôles are a little bit afraid of or sorry for the monsters that they create.

CHECKING UP ON JEAN

Jean regards her screen self with contempt. If asked concerning her current rôle she is apt to say, "Oh, I play another of those darn sex-vultures."

Nothing new can be said of Miss Harlow, you say? Well, how about looking at her through the eyes of one who has known her since she was an extra in pictures?

By Leroy Keleher

ON the screen, she is as elemental as the rhythmic throb of jungle tom-toms and as sophisticated as *filet mignon*. A vital inner fire that embraces humanity with Goethelike prodigality glows from her shadowy presence. She embodies the traits and emotions of the universal woman in whom the vast primal energies are fused in an amorous synthesis. She is the eternal Aphrodite, compounded of star dust and black earth. She is youth, clutching at ephemeral glamour.

In person, she is as democratic and unaffected as the girl who lives across the street.

My first meeting with Jean Harlow occurred when she was Harlean Carpentier, eighteen, and an extra in Richard Dix's "Moran of the Marines." Later, I met her again at several parties and found myself heartily disliking her. I decided that what irritated me was her practice of entering rooms with a dramatic flurry that proclaimed a calculated appreciation of timing and effect.

She wore sleek, seductive gowns and her every public appearance was greeted by a chorus of "Ohs" and "Ahs." One would have supposed that she dwelt amid mauve and sin and that she subsisted on nothing but caviar and nectar. I have since learned that she deliberately planned this impression in an effort to live up to her screen reputation.

"My 'act' was really the product of a terrific inferiority complex," she confides. "I had always considered other people superior to myself. As a child, I avoided choosing playmates who were my own age because I was inordinately sensitive about the fact that they could ride bicycles and play games better than I could, although I was quite a tomboy.

"When I was older, crowds frightened me and I could scarcely gather enough courage to meet strangers. At the première of 'Hell's Angels,' the crowd had me in a panic. I still thought I was the world's worst actress.

"As I progressed in my career, I grew proportionately unhappy. Many nights, I cried myself to sleep because I had heard gossip or read disapproval in some one's eyes. I could never have been the person people thought I was, because having to live with myself kept me from being such a fool.

"In that desperately unhappy period of my life, no girl ever scrutinized herself more minutely or impartially or tried harder to minimize her faults and enhance her virtues than I did. I went out of my way to make friends. Friendship was, and always shall be, the motivating factor in my existence. It means more to me than fame or money.

"During this interval of self-analysis and readjustment, I recalled the ideas and ideals that were instilled in me from childhood. I was fortunate in having a mother who was both a pal and a confidante. She has always regarded me as an individual with personal feelings and liberties. She advises instead of scolds by appealing to my better judgment. She taught me to abide by my own heart which is a woman's supreme tribunal and to be true to myself rather than to stereotyped conventions.

[Continued on page 70]

JEAN HARLOW

JEAN HARLOW has made herself what she is to-day by self-analysis and readjustment. "I could never have been the person people thought I was because having to live with myself kept me from being such a fool," she says to Leroy Keleher, an old friend, on the opposite page in an article that brings you face to face with Miss Harlow's inner self.

TRAGIC LOVE

These glimpses of "Anna Karenina" would indicat that we are to see a much more glamorous Gret Garbo than when she played in the silent versio of the Tolstoy novel with John Gilbert.

GARBO, left, as the faithless wife wha forsakes her husband an child. Lower left, *Anna Karenina* with Basil Rathbone as *Karenin*, th husband, and Freddie Bartholomew of *David Capperfield* fame, a *Sergie*, the son. Below, Fredric March, in the rôle of *Vronsky*, th lover, who pleads with *Anna* to leave her family.

"STRANDED" has the Travelers' Aid Society for its background, with Kay Francis, Patricia Ellis, and George Brent, right, heading the cast. Below, Miss Francis off duty, and lower right, Donald Woods, a social worker, who is hopelessly in love with *Lynn Palmer*.

SOCIAL AIDS

GLORIES OF KNIGHT

HOOD

"The Crusades" is another Cecil B. DeMille spectacle which brings to the screen the exploits of *King Richard I, "the Lion-hearted,"* played by Henry Wilcoxon, and Loretta Young as the beautiful *Berengaria.*

THE Crusaders, above, mounting the steps to reach the True Cross. Upper left, Henry Wilcoxon on the jousting field. Outer left, *King Richard* at prayer. Left, Loretta Young being crowned Queen of England. Below, Katherine DeMille as *Alice of France,* asks *King Richard* to give up *Berengaria.* Upper right, *Berengaria* appeals to the *Hermit,* C. Aubrey Smith. Lower right, the Saracens to *King Richard's* rescue.

FRED ASTAIRE, above sings "Isn't This a Lovely Day To Be Caught Out in the Rain?" to Ginger Rogers who seems to agree. Left, Erik Rhodes as *Alberto*, a fiery and temperamental Italian

TOGETHER again in "Top Hat" is the now famous singing and dancing team of Astaire and Rogers. Left, we see Freddie disguised as a cabby which he dons in his pursuit of Ginger as the lovely *Dale Tremont*. Right, Astaire with Edward Everett Horton, whom he startles by a fast dance break.

RHYTHM

NCER TRACY, above, Henry B. Walthall, ire Trevor, and Alan hart, principals in epic story of a man's to reach the heights. *Carter*, right, comes to face with a like- s of the poet Dante.

GREED

In Dante's "Inferno," Spencer Tracy strives for power and position which he finally gains at the expense of the lives and happiness of many people. Right, Tracy and Claire Trevor before fortune came their way. Left, Claire Trevor with Alan Dinehart and young Scott Beckett.

FANTASY

"She" is the gripping story of an expedition into Mus covy in search of a flame which triumphs over death Making her screen début in this picture in the titl rôle is Helen Gahagan, stage and opera star.

FROM her throne, upper right, the *Ruler of Kor* condemns to death the savage Amahaggers, while Randolph Scott looks on. Above, Gustav Von Seyffertitz, *She's Prime Minister*, Nigel Bruce, Helen Mack, and Randolph Scott. Right, our little searching party seems in awe of the command of the Amahagger.

Continued from page 35

up and went home to her mother, declining to return to him until he agreed to get an apartment just for the two of them. By going to New York, they both saved face. Bing had lived with his brother as long as they were in California and Dixie had stuck to her guns. By going to New York Dixie could join him without having to yield her point. They had a place of their own in the metropolis.

I've never seen two people more in love than those two, nor have I ever seen two who scrapped more than they during that first year of their marriage. Yet even when they were quarreling they were constantly having dates together.

Three years later they returned to Hollywood. Dixie was even prettier then than she was before, but the flapper had given way to one of the most modishly gowned girls out there. I look at her to-day and it seems impossible that one so young can be the mother of three children.

She has one of the most pronounced inferiority complexes I have ever encountered. I know of no other young girl in pictures who can put a song over as she can, but she has a nervous rigor every time she has to sing. And that after a year on the stage in "Good News" and four weeks at the College Inn in Chicago, to say nothing of all the pictures she has made.

She makes new friends slowly. She always has the feeling she is being cultivated because she is Mrs. Bing Crosby rather than for herself. Once she makes friends, however, nothing ever shakes that friendship. She is the only person I have ever met, anywhere, who is one hundred per cent loyal in her friendship. If she likes you, nothing any one can say will alter her feelings.

A false sense of pride is her greatest failing. Sensitive to an extreme, she constantly imagines slights where none are intended.

The day she returned from the hospital after the birth of their first baby, Bing rode home with her in the ambulance, had ordered so many flowers the place looked like a florist's shop, saw to it that she was comfortable, knew that the nurse and a couple of Dixie's girl friends would be with her, and off he went to the golf course. Had he any idea she wanted him to be with her that day, that she would feel hurt if he weren't, I'm sure nothing would have induced him to leave her. But Dixie wouldn't ask him to stay and she nursed that hurt for weeks, without ever saying a word to him about it.

Once I expostulated with her. "Why do you torture yourself that way? Bing isn't doing those things to hurt you. You happen to have a disposition that remembers anniversaries and takes account of people's feelings. Bing doesn't. There is no one who would be more attentive if he thought of those things, but he just doesn't."

When they moved to Toluca Lake Dixie wanted desperately to go to the Golf Club. Joby Ralston Arlen, Frances Werker, and a number of friends offered to take her, but she wouldn't go. She wanted Bing to accompany her the first time. It never occurred to Bing to invite her. They were members, the club was open to her, she knew people there and that was that. And Dixie was too proud to ask.

This all sounds as though she were a patient *Griselda* sort of person. She isn't. The incidents I've mentioned were scattered and are entirely a thing of the past. I know of no happier couple than she and Bing.

The greatest actors of the stage in bygone days never had the services of a make-up expert such as Gene Raymond uses for his screen appearances, including his current one in "Hooray for Love."

I mentioned that she has a rollicking sense of humor. Once when Bing was making personal appearances at the Paramount Theater he asked me to drive her down to Palm Springs where they had taken a house with the Arlens. On the way down I started singing. Once I paused long enough in my recital to remark, "I think the old songs had much smarter lyrics than those nowadays, don't you?"

"Yes," she agreed doubtfully, whereupon I launched into one called "The Cynical Owl" which probably has the most stupid lyrics of any song ever written.

"Cute," she observed sarcastically when I finished. To this day she tells that story at my expense whenever she can find listeners. At the time I did not realize what a double-crosser she is and, greatly encouraged by her apparent enthusiasm, I dug farther back into my repertoire. My voice is not one of my greatest assets.

Dixie, used to Bing's crooning, stood it as long as she could. After about an hour and a half she squirmed in her seat. "Don't sing!" she hissed at me.

A few weeks later, Thanksgiving Day, I was at their house for dinner. The holiday spirit got me and I started humming. Dixie gave me a meaning look. "It's Thanksgiving!" I yelled defiantly.

"It's terrible, no matter what day it is," was her withering reply.

Without exerting herself visibly, Dixie is one of the most gracious hostesses in Hollywood. Her home might well be called "Liberty Hall."

Of all the people I know, she most hates to be alone. She is thoroughly miserable by herself. Possibly that is the reason she has developed into such a charming hostess.

Her return to the screen after a hiatus of four years, was accomplished in an independent picture called "Manhattan Love Song." It was not an unqualified success. Dixie was thoroughly discouraged. "I *told* you I'm no good on the screen," she railed at me for having urged her to make the picture.

Months later, after arguments and persuasions that nearly drove her friends frantic, she yielded once more and played in "Love in Bloom." The luck with which her picture career has been ill-starred, continued. It, too, turned out to be a Class B film and was not released in the first-run houses. But, for the first time, instead of singing a solo of Dixie's ability as a singer and actress, I found myself one of a large chorus. The notices for her work in this opus were by way of being raves.

Immediately Paramount, Fox, and Warners dangled contracts in front of her. She still wasn't sure of what she could do and declined to bind herself to an agreement for more than one picture.

Then Jesse Lasky signed her for the lead in his most pretentious film of the year, "Redheads on Parade." Those who have seen the rushes of her work in this picture say she is sensational. If only the picture turns out to be a good one, my prophecies will come true.

I repeat, with proper handling she could be one of the screen's biggest stars. She has what it takes and is one girl whom success or failure will never change. She's—she's—well, she's just Dixie.

Continued from page 17

She made "A Farewell to Arms," "The Son-Daughter," "The White Sister," "Another Language"—all of them hits. There was no longer any question about her position as a front-rank star. Interviewers dogged her and were pleasantly surprised at her modesty. It made arresting copy to record that Miss Hayes thought she had nothing to do with the success of her pictures.

Still, all was well. Perhaps only Mr. Thalberg had doubts when he saw the star he had made content to remain a product of studio efficiency.

The time for the annual trek back to the stage arrived, and Miss Hayes proceeded to register a tremendous hit in New York in "Mary of Scotland." That play made Helen gloriously happy. She was reunited with her husband and child, and she was doing the work she loved and understood. The day when her contract called for her return to Hollywood must have been a dark one.

For she was growing a little tired of what she regarded as her mechanical job as a film star. She felt that she was becoming little more than a cog in the vast cinematic engine, which perhaps was true. And if she still knew nothing of the way films were produced and given dramatic value, at least she knew what sort of rôle she liked. So she decided to make her first demand of Thalberg and the studio. She asked to be allowed to film Sir James Barrie's "What Every Woman Knows."

She had done this play on the stage and knew she was effective in the rôle. At least it would give her a chance to act a part she liked. So she insisted upon starring in it.

You know the rest. The studio acquiesced, the picture was produced and was a resounding failure. It was followed by "Vanessa: Her Love Story," another literary work whose cinematic worth defied detection, and which was equally unsuccessful.

The studio became alarmed and began to look for a story similar to those in which she had been a hit. Meanwhile Miss Hayes had gone on tour in "Mary of Scotland" and announced that she was through with pictures.

My cynical readers will murmur that the obvious reason for her decision is that pictures are through with Miss Hayes. But that is not fair to Hollywood. Two failures do not mean the end of a career, especially when they have been preceded by an unbroken series of great successes. I'm sure that MGM would renew her contract if they had any assurance that she would make an effort to put herself across on the screen.

The point is, they have no such assurance. In the four years Helen Hayes has been in Hollywood she has contributed nothing to the success of her pictures but her admittedly excellent acting. And more is required of a film star than that.

Navy blue looks well on Bette Davis, much better, in fact, than pastel colors which do not offer enough contrast to her intensely blond coloring. These lounging pajamas are of corded crêpe.

For one thing, a star is a public figure and an integral part of the social life of Hollywood. She must keep herself in the spotlight without seeming to do so, for fans have been known to forget the unobtrusive. She must gauge popular taste and see to it that the stories selected for her are of a type which are currently popular and in which she will be seen to good advantage.

But above all things, she must realize that the burden of a picture's success lies on her shoulders. That is what stardom means. No matter whether every one else falls down on the job, it's up to her to put the most mediocre picture across.

I may be wrong, but it seems to me that Helen Hayes has failed to fulfill a single one of these obligations. Hollywood has meant exile to her, and she has seldom stayed there longer than was absolutely necessary to finish a picture and wait for the possible necessity of retakes.

She is virtually unknown in the society of the film colony, and her position in the news is even vaguer. To the selection of her pictures she has usually been indifferent, and when, as in the case of "What Every Woman Knows," she did intervene, it was in favor of a play which she happened to like but which was scarcely to the taste of her fans.

It's understandable that she should be bewildered by films at first, but she has persisted throughout her career in her attitude that picture production is fundamentally incomprehensible and that she need not bother about anything other than learning to-morrow's dialogue.

The result has been that she has become just what she feared she would become: an acting machine. As a definite film personality she is no more. And regardless of acting ability, the disappearance of personality means the death of stardom, even for the most talented player.

Those of my friends who prefer the theater to the movies tell me that, nowadays, nothing can be accomplished by a Hollywood newcomer unless he has come direct from Broadway. Stage experience, they intone loftily, is absolutely essential to give an actor the proper assurance when confronted by the cameras. And that experience, that assurance, they say, is all that is needed.

In my rebuttal to these arguments, the case of Helen Hayes shall henceforth be known as Exhibit A. Miss Hayes, one of the finest actresses the stage has ever produced, made her first picture with years of stage experience behind her. She gave flawless, poised performances. But she has flopped, and she will remain a flop unless she forgets that she is a stage actress and begins to learn from Hollywood.

Continued from page 31

class, of course, and after passing through Ellis Island, entrained for the West Coast, carrying as much food as their accommodations would permit.

Once settled in their new home, the Capra children were placed in school. Frank particularly thirsted for knowledge. And despite his handicap of not knowing the English language, soon outstripped all his classmates, skipping grades and establishing a record for brilliancy.

But the Capra funds ran low, money had to be earned, so Frank and Tony, his elder brother, sold papers on the street.

Even at so early an age, his dramatic instincts evinced themselves, talents that later were to win him fame and fortune. When nightfall came and there remained many papers yet unsold, he worked out a plan whereby Tony would seem to be beating him.

Passers-by would stop to learn why the larger boy was picking on the smaller one, and Frank would weep that it was because he hadn't sold all his papers. Whereupon, sympathetic listeners would relieve him of his bundle and Frank and Tony would run home hand in hand to show the family how much they had taken in that day.

During this period, Frank was looking ahead to the day he would need money to continue his education. Consequently, he saved every penny that did not go for family support.

In high school, he managed a paper route and devoted long hours to study. He wanted to be an engineer and at sixteen, when he was graduated, he applied for admission to the California Institute of Technology, popularly known as Cal-Tech. He couldn't matriculate until eighteen, however, so spent the next two years with a pipe company making money to help pay his college expenses.

A brilliant student, Frank won a five-hundred-dollar scholarship at the end of his first year. He waited on tables and also became editor of the school paper, a paying position that netted him eighty dollars a month.

With the advent of the United States in the War, he left school in his senior year and enlisted. He felt he owed much to his adopted country. When the War was over, he returned home to find the family state of affairs in a tragic condition and he himself without funds.

So that he might complete his education, he took a position as tutor to a son of wealth. In this way, he saved enough to return to Cal-Tech and graduate with honors.

Unable to find an engineering job, he became interested in motion pictures, as a logical outlet for the stories he wrote. He enrolled in a scenario school, picked up what little information he could there, and so that he wouldn't starve, sang for his suppers in cafés about town and pruned trees, at twenty cents each, for ranchers in the San Fernando Valley. All his friends in the Italian colony who hadn't gone to school were earning comfortable livings, but there seemed no market for his talents.

Seriously, then, he applied himself to pictures, and in a laboratory job learned a great deal about films. Taking another job with a producing company, he won the friendship of a director who taught him many things and gave him the encouragement for which he was hungering.

He met an actor named Montague who was considering a production

Molly Lamont, South Africa's own film daughter, is in Hollywood for a début in "Jalna."

based upon a poem. Frank convinced him that he was the man he needed and became writer, director, technical crew, actor, and cutter. The one-reel picture, made in two days at a cost of seventeen hundred dollars, proved extraordinary. Pathé purchased it, the film ran two weeks on Broadway and received good notices.

The success of the novelty led to Pathé hiring Montague to make a series of twelve more one-reelers. The actor decided he'd do better by writing the poems himself, rather than filming classics, and fired Capra. As a consequence, he went broke, too stubborn to realize that Capra had been responsible for the success of the first film.

There followed, then, several years of jobs as gag man, with one thought uppermost in his mind—to direct. Finally, Harry Langdon left Sennett to make feature-length comedies on his own. Capra sold him the idea of allowing him to direct. Among the several he made with Langdon was "The Strong Man," regarded as one of the ten best pictures of 1926 and conceded by some critics the finest comedy ever made.

Langdon, like Montague, decided he didn't need a director, could survive on his own merits, under his own direction. With Capra leaving him, the comedian's career may be said to have come to an abrupt halt, never to be successfully resumed. Once again, Capra had proved his mettle.

A picture career is difficult, at best, and Capra returned to his estate of gag man, wondering when, and if, he would ever get a break. Many months passed before this opportunity arrived.

Harry Cohn of Columbia, who likes his coworkers as young and ambitious as his company, invited him over to his studio for a chat. He was so impressed by Capra's enthusiasm, to say nothing of his pertinent ideas about pictures, that he assigned him to an unimportant program picture. The young director endowed it with so much charm and incisiveness that the picture was released as a special, and with his signing a directorial contract as a result of this film, Capra was on his way.

To-day, Capra remains as modest and unassuming as that moment, thirty-one years ago, when he gazed in awe at America's welcoming beacon, the Statue of Liberty, in New York harbor. Rich now in laurels and experience, he is yet that simple Italian boy who looked ahead at great things to come.

He always keeps in the background, shunning publicity as others seek it. He does not care for praise. To him, the great success of his various pictures is merely work well done.

Not content merely to direct a film, he works, without credit, on every story he produces, collaborating with the writer until the desired effect is achieved. During production, every waking hour is devoted to the picture, and upon completion he refers to the feature not as *my* picture but as *our* picture. He has never been known to lose his temper on a set and always is most liberal in giving credit where credit is due.

His theories of direction are amazingly simple. So simple, in fact, that they show the man as the artist he really is.

He regards himself as an audience, the representative of all audiences everywhere. He discusses a

scene with his players, listens to their interpretations of it, then rehearses them. If he reacts to the scene, he orders the cameras to start grinding.

If, however, he doesn't believe absolutely in it, he continues rehearsals and discussions until the scene finally registers with him. He has discovered that invariably the "take" he prefers is the one audiences as a whole enjoy. The success of all Capra pictures vindicates his judgment of what the public likes.

One of the reasons why his characters always appear so human, so perfectly cast, is because he capitalizes upon the natural talents of an actor. A case in point is Clark Gable.

He saw a comedian in Gable, a lusty-humored chap capable of doing great things once the opportunity presented itself. He put the actor in "It Happened One Night" and you know the result. He turned in one of the best performances of the year.

In the same picture, he gave Claudette Colbert all the rope in the world, saw in her, too, a comédienne and directed accordingly. Like Gable, Miss Colbert contributed a fine job.

The foregoing are only two examples of what Capra accomplishes with his people. There isn't a star in Hollywood who wouldn't jump at the chance to work with him, for he inspires all with new courage and determination. He never stifles the emotions or cramps the style of his players. That is one explanation why actors give such outstanding characterizations under his directorship.

As retiring in his private life as he is reserved at the studio and professionally, he seldom goes out socially. He has few intimate friends, believing that old friends are best. He lives simply with his wife and baby, and his favorite dish is the spaghetti and ravioli his mother prepares especially for him.

His one extravagance is books. He has one of the finest collections of first editions in Hollywood and constantly is on the look-out to augment it with some rare volume.

Capra's is one of the outstanding success stories of the decade. From immigrant boy, without knowledge of our language, he has risen to foremost prominence in the nation's fourth largest industry and the recipient of highest award by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences.

Checking Up On Jean

Continued from page 58

"In moments of profoundest unhappiness, she taught me that life inevitably offers threefold compensation for every single heartache and that it is only foolish people who allow adversity to make them bitter and cynical. I also learned not to worry over trifles, to trust in the essential *goodness* of people and always to reciprocate any act of kindness by an expression of sincere gratitude."

Jean will not tolerate brutality or excessive authority, but she is thoroughly responsive to considerate treatment.

She never wears high heels except to a formal affair and then her feet are tortured. She breakfasts every morning with her mother in the latter's bedroom.

Once she said to me:

"Gosh, I hate being a blonde. If I had my way, I would be a brunette. If I still had my way, I would be reborn a man. I would trek to the Yukon and dig for gold and travel to the four corners of the globe on freighters."

She evinces little interest in clothes, regarding them merely as incidental. The predominating colors in her wardrobe are black, yellow, and white and all her clothes are remarkable for their simplicity. Her sartorial expenditures are confined to six costumes a season—two street ensembles, a dinner frock, a restaurant dress and two evening gowns.

Her hats are generally similar in shape as she has them designed after an old one which she has owned for years. To go into statistical raptures, she wears size twelve dresses, size three and one-half shoes, and size six and one quarter gloves.

Her speech is fluent and frank and, as a rule, faultlessly idiomatic. There are times when she displays a resiliency of thought that, to say the least, is amazing in one so young. I have yet to hear her speak disparagingly or unkindly about another person. Such tolerance is seldom encountered in Hollywood—or anywhere else.

Jean regards her orchidaceous screen self with unfeigned contempt. If you ask her concerning the nature of her current rôle, she will crinkle her nose and say: "Oh, I play another of those darn sex-vultures!"

When she is in the midst of a production she goes to bed at nine o'clock. She attends few parties and does not play bridge. She hums her favorite tune, "Night and Day," day and night, removes her shoes, chews gum, and plays Bing Crosby's records on the set between scenes. Her suppressed ambition is to be a "sob sister" on a newspaper, because she detests routine and welcomes continual variety.

She insists that she is not beautiful. Who am I to contradict a lady? But just between you and me and the corner fireplug, the gal's mirror must be an awful liar. She is singularly devoid of vanity and never embarrasses her escort by producing a make-up compact in public.

She is an ardent angler and even baits her own hook. "I keep my eyes closed, though," she chuckles. She spoke French before English as her governess was French. Her hobby is collecting perfumes which her mother promptly hides to prevent Jean from giving them to her friends.

The other day I was sitting with her on the edge of her swimming pool. Below us stretched the panorama of tiled roofs and verdant gardens of Brentwood. Clad in brown slacks with a yellow turtle-necked sweater, she looked more like a slim boy than a siren.

"I am happier right now than I have ever been," said Jean, leaning her head back so that the wind tangled itself in her incredible hair. The sunlight was bright on her face and her eyes were a reflection of that brightness.

"I have my work and my family and my friends. In Bill Powell I have the ideal friend. He has a divine sense of humor. Knowing Bill has given me tremendous mental stimulus.

"Sometimes I sit out here alone in the moonlight and wonder what the future has in store for me. I used to make plans, but nothing ever turned out as I planned, so I stopped looking ahead. I am still a girl and yet I am a woman. My life has been so hectic, so——"

Her long lashes dropped and her clasped hands pressed against her mouth. Presently, she lifted her face and her eyes looked into mine frankly and steadily.

"This is the life I have always dreamed of," she continued. "I want to live sanely but amusingly. I want the affection of those I love and the friendship of those I respect. I want to feel that my work is good and that its goodness will live after me; that when I leave this earth, people will say:

"'Jean Harlow was honest with herself and others. She never pretended what she was not.'"

That is the credo of the real Jean Harlow who is my nomination for the grandest girl in Hollywood.

Continued from page 43

can. Miriam is a fine cook, and likes to prepare her child's food, and during the rainy season I have an idea that unless nurse is *very* stern, the youngster is overfed. But to offset that, Miriam puts the lad's sturdy little feet into rubbers and together they tramp through the downpour.

Garbo—but I don't think much can be added to her doings that the world does not already know about. Her friends say that she likes to get down to the sea, if she can do so without observation, and watch the storm raging over the water. Also, she likes to read what is printed about her in the fan magazines, and she buys them all.

Leo Carrillo does a variety of things. He goes duck shooting, and he looks over his trout pools, rearranging the fish so that they are all about the same size in each pool. He likes to walk in the rain, but not on pavements; it has to be in the country, and he likes to go to Truckee for some snowshoeing, which is at its height during the rainy season in the lowlands.

When he has had enough of those things he gets out his books on early California history and architecture and pores over them. Mr. Carrillo wants to write some day, and when he does it will be of the glories of early California.

Mae West retires to some retreat and writes dialogue and gags for her next picture. There is steel beneath those curves of Mae's; the steel of ambition and a determination to succeed. Well, she has succeeded, but habit is such a tyrant that now, after years of concentrated effort, Mae would rather work than do anything else. She has not gone the way her flesh indicates, but the way of her mind. She is one of the hardest workers in filmland.

Claudette Colbert is not as much of an outdoor as an indoor girl. She takes a walk now and then just to let the rain seep through the pores of her skin, but her greatest joy is to read.

For a long time no one knew what Otto Kruger did with his spare time. He just disappeared. But in Hollywood it's hard to keep a secret, and the skeleton in the Kruger closet finally leaked out. He composes concertos, and he writes. He never lets any one see what he writes, but sometimes he gets an orchestra together to try out the concertos, and then he locks them all up. Perhaps when he is tired of acting, or if he produces something that he really likes, he will let us in on it.

As Clark Gable's principal hobby is hunting, he sees to it that his guns are always well oiled, and the oiling and polishing is usually a rainy-day job with him. But rain doesn't stop this lover of the outdoors from tramping through marsh or woodland stalking a bit of game.

Jean Harlow cherishes the ambition to be a writer, and when she is not working and the weather is threatening, she curls up on a divan and works out her dream pictures on paper.

Katharine Hepburn came East to conclude arrangements for her appearance on the stage at Saybrook, Connecticut, this summer.

Nat Pendleton has a similar ambition, and has written one story that has been made into a picture. Both Jean and Nat are writing books.

Franchot Tone likes to read, particularly manuscripts of new plays, so there's a break for you would-be playwrights. His idea is first to find a play for himself and then to find something he thinks his friends in the Group Theater in New York might like.

When Joan Crawford isn't reading, studying or singing, she is rehearsing plays in her theater which she had built in her new house. This gives her a tremendous thrill.

C. Henry Gordon catches up on his fan mail, and Jackie Cooper gets out his airplane kit and designs new models, or he boxes, or both.

Jeanette MacDonald either practices or hunts through new music for interesting songs.

Louise Fazenda turns her full attention to her home, not that she ever neglects it, because Louise is essentially a homebody. But on rainy days her house gets a thorough looking over from garret to cellar and the corners of dark closets. And then she gets up one of her famous meals. I've never tasted better cookies anywhere.

There are three musketeers in Hollywood whose loyalty to each other defies time and tide. They are Ronald Colman, Dick Barthelmess, and Bill Powell. Every now and then they have a get-together.

Karen Morley's delight is reading plays, particularly foreign ones. She is also amazingly well read in other fields of literature, and on a dull day, there being no lure in the beach or tramping about, for her, she can, with a clear conscience, devote her entire time to reading and to amusing her small son.

Sooner or later you will find the men collecting about the card tables at the Maskers' Club, and the women giving luncheon parties at the Trocadero, Embassy, The Brown Derby, or the Roosevelt. And the Mayfair does a tremendous business when one of its meetings falls during the rainy season. So does the opera, and so do the theaters. It's a grand excuse to give parties.

Unlike the inhabitants of other cities, who would rather hug the fireside, Hollywood rustles about when it rains.

ADIOS, RAMON?

No, not good-by.
  Why not say,
Hasta mañana
  When you go away?

Hasta mañana
  Isn't forever good-by.
'Tis only until a to-morrow
  Will come by and by.

RUTH WHITMAN BOWERS.

Continued from page 29

They Say in New York——

Rumors that she had gone to marry Arthur Hornblow were current, but one flaw in that romantic excuse for her sudden flight was that there was no printed record at hand of Mr. Hornblow's being divorced.

As New York Saw Her.—Inconspicuous in appearance, garbed usually in strictly tailored clothes and a small, down-tilted hat, Miss Loy would not have been readily recognizable had she not worn dark glasses that made every one study her closely, convinced that she was bent on not being recognized.

As Eddie Davis crooned one of his quite biological song numbers at her table in his café one afternoon, her previously masklike face burst into a broad grin, and it couldn't have been any one but the incomparable Loy. Please come back, Miss Loy, and be more friendly. I'm the one that you kept telling to phone again in half an hour. Only to be told that you had left orders that your phone should not be rung again.

Fellow Passenger With Sound Effects.—Sailing on the *Paris* with Myrna Loy was Polly Moran, so Myrna can probably enjoy solitude undisturbed. That Moran woman, ignored by producers for the time being, has developed into one of the greatest and noisiest entertainers you have ever heard. She leaps to the center of any stage, even if it is a sidewalk, and clowns vociferously, winning every one by sheer grit and energy if not by her sometimes cruel gibes at the foibles of younger players. The King's Jubilee crowds are going to have some raucous laughs.

The Most Prevalent Joke.—Maybe you have heard it already, for every afternoon people are wandering from table to table in the cocktail rendezvous explaining that Rudy Vallée is really to blame for the dime chain-letter mania. For it was he who first sang "Your Dime Is My Dime."

Our New Dress Model.—Fay Wray came back from London and paused en route to Hollywood long enough to show the town what Schiaparelli and Molyneux and all the other ranking designers in Europe were up to. Just to round out her wardrobe she shopped diligently in New York, adding the best efforts of American designers. Foolish maybe, she admitted, as she goes out very little when her husband is not with her, but she had just begun to take a really intense interest in clothes.

In England, where she made two pictures, fans followed her around on bicycles. At first she was puzzled when they called out "That's Fy Wry" but finally assumed they were friendly at heart. A remarkably pleasant and endearing young person, and very beautiful, Fay has no gift for dramatizing herself. She places herself inconspicuously in the background, and listens. In order to enjoy some California sunshine, she sped over from England while her husband was busy directing his first picture. And maybe just to keep busy she will redecorate her house while there.

Busy as a High Tension Wire.—It is no small feat to see Alice White these days. In the morning doctors treat her for low blood pressure, inactive glands, and sinus trouble. Then a masseuse takes command and pounds her into quite the most spectacular combination of voluptuous curves and tiny measurements you have ever seen. Then she plays three or four shows a day in a strenuous dance act.

But Alice still finds time to answer all telephone calls herself and complains if she gets less than a bale of letters and telegrams at hotel and theater. Odd moments are devoted to Elmer, a gray female Pekingese about nine inches long, who is almost as hard-working a trouper as Alice herself. And after her last show she does the night clubs until the wee hours. Once she tried going to bed early—one a. m.—as the doctor ordered, but the next day she felt listless.

Photo by Wide World

One of the nicer family groups in Hollywood is headed by Donald Woods, who is as good a husband and father as he is an actor. Mrs. Woods was a German baroness when they married and their son is named Conrad.

Eight Years—One Argument.—Since the day when she jumped from script girl to player, Alice has gone far financially and in popularity, but she hasn't realized her ambition. What she thinks of the parts she has played on the screen cannot be repeated. She loved doing "Dinner at Eight" on the stage, and she is determined to show that she can play dramatic parts on the screen. Maybe she will have a chance in England this summer. She has been offered several parts in Broadway plays, but hasn't found one yet that just suits her.

"Read this," she begs, tossing visitors a play script while she plays with Elmer. "Is there anything in that for me?" Alice gives the customers an awfully good show for their money in her dance act. She works, like vaudeville troupers of old, winning the audience when she first steps on the stage. Except for this sure, professional touch, she is very much the Alice of old—explosive, a giddy array of colors—"Because the day was dark and I thought bright clothes would look cheerful."

The Worm Turns.—Ann Sothern met a lot of people, during her visit

to New York, who had been catty and mean and cruel to her when she was just Harriette Lake, the little upstart from the West who had come in to be in a Ziegfeld show a few years ago. They pretended not to recall that she was the same girl, but she couldn't resist reminding them.

"I'm the elephant who never forgets," the very decorative, self-styled elephant told me. "I'll never forget how kind Tom Howard and Fred Astaire were to me in that show. They made up for the maliciousness of the others. The other night when I broadcast on the Vallée hour and saw Tom Howard there, I just couldn't stick to the script at first. I had to throw my arms around him and tell everybody how swell he is."

Chatterton's Enthusiasm.—Hollywood and Spain will have to move closer together if Ruth Chatterton is to make many more pictures. She has succumbed completely to the charm of the land of bullfights. Returning from Seville en route to Hollywood where she is to make two pictures for Columbia, she told of one glorious day when several bulls were killed, several matadors narrowly escaped death, and the youngest bullfighter dedicated one session in the ring to her. And she doesn't look bloodthirsty at all. Quite the contrary.

Outdoor ping-pong is Gertrude Michael's latest pastime as she tunes up for work in "The Last Outpost," with Claude Rains.

While Scenario Writers Groan.—The Hays office won't allow films to show scenes that educate children in the ways of crime, thereby banishing an episode from real life that scenario writers are just dying to use.

A youngster in New York bought four bottles of milk charged to the family account, dumped the milk in the gutter and collected twelve cents for the returned bottles. Ten cents got her into the theater where Kay Francis was appearing in "Living on Velvet" and Joan Blondell in "Traveling Saleslady," and so thoroughly did she relish the sight that she stayed until police found her there, a lost-strayed-or-stolen alarm having gone out.

Now somebody—a member of the society for the prevention of cruelty to scenario writers no doubt—will have to pass a law that little girls are not to think up ingenious episodes that educate writers in the ways of juvenile crime.

All Around the Town.—Constance Cummings will leave the Broadway stage long enough to do a picture in Hollywood this summer. It's "Amateur Girl" for Reliance.

It looks as if Leslie Howard's play will run on forever, so his wife is driving East with the Bill Gargans to visit him.

Edwina Booth, who has suffered so long from fever contracted while filming "Trader Horn," arrived in New York on a stretcher, settled her suit against MGM and left for London to consult tropical-fever specialists.

Julie Haydon landed a Paramount contract for her poignant performance in "The Scoundrel."

Mary Ellis has scored a triumph on the stage in London in a mythical kingdom operetta called "Glamorous Night."

Ethel Merman has built up a tremendously enthusiastic radio following who want more Merman songs in the next Cantor picture.

Miriam Hopkins, Margaret Sullavan, and Katharine Hepburn go flitting back and forth between Hollywood and New York via plane so often that their friends have combined the best features of "Welcome Home" and "Farewell" parties and now call them "Well-well" parties, because "Wel-fare" sounds too much like a reform element rampant.

"DOUBLE-QUICK" REDUCTION

During the

SUMMERTIME

REDUCE

YOUR WAIST and HIPS

3 INCHES in 10 DAYS

with the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE

...or it will cost you nothing!

"I REDUCED MY HIPS 9 INCHES," ...writes Miss Healy..."I reduced from 43 inches to 34½ inches"...writes Miss Brian... "Massages like magic"...writes Miss Carroll ..."The fat seems to have melted away"... says Mrs. McSorley.

■ So many of our customers are delighted with the wonderful results obtained with this Perforated Rubber Reducing Girdle and Uplift Brassiere that we want you to try them for 10 days at our expense!

Massage-Like Action Reduces Quickly!

■ Worn next to the body with perfect safety, the tiny perforations permit the skin to breathe as its gentle massage-like action removes flabby, disfiguring fat with every movement . . . stimulating the body once more into energetic health!

Don't Wait Any Longer... Act Today!

■ You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely in 10 days whether or not this very efficient girdle and brassiere will reduce your waist and hips THREE INCHES! You do not need to risk one penny...try them for 10 days...at no cost!

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.

Dept. 668, 41 EAST 42nd ST., New York, N. Y.
Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Postcard

Bergner Refuses $100,000

Continued from page 30

mass interview before sailing?" And Miss Bergner, pouting, must have acquiesced, for what should come to my workaday desk the other day but this compelling wire:

> "Joseph M. Schenck requests the honor of your presence at a cocktail party Friday afternoon at five promptly at the Ambassador suite eleven thirty given in compliment to Miss Elisabeth Bergner who is granting her first and only interview in America."

With such an august summons in my pocket I was justified in expecting big things.

The suite in question was manned by efficient publicists, gracious hostesses, and a troupe of tireless waiters who drifted about with viands and stimulating waters. Two rooms had been thrown into one for the affair. At one end was a buffet, complete from caviar in ice to champagne in the correct buckets. At the other end was Elisabeth Bergner, looking very small and helpless on a huge divan facing twenty or thirty gilt chairs arranged in a semicircle, informal but terrifying.

Occupying the chairs, overflowing onto window sills, and standing on the fringe of the audience, with a step back to the buffet now and again, were the fact-finders and lily-gilders of the press, those astute ladies and gentlemen who determine just what makes a star tick and why.

Questions were shot at Miss Bergner, and come weal, come woe, Miss Bergner answered them. Not everything, of course. She was not at liberty to give the title of the play Sir James Barrie has written for her; he wouldn't like it. She could not tell us what sort of a play it was, although she let slip the fact that she plays the hero.

Her first picture? A triangle affair with Emil Jannings and Conrad Veidt: "Nju." In German. Her first American venture had just ended, after a run of twelve weeks. Yes, she was pleased with the results. And the Theater Guild made money, too. She smiled. Her next picture? "Saint Joan." Shaw himself was helping with the script, so delighted was he that she was playing the rôle. Did she like Shaw? Tremendously. As an artist.

Hovering over Miss Bergner was Mr. Schenck, benignant, smiling, not unlike a guardian angel. He patted her shoulder in moments that taxed her patience, held her hand reassuringly when some one posed a particularly inept question, stirred her to smile with a quip when things lagged ever so slightly.

The ladies who write for a living pierced poor little Miss Bergner with analytical stares and prodded her with soul-searching queries. Did she like American men as well as European? Was she fond of matrimony as an avocation? How long did it take her to make up for a part? Did she think Garbo as great as Bernhardt?

Nothing was too silly to ask the embattled star. Squirming, but game, she parried the impossible questions and answered the others tactfully and satisfactorily.

Whatever she may be on the stage, with the glamour of the footlights to render her alluring and exclusively charming, Elisabeth Bergner is less than breath-taking in the cold light of the afternoon sun.

As she sat there, fending off thoughtless questions, she looked like

Again the press agents are frenziedly proclaiming a newcomer, Luise Rainer from Vienna, and they may be right this time. Anyway, she is teamed with none other than William Powell in "Masquerade," and that means she's to have a real part.

a nice little German girl in a tight spot. You unconsciously felt sorry for her. She looked anything but one of the great actresses of her time.

She is small and slight. Her face is animated and intelligent. She permits her bobbed hair to have its more or less unruly way—unwaved and undisciplined. It has been dyed so many times that it is an undistinguished corn color, brown verging into an uncertain yellow. The Bergner mouth is made up carelessly, and one eyebrow has fared better in its penciling than the other. The total effect, you may gather, is unimpressive.

The average thought of a star brings to mind such glossy creatures as Kay Francis, Joan Crawford, Carol Lombard, and Ginger Rogers. These stellar gals build an interview into a personal appearance. It's the Hollywood touch, and it's showmanship.

But Miss Bergner had apparently been coaxed into the interview ordeal unwillingly; she had agreed grudgingly, and refused to stage a scene as a reward to herself for having gone through with it.

When my colleagues had repaired to the oasis at the far end of the apartment I seized the opportunity to ambush Miss Bergner for a few exclusive moments devoted to readers of Picture Play. She eyed me with a smile that served to hide a troubled mind. She had undergone a severe buffeting at the hands of the press. If there was never another interview it would be all too soon for her.

"What do you think of a mass attack like this?" I asked. "What privacy is the artist entitled to?"

She shrugged her shoulders, grimaced and looked askance at the ubiquitous Mr. Schenck.

"I think this sort of thing"—with a gesture of the hand that included the entire matinée—"is unnecessary and uncalled for."

"Why do you, an established star, submit to it?"

"For diplomatic reasons," she smiled. "Remember this is my first interview in ten years."

Time was fleeting. A beady-eyed sister of the press was bearing down on us. One more question before Miss Bergner disappeared into the silences for another decade.

"Why aren't you going to Hollywood to make a picture instead of returning to London to do it?"

"She was offered $100,000 to do one in California, but she refused," said Mr. Schenck. He smiled down upon her as a proud father beams upon his child.

"I am well paid in London," said Miss Bergner demurely. "I do not go to Hollywood because I am afraid of the place. Hollywood and I would not mix. I would be out of my element—a fish out of water. Hollywood is artificial, high pressure, very social. I am none of these things."

Miss Bergner graciously bade us good-by and withdrew to pack for her voyage on the morrow.

Barrie writes a play that he admits she inspired.

Shaw agrees to let the cinema reproduce his "Saint Joan" because Bergner is to play the part.

There is something in this star that does not meet the eye, more than a cocktail party can reveal. In order to get Bergner at her best you must see her on the stage or screen.

Those "Heartbreak" Contracts

Continued from page 14

Then he got a part originally intended to be a mere bit. It was with Buddy Rogers and Gary Cooper in "Wings." He was so wildly enthusiastic over getting a chance at last that he "ate it up," and nearly stole the picture. After that, he could no longer be ignored.

Many failures must be chalked up against the relatively few success stories, however. Striking ballyhoo which hails the signing of a newcomer often seems to point and emphasize the deadly quiet of his slide into oblivion. Here before me is a pile of newspaper clippings, all blurbing enthusiastically certain "sure-fire" discoveries, "young players destined to succeed." Let us check up on them:

Harriet Hagman was picked from Earl Carroll's "Vanities." Football fame got Russ Clark his contract. Linda Parker, Margaret McConnell, Dorothy Short, Pauline Brooks, and Claire Myers were the famous "MGM Débutantes." Lorraine Bridges sang her way "to the very door of stardom." Beautiful blond Jean Connors, winner of a beauty and talent contest, was "eagerly signed by RKO." Jean Chatham, Frances Dade, Jayne Shadduck, Antoinette Cellier, Leo Chalzel, and Adele Thomas were all similarly ballyhooed, all mentioned as having the things that stars are made of.

Dick Powell goes Venetian in a mild, musical way for his attractive rôle in "Broadway Gondolier."

Where are they now? You may know, but I don't. And these are only a few. The annual turnover is around one hundred persons.

Even if one does ultimately fail, what's heartbreaking, you may ask, about having a regular job, and a chance, slim though it may be, to become a star? An opportunity to rub elbows with men and women who *are stars;* to work inside the studios? To hold a contract, no matter how option-filled, that calls for from forty to a hundred and fifty a week?

Principally, two things. First, the maddening ebb and flow of hope, of chances nearly won. The sight of the banquet at which others are feasting while you go hungry. Second, the fact that professional expenses absorb nearly all your salary—often more than your salary.

You must compete with established players who can afford to spend freely, and with wealthy or "backed" persons within your own ranks, who if they can outshine you and outentertain you in studio and social circles, get, by attracting attention, many chances you might otherwise secure for advice, instruction, and actual screen experience.

Looking at last year's crop we see, apparently well on their way out of the heartbreak ranks, some very promising young people. Robert Taylor made a hit in "Society Doctor." Muriel Evans has begun clicking in small parts, and leads with Charlie Chase. Just coming into view is a striking brunette named Rosalind Russell. Phil Regan, former New York policeman, gives promise at Warners; Gail Patrick and Grace Bradley of Paramount have done excellent work. Louise Henry is another who seems to be getting places.

From now on these players will be getting real opportunities before the cameras—the sort of opportunities that come so rarely to the heartbreak contractee.

In the very latest crop of fifty-odd are some other likely-looking boys and girls. But who can foretell their screen fate? Far be it from me to utter even a single prophesy. The road they must travel is too full of tricky hazards, discouragements, temptations—and options.

THE APPLIED RESEARCH SOCIETY

. . . is using this space to correct a popular error about **ASTROLOGY**

Astrology is no more related to "Fortune Telling" than is a Doctor's advice to **eat certain foods and avoid certain infections.**

—Or the caution of a Beach Guard that you should **keep inside the ropes** at high water. Both **tell** and **caution,** but do not COMPEL.

Just so Astrology **tells,** but does not **compel;** it cautions, restrains or indicates action **on certain Dates** and about certain things.

These favorable and unfavorable **Dates** are not matters of chance, but determined by mathematical progression of Star positions from the exact time of your own Birth.

That the advice is good and the Dates are accurate can easily be accepted, because of Astrology's **absolute accuracy** upon intimate personal matters, **known only to you.**

© 1935 A. R. S.

Applied Research Society forecasts guide the lives and guard the acts of countless Men and Women in Business, Banking, Education and the Theatrical and Medical Professions.

Read letter from Doctor S. H. J.:

"I was certainly amazed at the accuracy and deep knowledge you have displayed in casting this Horoscope.

I have had work of this kind done many times, in India, Germany and the United States, and I can truthfully say that the work done by you has been the most accurate.

I am sending you the enclosed remittance to cast a Horoscope for a young lady who was born on the 17th. 10 A. M."

These Forecasts are very detailed (about 20,000 words) and cover full 12 months from date it is sent to you.

Being based upon your Birth Date, we must be informed *where, what year, month* and *date* you were born.

YOUR Forecast will be sent, sealed, for one dollar (bill or check) which will be refunded if you are not fully satisfied and return the Manuscript.

Or, if you simply enclose a 3c stamp for postage on reply, the Society will advise of certain Dates important to you.

APPLIED RESEARCH SOCIETY

85 Prospect Street • Marblehead, Mass.

Continued from page 41

The Secret of Color

When Joan Crawford, Myrna Loy, Jeanette MacDonald, Norma Shearer, Clark Gable, Robert Montgomery, and countless others turn to the right use of color in their daily life, it is not at all strange. They have learned that haircuts, make-up, diets, exercise, and individual clothes are not all there is in building a personality.

Jean Harlow has many times said that she believes we should all know why we should wear a color, and when. And she is right.

Can you imagine a poppy-red in the background of the platinum Jean? She just wouldn't be Jean Harlow. It might be a Mae West, but not the silver-and-platinum personality we have learned to love on the screen. And Jean knows this. Her new dressing room is truly her own color world. The walls, rugs, and curtains are white. Not the glaring white of whitewash, but the delightful off shade, soft and alluring like the platinum of her hair. All the furniture is in this same tone of white, with occasional upholstery of delicate lime. Her odd pieces of bric-a-brac are in silver and fragile Dresden.

In the entire suite there is not a thing to mar or to break the platinum personality of Jean Harlow. She is living in her own color atmosphere, and projecting the color radiance that belongs particularly to her.

The delicate pink-violets, a deep moonlight blue, and the pale water green of the Nile are other colors that are a part of Jean's personality. If she is as wise as I believe she is, 1935 will find her adding a bit of deep blue to her color world. It will be unusually helpful to her this year with its many adjustments.

The vibrant warmth of Jeanette MacDonald is reflected in the clear, soft rose and crystal blue of her dressing room. The soft rose we can easily associate with her subtle vibrance. While through the sparkling blue of her background, how clearly we can hear the crystal resonance of the voice which has so long held her public enthralled! Warm, soft orange, and blue-violet also belong to this screen personality.

Joan Crawford, with that unmistakable bit of shadowed sadness that breaks through even her joyful moods, has expressed her color self with the somber midnight blue as a basic tone. It is a part of Joan, a part born of a strange restless yearning, a reaching out for something—even Joan cannot understand what. But the sweet joy which, too, is Joan, she brings into her color world through the use of cherry red. White, too, the white that holds within itself every color, has its place in the reflection of Joan's inner self.

There is a warning, though, for Joan. Too much blue will produce too great a sadness which, in time, will deaden her personality. The minor tone is intriguing as it is, but if she will be careful to lighten it at all times with the clear reds, and the happy, golden yellow, there will be no doubt that hers will be one of those lasting personalities of the screen.

And Greta Garbo, our mystery lady of the screen, what about her color world?

With typical racial reticence, she rarely expresses a personal opinion. Colors do not seem to matter to this star who has refused to move into the new dressing room suites. That is, it seems so to the casual observer.

Freddie Bartholomew has gone Western, but he hasn't acquired cowboy speech, thank Heaven. The good news is that he's to be *Oliver Twist* after he finishes in "Anna Karenina."

But they do matter, and a great deal. To any one who sees sparkling rainbows in the snowflakes, and who sits hour after hour watching the whirling, glistening colors fall to the ground, as she did when a child, colors mean much.

Hers is a reflective nature, one that lives most of the time in inner worlds. Not that she actually wants to be withdrawn from outside affairs, but because it is something she can't help. She was born that way. She is Garbo.

To introduce red into her color background would drive her to distraction. It is no part of her. To Garbo belong the illusive, cool, reflective blue-violets, the mysterious blue-greens, the simple, direct yellows, the subtle, warm hues of orange and the natural greens. These colors accurately interpret Garbo's personality—mysterious, deep, aloof, simple, direct, and natural. The orange reflects that passionate mental warmth that make her love scenes burn with unforgetable vital intensity, characteristic only of the real artist.

In the dressing room of Norma Shearer, we find that yellow is the dominant note. It underlies every color she has used. The chartreuse green is the yellow-green; the topaz, the crystal yellow; and back of her beige notes lies the yellow-tan. This is not surprising because yellow-gold is the keynote of Norma's color radiance. This color has everything to do with her inner desires, her ambitions, self-expression, achievement, and is particularly helpful in 1935.

If at times, when she is in need of mental stimulus, she will bring out the tones of the soft orange-yellow, she will find that these softly glowing shades will be most harmonious. When the nerves are all aquiver from work at the studio, the restful rays of the extremely soft rose-violet will help her to relax.

When you know the qualities that are associated with each color, and then know the real people back of the glamorous characters of the screen, it is easy to see why they have selected certain colors for their backgrounds.

It is interesting to notice how sparingly the stars have used red. Joan Crawford's dressing room is the only one with a splash of this color, and she is right in using this major note as a balance to the great amount of blue in her room.

This lack of red has not been just an accident, and I'll tell you why.

Hollywood stars are steeped in emotion. Their work plunges them to its very depths. Red, while a wonderful color, is intensely emotional and should be used thoughtfully and carefully. It stimulates activity to a great degree. If any one of us were to be constantly in the presence of red, we would soon feel irritated and would wonder why we were so easily given to fits of temper.

This color business is not to be treated lightly. We simply can't get away from color. It is present everywhere, and every hour of the day. It is, even now, a pleasure and a necessity for our well-being.

And the best part is, that color is one of those things that is not set aside for the exclusive use of the great artists of the screen, but it is for you, for me, and for all who want to live happier and more useful lives.

Grand Old Girl

Continued from page 37

young people have to struggle through, their emotions whipped at every turn, every disappointment seeming so much more important than it is.

"As one grows older one learns that the end of the world didn't come with the loss of our first sweetheart or our first job or the death of a beloved relative. As one grows older one realizes that next morning's sun is just as bright and just as warm and beautiful as it was the day before our tragedy, and we learn to fight with it instead of against it.

"But it's so hard for young people to feel this, and so it surprised me to find many of them in Hollywood astonishingly philosophical. They have learned, too, the value and the comfort of good books. Reading is a very important spoke in the balance wheel of any person, no matter what their vocation may be. Every one must build up something within himself to offset the tides of loneliness, restlessness, and depression.

Miss Westley herself is a great reader. Her living room is lined with shelves of books, likewise her hall and bedroom. Nothing rests her more than dipping first into this volume and then into that. It is like conversing with very dear friends.

That living room of hers is one of the most delightful and homy that I have seen in many a day. Obviously she has gone about and bought furniture and ornaments that she liked, regardless of fashion or period. It may well be said that the league of nations is found in that room, for half the nations of the world are represented there.

"But if you want to get a line on what Helen is really like," said a friend who happened in while we were talking, "just have a look at her refrigerator. If you're not careful, she will feed you several delicious chocolate cakes and quarts of milk before you leave."

"Why, of course!" exclaimed Miss Westley. "Wouldn't you like some milk and homemade chocolate cake?" I agreed that it sounded tempting, and she disappeared into the kitchen. In a moment there was a grand crash.

"Only one of the eight quarts of milk always to be found in that ice box against the invasion of neighboring youngsters," said the friend wisely. And so it turned out to be.

Half the youth of Greenwich Village in New York knows Helen Westley's chocolate cakes, and Hollywood is gradually finding out about them. Although in Hollywood she lives at the Château Elysée and doesn't keep house.

"None of those California bungalows for me," said Miss Westley vigorously. "I want to be high up, where no one can get at me. There isn't a house in California that couldn't be entered with a first-class can opener, I'm certain, and I hate to be startled."

"Did you like Hollywood?" I asked, none too subtly.

"Now what a leading question *that* is!" She laughed.

"Well, if your feelings are too violent I'll be tactful."

"It won't be necessary," she replied airily. "I found Hollywood a very delightful place. The first picture I did, 'Moulin Rouge,' I was scared to death because of the very different technique, but after that I relaxed and became myself."

But "Moulin Rouge" was not Miss Westley's very first picture. No, indeed. Years ago, when the industry was young, she played the title rôle in "The Mexican Bad Woman" at the old Edison studio in New York. She also played in "Becky Sharp," starring Minnie Maddern Fiske. She was to have been in the new "Becky Sharp," but because of the many postponements had to give it up to fill her stage contract.

It used to be that when the name of Helen Westley appeared on a program, one expected a tornado of a woman to sweep across the stage. Did any of you see "Liliom"? What a spectacle she was in *that* one! In pictures she has quieted down, has played a few parts more like the woman she really is, great-hearted, tolerant, understanding. There was "Anne of Green Gables," for example, and "Roberta."

Her current picture is again with Anne Shirley. It is "Chasing Yesterday," an adaptation of "The Crime of Sylvester Bonnard," by Anatol France. When I saw her she was rehearsing for the Theater Guild production of "The Taming of the Shrew," with Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, and which, it is rumored, may reach the screen, what with all this to-do about Shakespeare and the classics being what the public wants. And if you don't hope the rumor is true, you'll be doing yourselves out of some very robust entertainment.

However, during the next year you will laugh and cry with Helen Westley in many pictures, for she is beginning to be loved on the screen as she has been admired on the stage as the foremost character actress of her time.

BEAUTIFUL FORM
in 3 to 5 weeks by the famous
FRENCH EXUBER METHODS FROM
PARIS
Is your bust insufficiently developed or over-developed? Has it lost its beauty through illness, cares, motherhood, or age?
Do you want to develop and beautify it?
Do you want to restore its firmness?
Do you want to regain those pleasing curves which are a woman's charm?
LET ME HELP YOU
by my METHODS for
(1) DEVELOPING (2) STRENGTHENING (3) REDUCING
These methods are applied externally and cannot have any ill-effect; they entail no special regime, no fatiguing exercise, no internal medicament, and for 25 years have been used all over the world with remarkable success.
FREE OFFER
Readers of Picture Play will receive, under plain cover, full details about DEVELOPING or STRENGTHENING or REDUCING. Mail today to Mme. HELENE DUROY, 11 rue de Miromesnil, Div. U 2D Paris (8e) France. Please give address in block letters and enclose 5 cts. stamp for answer. Postage 5 cts.

HAVE SHAPELY LIMBS $3.75
Support and relieve swelling and varicose veins with Dr. Walter's flesh colored gum rubber reducing hose. Perfect fitting—improve shape at once. They have helped many thousands of people in the last 25 years.
11 inch not covering foot $3.75 per pair
14 " partly covering foot $6.75 " "
Send ankle and calf measure. Pay by check or money order (no cash) or pay postman.
Dr. JEANNE G. A. WALTER
389 Fifth Ave., New York

Magnetic, Alluring
EYES
A wonderful new discovery which made my eyelashes grow nearly three-quarters of an inch. Has given hundreds of women long, dark, thick, luxurious eyelashes. Rapid, guaranteed harmless, unlike all other preparations. Brings alluring, upcurling lashes in a month. Complete outfit $1.00. Includes, FREE, my famous Beauty Eye-drill Movements, sold at $1.00 adopted by famous film stars. Write
Daisy Stebbing, Dept. 2 PP-1, Forest Hills, N. Y.

Beautiful!
She had her
Nose Corrected

by Dr. Radin's Plastic Methods, developed by many years experience. All kinds of noses reshaped; outstanding ears corrected; lips rebuilt; lines, wrinkles, blemishes and scars removed. Bust corrections. Reduced fees. Consultation and booklet free. Dr. Radin, 1482 Broadway, New York. Dept. P.

REMOVES HAIR
X-BAZIN
CREAM
SIMPLY APPLY—WASH OFF
A HUNDRED YEAR OLD FRENCH FORMULA
GIANT TUBE 50¢ SMALLER TUBE 10¢
DRUG • • DEPT. STORES • • TEN CENT STORES
SAFELY · QUICKLY · SURELY

Continued from page 36

Laughing Enigma

broke out again. "I couldn't look at this face all that time. I analyze the lines, see what's behind them, rip them apart, toss them up in the air a few times, then kick them around the room!"

There is the reason the name of Claude Rains is synonymous with dynamic portrayal. To him, instead of being just speeches they are the thoughts and emotions of some man.

There, too, is revealed his lack of conceit. What actor would speak of disliking to look in a mirror? Before the camera he never rants about close-ups or lighting effects to bring out the better features of his face. Seven years close association with Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree taught him that the play, or the picture, is the thing.

This attitude is no pose and is far from the shallow, artificial modesty so many cinema greats assume.

Charles Laughton was reported to have studied under him in a London school of the drama. Rains easily could have claimed credit, boomed that the star's ability had blossomed because of his guidance and implied that the Academy award really should have been presented to him.

He merely waved a deprecatory hand. "I didn't teach him anything. Laughton knew all about acting when he arrived there. I just happened to be an instructor."

Of other Hollywood folks he said: "So many players are clever that I couldn't be so bold as to select favorites, but I do think Myrna Loy the loveliest."

Claude's ambition is to continue acting. "I hope to go on until I drop. Don't you think it would be nice for an actor to die after a good scene or at the end of a performance?"

His coworkers have remarked three things, his ability, his eyes, and his energy. They have wondered whether sometime he will not collapse after a scene. The vibrant intensity of his work should exhaust any one and although this is hidden in his cool, polished impersonations on the screen, people behind the studio walls know.

Since an inauspicious début at the age of ten with Fred Terry and Julia Neilson in "Sweet Nell of Old Drury" at the London Haymarket in 1900, acting has been his life and pleasure.

"I've been in the theater since I was a little boy and have been trying always to improve. I'm hypercritical of my work. If a shot is completed and I consider it mediocre—no, not mediocre—less than my absolute best, I ask to have it retaken over and over."

This avidity for perfection, for work, marks Rains apart from most screen notables. Possibly now one may see why reviews of his acting hold superlatives.

"Work" was his enthusiastic reply to my question concerning hobbies. "I have a tidy mind. When one job is finished another commences."

This is no slave-driver's routine, for Claude enjoys working and has ever had a single aim—upward. He also possesses tremendous vigor, vigor that reminds you of a coiled steel spring. It has made his life a success story. Starting as call boy in His Majesty's Theater, he became prompter, assistant stage manager, and finally an actor, advancing from road companies to the Theater Guild and celebrity. The same driving force was evident when he joined the British Army as a private during the World War and left, a captain and adjutant of his battalion.

Joe E. Brown's sense of humor is perfectly expressed in the oversized uniform he wears in "Alibi Ike."

In leisure he likes to travel "with nature on all sides." He has gone as far as Australia with stage successes, but wants to call America home.

After his fourth marriage recently he bought a farm in Pennsylvania. "The West is interesting, the South stately and, to me, Pennsylvania the most beautiful."

Those penetrating eyes soften as he describes the Eighteenth Century house, the neighbors, "real Americans," and the garden.

"I like to be in the open. If I had to live in a city I'd jump out the window. I plan to take enough time from pictures to do stage work and then live on the farm. Of course it would be foolish for me to risk my few pennies by trying to be a farmer, but I am going to fence the place and buy some sheep. They're much more effective than lawn mowers, you know."

Claude thinks that because he gives the audience his utmost when before them, he should be entitled to a private life and he resents the gushing bores who treat every star like a circus exhibit.

The characteristic Rains laugh burst forth again as he recalled an amusing incident that occurred at the farm.

"I love to do what is known as puttering around a garden, and one evening after a session I was tired, far from immaculate and entirely pleased with myself for having transplanted some shrubs.

"A car with a fashionably dressed woman, a man and some children approached. The woman said that they had taken the wrong road and asked if she might turn around. Then she demanded: 'Aren't you that Rains man?' I answered, 'Madam, you can leave quite as easily by going straight ahead.'"

He realizes that actors must expect attention and appreciates fans, but offstage he wants to be an individual without fame or, as he terms it, "notoriety."

He saluted with his Scotch and soda. "They'll be waiting. Come on."

"They" proved to be Mrs. Rains, a comely, winning young woman, a friend, and Patience, an impatient hunting dog. As the actor disappeared toward the train I had a glimpse of a few of the ordinary qualities which together make an extraordinary man.

Everything was prepared, thanks to that tidy mind he had mentioned and, although he appeared to think no more of the impending cross-country journey than a crosstown taxi ride, he walked about constantly. Graciously he autographed a photo for an admirer and then laughed as he played with Patience. But even in these lighter moments that baneful atmosphere was present. Truly, Claude Rains is a unique and fascinating figure.

That Sothern Belle

Continued from page 45

"I think it's just the work. For screen work is the hardest and most exacting of any that I know.

"When you're making a picture, you have to get up at six in the morning, be on the set in make-up and costume by or before nine, work steadily through the day with your nerves and emotions, as well as your body, strained to the *n*th degree. Then, when you reach home in the evening, you're too completely worn out to be civil to any one. All you want to do is to climb into bed, have a light dinner brought on a tray, and go to sleep.

"That isn't marriage, and whether both husband and wife, or only one of them, come home in that condition, there's no chance for real companionship.

"And I believe that in any city, in any line of business, where the individuals have to work as hard and as intensely as we do in Hollywood, the divorce rate would be as great as it is there. Only super-men and women can survive such a strain, and the fact that there really are some happy marriages in Hollywood is indeed a tribute to the survivors."

For herself, Miss Sothern looks forward to a good many more years before the lights and cameras, but she hopes to have the courage to retire when her star dims.

In the meantime, she is systematically saving her money. Extravagant by nature, she has a business manager who withholds a little over half her salary and invests it in an annuity. Of course, she has enough to live on nicely and to meet her obligations, about which she is intently serious.

"I have certain family responsibilities and have had for many years, and I think they're good for me. I feel that any young person benefits from the sense of having others dependent upon him. It makes him realize he is only one cog in the wheel of life and that he must fulfill his obligations and meet his debts."

That Ann is a real person is certain. Keenly alive, with a brilliant future before her, she is, nevertheless, sane and sensible, with a clear perspective on life, its obligations to her, and more important than that, her obligation to it.

Meet one of the new order of stars, fellow fans!

Two Who Are Different

Continued from page 47

Once he worried about the theory that a player can last only five years on the screen, but now, just starting his sixth year, he is appearing in such pictures as Shirley Temple's "Our Little Girl," and the critically applauded "Private Worlds." "Manhattan Madness" will be next.

Frances Drake's odd fan is made of glass and cellophane composition, with a handle of kid.

He can say sensibly, "I'm glad I've climbed slowly. I'm never outstanding in a part, and audiences don't get tired of me. I can go on longer than if I'd made a sudden, spectacular success."

Critics call him "pleasing" and "straightforward," and he is like that personally, too. He would rather follow the career of screen-trained Gary Cooper than such stage-trained stars as Charles Laughton or Fredric March. "I've watched movies since I was a kid in school, and I've noticed that the quiet, unassuming fellows last the longest."

Frances, too, is fascinatingly different. Unlike the girls who can talk for hours about their loves, their philosophy, and their lipsticks, she finds it practically impossible to reveal anything of her private life to reporters. She has a habit of disagreeing, violently, with almost any proposition an interviewer suggests. Once I talked with her on the subject of her old-fashioned marriage—old-

Freckles

Secretly and Quickly Removed!

YOU can banish those annoying, embarrassing freckles quickly and surely in the privacy of your own room. Your friends will wonder how you did it. Stillman's Freckle Cream removes them while you sleep. Leaves the skin soft and smooth, the complexion fresh and clear. 50c *A Jar*

Stillman's FRECKLE CREAM

Mail this Coupon to Box 98
THE STILLMAN CO., Aurora, Illinois
and receive a FREE Booklet about Freckles.

Name .....
Address .....

Remove that **FAT**

"I have actually taken 5 inches off. I am overjoyed!" J. A.

Have you a full, oversize bust? You can reduce 3-5 inches and have alluring, slim loveliness with my famous Slimcream treatment, which reduced my bust 4½ inches, and weight 28 lbs. in 28 days! I GUARANTEE TO RETURN YOUR MONEY if your form is not reduced after applying my Slimcream treatment for 14 days! Full 30 days' Treatment, $1.00, sent in plain wrapper. The ultra-rapid, GUARANTEED way to get those slender, girlish, fascinating curves so much admired. FREE! Send $1.00 for my Slimcream treatment NOW, and I will send you, FREE, my world-famous, regular $1.00 Beauty Treatment, with a gold-mine of priceless beauty secrets never before revealed! Limited Offer—SEND TODAY! Add 25c for foreign countries.
DAISY STEBBING, Dept.P.P.13, Forest Hills, New York.

GRAY FADED HAIR

Women, girls, men with gray, faded, streaked hair. Shampoo and color your hair at the same time with new French discovery "SHAMPO-KOLOR," takes few minutes, leaves hair soft, glossy, natural. Permits permanent wave and curl. Free Booklet, Monsieur L. P. Valligny, Dept. 37, 254 W. 31 St., New York

Be an ARTIST

MAKE $50 TO $100 A WEEK!
Our simple, proven methods make it easy to learn Commercial Art, Cartooning and Designing quickly. AT HOME, in spare time. New low rate. Big new book, "ART for Pleasure and Profit," sent free. State age.
WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF ART
Studio 288, 111S-15th St., Wash., D. C.

Alviene SCHOOL OF THE Theatre

Graduates: Lee Tracy, Peggy Shannon, Fred Astaire, Una Merkel, Zita Johann, Mary Pickford, etc. Drama, Dance, Speech, Musical Comedy, Opera, Personal Development, Culture. Stock Theatre Training, appearances while learning. For catalog, write Sec'y LOREE, 66 West 85th St., N. Y.

Be charming!
WHETHER 16 OR 60

TIME MARCHES ON!
RETAIN YOUR YOUTH
with this new
REJUVENATION KIT $1.00

RESTORES natural color, texture, contour.
REMOVES blemishes, coarse pores, blackheads, lines.
STIMULATES and tones sagging muscles.
Send for one today and see how much better you LOOK and FEEL.
REVELATION COMPLEXION KIT CORP.
640 Madison Av. Dept. P. New York City.

fashioned because it is founded on ideals of faithfulness and loyalty which have seemingly become outmoded.

She said definitely, "I think it's silly to call a marriage old-fashioned or modern. People use the words without knowing their real meaning. Marriages are good or bad, and I imagine they were good or bad in former times just as they are now."

That was that.

When not talking for publication, however, she can discuss any topic under the sun with the lively intelligence of a well-educated débutante. She loves music, and goes to the Bowl concerts. She adores the baby. And Joel.

But she warns, "Don't think of us as inseparables just because we spend so much time together. We don't want to get in each other's hair. I'm going to keep on with my work for that very reason." Recently she played the important rôle of *Amelia*, in "Becky Sharp."

"I think a marriage is more apt to be successful if both members have outside interests. A woman who works contributes something to marriage, I believe, that another cannot."

She was brought up, like Joel, in California, and for some time they lived in the same block. She thought him then "a terrible prig." Their families were well-to-do and they were raised rather strictly. Perhaps that early foundation of sanity is why movie fame and movie money never turned their heads. Joel told me:

"My father never worked up to a salary as big as mine, but his position in life was infinitely more important. And he put his three children through college, and left us independent when he died. Perhaps that's why I can say now that one hundred dollars a week still sounds like important money, even though picture salaries are generally so much more."

Perhaps you gather why the McCreas are refreshing to the shock-weary eyes of a Hollywood reporter. Something Frances once said to me gives a clear picture of the natural, casual way they go about their lives.

"I had no idea our married life would turn out as it has. I thought you just fell in love with some one, married, and hoped for the best. I had no idea of the perfect companionship that could develop between husband and wife. Now I'm the most surprised—and the happiest—person in the world. I love Joel more now than when I married him."

Sometimes it's nice to be different.

What the Fans Think

Continued from page 10

An Old Favorite.

HAIL, fellow fans! Here's some good news for those who have wished their old favorites would come back. The darling of our hearts, Lois Moran, has gone to the Coast to tackle films again.

Still in her twenties, and adorable as ever, Lois goes back to regain her old fans and gather new ones. Here's where the new fans get a treat and the old fans wish her every success. HELEN KING.

88-90 Avenue D, New York, N. Y.

Deserving of Success.

EVERY once in a while an actor or actress gives such an outstanding performance on the screen that it makes me feel I owe that person a tribute.

That's the way I feel after seeing Louise Beavers's marvelous performance in "Imitation of Life." Throughout the entire picture, Miss Beavers held my complete interest.

Any one who makes such a sincere effort for success certainly deserves it. And Miss Beavers made every one in the theater feel that sincere hopefulness and true sympathy.

Bravo, Louise Beavers!

T. ANTHONY BLAIR.

2044 Devon Avenue,
Chicago, Illinois.

Poor Judgment.

THE Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences has just made their annual awards for artistic endeavor. Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable won the awards for the best performances of the year and Frank Capra for direction.

I have been in the picture business for years and have yet to hear of anything quite so stupid. It is the worst indication of poor judgment I have ever seen.

There were some excellent pictures made in 1934, and some fine acting and direction delivered by real artists. There are few real artists in pictures and those who deserve due credit for artistic achievement for 1934 are Claude Rains, in "Crime Without Passion," Frank Morgan, in "The Affairs of Cellini," Tullio Carminati, in "One Night of Love," Edward Arnold, in "Sadie McKee," Anna Sten, in "We Live Again," Bette Davis, in "Of Human Bondage," Norma Shearer, in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," and Lloyd Bacon, Clarence Brown, Jack Conway, George Cukor, Edmund Gouding, Gregory La Cava, Mervyn Le Roy, and John Cromwell for directing some really great pictures in 1934. CLYDE LADD.

2016 North Beachwood Drive,
Hollywood, California.

Three Cheers.

AN old subscriber would like to pay his tribute to three talented newcomers, namely and to wit: Merle Oberon, Bette Davis, and Fred Astaire.

La Oberon is just about the niftiest eyeful I have seen in a dog's age, and Bette is a sure-fire actress who startles you with the earthy quality of her character studies.

As for the dancing Astaire—I imagine producers have been dreaming about such a lad ever since sound was perfected. Whatta comedian! Whatta singer! Whatta hoofer, and whatta man! *Voila!* He's the top! Give us another picture soon, starring Freddie of the flashing feet. And another and another. FRANK TULLY.

20 New Street,
Danbury, Connecticut.

In Appreciation.

I HAVE seen many American films proclaimed as magnificent, stupendous, the finest film ever made, but never one which lived up to these superlatives. But I have just seen "Lives of a Bengal Lancer" which is having its London première, and can honestly say that this film, whose publicity was modest in the extreme, lived up to all the adjectives I have just mentioned.

It is impossible to single out any one of

One of those heavy conferences interrupts the action of "Stranded" while a vital point is settled. Everything seems to depend on George Brent's opinion. Those hanging on his words are Delmer Daves, writer, Frank Borzage, director, and Kay Francis, star.

the cast since every performer was excellent.

It was a relief to get away from sex in ultra-modernistic settings, from countless millions of Hollywood lovelies, and to find in a picture the emotions and impulses which are the noblest, saddest, and most eloquent of mankind.

Gary Cooper has shown the world once again that given a suitable vehicle he can equal, if not outstar, any of Hollywood's male performers. And Richard Cromwell, in a part which was not wholly sympathetic, never for one moment lost the audience's sympathy. In Hollywood there is no other young actor in the same class as Dick. Surely he would be perfect as the star of some of America's famous classics? I think he is quite the most popular of America's younger actors over here.

In "Bengal Lancer," Sir Guy Standing and Franchot Tone were magnificent, both given parts which I think for the first time justified their abilities; and as for C. Aubrey Smith, his work is always beyond criticism. HUGH HAMILTON.

13 Upper Park Place,
Baker Street, N. W. 1,
London, England.

England Liked "Bachelor Girl."

I WOULD very much like to say how delighted I am that Ann Harding has at last appeared in a film where she has her own lover and has an opportunity of showing her charming and delightful sense of humor as in "Biography of a Bachelor Girl."

I pray she will never again do anything approaching "Vergie Winters." She is too grand and beautiful to portray such disagreeable rôles, and to wear such atrocious clothes, but even then she looked beautiful. How many stars could still be shining through the run of bad stories that Ann has had lately, I wonder?

I do hope that at last her talent and beauty have been placed in the right direction to gain her the applause and appreciation she deserves. She has a great many admirers over here who, as well as myself, wish her every possible success and happiness. JEAN E. MILLAR.

Alpenruhe,
21 Kendall Avenue, South,
Sanderstead, Surrey, England.

Silents Versus Talkies.

MOST of the fans are sure to have seen Metro-Goldwyn's "Treasure Island." Some may have seen and remember as I do the silent picture that Maurice Tourneur made of this classic for Paramount many years ago. I do not know if any felt as disappointed as I at the unavoidable comparison. To my mind, Tourneur's work was greatly superior, but perhaps Victor Fleming hadn't such good assistance from the script writer and the cameramen.

The scenario of the silent picture followed, I think, more truly the novel, although the dialogue in the talkie version was very good. But above all, Tourneur, like the wizard he was, caught the spirit and essence of Stevenson's narrative, and what was more important to us fans, managed to transplant it to the screen.

Truly, besides Griffith, no one has managed like Tourneur to catch on the screen such poignantly beautiful moments of sheer eloquent expression of suspense and horror or so charged with just the right atmosphere, both physical and psychic. Surely, these two directors prove the thesis that the genuine artist in the making of a photoplay is the director. When seeing Von Sternberg's pictures I am sometimes reminded of Tourneur's.

Has the screen really improved by becoming audible? Perhaps. But it seems to me that European directors have put it over the Americans in utilizing sound and talk on the screen. Take for instance René Clair, the Frenchman who made "Sous les tois de Paris" and "Le Million."

I hope this, if true, is only temporary. The actual pioneers of the screen, also as to artistic development, were American, and as a fan who has got so much from your pictures I can only wish that your nation will again take the lead. Your pictures have been the finest in the world, when judged by the only just standard, its superior productions, and may they continue to be so in spite of the obstacles of censorship and commercialism.

NORWEGIAN FILM FAN.

Bergen, Norway.

Madge's Hindered Career.

TO any one familiar with Robert Browning, "Anne B.'s" denunciation of Fredric March's delineation of him in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" is nothing short of ridiculous.

Browning *was* a blustering winter wind, a dynamo of energy, so full of life, so vital, the touch of whose strong, firm hand gave Elizabeth Barrett courage and the desire to live.

Mr. March was a superb Browning—not always prancing, as Anne B. put it, but at times, as in the scene where *"Ba"* tells him of her love—the tenderest of lovers. His was a great performance—overshadowed by Laughton's and Shearer's only because theirs were more opportune rôles.

I am utterly fed up with references to Madge Evans as "sweet," "dainty," "delicate," and "pretty." True, she is all these things, but Madge is a living, breathing, human! She *has* a temper and I hope some day she loses it and blasts all these silly conceptions of her. Because the words "sweetness" and "goodness" and "nothingness" have always been applicable to the rôles in which she has appeared, is no indication that those rôles are her ultimate achievements.

I happen to be one of those who saw Madge in her very first film in which she portrayed a girl not quite as wholesome as her ensuing characters—but how colorful! —and she was amazing. Especially so when one ponders on the inseparable association of Evans and sweetness and light.

It would serve MGM right if Madge left them—went to another studio—and became one of the biggest stars. They've had a gold mine of ability under their noses for four years and haven't had enough sense to cultivate it. If Madge were given a rôle that required real ability and emotion, perhaps she'd call on her abundant resources. But any one with any knowledge of acting whatever knows that no actress can make a great picture out of a "hammy" script and a shallow, empty character.

I am sorry Madge left the stage so soon; but Hollywood couldn't bear to see the stage steal another march on them. Yet they have hindered her development rather than furthered it. DOROTHY N. ROGERS.

Detroit, Michigan.

DEAFNESS IS MISERY

Many people with defective hearing and Head Noises enjoy Conversation, Movies, Church and Radio, because they use Leonard Invisible Ear Drums which resemble Tiny Megaphones fitting in the Ear entirely out of sight. No wires, batteries or head piece. They are inexpensive. Write for booklet and sworn statement of the inventor who was himself deaf.

A. O. LEONARD, Inc., Suite 667, 70 5th Ave., New York

DARK, LUXURIANT LASHES INSTANTLY AND *safely*

Every day more and more beauty-wise women accent their eyes to deeper beauty and meaning...with MAYBELLINE. Instantly darkens lashes to the appearance of long, sweeping luxuriance. Contains no dye . . . utterly harmless . . . non-smarting . . . tearproof. Approved by Good Housekeeping and other leading authorities. Black, Brown, Blue, 75c at reputable toilet goods counters. Refills 35c

Tested and Approved — Good Housekeeping Bureau

Maybelline MASCARA

WONDER PEEL PASTE $5

For Superficial Blemishes
One day Home Treatment
(*means one application*)
WHY WORRY about
Wrinkles, Pimples, Puffs, Blackheads, Acne, Pits, Freckles, Flabby Neck.

ADELE MILLAR PRENTISS
Dept. 7, 1800 N. Western, Hollywood, Cal.

PIMPLES, BLACKHEADS

After only a few applications of ACLEAV the face feels new and clear. Results show immediately. ACLEAV is not a cosmetic but a scientific preparation expressly for Acne Vulgaris (Pimples).

You too, can have a clear complexion. Send $1.00 (money order or cash) or C.O.D. and ACLEAV will be mailed to you in plain wrapper, or send for free booklet "ACLEAV treatment of Pimples."

Tel Laboratories, 115 Park Ave., Englewood, N. J.

FREE LARGE PHOTOGRAPH

Mae West

of your favorite MOVIE STAR with every order of $1.00

ORIGINAL HSE PHOTOGRAPHS
2 for $ .25 24 for $2.00
5 for .50 38 for 3.00
11 for 1.00 65 for 5.00
All the latest stars
50 Different poses of Rudolph Valentino

Clark Gable

HOLLYWOOD SCREEN EXCHANGE
Drawer V-1 -:- Dept. A -:- Hollywood, Calif. U. S. A.

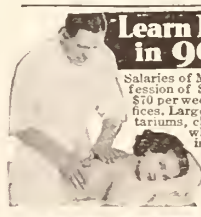
TAP DANCING BY MAIL
Reg. Tap; Adv. Tap; Soft Shoe; Waltz, Clog; $1.00 each. Ballroom Dances 50c. each. HAL LEROY studied here. Send for List "P." Time-Step 10c.
KINSELLA ACADEMY, 2538 May St., Cincinnati, Ohio

WHY BE FLAT-CHESTED?

Try my new VENUS CREAM Method to increase bust measure 1 to 4 ins. Wonderful for ugly, sagging lines, scrawny neck and arms, undeveloped forms, wrinkles and crowsfeet. To convince you I will send generous 10-day treatment for 25c. Money back if you are not amazed with results!
ONLY 25¢
ROSE MILLER, Box 1271-P, Birmingham, Ala.

HELP Wanted for INSTITUTIONS, HOSPITALS, Etc.
MEN No Previous Experience Necessary WOMEN
All kinds of GOOD JOBS Practically Everywhere. Help constantly needed, so why remain unemployed? Write now enclosing stamp.
SCHARF BUREAU, Dept. 8-14, 145 W. 45th St., NEW YORK

PILES DON'T BE CUT Until You Try This Wonderful Treatment
for pile suffering. If you have piles in any form write for a FREE sample of Page's Pile Tablets and you will bless the day that you read this. Write today. E. R. Page Co., 2392-L Page Bldg., Marshall, Mich.



Learn Profitable Profession in 90 days at Home
Salaries of Men and Women in the fascinating profession of Swedish Massage run as high as $40 to $70 per week but many prefer to open their own offices. Large incomes from Doctors, hospitals, sanitariums, clubs and private patients come to those who qualify through our training. Reducing alone offers rich rewards for specialists. Anatomy charts and supplies are given with our course. Write for details
National College of Massage & Physio-Therapy, 20 N. Ashland Avenue, Dept. C-48, Chicago, Ill.

TYPISTS EARN MONEY

SPARE TIME! ANYWHERE!
If you own a typewriter, or can rent one, we have a proposition that will interest you. A 3c stamp will bring you full details. Stop WISHING you had more money. You can have it.
TYPISTS INFORMATION SERVICE
Box 14-N, Smithboro, N. Y. Copyright 1935

ADDRESSES OF PLAYERS

Columbia Studio, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Jean Arthur
Tala Birell
John Mack Brown
Tullio Carminati
Nancy Carroll
Ruth Chatterton
Walter Connolly
Donald Cook
Richard Cromwell
Wallace Ford
Jack Holt
Victor Jory
Peter Lorre
Edmund Lowe
Marian Marsh
Tim McCoy
Grace Moore
Florence Rice
Edward G. Robinson
Ann Sothern
Raymond Walburn
Fay Wray

Fox Studio, Beverly Hills, California.

Lew Ayres
Warner Baxter
Madge Bellamy
Bill Benedict
John Boles
Alan Dinehart
James Dunn
Alice Faye
Norman Foster
Ketti Gallian
Janet Gaynor
Tito Guizar
Rochelle Hudson
Arline Judge
Paul Kelly
Nino Martini
Frank Melton
Herbert Mundin
George O'Brien
Pat Paterson
Valentin Parera
Gene Raymond
Kane Richmond
Will Rogers
Raul Roulien
Shirley Temple
Claire Trevor
Jane Withers

Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California.

Brian Aherne
Elizabeth Allan
Edward Arnold
John Barrymore
Lionel Barrymore
Freddie Bartholomew
Wallace Beery
Constance Bennett
Charles Butterworth
Bruce Cabot
Mary Carlisle
Mady Christians
Jackie Cooper
Violet Kemble-Cooper
Joan Crawford
Nelson Eddy
Wera Engels
Stuart Erwin
Madge Evans
Betty Furness
Clark Gable
Greta Garbo
Jean Harlow
Helen Hayes
William Henry
June Knight
Otto Kruger
Myrna Loy
Paul Lukas
Jeanette MacDonald
Una Merkel
Robert Montgomery
Frank Morgan
Edna May Oliver
Maureen O'Sullivan
Jean Parker
Eleanor Powell
William Powell
Luise Rainer
May Robson
Mickey Rooney
Rosalind Russell
Norma Shearer
Martha Sleeper
Lewis Stone
Gloria Swanson
Robert Taylor
Franchot Tone
Spencer Tracy
Henry Wadsworth
Johnny Weissmuller
Diana Wynyard
Robert Young

Warners-First National Studio, Burbank, California.

Ross Alexander
John Arledge
Mary Astor
Joan Blondell
George Brent
Joe E. Brown
James Cagney
Colin Clive
Ricardo Cortez
Dorothy Dare
Marion Davies
Bette Davis
Olivia de Haviland
Dolores del Rio
Claire Dodd
Robert Donat
Ann Dvorak
John Eldredge
Patricia Ellis
Glenda Farrell
Kay Francis
William Gargan
Hugh Herbert
Leslie Howard
Josephine Hutchinson
Allen Jenkins
Al Jolson
Ruby Keeler
Guy Kibbee
Margaret Lindsay
Anita Louise
Aline MacMahon
Frank McHugh
James Melton
Jean Muir
Paul Muni
Pat O'Brien
Dick Powell
Phillip Reed
Phil Regan
Lyle Talbot
Verree Teasdale
Genevieve Tobin
Rudy Vallée
Warren William
Donald Woods

RKO Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Fred Astaire
John Beal
Bill Boyd
Frances Dee
Richard Dix
Irene Dunne
Preston Foster
Betty Grable
Margot Grahame
Ann Harding
Katharine Hepburn
Kay Johnson
Francis Lederer
Helen Mack
Lily Pons
Erik Rhodes
Buddy Rogers
Ginger Rogers
Anne Shirley
Frankie Thomas
Bert Wheeler
Gretchen Wilson
Robert Woolsey

United Artists Studio, 1041 N. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, California.

George Arliss
Eddie Cantor
Charles Chaplin
Ronald Colman
Miriam Hopkins
Fredric March
Joel McCrea
Ethel Merman
Merle Oberon
Mary Pickford
Anna Sten
Loretta Young

Universal Studio, Universal City, California.

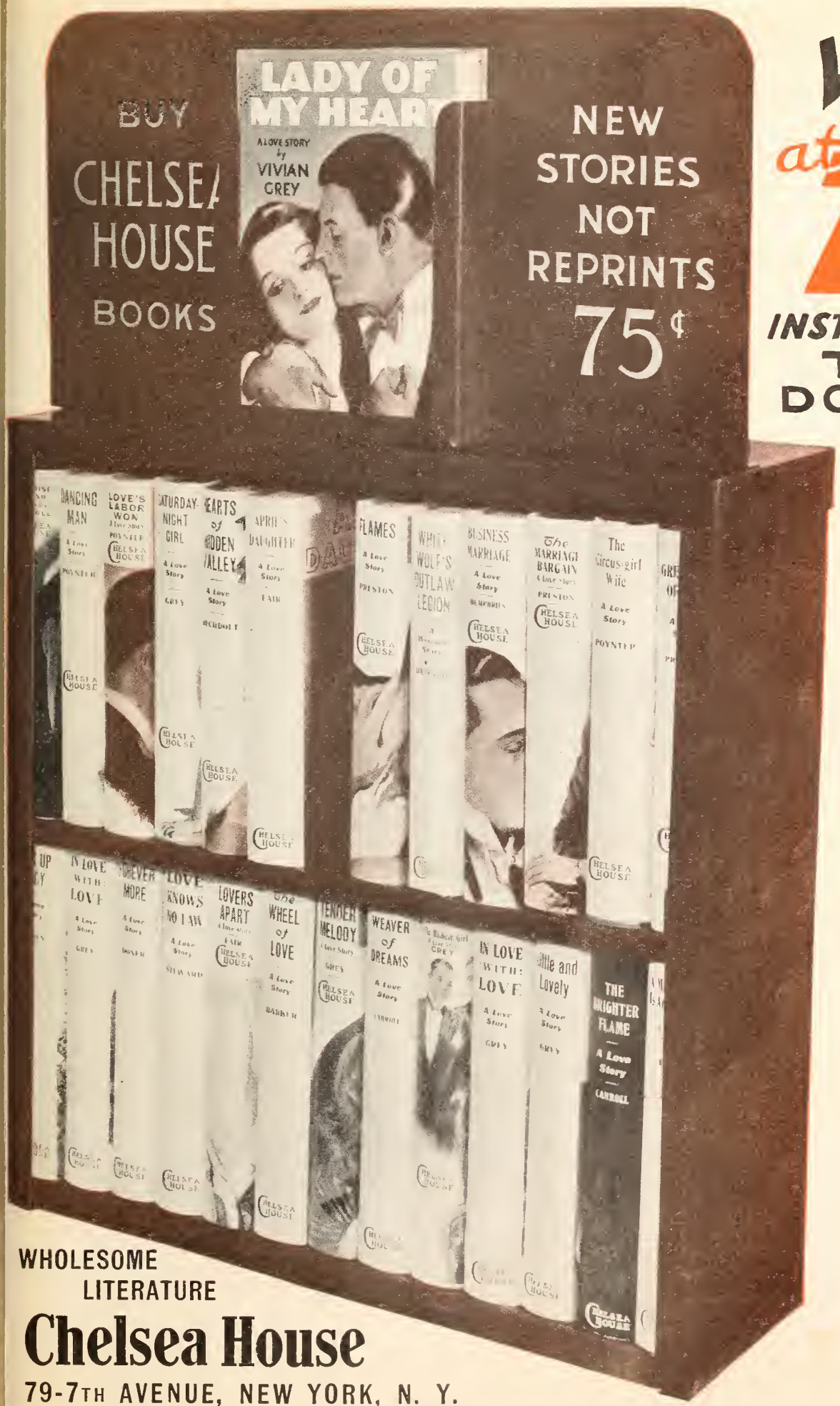
Nils Asther
Binnie Barnes
Noah Beery, Jr.
Phyllis Brooks
Russ Brown
Andy Devine
Sterling Holloway
Henry Hull
Baby Jane
Lois January
Buck Jones
Boris Karloff
Bela Lugosi
Douglass Montgomery
Chester Morris
Zasu Pitts
Claude Rains
Cesar Romero
Gloria Stuart
Margaret Sullavan
Slim Summerville
Irene Ware
Alice White
Jane Wyatt

Paramount Studio, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, California.

Gracie Allen
Wendy Barrie
Mary Boland
Charles Boyer
Grace Bradley
Carl Brisson
Kathleen Burke
George Burns
Kitty Carlisle
Claudette Colbert
Gary Cooper
Buster Crabbe
Bing Crosby
Katherine DeMille
Marlene Dietrich
Johnny Downs
Frances Drake
Mary Ellis
W. C. Fields
Cary Grant
Samuel Hinds
David Jack Holt
Dean Jagger
Helen Jepson
Roscoe Karns
Jan Kiepura
Elissa Landi
Charles Laughton
Baby LeRoy
Carol Lombard
Pauline Lord
Ida Lupino
Fred MacMurray
Herbert Marshall
Gertrude Michael
Ray Milland
Joe Morrison
Jack Oakie
Lynne Overman
Gail Patrick
Joe Penner
George Raft
Lyda Roberti
Charles Ruggles
Randolph Scott
Sylvia Sidney
Alison Skipworth
Sir Guy Standing
Gladys Swarthout
Kent Taylor
Lee Tracy
Virginia Weidler
Mae West
Henry Wilcoxon

Free-lance Players:

Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood. Ralph Bellamy, Sally Eilers, 6615 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood. Ralph Forbes, 10111 Valley Spring Lane, North Hollywood. Joan Bennett, Lila Lee, Marian Nixon, Sharon Lynn, Mary Brian, 430 California Bank Building, Hollywood. Lionel Atwill, Adrienne Ames, Estelle Taylor, Dorothy Peterson, Cora Sue Collins, 1509 North Vine Street, Hollywood. Neil Hamilton, Room 202, 9441 Wilshire Boulevard, Hollywood. Fifi Dorsay, care of Vernon D. Wood, 210 Pantages Theater Bldg., Hollywood.



WHOLESOME LITERATURE

Chelsea House

79-7TH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

✓ and at 75¢ INSTEAD OF TWO DOLLARS

MYSTERY • ADVENTURE • LOVE • DETECTIVE • WESTERN • No Reprints • Outstanding Authors • 300 TITLES ALWAYS AVAILABLE • CLOTH BOUND • A BOOK FOR EVERY TASTE AND EVERY PURSE • AT YOUR BOOKSTORE

The handiest daily
Beauty Exercise is DOUBLE MINT
gum. Enjoy it whenever and
wherever you want to. The result is
immediate—more life and
loveliness to your
eyes and lips.
WRIGLEY'S
DOUBLE MINT
CHEWING GUM
DOUBLE DISTILLED PEPPERMINT
DOUBLE DISTILLED PEPPERMINT
FIVE STICKS
WRIGLEY'S
DOUBLE MINT
PEPPERMINT FLAVOR
MADE IN U.S.A.
P-801

CONTENTS COPYRIGHTED 1935

STREET & SMITH'S

PICTURE PLAY

SEPTEMBER

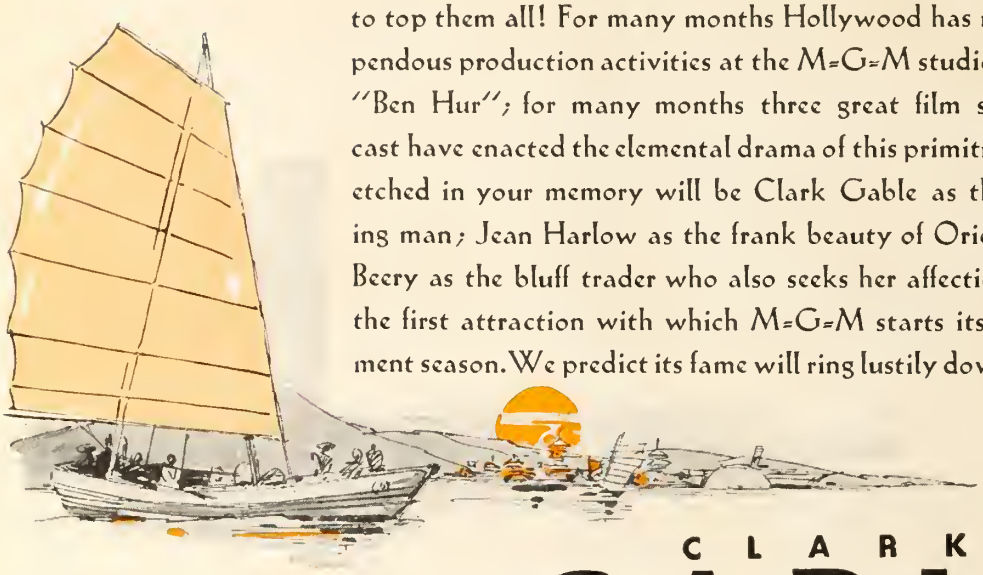
15 CENTS IN ENGLAND

ALICE FAYE
By
MILLARD HOPPER

NRA CODE

A CHALLENGE TO ALL SCREEN HISTORY!

Think back to your greatest film thrill! Recall the mightiest moments of romance, action, soul-adventure of the screen! A picture has come to top them all! For many months Hollywood has marvelled at the stupendous production activities at the M-G-M studios, not equalled since "Ben Hur"; for many months three great film stars and a brilliant cast have enacted the elemental drama of this primitive love story. Deeply etched in your memory will be Clark Gable as the handsome seafaring man; Jean Harlow as the frank beauty of Oriental ports; Wallace Beery as the bluff trader who also seeks her affections. "China Seas" is the first attraction with which M-G-M starts its new Fall entertainment season. We predict its fame will ring lustily down the years to come!



CLARK
GABLE
JEAN
HARLOW
WALLACE
BEERY

CHINA SEAS

with

Lewis STONE · Rosalind RUSSELL

Directed by Tay Garnett • Associate Producer: Albert Lewin

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

SMART · MODERN · FICTION

UP-TO-THE-MINUTE
ILLUSTRATED
FIFTEEN CENTS

AINSLEE'S

A STREET & SMITH PUBLICATION

Volume XLIII MONTHLY Number 1

STREET & SMITH'S

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION $1.50

PICTURE PLAY

SINGLE COPIES, 15 CENTS

CONTENTS FOR SEPTEMBER, 1935

The entire contents of this magazine are protected by copyright, and must not be reprinted without the publishers' consent.

FRONTISPIECE:

Glitter—*Joan Crawford* 11

SPECIAL ARTICLES:

Is Janet Gaynor Ready to Mature? . . . Helen Louise Walker 12
Flying High—*Robert Taylor* . . . . . Madeline Glass 18
Six Women and Robert Young . . . . . Sonia Lee 27
What Hollywood Has Given Me . . . . . Bette Davis As Told to Dorothy Wooldridge 28
Poor Little Singing Girl—*Lily Pons* . . . . . Dana Rush 32
S. S. Rosalind—*Rosalind Russell* . . . . . Molly Lewin 33
Freddie the Floater—*Fredric March* . . . Samuel Richard Mook 34
Charles the Conqueror—*Charles Boyer* . . . Laura Benham 38
Jackie Searl's Private Grief . . . . . Whitney Williams 40
An Actor—in Three Weeks—*George Murphy* . Raymond W. Porter 42
Doubly Blessed—*Richard Dix* . . . . . Helen Ludlam 44
My Pal Jimmy—*James Cagney* . . . . . Ethel H. Barron 45
Each a Different Virtue—*One-word Descriptions of Stars* William H. McKegg 46
Glamour Is Just a Gadget—*Kay Francis* . . . . Ben Maddox 58

DEPARTMENTS:

What the Fans Think—*In Open Forum for All* 6
Information, Please—*Questions Important to Fans* . . The Oracle 8
They Say in New York—*Summer Finds Many Stars in Town* Karen Hollis 30
Hollywood High Lights—*Goings On in the Movie Capital* Edwin and Elza Schallert 36
The Screen in Review—*Films Recommended by a First-rate Critic* Norbert Lusk 48
Casts of Current Pictures 52
Addresses of Players 82

ART GALLERY:

Favorites of the Fans—*Greta Garbo, Rochelle Hudson, Ginger Rogers, Josephine Hutchinson, Barbara Stanwyck, Carol Lombard, Shirley Temple, Robert Young, Kay Francis* 19

PREVIEWS:

Glimpses of Future Films—*"Mad Love," "The Big Broadcast of 1935," "China Seas," "The Dressmaker," "Escapade," "Old Man Rhythm," "Page Miss Glory"* 60

Monthly publication issued by Street & Smith Publications, Inc., 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y. George C. Smith, Jr., President; Ormond V. Gould, Vice President and Treasurer; Artemas Holmes, Vice President and Secretary; Clarence I. Vernam, Vice President. Copyright, 1935, by Street & Smith Publications, Inc., New York. Copyright, 1935, by Street & Smith Publications, Inc., Great Britain. Entered as Second-class Matter, March 6, 1916, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Subscriptions to Cuba, Dom. Republic, Haiti, Spain, Central and South American Countries, except The Guianas and British Honduras, $1.75 per year. To all other Foreign Countries, including The Guianas and British Honduras, $2.25 per year.

We do not accept responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts. 16

To facilitate handling, the author should inclose a self-addressed envelope with the requisite postage attached.

STREET & SMITH PUBLICATIONS, INC., 79 7th AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

One More Human: The Life Story of Myrna Loy

It begins in October Picture Play and it is the finest biography of a star that has ever been published!

It does not tell the trite story of Myrna Loy's struggle to free herself from Oriental or half-caste rôles. That is too obvious a chapter for Picture Play to offer.

Instead, it takes the reader to the ranch in Montana where Miss Loy was born and makes him a part of the household on the day her famous green eyes opened.

Step by step, day by day, the baby is followed into girlhood and womanhood. The joys and sorrows of childhood are intimately shared and the description of Montana life so acutely recaptures every detail of Miss Loy's past that the reader might be spending his vacation in the West!

Picture Play is proud to publish this exceptional story by Dudley Early. It sets a new standard in accuracy, truthfulness and sympathetic understanding of a remarkable girl and an amazing career.

Can a Lady Succeed in Hollywood?

Can she? Can an actress adhere to the principles and traditions of well-bred society and hold a place on the screen? Isn't it necessary to compromise?

You must read Helen Dade's sensational discussion of these questions next month. Just what have been the vexations of Claudette Colbert, Elissa Landi, and Ann Harding in facing the issue every star must face in Hollywood?

"I Slipped," Admits Chester Morris

When an actor candidly confesses to lost ground in his profession, he has an interesting explanation of it. Mr. Morris, who regained his lost prestige in "Public Hero Number One," tells the illuminating truth about his ups and downs to Samuel Richard Mook in the next Picture Play.

until death do us part

Gary Cooper and Ann Harding in a scene from the Paramount Picture "Peter Ibbetson" directed by Henry Hathaway

Romeo and Juliet!...Antony and Cleopatra!...Tristan and Isolde!...Dante and Beatrice!...Heloise and Abelard! ...Lovers all—out of the scores upon scores of lovers who down through the ages have fired the imagination and the creative artistry of bards and minstrels, poets and playwrights, painters and writers.

Without end are the enduring love stories of the world —those transcendental inspiring romances that reach into
, lift humans out
.it in the scheme
ods in Paradise!

, love romances of
ful story of Peter
Peter Ibbetson."
uman
ough
love
love

As a novel, "Peter Ibbetson" left an indelible imprint on all who read it. As a stage play, and then again as an opera, idealized with music, it entranced those fortunate enough to have witnessed its performance. Now it is being brought to the screen by Paramount, with a devotion to casting and direction that promises to further deify, if possible, what is already recognized as an immortal work.

Gary Cooper has been chosen to portray the sincerity and manly manliness of Peter Ibbetson, while Ann Harding has won the coveted role of Mary, who was the Duchess of Towers. The screen play has been placed under the lucid and understanding direction of Henry Hathaway, who guided the destinies of "Lives of a Bengal Lancer."

As a living, breathing canvas that recreates the glamorous scenes and the passionate interludes of Du Maurier's story, the photoplay "Peter Ibbetson" gives every promise of presenting another screen masterpiece in this story of a love that will last through all eternity.

WHAT THE FANS THINK

He Praises, Too.

HOW tastes differ! I have just been reading the letters in this department, and have decided to compore my likes and dislikes with theirs.

J. Carter Livingston likes Elisso Landi,

"Because she is the loveliest of the many I have seen," is the high tribute paid Virginia Bruce by Charmion Fairchild.

something I cannat understand. Oscor Fasel considers Marlene Dietrich the best octress. I cansider her the warst.

Herbert Marshall speaks too rapidly, criticizes Ethel Carlson, who adds that he "telescopes" words and phrases.

I ogree with Peoce Wyatt-Zeeman in that Jaon Crowford is greatly ta be admired, but thumbs down an Harlaw. I like actresses and actars, nat made-up artists' models. I like people with something underneath their make-up, such as Garba and Helen Hoyes. Bath are intelligent, warth-while people, actresses yau remember, nat just pretty foces and figures.

Miss Landi's performonce in "Enter Madame" was ridiculous. I don't know yet whether it was camedy or tragedy, but I da knaw I laughed in the wrong places. She is utterly devoid of paise, and daesn't seem to be oble to keep herself together. She was all aver the place at once, falling over things clumsily, clowing the air awkwardly. Needless to soy, I sholl stoy owoy from her further efforts.

Anton Markel's intelligent praise of Gertrude Michael should please and inspire her.

Dietrich just stands ond stands ond shifts her eyes, ane, two, three, shift, ond never speaks above a hoarse whisper. I said I thought her the worst actress in pictures. Whot I mean is, she's no actress at oll, just o self-conscious monnequin.

My, such slamming! But oll my proise goes to the two aforementioned, and Froncis Lederer, Ronald Colman, Nils Asther, ond Tullio Corminoti, and because I hove seen her so many times in person, ond because she is the loveliest of the many I hove seen, Virginia Bruce. Chormion Foirchild.

Villa Riviero,
Long Beoch, Colifornio.

Improvements Wanted.

I WISH Dauglass Mantgamery would imprave his enunciatian. A good actar but he invariably mumbles his lines, which is very exasperating.

Ditta Herbert Marshall, only insteod af mumbling he speaks taa ropidly and

After missing him from the screen, "Marilyn" rediscovers Ray Milland and voices her "ecstasy."

"telescopes" words and phroses so thot one has difficulty fallawing him.

Fewer write-ups in movie periodicals about the private life of Greta Garbo. My, what an uninteresting private life that gol has! However, her screen self

Anna Stein has unusual theories about the fitness of light and dark hair on certain stars, with disapproval of Ginger Roaers's colorina.

isn't hard to watch, and regardless of varying opinions, she has a lovely speaking voice and her diction is far superior to that of many of our American and English-born actresses.

More of Nils Asther. One of the handsomest men and ablest actors in movieland, yet he is seen altogether too infrequently and then usually relegated to unsuitable rôles.

Utter annihilation for that unfunny comedy team of Clark and McCullough. If there is anything that will spoil a movie program for me and many of my friends, it is to have one of these gosh-awful comedies included. Clark is a pain in the neck, but his partner is insufferable with his Cheshire cat grin and silly gesticulations. And to think of the hundreds of people with real talent walking the streets jobless and yet two nitwits like this pair allowed to enjoy steady opportunities to inflict their antics on an unsuspecting public.

ETHEL CARLSON.
8123 Escanaba Avenue,
Chicago, Illinois.

Nice Work, Miss Michael.

SINCE there hasn't been anything in these columns lately about Gertrude Michael, I feel it is my duty to say something, being quite an admirer of this newly risen star. Any one having seen Miss Michael in "Father Brown, Detective," will agree that she played her part superbly. Her natural acting, her loveliness, and the fine expressiveness of her speech, are but a few of the many outstanding factors that make her one of the leading actresses of to-day.

More success to you, Miss Michael!

ANTON MARKEL.
14283 Fordham Avenue,
Detroit, Michigan.

Attention, Casting Directors.

WON'T you please explain why you do not offer to your customers more of the very handsome and romantic Ray Milland? Four long years ago I saw for the first time this very interesting man-of-affairs and have often wondered why he never returned to our theaters. He played with Constance Bennett in "Bought," one of the sweetest pictures Miss Bennett ever made, and Mr. Milland contributed a goodly portion of said sweetness.

This week, at its return showing, I saw "The Gilded Lily," and imagine my ecstasy at again seeing Ray Milland!

Why, will you tell me, do we have to see the Gene Raymonds, Bob Montgomerys, and Clark Gables trying to make love when a person like Ray Milland is available? MARILYN.
Chattanooga, Tennessee.

Those Bleached Tresses.

THOUGH I hate to do it, I'm going to give two of my old favorites a knock. Claudette Colbert for getting hard-looking by dyeing her hair and shaving off her eyebrows, and Ginger Rogers for saying she hated her bleached hair which the studio supposedly forced on her, and then bleaching it lighter than ever.

I don't dislike tinted tresses, but usually it's not becoming. I liked Helen Mack blond, and Fay Wray should never have stopped bleaching hers. But Patricia Ellis, Ann Sothern, Grace Moore, Alice Faye, Bette Davis, Anita Louise, Gertrude Michael, and Marian Nixon should let their hair be natural.

On the other hand, Kitty Carlisle, Rochelle Hudson, and Elissa Landi ought to lighten theirs. ANNA STEIN.
New York, N. Y.

Maureen O'Sullivan's beach dress is simple in this illustration, but it is striking in actuality. Hand-blocked linen in odd figures is the material, white on blue the colors.

In Fairness to Jean.

I AM usually amused by the stupid slams cast at the stars; they are in disgusting bad taste, but the opinions are no affair of mine. However, when any one is so narrow-minded as to think that stars are the same in private life as their screen selves, I feel impelled to "butt in."

Miss Dolly Lyons, if you only knew how fine and splendid Jean Harlow is, and how much suffering such remarks as yours bring to the stars who work endlessly to give you good entertainment, you would be a bit more careful about condemning things you know nothing about.

I happen to know a great deal about Miss Harlow's private life, and there is nothing "gaudy" or "disgusting" about her. If there were, if she were half as dissipated as you seem to think, it would not be possible for her to keep that flawless complexion, figure, and hair. The sparkle in those eyes would dull. Her face would never show the sweetness you will notice if you watch her more carefully. MARGARET A. CONNELL.
811 Prospect Road,
Des Moines, Iowa.

An Answer to Lillian Sellett.

JUST from one Lillian to another, may I say that by placing Claudette Colbert in the same class with Carol Lombard you do Miss Colbert a great injustice. Since when has a "painted marionette" been worthy of an Academy Award? Claudette Colbert's performances in all of her films are always warmly human, refreshingly different, and most realistic. Attributes which, to my knowledge, a marionette does not possess. Marionettes, in most instances, are mere stereotyped versions of one another except in wig and costume.

Claudette is completely unique in personality. No other actress in Hollywood has quite her dash and versatility. Despite her much discussed marriage arrangement, that portion of her life which she wishes to keep private, remains a mystery. I imagine the *real* facts which the magazine writers know about Claudette could be counted on the fingers of one hand. No, Lillian Sellett, Claudette Colbert is no marionette. She is too wise to become "just another Hollywood star," thank Heaven!

LILLIAN MANN.
7512 Kingston Avenue,
Chicago, Illinois.

Likes and Dislikes.

HERE'S to Picture Play, the best and cleanest screen magazine in circulation.

Hollywood is doing a fine job of cleaning up pictures, and while they are at it, they ought to make a complete job of it by getting rid of the big headache group: wooden Garbo, expressionless Dietrich, artificial Constance Bennett, coarse Joan Crawford, morbid Ann Harding, and tiresome Marion Davies.

Garbo's and Dietrich's greatest asset was sex appeal, and that is out of date. The new trend in pictures is charm. Therefore, neither Garbo nor Dietrich, Bennett nor Crawford, have any place in them.

Elissa Landi: beautiful and graceful, with an effervescing gayety and charm blended into a sparkling personality.

Loretta Young: the essence of love's dream, exquisite, fragile, shimmering with radiance, a symphony of ecstasy and romance.

Joan Bennett rates a gold star for every characterization she portrays.

Continued on page 9

Information, Please

Your puzzling questions about players and pictures are answered by the man who knows.

By The Oracle

HELEN JENNINGS.—Mary Astor and Helen Vinson with Edward G. Robinson in "The Little Giant." The players with Mr. Robinson in "Little Cæsar" included Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Glenda Farrell, Sidney Blackmer, Thomas Jackson, Ralph Ince, Buster Collier, Maurice Black, Lucille La Verne, Stanley Fields, George E. Stone.

GLORIA STEIN.—No doubt there are some stars who send their photos free of charge, but I am not informed as to just which players do. Jean Harlow has appeared in "Saturday Night Kid," "Hell's Angels," "Secret Six," "Iron Man," "Public Enemy," "Goldie," "Platinum Blonde," "Three Wise Girls," "Beast of the City," "Red-headed Woman," "Red Dust," "Hold Your Man," "Dinner at Eight," "Bombshell," "Girl from Missouri," "Reckless."

K. A. AND M. L.—Rosemary Ames was born in Evanston, Illinois, December 11th. She is five feet six, weighs 128, reddish-gold hair, blue eyes. Married to J. Abner Stilwell. When Fox failed to renew her contract recently, Miss Ames left for Chicago to spend a vacation with her husband. You may have seen her in "Such Women Are Dangerous," "Wanted," and "Pursued."

BOSTON FAN.—Maureen O'Sullivan is now playing in "Anna Karenina," to be followed by "Manhattan Madness," with Franchot Tone, and "Tarzan Returns," with Johnny Weissmuller. Maureen's birthdate is May 17, 1911.

A. D. B.—That was Linda Watkins who played opposite James Dunn in "Sob Sister," her first film. Then followed "Good Sport," "Gay Caballero," "Charlie Chan's Chance," "Cheaters at Play." Miss Watkins was last seen on Broadway in the stage production "Say When."

A. E. L.—If you think that George A. Chamberlain's "Two on Safari" would make an ideal screen play for Clark Gable, I can only suggest that you submit your idea to the Metro-Goldwyn studio. I doubt if any company has yet purchased the screen rights to this novel.

M. R. M.—The rôle of *Joe Abercrombie* in "Life Begins at Forty" was played by Thomas Beck, whose latest is "Charlie Chan in Egypt." Stuart Erwin is still under contract to MGM, but hasn't made any picture since "After Office Hours." Lyle Talbot's present films are "Our Little Girl," "Oil for the Lamps of China," and "Page Miss Glory."

B. N. K.—The hero of "Eskimo" is not an Eskimo but a well-known figure in Hollywood whose right name is Ray Wise. His next picture for MGM is entitled "Mala," opposite Lotus Long.

A FUTURE STAR.—Anita Louise was nineteen on January 9th. As far as I know, there were no Wampas Baby Stars selected for 1933.

PHILIP J. SCHACCA.—In 1932 Shirley Temple appeared in "Red Haired Alibi." Anna Sten was supposed to have died after her fall in "The Wedding Night." Spencer Tracy's latest is "Dante's Inferno." Next is "Murder Man," with Virginia Bruce.

E. R. M.—Benita Hume has just returned from a long stay in England where she made "Power" for GB. Her earlier pictures in America included "Clear All Wires," "Looking Forward," "Gambling Ship," "Worst Woman in Paris," "Only Yesterday." Dorothea Wieck appeared in two pictures before returning to Germany. They were "Cradle Song" and "Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen."

VICTORIA VALESKI.—William Powell was born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, July 29, 1892; Madge Evans, New York City, July 1, 1909; Genevieve Tobin, New York City, November 29, 1904. Peggy Fears is divorced from A. C. Blumenthal.

SCHOOLGIRL.—Stan Laurel was born in Ulverston Lanes, England, June 16, 1895; five feet nine, weighs 160; auburn hair, blue eyes. His right name is Arthur Stanley Jefferson. Married Mrs. Ruth Rogers on April 3, 1934, following his divorce from Lois Neilson. The team of Laurel and Hardy started in 1925. At the time, Hardy was working in a Pathé comedy and Laurel was a writer on the lot. Hardy hurt his arm and Laurel took his place. Shortly afterward they decided to become partners.

H. E. H.—Richard Cromwell is to appear in "Unknown Woman" and "Annapolis Farewell." Dick was born in Los Angeles, California, January 8, 1910; five feet ten, weighs 148; light-brown hair, green-blue eyes. He has three sisters and a brother. The family name is Radabaugh and he was christened Roy.

FRANK J.—Their real names are Loretta Young, Gretchen Young; Robert Taylor, S. Arlington Brugh; Jean Parker, Mae Brown; Gail Patrick, Margaret Fitzpatrick. The others you mention use their right names.

J. OLIVER HUMMER.—Mary Miles Minter resides in Beverly Hills, California. Occasionally she does interior decorating for private families, but seems to be no longer interested in a film career. I have no record of her street address.

RAMON DE VILLABASO.—Mack Sennett was a chorus man at the time the old Biograph Company started to produce pictures. He succeeded in joining the new organization and began making Keystone comedies. He wrote, acted, and directed them. He worked for several companies and then started his own. George Gershwin is the composer of "Rhapsody in Blue." "The Jazz Singer" was released the latter part of 1927. "Noah's Ark" in 1929. Jackie Kelk was born in Brooklyn, New York, in 1926; Jack Hulbert, Ely, England, April 24, 1892; Ida Lupino, London, England, 1917; Bert Wheeler, Paterson, New Jersey, April 7, 1895; Arthur Hohl, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, May 21st. "The Gay Divorcee" included Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers, Alice Brady, Edward Everett Horton, Erik Rhodes, Eric Blore, Betty Grable, Lillian Miles.

IRENE.—Glen Boles was born in Hollywood, California, September 14, 1912; Louise Brooks, Wichita, Kansas, 1909; Grace Bradley, Brooklyn, New York, September 21st; Wynne Gibson, New York City, July 3, 1907; Theda Bara, 1890; Helen Twelvetrees, December 25, 1908; Gertrude Astor, Lakewood, Ohio, 1906; Barbara La Marr, Richmond, Virginia, 1898; Ida Lupino, 1917; Hedda Hopper, June 2nd.

IRIS SNEDLEY.—Dorothea Wieck is in Germany, but I haven't her home address. She was born January 3, 1908.

Continued on page 81

Continued from page 7

And for her sweetness, refinement, natural manner, and appealing charm.

Margaret Lindsay. If this well-bred girl isn't climbing fast in pictures, the producers must be near-sighted. This charmingly dignified young lady is bringing a refreshingly lovely type of brunette to the screen.

We like Mae West. In spite of her crudeness there is an unusual dazzling charm about this "how'm I doin'" lady that we can't resist. She never bores us. She is decidedly entertaining. Only a person utterly devoid of imagination and humor could say she isn't.

We like Jean Harlow. Although lacking in a lot of things to meet my aristocratic demands, I must admit that she is dripping with beauty, charm, and a spark that few actresses possess.

Now a few raves for some of the boys.

Robert Montgomery: the handsomest fellow in the world. The most charming personality, boyish, reckless, adroit, renowned.

Phillip Reed: splendid, charming, debonair, and sincere. For Heaven's sake, producers, give us more of this chap in better pictures and give him the leading part.

Charles Laughton: marvelous actor.

Francis Lederer: oh! oh! Couldn't find an adjective to register my raves for him. In fact, his blazing eyes, his curly hair, his dazzling charm of manner—why he's everything nice personified.

George Arliss: always my favorite. I'm not gifted enough to describe him so I won't try. JOAN CHAPAN.

New York, N. Y.

The Gable Technique.

I'VE just read the April issue of Picture Play and found it interesting except for Howard Bridge's criticism of Clark Gable, which was very unfair. I'm still wondering where Bridge gets the idea that he-men don't grow mustaches, and would be obliged if you could enlighten me. Gable is a man's man. I've been going to pictures for quite a long time and so far only two stars have won my admiration. They are Clark Gable and that glamorous Ginger Rogers. Both of them are swell, especially the latter. She's a knockout. I understand from our local press that she intends visiting the East, and if that is true, boy, will I get a break!

I always get a kick out of any of Clark's pictures. That guy's got personality with a capital "P." The way he tackles the dames is marvelous. Recently I saw the Frank Capra production "It Happened One Night." The show was excellent and so was Clark. I studied his tactics and "worked" it on one of my girl friends and in two days she was in the "palm of my hand," so to speak. That's the way to tackle 'em, Clark, believe me.

FERNANDO A. GUTIERREZ.

P. O. Box 1334, Hongkong, China.

Her Constant Rave.

WHERE does the man's versatility end? Who? You'll soon learn, for I am about to go into a rapturous dither over Fred Astaire. His first picture showed he could sing and dance and had a divine sense of humor thrown in for good measure. And now he tickles the ivories with an original touch that rivals Duke Ellington.

At first glance he doesn't seem like the kind who would make a girl's blood pressure rise to a perilous point, but after his last two pictures I'll exchange four movies starring a brutal lunkhead for one glimpse of Mr. Astaire any day. Men like him equally well, which speaks volumes. I hope they have plenty of stories on hand for him because it's rather hard on so ardent a fan to wait between pictures. If I rave any more, words will fail me, and I still want one or two left to say "Congratulations, Fred!" ALICE LORENZ.

7043 Bryn Mawr Avenue,
Chicago, Illinois.

Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy, all differences with everybody forgotten, are themselves again as kilted comedians in "Bonnie Scotland."

Jane Austin Admires Gene.

I HEARTILY agree with Mrs. Seeley's opinion of Gene Raymond in June Picture Play, and should like to add a few words of praise.

Mr. Raymond captivated Detroit during his personal-appearance tour. He sang several songs in an excellent voice, and did not disillusion us as to his good looks..

He makes the most of each opportunity, and plays his rôles with intelligence. Surely he should be rewarded with more noteworthy pictures.

JANE AUSTIN.

Detroit, Michigan.

Deplores Academy's Choice.

I DON'T give a darn how many brickbats I bring down on my defenseless head, I'm going to air my peeve just the same. What do you fans see in Claudette Colbert to rave about, anyway? To me, she is a very ordinary mortal, with no spark whatever of greatness or distinction, or even personality. She is too wicked and too sullen-looking to be charming.

"It Happened One Night" might be called an entertaining picture as far as the majority of fans are concerned. But if you apply your intelligence in determining a great picture, how would you apply your measurements? Was there anything outstanding or worth while about either Gable or Colbert? Certainly not. How were you impressed by it? It was the story, the setting and the natural sound effects that put the picture over. Compare that to Bette Davis's superb performance in "Of Human Bondage." Can any one who saw her ever forget her acting in that picture? Never!

Robert Donat in "The Count of Monte Cristo" was excellent, wasn't he? And "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" with Norma Shearer, Fredric March, and Charles Laughton. They are unforgetable, aren't they? George Arliss in "The House of Rothschild." He was superlative, wasn't he? It is pictures and performances of this sterling quality that deserve the highest rank.

Do those Academy award judges know what a great picture is, anyway? Emphatically, I say they do not. They have pushed artistic and superlative acting into oblivion in favor of popularity and personality. In the future, let the public pick the best performances of the screen. They will have the good sense, anyway, not to confuse real acting and artistic genius with popularity and personality. How many agree with me?

GRACE M. TALBOT.

Montclair, New Jersey.

Only the Best Musical Voices.

KENNETH BROOKS'S letter in the June issue prompts this epistle. I cannot agree with him that Grace Moore is a first-rate artist. While her talents and vocal equipment are somewhat similar to Lucrezia Bori's, she hardly has the experience and finish of a great artist, and I doubt that she ever will. However, "One Night of Love" was charming and a rare treat indeed.

To class Miss Moore with Rosa Ponselle or Elizabeth Rethberg is not fair to any one. Miss Ponselle is a great singer, actress and a finished artist in every respect. Miss Rethberg's vocal technique is considered the finest of any singer by the New York Vocal Teachers' Guild. Miss Ponselle is not beautiful, but there should be a place for her in Hollywood.

I am interested to know that Gladys Swarthout is now engaged in making her first picture. While she hasn't a great voice, it is most pleasing, and she is attractive personally.

Richard Crooks would do well vocally, but he is not an actor. However, every one engaged in making pictures in Hollywood is not an actor, so that can't be a drawback.

If Ezio Pinza could master the English language, he should be a find for Hollywood. He is tall, handsome and possessed of a magnificent bass voice.

I recently saw "My Heart Is Calling" and enjoyed the work of Jan Kiepura and Marta Eggerth. Their voices should find a welcome in Hollywood.

The screen, like the radio and phonograph, can do an enormous part in placing the finest voices and best music before a vast public. A few less Dick Powells and Bing Crosbys would be a most welcome change. One realizes the desire for the best in music won't come overnight, but surely the producers owe something to the public, and if they can spend hundreds of thousands on a "Gold Diggers," it is not asking too much that we have a few pictures a year with the best music and real voices of artists.

THEODORE T. CAVANAUGH.
681 High Street,
Newark, New Jersey.

"We Want Novarro Back!"

NOVARRO fans! Did Ben Maddox's article in May Picture Play stir you? I can hardly express how it makes me feel. I am indeed sorry that Ramon has quit, whether it is permanently or only temporarily. And I am disappointed in MGM for causing him to leave. But I say, let's make it known to MGM that we want Novarro back.

In case MGM officials read this, here's a message to them.

The first picture in which I saw Ramon, "The Student Prince," he was a very young man. In his last, "The Night Is Young," many years later, he is supposed to be twenty-five. Don't you know that any normal person would have more mature ideas after all these years? And don't you know that he quit MGM because he was cast in such youthful rôles?

You have no proof that he can't take the part he desires to play. You never have given him a chance to be versatile. When fans began to protest against Mae West's portrayals of the gay nineties, Paramount wisely cast her in a modern society rôle. They're giving *her* a chance, but what are you giving Ramon? Nothing, except causing him to step entirely out of the unworthwhile rôles you've piled on him for the past five years. You've never given him a chance to show what he could do in an adult, mature way.

Please give us Ramon in the rôle he desires. LELAND E. ALBIN.
Fillmore, California.

Smile-maker.

IT is a great pleasure to write a letter in praise of Shirley Temple. She is quite artless in her actions, and we can't but feel happy whenever we see her on the screen.

I dare say she is welcomed and cheered by every nation.

Shirley, be innocent always!

FUJIO SUZUKI.
Kamiasaba Shizuoka, Japan.

More of Neil and Marian.

WHAT a picture!" "Isn't it marvelous?" That is what I heard the audience say after seeing "Once to Every Bachelor." Neil Hamilton was grand, and some one in the audience called him "the life of the show." And how he could do that tipsy sequence!

Such beautiful scenes on the deck, and the wonderful tricks in playing bridge which Marian Nixon did. The plot of the picture was marvelous. It made you wonder how it would all end.

What a picture! Can you blame the audience for their "ohs" and "ahs"?

Here's hoping for more pictures in the near future with Neil and Marian.

MRS. MARIE J. HUGHES.
314 West 49th Street,
New York, N. Y.

It must be grand to have William Powell for a beau! Cora Sue Collins thinks so, together with a great many other girls. For when she came to the studio the other day, Mr. Powell greeted her in this way.

"Micawber" Thrilled Her.

LIVING in a mere speck on the map, a movieless town, I had waited long to see "David Copperfield." This week came my big moment. My son took me to Chicago to see it. I'd read my Dickens. I had a mental picture of the characters: *David*, as boy and man; *Aunt Betsy Trotwood;* good old *Peggotty;* the mournful *Gummidge;* the cringing *Uriah Heep,* but above all the redoubtable *Micawber.* He would be the whole show for me if he rang true.

Almost breathlessly I watched for his first appearance on the screen. I knew I would be able to pick him in a million. And then, there he was. The very image of my mental picture of him, even to the precise selection of words, "kind of mushed through his teeth." Hadn't I heard him a dozen times? I might have known that only my good old friend of former days, W. C. Fields, *could* do *Micawber!*

Thrilled? Why, I haven't got over it yet. Let no man dare try to tell me that Fields is getting old, that he's run his race. That man's just begun! He is a marvel! His acting is what "makes the wheels go 'round" in "David Copperfield." MRS. J. O. KENNEDY.
Box 116, Byron, Illinois.

Good Wishes for Novarro.

OVER a decade ago, when I was in grammar school, I discovered my first and last movie "crush" in the debonair person of a dark-eyed, handsome young man who gracefully wore the romantic uniform of that favorite fiction villain of my childhood, *Rupert of Hentzau.*

The dashing brunet's name, Ramon Novarro, was destined to become familiar, almost overnight, to every movie patron. To the post-War world, weary of grim realities, the dreamy-faced Novarro brought a welcome illusion of delicate, ideal romance. After his initial villainy as *Rupert,* he played incredibly noble heroes with credible nobility. So well did his sensitive appearance become his rôles, to many of us Mr. Novarro seemed a veritable personification of upright young manhood.

Fortunately, our faith in him was not shaken. For a considerable number of years, the Mexican actor remained in the critical public eye as an almost solitary example of unpretentious and dignified stardom. Because of this, his retirement from the screen cannot fail to arouse the deepest regret in the hearts of his public. His fans, however, appreciate his courage in refusing to appear in boyish rôles at his mature age.

He is leaving us a gay, flawless memory of the charming, youthful screen figure that he gave to us. His sincerity and sly humor are uniquely his. He will not be replaced; and, as he leaves us, we thank him for the hours of wholesome entertainment he has given us, and we give him our very best wishes for his future success and happiness in whatever work he may undertake.

A FAITHFUL FAN.
665 Merrick Avenue,
Detroit, Michigan.

Misused Cockney Accent.

HERE is a very real complaint from a reader in England.

Why is it that London policemen are shown on the screen as big, lumbering half-wits, usually with their mouths open, walrus mustaches, and hats several sizes

Continued on page 78

VOLUME XLIII
NUMBER 1

STREET & SMITH'S

PICTURE PLAY

SEPTEMBER
1935

JOAN CRAWFORD refutes the legend that the life of a star is a scant five years. She has been on the screen ten years and a full-fledged star for more than half that period. Without lull or setback, she has steadily gained in popularity. Still more important, she has achieved the importance of being a controversial subject, the arrangement of her hair or the curve of her eyebrows inciting girls to fierce argument and causing untold numbers of them to imitate her. Truly she is the symbol of popular enlightenment.

Photo by George Hurrell

IS JANET GAYNOR

Few mother-and-star relationships are more sound, sensible and mutually helpful than that of Janet and Mrs. Gaynor. They are inseparable, dependent on each other to a marked degree.

This interesting, penetrating discussion of our foremost ingénue star's character and career answers the question. Open-eyed, knowing exactly what is happening, she plans to lose none of her popularity in the change.

By Helen Louise Walker

ONE evening about nine years ago Hollywood emerged from one of its most brilliant premières, that of "Seventh Heaven" at the Carthay Circle Theater, gasping over the discovery of two young people who were obviously destined to see their names prominent in electric lights for years to come.

Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell have both fulfilled, consistently, that initial, spectacular promise.

Janet became, that night, with a concerted scratching of critics' pens, and with subsequent box-office records, Hollywood's foremost ingénue. She has remained just that through nine long years, years of wholesome, sweet, wistful, little-girl rôles, of young love among the roses, of gingham-clad innocence. And the public has loved it. I doubt whether, during that entire time, Janet has made one picture which was not a box-office success.

But how long can this most wistful wisp of a girl continue to be a foremost ingénue? How long can youth among the apple blossoms persist at a profit to all concerned?

Lovely young actresses must face this question sooner or later. Norma Shearer, Mary Pickford, Helen Hayes, Ruth Chatterton, all these women graduated from the ingénue class with satisfying success. To many successful ingénues the passing years have meant merely defeat.

Janet, although she has certainly changed very little in appearance in these last nine years, must face that necessity, too. The necessity of growing up. And she is facing it with the same determination and ambition with which she sought a career in pictures in the first place. But she has ripened; she has been tempered by the experiences which have come to her since that first dazzling night.

I think, as a matter of fact, that Janet began to recognize this necessity several years ago, and to plan for it. She is a wise showman despite her littleness, her poignant softness.

Remember when talking pictures first made their appearance and a delighted public and a relieved studio discovered that Janet could sing and dance in "Sunnyside Up" and "High Society Blues"? Janet was neither delighted nor relieved. She sensed, shrewdly, that musical pictures were pretty risky vehicles, and she was not to be stampeded into pinning her faith on them.

Photo by Jones

Not often does Miss Gaynor abandon herself to open-air play and rarely is she seen in public, but she sees to it that she isn't regarded by her fans as an aloof, secluded star.

READY to MATURE?

She demanded, then and there, to be allowed to essay some dramatic rôles. She even had her curls cut short to show how grown-up and sophisticated she could look. She was obliged to pin false curls on her head immediately afterward when she played in "The First Year."

She began to develop temperament during that trying period. It began to be said of her that she was hard to manage, a dread thing for a Hollywood actress.

Well, it really was no wonder. In the first place, difficulties with her husband, Lydell Peck, were reaching a climax. But there was much, much more to worry her.

I think that Janet was panicky, just then. I think that it occurred to her that poignant youth was an ephemeral asset. People told her that youth was her chief asset, and she felt something so much more powerful within her. She must have an opportunity to prove it!

She squabbled with her studio. One small tantrum cost her $44,000 and the coveted rôle in "Liliom." When things became too much for her, she fled to Honolulu and soothed her tired mind and body with sun and wind and placid, murmuring surf. Her weight went down to eighty-seven pounds.

A tiny, feminine creature like Janet is handicapped in an argument with business men. She feels what is best for her and she knows what she wants to do. It is difficult to argue, hard-headedly, reasonably, and articulately, with people who are so much more experienced at the game she is trying to play. She felt that she was fighting anew for her career. After just so much of that unequal fighting, she could only flee.

As for Lydell, it is difficult enough for a young couple, under ordinary circumstances, to adapt themselves to matrimony. Janet found herself married to a young attorney who had, for her sake, uprooted himself from his familiar surroundings, from a budding career in another city.

Photo by Autrey

Janet has changed little in her long career as a star. Here she is when she first attracted attention in "The Johnstown Flood" in 1926.

Quaintness, charm, romance and drama are combined in Janet Gaynor's new picture, "The Farmer Takes a Wife," with Henry Fonda in the rôle opposite.

Lydell found himself in the difficult position of the husband of a star who had "arrived" and who was, moreover, entangled in all sorts of worries and difficulties over her work. He was trying to make a place for himself in fantastic and incomprehensible Hollywood. Janet would be forced to run away from it, and him, for weeks at a time. It is all an old and familiar story. They both tried. But the odds were against them. It would have been a miracle if circumstances had not defeated that union.

Yet, during that period, a close friend asked Lydell whether he would be pleased if Janet were to give up the screen. He appeared distinctly startled at the idea. "Gracious, no!" he is reported to have exclaimed. "She has to have that stimulus, that emotional release, activity. She couldn't exist without it!"

He was plainly upset no end at the idea of Janet as a wife, without a career to occupy her, no matter how trying that occupation might be for both of them.

Janet made up with her studio; the news of her separation and divorce from Lydell was announced. She was teamed again, to the public's delight, with Charles Farrell.

She no longer fled to Honolulu. She disappeared almost completely from the Hollywood scene. Between pictures she stayed in her beach house with her mother and saw very few women friends.

Her work grew more serious. Her interest, for instance, in her costumes assumed proportions which it had never reached before. She studied design and the history of design. She learned to discuss with her designers what long skirts, short skirts, tip-tilted hats, fichus, meant. What psychology of men and women in the pageant of history they reflected. She learned something of architecture and interior decorating. She became interested in the dressing of sets, the designing of scenes. *(Continued on page 55)*

FRANCES DEE and FRANCIS LEDERER

"THE GAY DECEPTION" happily combines two favorites in a gay, sophisticated comedy that promises to do more for Francis Lederer than any of his other films. Not to proclaim him a better actor—he is acknowledged to be unrivaled—but to give him a "dressed up" rôle such as he never has had. As a prince disguised as a bellboy, he wins Frances Dee, who is masquerading as an heiress.

Photo by Eugene Robert Richee

JULIE HAYDON

Sensitive, poignantly human and intensely sympathetic—these were some of the compliments showered on Miss Haydon for her acting in "The Scoundrel" opposite Noel Coward. Taken up by Paramount, she was hurried to the Coast for her next rôle, which probably will be in Kipling's "The Light That Failed," if Gary Cooper ever finds time for it in the numerous films planned for him.

Preview

from the latest hits of

"Curly Top" is tops for Shirley! SHE DANCES AGAIN . . . SHE SINGS 2 SONGS in this excitingly different story!

"SURPRISE!" SHIRLEY SEEMS TO SHOUT GLEEFULLY. For what a joy package of surprises this picture will be!

"Curly Top" is completely different in story and background from all the other Temple triumphs. This time, Shirley plays the mischievous, lovable ringleader of a group of little girls, longing for happiness and a home. Once again, she dances—she sings—in that winsome way which captured the heart of the whole world.

And . . . SURPRISE! . . . Rochelle Hudson, as Shirley's faithful sister, sings for the first time on the screen, revealing a rich, beautiful voice in a song that will be the hit of the year. Her song duets with John Boles—their wealthy and secret benefactor—lead to a love duet that ends in perfect harmony!

"Curly Top" is tops for Shirley . . . and that means tops in entertainment *for the whole family!*

"All my life, I've had a hunger in my heart . . . a hunger to love and be loved."

Shirley TEMPLE IN 'CURLY TOP'

with

JOHN BOLES

ROCHELLE HUDSON

JANE DARWELL

Produced by Winfield Sheehan
Directed by Irving Cummings

•

"Spunky—if you don't stop sneezing, you're going to catch p-monia. You really ought to have a hot lemonade."

You'll cheer these 5 HIT SONGS by RAY HENDERSON
America's Number 1 Songsmith!
"When I Grow Up"
"Animal Crackers In My Soup"
"The Simple Things In Life"
"It's All So New To Me"
"Curly Top"

Flashes

your favorite stars!

by Jerry Halliday

JANET GAYNOR AND HENRY FONDA IN

The FARMER TAKES a WIFE

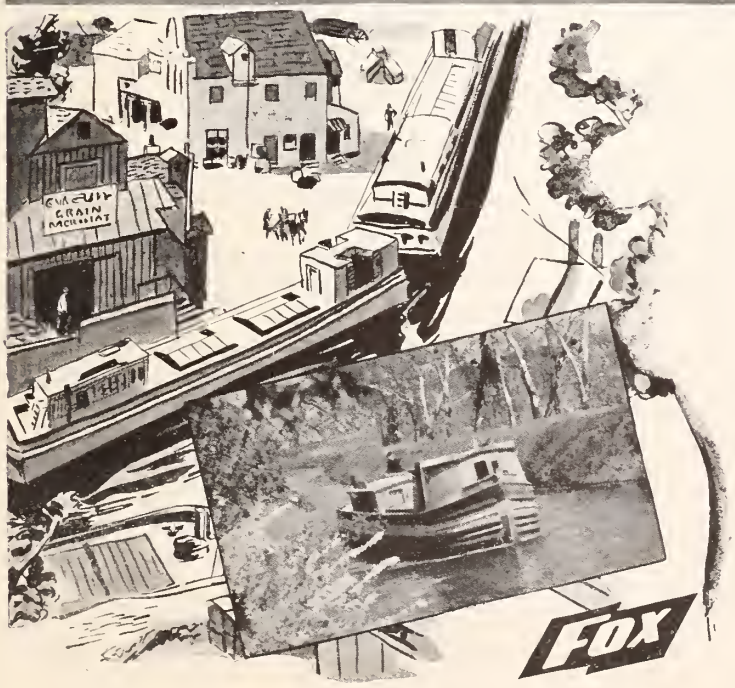
Charles Bickford — Roger Imhof
Slim Summerville — Jane Withers
Andy Devine — Margaret Hamilton

Produced by Winfield Sheehan
Directed by Victor Fleming
Screen Play by Edwin Burke

From Max Gordon's Stage Play • Authors Frank B. Elser and Marc Connelly • Based on the novel "Rome Haul" by Walter D. Edmonds

A STAR OVERNIGHT
Henry Fonda zooms to stardom as the son of the soil who works on the canal to earn money for a farm.

JANET GAYNOR SCORES
the greatest performance of her career as the fiery canal boat girl who accuses the man she loves of COWARDICE!



YOU... who loved "State Fair"... HAVE ANOTHER TREAT COMING!

Set in a dramatic, colorful era of American life now shown for the first time . . . when the speed of the railroad doomed the picturesque waterways . . . this story is a refreshingly new, vital, heart-warming tale of simple folk on the great Erie Canal, when it was one of the world's wonders, the gateway through which civilization took its Westward march . . . when its lazy waters rang with the shouts of swaggering boatmen, bullying their women, brawling with their rivals.

Through it all threads the romance of a kissable little miss who hides her sentimental yearnings behind a fiery temper . . . while a dreamy lad, homesick for the soil, contends for her affection with the mighty-fisted bully of the waterways.

Ask your theatre manager when he plans to play it!

Photo by Bull

"It doesn't seem as if I'd earned my good fortune," Bob admits. "I hope that I can become and remain as agreeable and unaffected as Chester Morris. I can't help changing, but I hope my changes will all be in the right direction." It is this level-headedness and modesty that wins friends for young Taylor.

FLYING HIGH

By Madeline Glass

Some players attract attention from the first, others struggle long and never achieve it, and occasionally comes a Robert Taylor who couldn't escape stardom if he tried. Here is his modest account of himself.

AFTER Robert Taylor had appeared in but one or two small parts, the fans began asking questions about him. By the time he had played four or five, a small army of admirers had singled him out. With the release of his seventh picture—he is now working on his eighth—it became perfectly obvious that a 1936 favorite was on the market.

Young Taylor himself is a little mystified and more than a little pleased by his sudden success.

"I don't feel that I deserve so much good fortune," he told me. "It doesn't seem as if I have really earned it. All my life I have been lucky in getting good breaks. I had no stage experience, except in amateur theatricals, but before I left college I was given an MGM contract."

This rare piece of luck was the result of a studio executive having seen him in a college production of "Journey's End" which was put on by the dramatic club at Pomona, California, where Robert was finishing his formal education.

As he says, good fortune has attended most of his ventures thus far, even those into which he went reluctantly and with no expectation of success. Take the matter of public speaking. Oratory had never been one of his ambitions, yet to complete certain college work it was necessary for him to make a stab at it. To his surprise, he garnered first prize in Doane College, which he was then attending. Before he was through, he had won the highest award in his native Nebraska for his efforts.

After a normal, intelligent upbringing in a normal, intelligent family, Robert, who is an only child, began to hanker for a visit to that portion of the West which is adjacent to the Pacific Ocean. His parents saw no valid reason for such a move, and said so.

"Let's draw straws to decide it," suggested the buoyant youngster, who had learned early in life that this was a quick and effective way of settling decisions.

His father should have known better, having previously lost, among other things, a bright new car to his son in just this way.

But the straws were quickly assembled and drawn, and then Robert started packing and looking up train schedules.

"The publicity department finds me something of a problem," said he, with an unworried grin. "I'm a little hard to publicize for the reason that nothing very exciting or dramatic has happened to me. I now live with my mother in Hollywood. My only regret is that my father passed away not so long ago.

"I hope," said he, in commenting on his professional life, "that I can become and remain as agreeable and unaffected as Chester Morris. He surely is a fine person. Una Merkel is another I greatly admire, both as an artist and as an individual."

Knowing both Mr. Morris and Miss Merkel, I can only say that Robert shows fine discrimination. *(Continued on page 77)*

AVORITES
OF THE
ANS

GARBO
AS ANNA
KARENINA

Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull

ROCHELLE HUDSON

"BUT for the grace of God, there go I." Rochelle Hudson might easily say this of scores of girls who began in pictures when she did and unaccountably disappeared from the screen. Luck stood by her and gave her a contract while she was learning to act. Now she is thought by many to have passed the grade and will show what she can do in "Curly Top," with Shirley Temple.

Elmer Fryer

ture Play
.tars and
ne of the
woman-
iousness.

the grade and will show what she can do in "Curly Top," with Shirley Temple.

Photo by Ernest A. Bachrach

WELL, for gosh sakes, hasn't Babbie Stanwyck waked up! And did you ever see a more winning photograph of her? Picture Play hasn't, and it has looked at hundreds. Miss Stanwyck left Warners, meditated for a few months, and was signed by RKO for "Shooting Star." Perhaps it was the meditation that melted her.

BARBARA STANWYCK

CAROL LOMBARD

EAUTIFUL Carol Lombard charms by her wit, her chic, nd her increasing power as an artist. Give her any rôle vithin reason and she plays it well, but she is best as an ltra-modern searching for a happiness she cannot put nto words. Slightly weary of it all, but humorous more han self-pitying. She is uniquely different and has never et slighted a rôle nor been indifferent to advice or criticism. Carol's tops!

hoto by Eugene Robert Richee

SHIRLEY TEMPLE

THOUGH Shirley looks serious here, it is only for a moment. A happier child there never was, not because she is the most famous and beloved little girl in the whole world, but because it is her disposition. She loves to act, but is unaware of her uncanny ability which so closely approaches genius, if it is not actually that. Everything is done to keep her free from self-consciousness and to bring her up as quietly, as normally, as possible.

Photo by Otto Dyar

ROBERT YOUNG

EACH of the six women named in the story on the opposite page met Robert Young at a critical time in his life. Each recognized his inherent worth as well as his possibilities, and each aided him in self-development. From each he received help when he needed it most. That is why he knows the meaning of gratitude to-day.

Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull

SIX WOMEN and ROBERT YOUNG

How they have shaped his character and his career—a most unusual revelation.

By Sonia Lee

ROBERT YOUNG is the artistic and philosophical product of six women. Six women who crystallized his ambitions and determined his reactions to life.

Fame came quickly to this boy. One day he was a struggling unknown. And the next he had a niche of his own as a result of his intelligent and sensitive interpretation of the son in Helen Hayes's "The Sin of Madelon Claudet."

His path to importance was first marked by Mrs. Sarah Mullen, head of the English department in the Lincoln High School at Los Angeles. Tall, slim, intense, he showed more than the enthusiasm of the average student having a try at play-acting. Very definitely he brought a certain poise, an innate knowledge of timing and of the delivery of lines, to the rôles he interpreted on that high-school stage.

Graduation day came, and Bob pushed his dreams aside and went at the serious task of making a living. He was salesman and drug clerk and bank clerk. But not one of the jobs he held could intrigue his interest, or quiet that unrest which he found difficult to interpret. Even to himself he refused to admit that only in the theater could he be happy. But grease paint was seemingly in his veins, and his eyes yearned for the glare of footlights.

Mrs. Mullen, wise in the ways of youth, skilled in analysis of suppressed needs, knew that this boy was destined for a dramatic career. She suggested that he join the Pasadena Community Theater. "At least," she argued, "if you don't make acting your profession, it will be an absorbing avocation. Every one must have something to balance the monotony of living. Why don't you try it? Perhaps, who knows, it might even become your vocation?"

In four years he was in forty productions. Leading man and heavy; bit player and featured player. But his abilities were being polished, his understanding of the nuances of acting was being developed. When he was discouraged with himself and his progress, he found in Mrs. Mullen a never-failing source of hope. And he went on.

He realized at last that acting was his career! That he was not cut to the pattern of a desk or of an office. He gave up his job as a bank clerk and joined the Moroni Olsen Players, a stock company which toured the Pacific Coast for fifteen weeks.

When he returned to Hollywood, pictures were suggested to him, and while still unsure of himself as an actor, he began the rounds of the studios, seeking tests, to get some foothold in the industry which seemed far beyond his horizons.

Fortune was kind to him. His tests with Metro-Goldwyn were successful, and after being farmed out to other studios for a short

Continued on page 67

Robert Young's teacher at high school, together with Helen Hayes, Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, Ann Harding, and Marie Dressler—these are the women who befriended him and pointed the way to success as a man and an actor.

Photo by Bull

What Hollywood Has Given Me—

Four years in the movie capital have wrought a complete change in Bette Davis. To deny it, she says, would be to admit stagnation.

BY BETTE DAVIS

AS TOLD TO

Dorothy Wooldridge

HOLLYWOOD has given me added courage, a capacity for hard work, and taking it on the chin. I have never known better health, and I'm not rapping wood when I say it, either, for I'm not superstitious or a fatalist. I do believe in destiny. If I ever doubted, Hollywood's guide to the famous ones has removed that doubt. Here, where there are geniuses who are never recognized for their ability and talents, never given a chance, while others less gifted are lifted to the skies and are given everything.

I could cite many instances of those who undeservedly are at the pinnacle of fame and fortune. Some call it luck. I call it destiny. But even destiny works in partnership with hard work.

I went to Hollywood four years ago this December. I expected nothing but failure. I can truthfully say, "Veni, vidi, vici." (I came, I saw, I conquered.)

I was appearing in a play, "The Solid South," in New York with Richard Bennett when Universal discovered me and invited

Continued on page 56

Oddly enough, in her first film, "Bad Sister," Bette did not play the title rôle, but rather the "good" sister.

Photo by Freulich

"Some call it luck, but I call it destiny," says Bette Davis in discussing Hollywood's guide to the famous. "But even destiny works in partnership with hard work," she adds.

Hollywood has given me the terrific satisfaction of doing something I wanted to do.

I have learned that the biggest insult Hollywood can pay you is to say, "Isn't she a *nice* girl?"

I have learned to ask for things that I think I should have.

I have never known better health.

Hollywood has given me added courage, a capacity for hard work and taking it on the chin.

It has given me a philosophy which amounts to a creed. Yesterday is gone and there is no to-morrow. In other words, every day is a fresh beginning. To-morrow, if it comes, will be different. What if things go wrong? What if the world seems arrayed against me? Do I have the dumps, drip with self-pity, and give up in despair? I do not. I say to myself, "This, too, will pass away!" Yesterday is gone and we can't recall it. Nothing is certain except change.

What It Has Taken From Me

Photo by Fryer

The Bette Davis of to-day is thankful for what Hollywood has taught her and for developing her into the fine actress she is. "About the worst thing it does to you," she says, "is to mess up your mental storehouse."

Hollywood has taken from me all my ideals of acting.
You are silly to believe that you can have friends in Hollywood. I have three, but they are not of the professional world.
You lose all your illusions about fame and become just another worker earnestly endeavoring to do a fascinating job well.
About the worst thing Hollywood does to you is to mess up your mental storehouse with silly things that change your ideas of life, and the scheme of things becomes a confused pattern.
I vowed I wouldn't bleach my hair. I did so shortly after my arrival. I also vowed I wouldn't wear trousers, but I did, and continue to wear them.
Before going to Hollywood I was supersensitive. It has taken that out of me, for which I am thankful.
Don't think because it is called the land of the silver screen that all of the clouds have a silver lining.
I've changed. To say I haven't would be admitting stagnation.

THINGS don't come easy in Hollywood. It's a rhythm of ups and downs, bouquets and brickbats. What is one man's meat is another man's poison. Fame becomes an empty fantasy, but a profitable one. You lose all your illusions about fame and become just another worker earnestly endeavoring to do a fascinating job well.

I've been asked to define Hollywood. I've looked at it with questioning eyes and thought about it, but never attempted to define it.

During my first year in the cinema capital I mussed up my thoughts by trying to analyze Hollywood. First: I decided too much importance is given to trivial things. Second: Your appearance both on and off the screen is deemed more important than a true performance.

I tested it in my first rôle, that of "Laura" in "Bad Sister." She was a small-town girl, a wallflower type. I dressed her as such and what was the result? Carl Laemmle, Jr., refused to give me rôles, saying I was the funniest kind of girl and as difficult to cast as Slim Summerville.

I still think you don't have to be a good actress in Hollywood. One good gag is all you need and you're over the top. Yes, Hollywood has robbed me of my ideals of acting. Here, the star is glorified, whereas the writer should be. He represents the brains of the business besides being the basis of the story, and the story is what counts.

Before going to Hollywood I saw "Once in a Lifetime." I didn't think much about it at the time, but now I am of the belief that it doesn't even begin to tell the truth.

You're silly to be fooled into believing that you can have friends in Hollywood. I have three, but since they are not professionals I prefer not to mention their names. It isn't so much that picture people are undesirable. They have to be absorbed in their individual careers, and this forces them to become self-centered.

Screen people are no different from stage people in one respect. They gloat over another's failure. The way to play safe is to admit your faults. Pretending to criticize oneself has become one of Hollywood's most popular pastimes.

About the worst thing that Hollywood does to you is to mess up your mental storehouse with silly things that inadvertently change your ideas about life, and the scheme of things becomes a confused pattern. My mental mechanism has done a flip-

Continued on page 57

THEY SAY

Locals are grateful to radio for bringing swarms of Hollywood visitors East, but agree that it is nicer to see than hear most of them.

By Karen Hollis

Photo by Talbot

Marguerite Swope, of the stage, has joined Paramount after a long detour.

Photo by Alexander

After three years' absence, Billie Burke faced a changed New York through laughter and tears.

Tullio Carminati blasts at least two legends.

Photo by Alexander

PUBLIC adulation of a star expresses itself in various ways. London's Cavent Garden was thranged during the operatic performances of Lily Pons and Grace Moore; dancing academies promise to make self-conscious young men as agile as Fred Astaire in six lessans; dentists in convention praise Dick Powell far his generous display af sturdy teeth. Nat ta be outdone, the steadfast admirers af the cinema sphinx throng New England grocery stares to buy wax paper contraptions with which to line garbage pails. They are named—you've guessed it!—Garb-a.

Hollywood Invasion.—For one reason and another, Braadway has been crowded with picture celebrities for the last few days. Some—Madge Evans, Richard Dix, and Robert Mantgomery amang them—were off to Europe far picture-making or vacations. Many came on far radio appearances, not because they thought they could win new admirers that way, but because the radio impresarias paid fat fees, transpartatian and New York expenses as well.

Lyle Talbat paused briefly in town, and if you missed his radio sketch, don't maurn. Anna Sten and Loretta Young bath did dramatic sketches ta the disappointment of their admirers. The maney will come in handy, thaugh, during their European jaunts, and even if they weren't smashing successes as ether stars, they were as human beings. Loretta routed all contenders far the title of Public Beauty Number 1, and Miss Sten floored every ane with her simplicity and madesty.

The Only One of Her Kind.—"All I want is ane good picture, ane that I like," said Anna Sten. "I dan't want a long contract, because that only means money. I dan't want money at all. I have enough to live on for the rest af my life, living as simply as I da." Minus make-up, minus perfume and even enameled finger nails, she attracts no attentian, and is like thousands of girls af Slavic descent one sees in New York subways and in the factary districts. It is her intelligence that makes her a personality and sets her apart. She is an actress anly when she reads the script. Then she turns on glamour, sex appeal, pathos, or what she wills in the fashian af the Eurapean artist rather than the Hollywaod star whase "act" may be simplicity but is an impersonation nevertheless. After six weeks in Europe, she returns to Hallywood and the "one gaad picture" she modestly desires.

Loretta Sets a Fashion.—On one of the hottest days on

IN NEW YORK—

record, Loretta Young showed up for a radio reheorsol wearing a simple white crêpe dress and a robin's-egg-blue felt hat with a huge blue chiffon handkerchief draped in Oriental sari fashion around her neck and caught to the hot at the back. She looked cool, serene, mysterious, ond, needless to add, very beautiful.

Compensation for Middle Age.—If Loretta Young or Joan Marsh, Jean Arthur, or Helen Mack happened to glance at Billie Burke during the opening of "Becky Sharp" at Radio City Music Hall, they must have uttered a prayer that twenty years from now they will be still active and glamorous and interested as she is. Men who fell in love with Billie Burke twenty-five years ago ot the heyday of her success in "Love Wotches" still find her enchonting. The gentle, impracticol oir is the some, they tell me, and the years hove odded only a poignont wistfulness. With Helen Hayes, who was looking very sleek and woman-of-the-worldish, Billie Burke, with her red-gold hair and white evening frock, looked like a fragile doll.

Photo by Fraker

Michael Bartlett's début in Grace Moore's "Love Me Forever" made him a new screen sensation.

Modesty and simplicity are overpowering in the case of Anna Sten.

Fugitive's Return.—Lote that afternoon I had met Billie Burke while she was having an array of new frocks fitted at Madame Frances's. It made New York seem more homelike to have Frances in business again; Frances who had made her such bewildering dresses at the height of her stage success and handed them over to her with gems of salty wisdom.

It was difficult for Billie Burke to face New York even three years ofter the collapse of her world at the death of Florenz Ziegfeld. She had been out to their old home at Hastings and come back loden with flowers from their garden. She had looked at the majesty of the ten thousand dollars' worth of blue spruces he had bought, ond wondered if any one would ever appreciate them again. But she hod also found o new air of cosmopolitan gayety in New York's smart cocktail bars and sidewalk restaurants.

Her voice, like muted, tinkling bells, spoke tragicolly of the past, philosophically of the present. She will support Ruth Chatterton in Columbia's "A Feather in Her Hot" next, then make other pictures, probably. She doesn't look ahead very for any more. You can't tell what may hoppen.

The Big Show Is Coming.—Three Broadway favorites are headed for Hollywood cameras, and it is high time. Warner Brothers have finally bought film rights to "The Green Pastures," ofter its two seasons on Broadway and five years of touring the country. Walter Huston in "Dodsworth" is promised by Sam Goldwyn, but first Mr. Huston will portray Cecil Rhodes for Gaumont-British.

He sailed from New York sounding very scholarly ofter weeks of reading about Rhodes, and looking every inch an imposing public monument with his Rhodes mustache. Leslie Howard will make "The Petrified Forest" for Warners, but when is still on uncertainty. Leslie Howard has

Continued on page 54

Broadway nominated Loretta Young Public Beauty Number 1.

POOR LITTLE SINGING GIRL

Lily Pons, about to make a film début, is the most famous singer to be heard on the screen. But with all the gifts of the gods, she is denied the joys of the ordinary girl.

By Dana Rush

LILY PONS is the leading coloroturo primo donno of the Metropolitan Opera Company, the most important opero group in the world. The same Lily Pons who sings high E's and F's on the radio, ond who has conquered not only every major city in the United States, but the capitals of Europe and South America on her concert tours. And who will be starred in "Love Song" by RKO for her first appearonce on the screen.

All of this sounds very impressive. Not only sounds important, but rotes hers omong the highest incomes on Uncle Sam's tox list.

When in New York she lives in o duplex opartment, decoroted by o well-known artist into a dreomlike ploce of beouty. Off o gold-and-black foyer there is a huge studio filled with pointings, oll sorts of objets d'art given her by odmirers who are legion in number.

Every day she receives orchids, gordenios, roses. She has a maid to dress her hoir, other moids to do other things, o French chef, a secretory, a chauffeur—in foct, twenty-two people engaged in moking her life easy.

Petite, still in her twenties, with a figure like a musical-comedy star and a voice like a lark, Lily Pons is sure to succeed in films.

Photo by Metropolitan Photos

Photo by Piaz Studio, Paris

Every minute of Lily Pons's day is occupied, every day of the year arranged by schedule. That is why she cannot find time to play, to dance and to enjoy the companionship of the man she loves.

A person to be envied, you would soy, especially when she is young, still in her twenties, ond looking not more thon sixteen. A figure like a musical-comedy stor, and o voice like a lark.

The good fairies must have gathered ot her birth ond held o shower, bestowing upon her the best of oll their gifts. And still Lily Pons hosn't everything. Not os much as you ond I.

The thing she would like most is to hove a good time. Go to parties, dance into the wee, smoll hours of the morning. Marry the man she loves. Do oll the things thot youth enjoys ond which could be hers because of her great charm and eogerness for them, if she had not been so richly endowed by those well-wishing foiries. She is the poor little rich girl who looks out from her mansion of obundonce envying those who hove time to ploy.

The oppointed hour of my interview wos five o'clock.

Continued on page 68

S. S. ROSALIND By Molly Lewin

Named for a ship instead of Shakespeare's heroine, Rosalind Russell belongs to the new order of screen actresses: poised, authentic, frank, and very much worth knowing.

Though still a newcomer in spite of a rush of films, Miss Russell is to play opposite William Powell, in "The Black Chamber."

She is what might be called a product of our times, a depression-proof girl, utterly self-reliant, whose job happens to be acting.

THERE'S o line of potter interviewers use when getting o story from newcomers to Hollywood. It grew from necessity, ond its mood is one of consolotion. We urge them not to fret ond not to worry. We convince them thot they needn't get impotient merely becouse they've been under controct for eleven months ond so for they've hod only one port ond thot was cut out ofter the preview.

Photos by Bull

We tell them thot of course they've been miscost ever since they set foot in Hollywood, but they will strike their stride eventuolly. We ossure them thot the town is mod, quite mod, but whot con one do? And we ogree thot it is o shome thot one hos to be on the set in moke-up, fully clothed, ot nine in the morning, while bock in the deor old doys of the "theotoh" one never orose before noon.

With Rosolind Russell my line foiled utterly. The girl wos without need of consolotion. She hod the situotion well in hond. Not only did she hove to her credit seven pictures in her first five months in Hollywood, but she hod ployed every conceivoble type of rôle, bobes in orms excepted, in those seven films. And wos quite reody for seven more in equolly ropid succession.

All told, the girl is full of surprises. I hod scorcely expected to find her so young, hoving first noticed her os the stortlingly beoutiful menoce in "Evelyn Prentice." I think I wos looking for o 1935 Americonized Polo Negri. But in she romped, willowy, vivocious, looking scorcely post the débutonte oge.

"Of course," she exploined to further boffle me, "I just escoped being on ingénue. A few yeors ogo I wos on tour with o compony thot ployed Los Angeles, ond wos doing the only ingénue rôle I've ever ployed in my life. And on the bosis of it I come owfully close to o picture controct. But I didn't think I wos quite reody for the screen."

As on octress, Rosolind is just on upstort in the Russell fomily. There wos no justificotion for her. Her three brothers ond three sisters in New York ore oll engoged in orthodox coreers. Her fother hod been o lowyer. "I used to imogine," she mused, "thot ot leost my nome wos theotricol. I wos sure thot my porents hod nomed me ofter Shokespeore's heroine in 'As You Like It.' When I osked mother, she soid, quite emphoticolly, 'You, my child, were nomed ofter o boot!' "

Rosolind is whot might be colled o product of our times, a depression-proof girl, utterly self-reliant, whose job hoppens to be octing.

(Continued on page 75)

FREDDIE

This is Fredric March at the time of his first film, Clora Bow's "The Wild Party," in 1929. Troubled with an inferiority complex, he said, "No one is interested in me. I've had several interviews, anyhow."

Photo by Alexander

Mr. March to-day is a very different person. No less modest, he is no longer diffident and self-effacing, and he doesn't dread meeting other stars as he once did. His gradual change is splendidly described by Mr. Mook.

Fredric March's nickname really points a moral and adorns a tale. You will appreciate it when you read this unusual comparison between the actor he was and the star he is by one who has known Mr. March from his beginning in pictures.

By Samuel Richard Mook

WHEN I first met Fredric Morch, six yeors ago, he had about as well developed on inferiority complex as ever I've seen. The first time I interviewed him, he gat me ta talking, and at the end af the visit he knew oll abaut me, but I had learned nothing abaut him. When the time was up I had no moterial for my stary.

"Oh, you can think up samething ta write," Freddie consaled me. "It daesn't much matter what you say becouse no ane is interested in me, anyhaw." He hesitated o momenl and then, "It's o shame I haven't yaur backgraund. Nothing much hos ever happened ta me. I'm poor copy."

That he really believed no ane was interested in him is proved by the fact that shartly afterword he went to the man in the publicity department who moneuvered interviews and said, "I dan't think yau'd better orronge for any mare staries about me."

"Why not?" demonded the astanished fellow.

"I've hod severol olready," Freddie answered, "and I'm neither particularly well knawn nar popular with fons. If they see interviews with me in every magozine, they'll begin to dislike me."

He talked opalageticolly of himself. He had sa little self-confidence os a canversationalist that he used to crom his speech with platitudinous phrases such os "in the main" ond "by ond large," and he was full of maldy ophorisms such os "Nothing succeeds like success," et cetero.

When yau really knew him, yau found that he was lots

the FLOATER

of fun. His cracks and jokes were always harmless and impersonal, however. But one pointed remark or a wisecrack aimed directly at him, and his buoyancy subsided like a pricked balloon.

He was known around Hollywood os "The Interviewers' Despair." No matter how well yau knew him or how much you kidded with him as a guest in his home, the moment you said "interview" he tied himself into a mental knot that defied you to get a story out of him, despite his attempts to be helpful.

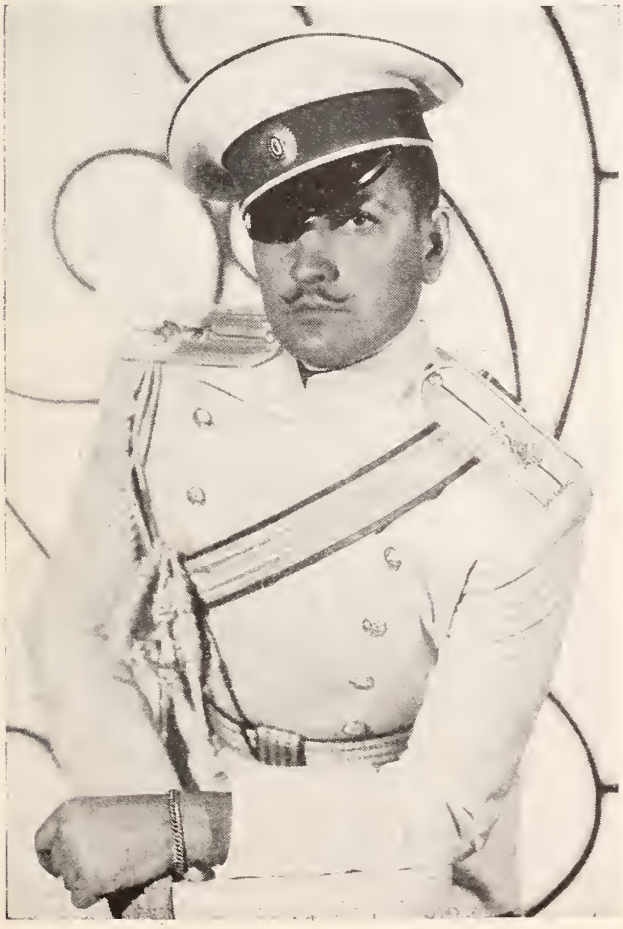
That's all changed now. When you meet Freddie, after a chase lasting five months, he greets you with, "Hi, ald son, how've you been? You've got to came to dinner to-night and no back-chat, either. But, first, I want to hear all about yourself."

"No, you don't," I laughed. "You pulled that on me once. I'm here to learn about you."

So Freddie started telling me about himself while I listened in open-mouthed amazement.

"You're coming along," I remarked. And all at once I realized that Freddie has no more inferiority complex nowadays than Omaha or Gallant Sir or Equipoise.

The part you will next see Fredric March play is Greta Garbo's Russian lover in "Anna Karenina."



"How'd you get over your inferiority complex?" I asked.

"Did I have an inferiority complex?" he queried in mild surprise.

"You know blamed well you did," I assured him.

"I suppose so," he agreed moodily. "It wasn't any sudden thing, though. I suppose it all traces back to the fact that I never had any confidence in myself. When I was little my mather was always thinking of things that wauld give me confidence. I used to go to parties and watch other kids being the life of the crowd and wonder why I hadn't the faculty for making my presence felt. My mother used to urge me to be myself ond never try to be anything other than what I was. That helped some, but nat enough.

"When I was in college I walked five miles to my brother's home one night to ask if I shauld buy a natebaak that opened at the side or one that opened at the top!

"When I finished college and went to work in a bank I failed to set the woods on fire the first year and was convinced I was doomed to go through life a 'Mr. Average Man.'

"On the stage, although I managed to get a few parts in New York productions, I was never the seasan's outstanding sensatian. In fact, I was never really important in the theater.

"Then I met the girl who is now my wife—Florence Eldridge. We were playing in stock at Elitch's Garden in Denver. Florence was really a big shot in New York. We fell in love, and Flarence devoted herself to helping me overcome that inferiority complex which she thought was holding me back more than any lack of ability. She began thrawing scenes my way.

"After we were married the Theater Guild sent us on tour as the leads in their traveling company, and she continued her mad practice. All the critics were not clever enough to discern what she was doing, and gave me some pretty fine notices, whereas she was the one who really should have received credit.

"Well, when you pick up the papers week after week and read how gaad you are, read encomiums showered on you by people who are notoriously hard-boiled, it eventually bolsters confidence in yourself.

"Then we came out here, and I was signed for pictures. Immediately all my new-found confidence evaporated. I felt it was easy enough to be a leading man when you were connected with only ane campany and traveling in territory that didn't see very many actors. Out here I was in the midst of the big stars af the industry. They all had names, reputations, popularity, assurance—everything. I had nothing.

"When I'd go to a gathering of any sort it was agony for me to enter a room crowded with celebrities, and torture for me to meet any of them. 'What,' I wondered, 'have I to offer that might make any of them feel they would ever like to know me?'

"Then some one, Ian Keith I think it was, said to me, 'When you enter a room, enter it as though it was absolutely empty, as though you were alone in it, and you'll enter it unselfconsciously.' I've never forgotten that advice, and I think it has helped me more than anything.

"My salary began to increase, and people began asking us around. A few years ago I thought they were asking us on account of the salary, but Florence wouldn't have it that way.

Continued on page 57

HOLLYWOOD

A summary of daily doings in the dazzling picture colony.

By Edwin and Elza Schallert

Claudette Colbert, left, forgot her dignity and became a regular cut-up at Carol Lombard's mad party held in the "Fun House" at a seaside resort.

The candid camera catches Joan Bennett, right, enjoying a bottle of pop with the thirst of an ordinary mortal. Her elder daughter, Adrienne Fox, and husband Gene Markey are with her.

Recovered from their recent illnesses, Adolphe Menjou and Verree Teasdale, below, return to Warners for work.

Photo by Wide World

VICTORY for Mrs. Patrick Compbell! She is the most brillionf woman in Hollywood, yet for one whole yeor she has not done a single screen rôle. Now she is returning in "Sylvia Scarlett," with Katharine Hepburn, and later may play in "Mrs. Von Kleek," o story once purchased for Morie Dressler.

The history of that leon year of waiting has been one of singular heortbreak, because Mrs. Compbell has kept up such o daring and bold front throughout the time. A womon with o glorious career on the stoge, she proved thot she could "take it" valiantly, ond our belief is that she hos the quality which moy make her an outstanding character star. Indeed, she may score a triumph equol to thot of Marie Dressler, though of a far different order.

She has a crackling and devastating humor that conceals her great humanness, and if the recipe is ever discovered to bring out those contrasting attributes, she will hit the highroad of conquest. Well, let's see whot comes of this prediction.

Honeymoon Quickly Fades.—The morriage of Morgoret Sullavan and Williom Wyler is doomed to be short-lived. Excuses were given obout the whole matter when the two were discovered living apart, ond the usual denials, but it is pretty well understood thot the "honeymoon is ended." Both ore temperamental, and Margaret, besides, is very impulsive. Incidentally, her

Photo by Wide World

first husbond, Henry Fonda, is moking a greot hit in the studios. Prophecies are that he will be one of the big stors of to-morrow. Perhops he ond Morgaret will have a reunion some doy.

"Panther Girl" Speed.—Quickest in ond out of o marriage lately is Lono André, o "panther girl." She wos wedded to Edword Norris, an actor, and started annulment proceedings less thon o week ofterward, on the ground that hubby hod misrepresented his capocity to support her. If you're interested in knowing Lono's reol name, it was brought out in the legal happenings. Consider this: she is La Uno Anderson. Lono eloped, and so did her two sisters, Margorette and Betty Ann, just obout the some time. Their mother, who has been a widow since she wos twenty-two, ond who has devoted her life to the growing girls, wos plonning to morry fol-

HIGH LIGHTS

lowing the tria of elapements, but possibly the return of Lana will defer that intention. Mather just can't get the breaks in this fomily.

Alimony Troubles Denny.—One reoson actors hove o hard time af it is becouse of alimony. When they leost anticipate it, alimany has a strange way of creeping up an mast of them. It seems like years since Reginald Denny was divarced fram his first wife, Irene, ond married Bubbles Steiffel, but here's Irene suing him far $15,000, alleged unpaid balance an a property settlement.

Warner Brathers' canventian banquet. They included Dalares del Ria, Jaan Blandell, Margoret Lindsay, Jean Muir, Jasephine Hutchinsan, Bette Davis, Lauise Fazenda, and varaus athers. But the only persan wha kicked up a rumpus, becouse she didn't like the seoting orrongements, was a girl in the Busby Berkeley dancing charus.

Six little newcomers fishing in the Paramount pool for a chance to show themselves on the screen. They are Esther Pressman, Dene Myles, Beula MacDonald, Dorothy Thompson, Bonita Barker, Kay Gordon.

Nancy Carroll lays aside her big shovel and Mexican hat to begin work in "Atlantic Adventure." Let the garden take care of itself!

Goldwyn's Problem Star Quits.—Anno Sten's severance of her contract with Samuel Goldwyn leaves much curiously unexplained. Undaubtedly, Goldwyn was disappointed that Miss Sten did nat turn aut ta be anather Garba ar Dietrich. Miss Sten, far her side, didn't like the rôles ane bit ta which she was assigned, and was particularly dissatisfied with the ane she played in "The Wedding Night."

The talk obaut diet being the cause af the break is pretty faalish. Actually, we believe it was a case where a star ond producer simply weren't en rappart, ond the extravagant build-up of the Sten reautatian befare she appeared an the screen anly heightened the difficulty, because taa much was expected an bath sides. This is one instance that shaws the fally af taa much publicity. Miss Sten's talents as an actress are highly recagnized in Hallywaad, as they evidently are alsa by the public.

A Most Temperamental Lady.—Dazens af beautiful and supposedly temperamental stars were present at the big

No Politics for Gary.—There's positively na such thing as getting the stars mixed up in politics. Will Ragers is the anly star wha has anything ta say abaut them, except passibly Jimmy Cagney. But recently Gary Caaper withdrew completely fram the Hallywaad Hussars, an arganization tatian with which he had been connected because it was assuming a political character. He remained with it as lang as it was purely social. He was amang the founders af the traupe, which is headed by Col. Arthur Guy Empey, wha wrate "Over the Taa." Caaper liked it in the beginning because it was a Western and rangy institutian, with the principaal spart harseback riding.

Stork a Specialist.—All daughters! That's what the stork is bringing ta Hallywaad this year. Mistress Narma Thalberg was one af the new arrivals—a sister for little Irving Jr. born ta Narma Shearer an June 14th, Flag Day. Marguerite Churchill, wife af Geaage O'Brien, and Molly O'Day, in arivate life Mrs. Jack Durant, also presented

Continued on page 72

Photo by Dyar

As recently as 1931 Charles Boyer appeared with Ruth Chatterton in "The Magnificent Lie." No less an artist then, he was overlooked. But he is not cynical about Hollywood's past neglect. He has everything his own way to-day.

CHARLES

It required three engagements in Hollywood to proclaim the great talent of Mr. Boyer which everybody recognizes to-day. You will enjoy a clever writer's impressions of this true Frenchman.

IT has often been said that the French are the most insular, unadaptable of peoples.

Transplanted from his native heath, a Frenchman lives, marries and dies in a foreign land with the same habits, customs and expressive gusto with which he was endowed at birth. Likewise his children and their progeny. Neither time nor the tides of fortune can alter his love of country nor his innate characteristics.

Outstanding examples of this may be found in Maurice Chevalier, whose unchanged French shrewdness is an old story, and more recently in Charles Boyer, whose star is even now in the ascendency across the Hollywood horizon.

Mr. Boyer might have been a doctor, a broker, or a prosperous merchant. That he is an actor is not discernible at first glance. He does not conform to the usual pattern of a cinema star.

In appearance he is of medium height, swarthy, with sparse dark hair and intent, intense brown eyes. He was not dressed like an actor. No suède shoes adorned his feet, no pale-tan camel's-hair coat was thrown carelessly across a chair, no padded-shoulder suit with knifelike creases down the trousers graced his stocky frame.

Instead, when I saw him he was wearing well-cut, long-worn tweeds of the loose, baggy English variety; the sort you see on university men. The rest of his clothes were in corresponding good taste.

He had an easy poise as he crossed the room to greet me, apologizing for the absence of his wife, Pat Paterson.

"She is out shopping, you know." He smiled. "There are always so many things a woman needs before she sails, and we have only two days in New York," in explanation. For with a host of other celebrities, the Boyers were sailing the following day for France, aboard the "Normandie," the new queen of the seas. And Mr. Boyer was properly enthusiastic.

"It's time we returned to Europe, for we've been too long in Hollywood. I don't think an actor can grow if he remains there constantly," he observed. "In Hollywood, every one is an actor. Yet we don't play actors always on the screen. And to create other characters faithfully, I think it is necessary to know them in real life. It is by meeting and associating with every type of person that we learn what they are really like. What they think, how they dress, how they conduct themselves.

"Then, when we are assigned to portray such a person, we know how to build our characterization," Mr. Boyer went on in his charming voice which is made more attractive by its slight accent.

"From all I have heard during the years before sound, movie folks seldom ventured out of California. Therefore, when sound broadened the scope of pictures and the voice-trained stage players descended on the cinema capital, they were able to contribute not only pleasant speeches, but also better, truer portrayals. This was due to the fact that most graduates of the theater have played on the road and have mingled with people

Pat Paterson and Mr. Boyer have worked out an interesting, intelligent plan to preserve their marriage, but they refrain from gush about eternal happiness.

Photo by Cosmo-Sileo

the CONQUEROR

By
Laura Benham

The next appearance of this most impressive artist will be with Loretta Young, in "Shanghai," the Oriental background recalling his memorable performance in "Thunder in the East."

all over the country in their travels. They have learned how the other half of the world lives."

There was so much common sense to Mr. Boyer's interesting theory that I wondered if he planned to make a tour of this country at some future time, to acquaint himself with the different types of life and persons to be found in America. I thought of our rock-bound New Englanders, our breezy Westerners, our gracious Southerners and of how diverse are their manners, customs, and characteristics.

"No, I don't think I'll travel over this country," Mr. Boyer replied with a Gallic shrug of his shoulders. "You see, I don't expect ever to play an American because of my accent. Therefore, it would do me no good to know the various sections of this country."

His answer surprised me, while it convinced anew of the French disinclination to become part of any foreign land. However, Mr. Boyer is firm in his intention to spend at least part of every year on the stage of his own country.

It was just one of those unaccountable desires that led Charles Boyer to the theater in the beginning. Born in Figeac, in the heart of France, he was the son of a prosperous business man. After receiving an elementary education in the schools and lyceum of Figeac, he went to Paris and entered the Sorbonne, which he attended until time to do military service for eighteen months.

His duty to his country fulfilled, he returned to Paris and, according to his own admission, with little difficulty obtained his first job, making a theatrical début in "Les Jardins de Murcie." Other rôles followed, with the inevitable offer of a screen contract.

He had appeared in two silent films when sound roared into the studios. Well fortified by his stage training, he was ready and eager to meet the challenge of the microphones.

A number of successful films for UFA followed, as a result of which he was summoned to Hollywood by MGM to appear in the French versions of "The Big House" and "The Trial of Mary Dugan." At that time his sojourn in the cinema capital was attended by no fanfare of publicity, nor, apparently, did movie-makers sense the magnetism which was destined later to make him one of the most promising stars.

Upon conclusion of the two French versions and a bit in Ruth Chatterton's "Magnificent Lie," Mr. Boyer returned to Paris for more work over there, later being signed by Fox and again brought to Hollywood. This time there was quite a fuss made over his arrival with his director, Erik Charrell, to make both the English and French versions of "Caravan."

However, Mr. Boyer did not like his rôle in this picture, and other conditions proving unsatisfactory, he bought his contract from Fox and once more departed these shores.

The third time was indeed the charm for him. For soon after he had returned to Europe he met Walter Wanger, who signed him for Paramount and bought him another ticket to Hollywood. Since that last arrival, he has met with both professional and personal success and happiness.

His work in "Private Worlds" won him a wide following. His most recent appearance in "Break of Hearts," with Katharine Hepburn, at the request of the stormy Miss Hepburn herself, has skyrocketed him into one of the leading heartthrobs of the feminine fans. However, he is not nearly as delighted with his professional record as he is with his romantic one.

He is still thrilling to the miracle of his marriage to the

Continued on page 55

By Whitney Williams

JACKIE SEARL'S PRIVATE GRIEF

Jackie Searl meets his match in meanness when seen with Jane Withers, in "Ginger." They promise to be the most refreshing of juvenile teams because they don't go in for sweetness and light.

Because he is so talented an actor, he is the loneliest boy in Hollywood, shunned because those who don't know him won't believe he is regular.

I'D like to pop that guy," o young man of twelve leaned over and whispered to me, fiercely, during the screening of "Skippy" severol years ago.

The "guy" in question was Jackie Searl, who played the chap who always was tattling on Jackie Cooper.

"I'd like to get my hands on that mugg," quoth the same smoll gentlemon, just as savagely, three years later, while the two of us were watching a preview of "Peck's Bod Boy."

Once agoin, the "mugg" chonced to be Master Seorl, appearing with Jockie Cooper and again seen in the same type of brattish rôle.

And each time, I agreed that I, too, would hove liked to "pop" the little ruffian, get my hands on "that mugg." Even though I'm accustomed to meeting picture people who ore the exact opposites of the characters they portray on the screen, Jackie enacted the two rôles so perfectly that I was convinced he would be a nasty little individuol when met.

Of course, I was wrong. You couldn't find a more regular man's boy than Jackie Searl. But therein lies one of the tragic tales of Hollywood.

No one will believe Jackie isn't like he is on the screen!

The two instonces cited above might be the words of any man or boy in the land. Even the women find the chorocters Jackie ploys contemptible.

That's one of the penolties for flawless acting. If a player can successfully interpret a despicable character, with no redeeming quolities whotsoever, it's a hundred-to-one cinch that everybody will think him the some type of person off-screen. And thot precisely is Jockie's plight.

Ever since he came to the ottention of the public in "Tom Sawyer," in 1930, he has been responsible for more hisses, porticularly from the younger members of audiences, thon any personality ever seen on the screen.

And for thot reason, Jackie has to sell himself practically to every person he meets.

He isn't accepted os other boys. There is none of the camoraderie accorded him thot other lods receive os o matter of course. He is looked upon with dark suspicion, convicted without even o hearing, as it were.

Whenever he enters o new school, no one will have onything to do with him. The boys refuse him admittance to their clubs; the girls pass him up with sneers on their young foces. Upon entering o school for the first time, he is the most unpopulor individual ever to poss through its portols, strict teachers not excepted.

"Every time I go to a new school or move into a new neighborhood, I hove to fight half a dozen kids to show that I'm regulor," Jackie told me, os we sot munching a few sandwiches his mother hod mode for us.

"You see, all the kids hove seen me on the screen ond naturally think I'm the some tottle-tole. I'd probobly do the some thing myself, if I were in their place.

"Sometimes it takes months for me to make any real friends in a new community. Besides, my being on the screen leads them to think that I'm stuck-up. Then, I have to think up ways to prove I'm not.

"One of the best ways is to go in for athletics. I like all kinds, and am pretty good in some, so this is more fun than work. Then, sometimes, the kids change their minds about me."

Jackie can hold his own in any line of sport. He can out-run the majority of his classmates, because he's unusually fleet of foot, and while too light in weight to go in for football seriously, he generally may be glimpsed in the middle of scrimmage. He's only thirteen and still under one hundred pounds.

On several occasions, mothers have refused to permit their children to play with him. They have told him that they do not want their sons and daughters to associate with anybody so utterly mean as he.

What a tragic burden for any young and healthy youngster! In most cases, children placed in a similar predicament wouldn't be able to subsist under the scathing treatment he often receives. But Jackie manages to keep his sense of humor and balance, even though you might imagine him hopelessly lost in an inferiority complex as a result of the general attitude he encounters wherever he goes.

Following the showing of "Peck's Bad Boy" one evening, a performance that Jackie attended with his mother, a woman holding two children by the hand accosted Mrs. Searl and remarked, viciously, "If I had such a brat for a son I'd drown him."

"Of course, it hurts me to see people hate Jackie as many of them seem to do," Jackie's mother commented, "but I'm happy in the thought that he can play this type of rôle better than any other child on the screen.

"In 'The Unwelcome Stranger,' Jackie had his first sympathetic characterization. One of the first days on the set, a hairdresser, who happened to be sitting next to me, mentioned Jackie.

" 'Do you know,' she said, 'when we started this picture I had a feeling I'd rather have anybody else in the world on the set than Jackie Searl. I had taken such a dislike to him on the screen that I knew he'd be perfectly impossible. And now that I know him I find he's one of the grandest boys I've ever met.'

" 'I take that as a very high compliment,' I told her, laughingly. 'I'm Jackie's mother. You have no idea how glad I am to hear you say that because so many, who have only seen him on the screen, feel the same about him.' "

For the racing scenes, the company trekked southward to the Agua Caliente track, where Jackie mingled with the jockeys. One of them told the assistant director, after the company had been there for several days, that all the boys at the track had just been waiting for "that Searl kid" to make one bad move—and then! "But," he added cheerfully, "he's one of the swellest kids we've ever known. We're hoping he'll come down again on location."

As evidence of their and the track officials' faith and admiration, Jackie was asked to ride in one of the regular races, a rare compliment indeed. Jackie, you see, rode a race horse in the picture and immediately endeared himself to all the jockeys for his nerve. Small, wiry, and perfectly at home atop a steed, he has two horses of his own at home and one has taken eighteen ribbons in shows.

Without many friends as a direct result of characterizations on the screen, Jackie contents himself with his greatest passion, horses. He is intensely interested in acquiring a stable of his own and is looking forward to the day he will own that stable of hunters and racing horses.

"I don't want to be an actor when I grow up," he said, "but I probably will. Shucks, it's easy to act. All you do is stand up before the camera, make a few faces and go through your part. It's the easiest way I know to make money, and I want a lot of it so I can buy horses." He then went into the more intricate details and respective merits of three-gaited and five-gaited mounts, not to mention an amazing display of knowledge on hunters.

Actually, as I say, Jackie has a charming personality, as unlike those characters he portrays on the screen as night from day. Because he is so talented an actor, he's the loneliest boy in Hollywood.

Jackie, at thirteen, is acknowledged one of the consummate actors on the screen. "Shucks, it's easy to act," he says. "All you have to do is stand before the camera, make faces, and go through your part."

AN ACTOR—IN THREE WEEKS

By Raymond W. Porter

A modest, intensely sincere young fellow is George Murphy, who has been jerked into the spotlight and is quietly and grimly trying to make a place for himself.

The very thought that his talented wife might have to support him precipitated George Murphy into a stage career for which he had no previous training. The world may have lost a promising young engineer, but movie fans are happier, because of him, so all is well.

IT'S o good trick if you con do it. George Murphy did. And he storted out to be on engineer, too.

He's not much of on engineer, though he spent years ot Yale ond elsewhere preporing for thot profession.

But he's o first-rote octor, with only three weeks of preporotion for o theotricol coreer before londing his first job on the stoge.

He jumped into the movies quite os unceremoniously. His first ossignment wos the juvenile leod in Eddie Contor's "Kid Millions." Next he ployed o leoding rôle in "Jeolousy." Then "I'll Love You Alwoys," with Noncy Corroll.

But why this stortling difference of time spent in preporotion for these two professions? Is it so much eosier, then, to be on octor thon on engineer?

"It depends o good deol on the mon," soys Murphy. "But principolly, I think, on the incentive. You see, there wos Julie——"

When George met Julie he hod just finished his first, ond his lost, engineering job. This wos on the end of o pick hondle in o Pennsylvonio coal mine. In so for os he wos concerned ot thot time, people thereofter could burn oil or wood or old newspopers, or could move to o wormer climote.

So he hod gone to New York to help build o skyscroper. But it seemed thot New York didn't core for ony more skyscropers just then. And they olso hod oll the young engineers they needed. So George got o job running errands for o bonking house in Woll Street.

Then he ron into Julie. She hod come to New York to go on the stoge, just one of the thousonds who hod come for thot some purpose.

But to George she wos not just one of the thousonds—she wos the one in o million. Nor wos George to her just on engineer tromping the streets, looking for o job. He wos the young engineer who wos destined to shore her life.

They were both fighting ogoinst overwhelming odds. They both hod couroge ond vision ond youth. They both thrilled to life, ond to love, in spite of the foct thot life seemed to hove no economic niche for them. There was olwoys love. And thot wos the thrilling thing obout life, ofter oll.

At lost, Julie got her chonce. It would toke her out of town; down to Florido, in foct, with o rood show. But she wos overwhelmed with excitement. Her chonce, ot last! After oll these months of struggle ond disoppointment. Wosn't it grond? Wosn't it just too good to be true?

Of course, George wos glod. He tried very hord to be glod. "Sure, honey, sure. It's greot. I'm tickled to deoth for you. But—but——"

"Don't you want to leove New York?"

"I? Where do I come in on this?"

"Don't be silly, George. I'll be moking enough for both of us to live on, ond you might get o good job in Florido."

"Oh, so you think I'll let my wife support me, do you, while I hong oround the stoge door?"

And thot's how George hoppened to go on the stoge.

He wouldn't let Julie go alone. He had to make a place for himself with that stock company.

They were scheduled to leave in three weeks. George went to work. And how he worked! He'd had no stage training, and he had taken an himself a task that looked hopeless; a good deal more hopeless than landing a job as an engineer. But this time George had something besides himself to fight for. And this time George would not admit defeat.

He didn't become an actor in three weeks, but he did learn a dance routine which got him in the show. And this was the beginning of his new career.

Later George appeared in several stage shows, including "Of Thee I Sing," "Roberta," "Hold Everything," and "Good News." Heywood Broun gave him his first real chance to act. That was in "Shoot the Works."

Then came the big break. Vivian Janis, a Follies girl, was due for a screen test with her dancing partner. The dancing partner became ill. A friend of George's at the Fox studio in New York called him to fill in. George, always obliging, went to the studio. It was his job just to go through the routine with Vivian. It was she who was getting the test, not he. But the outcome was as ironic as most outcomes in the movies. George got the contract, and Vivian didn't.

And George got a real contract, tao. Not just a bit player. Not just a part in some obscure short. But a real part in "Kid Millions," and then a leading rôle in "Jealousy" with Nancy Carroll. In one jump he was right with the toppers.

Sincerity is his chief personal characteristic. There is nothing of the egoist or show-off in the manner of George Murphy. In this respect he is like his old friend, Fred Astaire. He and Freddie used to haunt the night clubs and theaters in New York, studying dances. He says that Astaire is unquestionably the greatest dancer of the day.

He says it with absolute sincerity, and no tinge of jealousy. He says it in a low, well-modulated voice, with a glance that is level, frank, almost naïve. Nothing of the belligerency his rôle in "Jealousy" made imperative. Just a modest, intensely sincere young fellow, who has been jerked into the spotlight of movie fame and is quietly and grimly determined to make a place for himself among the top-notchers.

He and Julie have been married for seven years. Julie has turned down numerous offers for a screen test. She prefers her home, and George, and the dogs.

George goes in for Kerry-blue terriers, a hunting dog and the oldest breed of Irish dog known. He spends most of his spare time with his dogs. But he doesn't have a lot of spare time.

In his newest picture with Nancy Carroll, "After the Dance," you'll have an opportunity to see George display his dancing ability.

George is very proud of the fact that he was born on July 4th, and he and Julie had a grand celebration with friends on his recent thirty-second birthday. New Haven, Connecticut, is his home town, which is the reason he chose Yale for his Alma Mater.

He stands just five feet eleven, with brown hair and Irish-blue eyes, tipping the scales at one hundred and seventy-eight pounds.

He is under contract to Columbia, and has been assigned to an important part in their production of "Lady Beware," in which Jean Arthur has the leading rôle.

To have made such a positive place for himself in a comparatively short time would indicate that it was more than mere chance which first brought him to the stage and eventually to the screen.

His pleasing personality and unassuming manner are assets in his favor, and it is the sincere wish of all who come in contact with him at the studio that his career will be marked with progress.

If there is anything to the common belief that Luck is always on the side of the Irish, there is every reason to believe that she will not desert this Murphy lad.

He considers Fred Astaire aur greatest dancer. Who knows but that some day this same Freddie will find himself sharing honors with his old friend?

Anyway, gaod luck to you, George!

In "After the Dance," his next film, George has an opportunity to display his dancing talent. Incidentally, this is his third consecutive picture with Nancy Carroll, which should be a compliment to the young Irishman.

Photo by Lippman

DOUBLY BLESSED

By Helen Ludlam

Richard Dix's long, successful career is enough to make him smugly happy. But it wasn't himself that Dix was interested in discussing, but rather his three-month-old twins. The author had all she could do to curb his enthusiasm over his bundle from Heaven.

Photo by Wide World

Richard Dix just before he sailed for England to make "The Tunnel" for Gaumont-British, with Madge Evans and Conrad Veidt.

WELL, well! That ever I should see the day when the much-courted, elusive Richard Dix would settle down as a Benedict—and like it. Of course, the advent of the twins has had a good deal to do with his thralldom. One baby will turn the head of any father, but when two appear at once a man is apt to become slightly delirious.

But it was the career of Richard Dix that prompted my talk with him, he will be surprised to learn, not emotion about the twins. Almost any man can be and is a father, but comparatively few can be actors with as many years of success as Richard can boast of.

I didn't dare tell him that. He'd have dropped me out the window if I had, so I had to humor him a little and I cooed, "I suppose they look like you, Richard?" But I was touched when he flashed a swift, delighted smile and said, "That's what people think."

That stopped me a minute, and I thought what a wise, level-headed girl Mrs. Dix must be to have wrought such a change in the turbulent Richard. His frequent references to her showed how greatly he missed her, but no mother in her right mind would think of taking babies on a long trip unless she had to, and as Richard said, he'd only be gone six weeks.

I suppose Richard Dix has been "through," or so he thought, more times than any other star. No one else thought so, not even a studio which is quick to note the cooling public, and his contracts were always renewed. But every so often he would get restless and discontented and feel that he was just treading water and not acting at all.

The first time I met him he was in one of those moods. It was during an army picture he made and I went with the company to Coronado, California, to write up the location. It didn't matter that his contract had been renewed, and just when talking pictures were rearing their noisy heads and every actor was shaky about his future. This mark of confidence didn't cheer him a bit. He had been doing what he called "so-so" pictures for six months; he was doing one now and life was very sad indeed.

And they had given him another inexperienced actress as a leading woman for the third consecutive time. Poor Richard! He was always given new people to break in. If there was ever a little girl who the producers thought had ability and promise they'd save her for a Dix picture, believing him to be popular enough to carry the burden of her inexperience and knowing him to be too kind-hearted to deny her a break.

But Richard's chivalry was rewarded. I happened to be on the set when he got news from Hollywood that the studio had just the story for him to follow the picture he was then on. It was to be a second "Vanishing American." It was to be the greatest picture ever made. It would make the name of Richard Dix immortal. The name of the picture was "Redskin," and it should have been the marvelous achievement claimed for it, and I think it would have been but for one thing.

Once more, and this time fatally, the studio made the mistake of giving the star a novice to play opposite him. She was only fifteen and such a child that when the director limited her to one soda pop a day because she had made herself ill with a dozen the day before, she cried for an hour. A fine specimen she was to put into an emotional rôle that would have taxed the most experienced actress! It finished her career right then and there.

Although the picture seemed flat in spots when released,

Continued on page 70

MY PAL JIMMY

An old school chum discusses James Cagney more accurately, perhaps, than any other story ever published about him. He confides that "it's funny to the gang who know him so well to see Jimmy cast as the tough guy."

By Ethel H. Barron

IF I know Jimmy—and boy, how I know Jimmy!—he must have got a laugh out of Max Reinhardt's selection of him as Hollywood's best actor. Jimmy considers his career a streok of luck, and the whole acting business a racket."

Andrew Hacker and I were discussing his favorite topic, James Cagney. Andrew lived in Yorkville at the time Jimmy did, went to the same school with him, swam with him, and knows him as well as, if not better than, his own family.

"Poor Jimmy! I can just see him wincing under the blight of Reinhardt's send-off. He's been in the news a lot lately, hasn't he? First they had him down as a communist, a socialist, just because he contributed $10,000 to the strikers in California. What most people don't understand is that Jimmy's a champion of the underdog—always was and always will be. When he contributed thot money, he did it not because he was interested in the communistic movement, but because he was sorry for the strikers.

"He was always that way. I remember something that tells it better than I can. When we were about fifteen Jimmy and I rented a bungalow in New Jersey. Jimmy was walking along the road one day and happened to see on accident. A guy had been hit by a truck. The company swore the man had been drunk and, therefore, it wasn't responsible. But Jimmy knew darned well he hadn't been.

"Time and time the case was postponed, the company figuring that if it was put off often enough, the only damaging witness would get tired of coming. But Jimmy fooled them. Despite inconvenience to himself, he was Jimmy-on-the-spot every time the case came up for trial. Finally, the company settled. I truly believe it was to get rid of Jimmy.

"He's the most generous soul I ever met," Andy continued, "especially to his family. They've only to express a wish and presto!—it's theirs. He'd always treat the bunch, in spite of our protests, whenever we went out and he didn't have any too much money in those days. He couldn't have made more than a couple of dollars a week as wrapper in a department store where he worked on Saturday afternoons.

"Now that he's got more, he spends more. His wife holds the purse strings now because she knows Jimmy's so generous that if it depended on him, they'd be penniless. He's satisfied with that arrangement. In fact, he suggested it. He knows his own failing."

I asked Andy how he happened to become such a good pal of Jimmy's.

"We went to high school together and we both lived in the same neighborhoad. He was ane of the most popular fellows there. Everybody liked him. He was a little gentleman always, despite the fact that he was brought up in some of the toughest districts. We used to go swimming together during the summer. Jimmy's a champion and he's won several medals. But you'll never get him to show them to you."

Andy cackled and I knew that a new reminiscence was on the way.

"I'll never forget the time we rented that Jersey bungalow. That was an exciting summer for us. One of the boys owned a boat he had bought the year before. The rowboat had been in dry dock for the winter and needed calking. Not being any too well acquainted with rowboats, we took it out of dry dock, put it on the lake without having it calked and set out for a nice row. Before we knew it, the boat filled with water and sonk. It's lucky we knew how to swim!"

Incidentally, Jimmy is o terrible sailor. He gets seasick even on a ferryboat.

"It's so funny to the gang who know him so well to see Jimmy cast as a tough guy," said Andy. "When

Continued on p. 69

Photo by Fryer

"Tough guys are supposed to be hard-hearted," says an intimate friend, "but Jimmy's heart must be made of jello."

JOAN CRAWFORD—"Ambition."

JOHN BEAL—"Fear."

PAUL MUNI—"Power."

ALICE FAYE—"Self-confidence."

JAMES DUNN—"Confusion."

EACH A DIFFERENT

This unusual analysis of the stars reveals the dominant characteristic that explains why we are drawn to some and repelled by others.

"AN actor is a many-sided personality," Madge Bellamy once said to me. "We are mostly moods. But one dominating trait in our personalities stamps itself on the public mind. By this ruling trait we gain popularity."

Indeed, there is something to this. I have often heard people say "I like so-and-so, for she seems to have so many of my mannerisms."

It would seem that most of us go to see our favorites only because we see a reflected part of ourselves.

Naturally the more versatile they are in their portrayals, the more famous they become. And the more universal the dominating trait is, the bigger the fan following will be. But after all, the players impress themselves on the public through one chief characteristic.

It is not very difficult to pick out the dominating traits and characteristics among Hollywood's famous. If you watch them closely you will see for yourself.

In Katharine Hepburn we have a personality that symbolizes the present time—the new age. "Revelation" is Hepburn's trait. One might even say surprised revelation. It is the greatest asset any actress could have. When Hepburn looks upon love or sorrow or happiness in her screen portrayals, she tops all others.

Whenever I see Elissa Landi on the screen, or talk with her in actuality, she suggests "Combat." That is, she seems to have the knack of making others start to think within themselves. Perhaps her creative talents give the impression of conflict, for conflict goes with creation. Landi is the only actress who can throw me into temporary silence, a feat almost beyond the belief of my friends.

Neil Hamilton stands for one very definite thing on the screen, "Sincerity." He convinces you that he actually believes what he is doing, and is the man he portrays. This is an excellent trait for any actor to

LEW AYRES—"Doubt."

VIRTUE

By William H. McKegg

passess; that is, if he hapes far langer papularity than a few years. In persan, Neil reveals ane fixed trait, wariness. He seems ta fear that na ane takes him seriausly.

The grawing papularity af Maureen O'Sullivan cames fram the daminating trait uppermast in her real self, "Reflectian."

Maureen reflects thase things which attract her. That is why sa few peaple understand her. She appears ta them as insincere. This is entirely wrang, far there is nabady mare sincere than the O'Sullivan. Of late, Maureen has altered. Her inner self seems ta be grawing inta full blaam. Her acting shaws this. When she fully reflects herself, Maureen will became an autstanding actress.

A yaung chap wha has came ta the frant ranks is Jahn Beal. His perfarmance with Hepburn in "The Little Minister" ends all arguments against his impartance. In camman with the rest, Mr. Beal has ane daminating trait in his persanality, "Fear."

Let me explain what I mean. In the several parts he has played, Jahn apprraached the varias situatians as if filled with fear, afraid af what he was daing, ar what might happen. This is anather gaad trait far any actar ta passess. Mast af us in life are afraid af mast abstacles laaming ahead af us. Seeing Mr. Beal reveal this an the screen causes us ta feel akin ta him.

Sa evident has been Jaan Crawfard's daminating trait that it will be nathing new far me ta write "Ambitian." In her screen rôles, Jaan reveals ambitian and desire, desire far knawledge and greater things. Her vast papularity cames fram this trait, far it is universal. In her the warld sees achievement.

Jaan has at many times been ridiculed far her many changes af character. Why, I da nat knaw. The persan wha daes nat change is the

Continued on page 71

KATHARINE HEPBURN—"Revelation."

TOM BROWN—"Uncertainty."

CREEN

"BECKY SHARP."

: most aggressively publicized picture of the 'n must be seen and studied and weighed. gh important, it is disappointing. Its strong- /irtue is its handicap. Photographed entirely olor, some of it beautiful, more often it is ous and distracting. One finds his attention dering from the actor who is acting to admire sheen of the rose in the corner, and practically ry scene has its roses, its medley of costumes h sharply contrasting ornamentation. There is, short, too much color and too much an exhibition what the camera can do to reproduce natural mentation. Monotones are needed. Yet there moments of exquisite beauty and moments, too, drama superbly accented by the use of Techni- or. However, aside from the rainbow hues that allenge the eye, there is little to applaud in the ture. The dramatization of "Vanity Fair" lacks hesion and it does not capture the spirit of hackeray. Nor does it offer a rounded portrait "Becky Sharp." Her life in the film ends ab- ptly when she happily dashes off to India with oseph Sedley." She fades out wreathed in a ery pink smile for as happy an ending as the creen has ever offered. Miriam Hopkins's acting ragged, at times tense, poignant, but she is often l at ease and shrill. Her conception is entirely odern. Sir Cedric Hardwicke earns first honors s the "Marquis of Steyne" and of all the players s the only one who fits into the early nineteenth entury. The others are costume-conscious or per- aps too color-conscious.

This third entry in the cycle of "G Men" films is best of all. It is more thrilling, the characterizations are less conventional and it is acted with exciting perfection and originality. Lionel Barrymore excels himself in one of the most humanly poignant portrayals that he has ever given. He is a brokendown surgeon in the pay of criminals, a wreck of the great doctor he might have been but for drink. Chester Morris, obscured of late, comes back in a part worthy of him, the heroic Federal "dick" who mingles with the men he is out to trap, and Paul Kelly, on the side of law and order, is stern and likable with splendid genuineness. The picture is a hit for Jean Arthur, too, but it is a newcomer from the stage, Joseph Calleia, who gives a new quality to underworld villainy at this late day. Tense, tigerish, he dominates the picture by the extreme magnetism of his presence and, of course, his fine repression which never breaks out in obvious acting. The story, naturally, deals with the government's round-up of the lawless element and you've seen nothing worth while until you see this.

"THE THIRTY-NINE STEPS."

While this doesn't offer Robert Donat the juicy rôle he handled so expertly in "The Count of Monte Cristo," fans won't be disappointed in this English-made picture. The story deals with spies who resort to a most unusual method of obtaining a secret vital to Britain's air defense. Donat, as "Hannay," finds himself innocently involved in tracking down the guilty persons. Though forced into many tight spots, he manages always to outwit his pursuers in a way which sometimes is intensely exciting and sometimes amusing. There is one touching scene when he seeks refuge at the farmhouse of an elderly Scotsman and his youthful wife. But by no means is the very natural and charming Madeleine Carroll, who plays the leading feminine rôle, to be overlooked. She, too, unwittingly is implicated in the plot. Though unwilling at first to believe "Hannay's" plea of innocence, it is easy to guess that she will eventually be convinced and assist him in running down and exposing the secret agents. For all those who have been demanding to see more of Robert Donat, there is every reason to believe that they will enjoy "The Thirty-nine Steps."

IN REVIEW

BY NORBERT LUSK

PICTURE PLAY'S HONOR LIST

"Becky Sharp" for its importance as a forward step in the development of color photography.

"Public Hero Number One" for sheer excitement in "G Men" melodrama.

The most impressive performances come from Sir Cedric Hardwicke, in "Becky Sharp"; Joseph Calleia, in "Public Hero Number One"; Louis Hayward, in "The Flame Within."

"NO MORE LADIES."

Again Joan Crawford plays her familiar rôle, again the minority who think her capable of a new one are overwhelmed by demand of the majority. Her pictures are standardized and apparently incapable of variation. The reason is, of course, that they are profitable and Miss Crawford is too valuable a star to experiment with in fresh fields. Meanwhile she stands still as an actress, vastly pleasing her perfervid admirers but leaving her more critical ones waiting for her to appear in a strong, romantic picture. Her new one, though disguised by extraordinarily handsome settings and new quirks in Adrian's costumes, is old material and weak at that. A very modern girl who knows the worldly answer to everything marries a playboy with her eyes wide open. When he doesn't come home on the 11:15 suburban train, she wilts and weeps and is sorry for herself. She doesn't face facts bravely, philosophically, or even reasonably. She goes into Victorian defeat. This is the unvarying prescription for a Joan Crawford picture. Then she plays a mild game of tit-for-tat, makes her husband jealous and forgives him in a gesture of divine compassion. You feel that neither husband nor wife has learned a thing and that they will go on tiffing as long as there is an audience. Miss Crawford has outgrown this glittering, superficial stuff. When will her public do likewise?

"STRANDED."

At last Kay Francis has a lively, diverting picture, her best in ages. Queerly, it combines the polite problems of a worker for the Travelers' Aid Society with the more brawny conflicts of iron and steel toilers, dropping one for the other with fine disregard for cohesive drama, but the delighted reaction of average audiences to the picture as a whole shows complete indifference to such shortcomings. The film entertains. That alone is what counts with members of the Francis cult. In it she is a coolly competent and sympathetic ministrant to a variety of troubled callers at her desk in a railway station, George Brent a childhood friend in charge of a construction job. The best part of the picture shows Mr. Brent's efforts to coax Miss Francis away from her job and her insistence on attention to duty. When all this is dropped and labor troubles become uppermost, the film loses its charm but not its interest. You will be surprised to know that Miss Francis somehow brings harmony to the battling riveters and makes them see the light.

"THE GLASS KEY."

George Raft gives the best account of himself in years, the best since "Scarface." The reason is not obscure. He returns, in this, to the underworld, the sinister, brutal underworld. There is no equivocation as there was in "Night After Night" and none of the sentimentality that has dimmed him in other pictures. He dominates as the star by consistent, convincing acting which shrewdly confines him to laconic speech through tight lips. The picture absorbs because of the characters and their acting instead of what concerns them. The plot, emerging slowly, never quite settles into a clear pattern, but there's no denying the arresting quality of what goes on. When Mr. Raft kicks Ray Milland in the shins, one is reminded of his coin-flipping in "Scarface." When he is beaten within an inch of his life by Guinn Williams, you feel that one more blow would be unbearable because the punishment is administered with such terrifying realism. In short, the acting is unusual and painfully realistic.

THE SCREEN IN REVIEW

"THE CLAIRVOYANT."

Claude Rains is important because he is arresting, disturbing, and unlike any other actor. But his British film is not important except in so far as it enables us to see him in one of his infrequent appearances. Again the fault is in the way the story is set forth. It doesn't come through clearly and with mounting drama. Yet separate episodes are imaginatively photographed and acted compellingly. The total, however, fails to stack up impressively. Mr. Rains is "Maximus," a vaudeville mind-reader who knows the trick of convincing audiences. Through association with a girl he becomes more than a charlatan. When she is near by he actually achieves second sight. His predictions come true, he foretells the Derby winner and warns against an underground explosion in a mine. Newspapers refuse to publish his predictions and the miners scoff at his warning. Then the disaster comes true. He is blamed for it and brought to trial when another vision enables him to "see" the trapped miners. All this doesn't exactly make sense, but Mr. Rains makes it interesting.

"THE FLAME WITHIN."

Given all the richness of production and smoothness of continuity and conversation for which MGM is famous, Edmund Goulding's new picture is heavily pretentious and empty save for good acting. Its treatment of psychiatry is superficial, as if courage were lacking in delving deeper into the subject. Challenging comparison with "Private Worlds," it falls into second place. A woman doctor treats a young alcoholic and unites him with the neurotic girl who loves him. But in rehabilitating him and bringing happiness to the pair, the doctor has fallen in love with him. Out of this tangle a happy ending somehow comes through, if you can believe what you see. Louis Hayward, a newcomer from the stage, plays the young inebriate with finesse, charm, and distinction, giving a clear, understandable portrayal that vibrates with superior intelligence. Maureen O'Sullivan has moments of brilliance as the half-crazed girl, with Henry Stephenson and Herbert Marshall vying with each other as human, worldly gentlemen. Ann Harding is more a gracious star than a troubled doctor. She doesn't indicate contact with suffering humanity.

"CHARLIE CHAN IN EGYPT."

The eighth adventure of the Chinese detective is as good as the best, a really entertaining mystery attractively arranged against Egyptian backgrounds and atmosphere. The settings and props mean more than usual, especially to those interested in decorations seldom seen in films. But the picture has more than this, much more. "Charlie Chan" is assigned to explain the appearance in European museums of valuable objects recently excavated and owned by a government-financed expedition. His deductions are fascinating and Warner Oland's fine characterization makes them wholly believable as he smoothly, suavely, and politely comes in conflict with those who resent and doubt him. The picture is excellently acted throughout, Pat Paterson making a charming heroine and that very talented character juvenile, James Eagles, giving a fine exhibition of overwrought nerves as her brother. A good-looking newcomer, Thomas Beck, will please fans and such reliables as Stepin Fetchit, Frank Conroy, Jameson Thomas, and Paul Porcasi give authority to their respective rôles.

"OUR LITTLE GIRL."

Shirley Temple is the victim of a dreary tale of divorce which attempts to combine "Little Friend" and "Wednesday's Child" and only succeeds in yielding a weak picture. Yet, because of this handicap, Shirley's acting is more interesting than usual and is, of course, well worth studying. There is nothing to distract one's attention from it, certainly not the marital difficulties of her screen parents who decide to divorce for no valid reason and who are easily reconciled. So overwhelmed are Joel McCrea and Rosemary Ames in the rôles of parents that they do not succeed in establishing hardly more than casual relationship with Shirley. One never feels that they are doing more than pretending to be her father and mother. It is in a short scene with J. Farrell MacDonald, as a tramp, that Shirley has her most brilliant moment, although there are many winsome interludes. There is uncanny depth and understanding in her acting when she confides her troubles to the derelict. One has only to see her in this scene to realize that the child is unconsciously a genius or something very near it.

Photo by William Walling, Jr.

KITTY CARLISLE

FEW players from the stage have "caught on" with as little effort as Kitty Carlisle. She needs only to pour forth her smooth, beautifully true voice and remain serenely dignified for admirers to pledge undying loyalty. The New Orleans mocking bird will next be heard in the Marx Brothers' "A Night at the Opera."

CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES

"BECKY SHARP"—Pioneer. Screen play by Francis Edward Faragoh, based on Thackeray's "Vanity Fair." Directed by Rouben Mamoulian.

CAST:

Becky Sharp....Miriam Hopkins
Amelia Sedley....Frances Dee
Marquis of Steyne....Cedric Hardwicke
Lady Bareacres....Billie Burke
Miss Crawley....Alison Skipworth
William Dobbin....Colin Tapley
George Osborne....G. P. Huntley, Jr.
Pitt Crawley....William Stack
Sir Pitt Crawley....George Hassell
Duke of Wellington....William Faversham
General Tufto....Charles Richman
Duchess of Richmond....Doris Lloyd
Tarquin....Leonard Mudie
Lady Blanche....Bunny Beatty
Bowles....Charles Coleman
Briggs....May Beatty
Miss Flowery....Finis Barton
Joseph Sedley....Nigel Bruce
Rawdon Crawley....Alan Mowbray

"PUBLIC HERO NUMBER ONE"—MGM. Screen play by J. Walter Ruben and Wells Root. Directed by Mr. Ruben.

CAST:

Doctor....Lionel Barrymore
Theresa....Jean Arthur
Jeff Crane....Chester Morris
Sonny....Joseph Calleia
Duff....Paul Kelly
Warden Alcott....Lewis Stone
Mose....Sam Baker
Rufe Parker....Paul Hurst
Butch....George E. Stone
Truck Driver....John Kelly
Simpson....Selmar Jackson
Andrews....Lawrence Wheat
Little Girl....Cora Sue Collins
Mrs. Higgins....Lillian Harmer

"THE THIRTY-NINE STEPS"—Gaumont-British. From the novel by John Buchan. Adapted by Charles Bennett. Directed by Alfred Hitchcock.

CAST:

Hannay....Robert Donat
Pamela....Madeleine Carroll
Professor Jordan....Godfrey Tearle
Mrs. Jordan....Helen Haye
Miss Smith....Lucie Mannheim
Crofter's Wife....Peggy Ashcroft
Crofter....John Laurie
The Sheriff....Frank Cellier
Mr. Memory....Wylie Watson
Maid....Peggy Simpson

"NO MORE LADIES"—MGM. From the play by A. E. Thomas. Screen story by Donald Ogden Stewart and Horace Jackson. Directed by Edward H. Griffith.

CAST:

Marcia....Joan Crawford
Sherry....Robert Montgomery
Edgar....Charles Ruggles
Jim....Franchot Tone
Fanny....Edna May Oliver
Theresa....Gail Patrick
Oliver....Reginald Denny
Lady Diana Moulton....Vivienne Osborne
Caroline....Joan Burfield
Lord Moulton....Arthur Treacher
Duffy....David Horsley
Sally....Jean Chatburn

"THE GLASS KEY"—Paramount. From the story by Dashiell Hammett. Screen play by Kubec Glasmon and Kathryn Scola. Directed by Frank Tuttle.

CAST:

Ed Beaumont....George Raft
Paul Madvig....Edward Arnold
Janet Henry....Claire Dodd
Taylor Henry....Ray Milland
Opal Madvig....Rosalind Keith
Senator Henry....Charles Richman
"Mom"....Emma Dunn
Shad O'Rory....Robert Gleckler
Jeff....Guinn Williams
Clarkie....Tammany Young
Henry Sloss....Harry Tyler
Farr....Charles C. Wilson
Puggy....Matt McHugh
Mulrooney....Pat Moriarity
Duke....Mack Gray
Walter Ivans....Frank Marlowe
Nurse....Ann Sheridan
Reporter....Alfred Delcambre

"STRANDED"—Warners. From the story "Lady With a Badge," by Frank Wead and Ferdinand Reyher. Adapted by Delmer Daves. Directed by Frank Borzage.

CAST:

Lynn Palmer....Kay Francis
Mack Hale....George Brent
Velma Tuthill....Patricia Ellis
John Wesley....Donald Woods
Stanislaus Janauschek....Robert Barrat
Sharkey....Barton MacLane
Quinn....Joseph Crehan
Updyke....William Harrigan
Marvel Young....Shirley Grey
Jennie Holden....June Travis
Tuthill....Henry O'Neill
Jimmy Rivers....Frankie Darro
Mike Gibbons....John Wray
Lizzie....Mae Busch
Grace Dean....Mary Forbes
Miss Walsh....Florence Fair
Mrs. Tuthill....Ann Shoemaker
Jack....Gavin Gordon
Tim Powers....Edwin McWade
Diane Nichols....Joan Gay

"THE CLAIRVOYANT"—Gaumont-British. Story by Ernst Lothar. Directed by Maurice Elvey.

CAST:

Maximus....Claude Rains
Rene....Fay Wray
Christine....Jane Baxter
Simon....Ben Field
Madame....Mary Clare
Customs Officer....Jack Raine
Lodginghouse Keeper....Margaret Davidge
Bimeter....Denier Warren
Derelict....Donald Calthrop

"THE FLAME WITHIN"—MGM. Story and direction by Edmund Goulding.

CAST:

Mary White....Ann Harding
Gordon Phillips....Herbert Marshall
Lillian Belton....Maureen O'Sullivan
Jack Kerry....Louis Hayward
Jock Frazier....Henry Stephenson
Mrs. Grenfell....Margaret Seddon
Rigby....George Hassell
Murdock....Eily Malyon
Nurse Carter....Claudelle Kaye

"CHARLIE CHAN IN EGYPT"—Fox. Based on the character created by Earl Derr Biggers. Screen story by Robert Ellis and Helen Logan. Directed by Louis King.

CAST:

Charlie Chan....Warner Oland
Carol Arnold....Pat Paterson
Tom Evans....Thomas Beck
Nayda....Rita Cansino
Doctor Anton Racine....Jameson Thomas
Professor Thurston....Frank Conroy
Edfu Ahmad....Nigel de Brulier
Barry Arnold....James Eagles
Fouad Soucida....Paul Porcasi
Dragoman....Arthur Stone
Snowshoes....Stepin Fetchit

"OUR LITTLE GIRL"—Fox. From the story by Florence Leighton Pfalzgraf. Screen play by Stephen Avery and Allen Rivkin. Directed by John Robertson.

CAST:

Molly Middleton....Shirley Temple
Elsa Middleton....Rosemary Ames
Doctor Donald Middleton....Joel McCrea
Rolfe Brent....Lyle Talbot
Sarah Boynton....Erin O'Brien-Moore
Circus Performer....Poodles Hanneford
Amy....Margaret Armstrong
Alice....Rita Owin
Jackson....Leonard Carey
Mr. Tramp....J. Farrell MacDonald
Layton, the druggist....Jack Baxley

"SANDERS OF THE RIVER"—London Films. Based on the Edgar Wallace book. Screen play by Lajos Biro and Jeffrey Dell. Directed by Zoltan Korda.

CAST:

Bosambo....Paul Robeson
Sanders....Leslie Banks
Lilongo....Nina Mae McKinney
Tibbets....Robert Cochrane
Ferguson....Martin Walker
Hamilton....Richard Grey
Mofolaba....Tony Wane
Firiuf....Marquis de Portago
Smith....Eric Maturin
Father O'Leary....Allan Jeayes
Governor of the Territory....Charles Carson

"VAGABOND LADY"—MGM. From the story by Frank Butler. Directed by Sam Taylor.

CAST:

Tony Spear....Robert Young
Josephine Spiggins....Evelyn Venable
R. D. Spear....Berton Churchill
John Spear....Reginald Denny
"Spiggs" Spiggins....Frank Craven
Corky Nye....Forrester Harvey
Willie....Dan Crimmons
Mr. Higginbotham....Ferdinand Gottschalk

"IN CALIENTE"—First National. From the screen play by Jerry Wald and Julius Epstein. Story and adaptation by Ralph Block and Warren Duff. Directed by Lloyd Bacon.

CAST:

Larry MacArthur....Pat O'Brien
Rita Gomez....Dolores del Rio
Clara....Glenda Farrell
Uncle Jose....Leo Carrillo
Harold Brandon....Edward Everett Horton
Dance team....The DeMarcos
Singer....Winifred Shaw
Singer in café....Phil Regan
The Man....William Davidson
Biggs....Harry Holman
Florist....Herman Bing
Secretary (Miss Larry)....Florence Fair
Newspaper Reporter....John Hyams
Entertainer....Olive Jones
Mexican Hill Billy....Judy Canova

"MEN WITHOUT NAMES"—Paramount. Based on a story by Dale Van Every. Screen play by Kubec Glasmon and Marguerite Roberts. Directed by Ralph Murphy.

CAST:

Richard Hood....Fred MacMurray
"Dick" Grant....Fred MacMurray
Helen Sherwood....Madge Evans
Gabby Lambert....Lynne Overman
David Sherwood....David Jack Holt
Sam "Red" Hammond....John Wray
Major Newcomb....J. C. Nugent
Monk....Leslie Fenton
Crawford....Herbert Rawlinson
Jones....Dean Jagger
Andrew Webster....Grant Mitchell
Butch....Clyde Dilson
Drew....Arthur Aylesworth
Adams....Russ Clark
Leahy....Frank Shannon
Steve....Harry Tyler
The Kid....Paul Fix
Becky....Helen Shipman
Louie....George Lloyd
Nurse Simpson....Hilda Vaughn

"ALIAS MARY DOW"—Universal. Based on a story by Forrest Halsey and William A. Johnston. Adapted by Gladys Unger, Rose Franken, and Arthur Caesar. Directed by Kurt Neumann.

CAST:

Sally Gates....Sally Eilers
Peter Marshall....Raymond Milland
Henry Dow....Henry O'Neill
Evelyn Dow....Katherine Alexander
Jimmy Kane....Chick Chandler
Mary Dow....Baby Jane
Martin....Addison Richards
Minna....Lola Lane
Rufe....Clarence Muse

"BLACK SHEEP"—Fox. Story and direction by Allan Dwan. Screen play by Allen Rivkin.

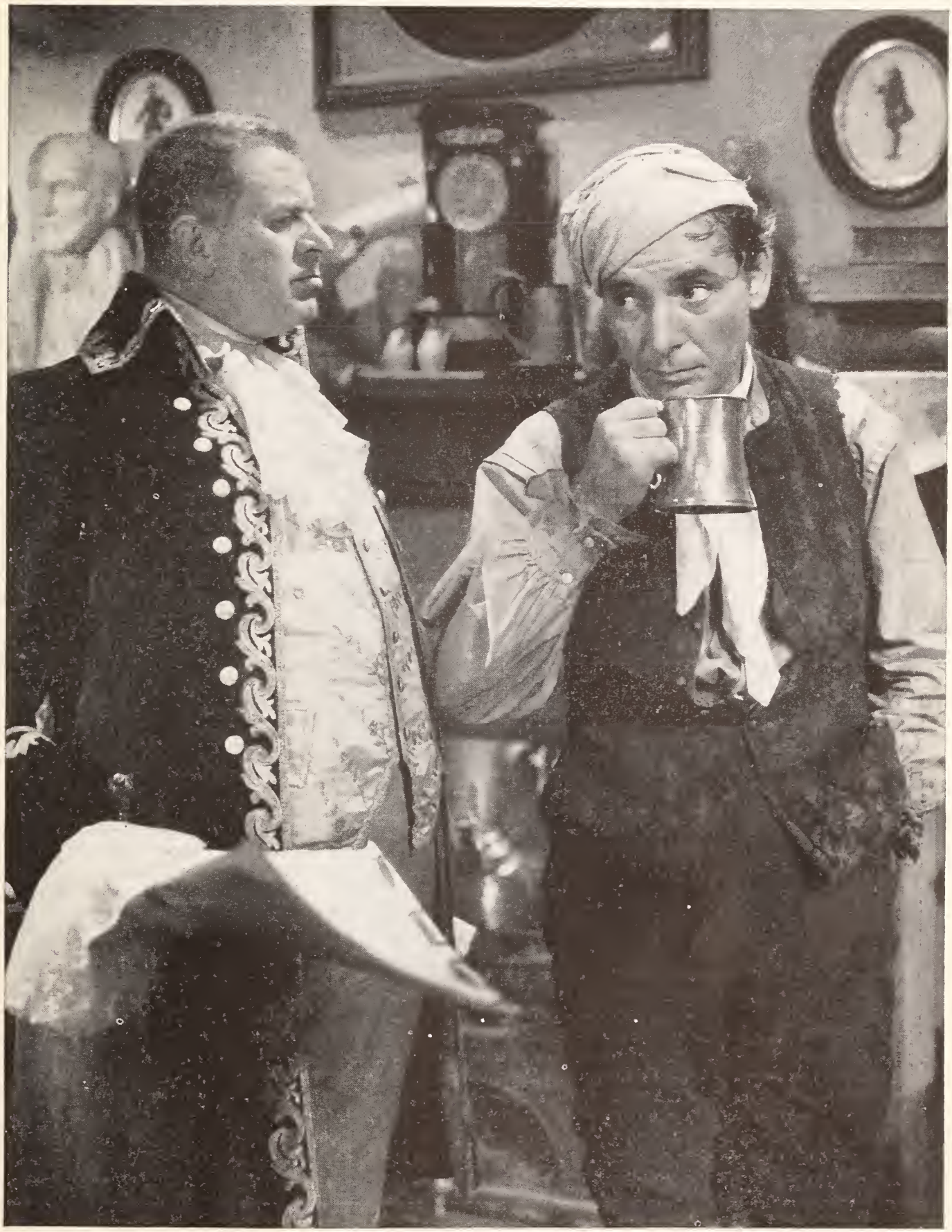
CAST:

John Francis Dugan....Edmund Lowe
Janette Foster....Claire Trevor
Fred Curtis....Tom Brown
Colonel Upton Calhoun Belcher....Eugene Pallette
Mrs. Millicent Caldwell Bath....Adrienne Ames
Oscar....Herbert Mundin
Mather....Ford Sterling
Orville Schmelling....Jed Prouty
Alfred Schmelling....Billy Bevan
Captain Savage....David Torrence

"PRINCESS CHARMING"—Gaumont-British. Based on the script of L. du Garde Peach. Directed by Maurice Elvey.

CAST:

Princess Charming....Evelyn Laye
Captain Launa....Henry Wilcoxon
Countess Annette....Yvonne Arnaud
King....George Grossmith
Chuff....Max Miller
Ernest....Ivor Maclaren
Seegman....Finlay Currie
Ivonoff....Ivor Barnard
Alakiev....Francis Sullivan
Louis....Dino Galvani



RONALD COLMAN and REGINALD OWEN

AT LAST! The first glimpse of what must surely be one of the really important pictures of the new season, "A Tale of Two Cities," second offering in the cycle of Charles Dickens's works to be filmed in the modern manner. Mr. Colman is, of course, "Sidney Carton," and Mr. Owen is "Stryvver." "Oliver Twist" will follow, with Freddie Bartholomew in the title rôle.

Continued from page 31

They Say in New York——

suddenly lost his distinction of being unlike other actors. He is determined to play "Hamlet."

Glamour at Ellis Island.—Frank Lawton, of "David Copperfield" fame, and his wife, Evelyn Laye, are coming back to the United States as immigrants just in case they should decide to become naturalized. He will play opposite Margaret Sullavan in "Time Out of Mind." She will continue on the stage, which is more kind to her than the camera is.

Hearts Stand By to Flutter.—When Michael Bartlett finished his part opposite Grace Moore in "Love Me Forever," he flew East to visit his family, prominent in textile manufacturing and banking circles in Massachusetts. Also, he hoped to visit Princeton, from which he was graduated in 1924 and to whose Triangle Club he is indebted for starting him on a stage career.

When the picture was previewed, however, Columbia ordered him to return at once to play opposite Claudette Colbert in "She Married Her Boss." Mr. Bartlett, as the quaint saying goes, has everything. Collegiate in manner and athletic in looks, his operatic training in Italy has given him the volatile gestures of an Italian. He wears the most amazing shoes you have ever seen, made all in one piece.

The Cow Barn Circuit.—Clarence Brown is touring New England in search of local color for the film "Ah, Wilderness," and is taking a look at the far-famed little theaters of the region en route. Among the promising local talent he is headed to see are Will Rogers's daughter and Ed Wynn's son at Skowhegan, Maine, that promising young Thespian, Katherine Hepburn, at Saybrook, Connecticut, and Irene Rich all over the map.

Getting Away from It All.—Robert Montgomery got restless in Hollywood and decided that what he needed was a long vacation in the rustic simplicity of his farm near White Plains, which is just about as rustic and simple as a national park with a State capitol building thrown in. A few days of that palled, and he was off to Europe to try the idyllic quiet of Monte Carlo.

Local Girl Makes Good.—Marguerite Swope has landed with Paramount after some long detours. She grew up in Hollywood, danced at a theater there as a child, and at the Hollywood School for Girls directed plays in which an extraordinarily pretty girl named Harlean Carpenter appeared.

After playing extra in some of the DeMille pictures just because all the crowd was doing it, Marguerite came to New York to go on the stage. The theater is, and probably will remain, her passion. When there isn't a part for her in New York, she skips off to a stock company—it was Cleveland last winter where she was the local idol—and played anything from tragedy to farce. She would feel right at home in Hollywood even if it weren't the old homestead, because among the young hopefuls who used to haunt her apartment to be cheered by a cup of tea and her enthusiasm are those two rising young players, John Beal and Erik Rhodes.

Living Up to His Pictures.—Tullio Carminati is a great satisfaction to a girl who has found too many actors just shrewd business men when encountered away from the grease paint. In his New York apartment, which he keeps year after year even though he is far away, Mr. Carminati is surrounded by the romantic trappings that might be a stage set. There are innumerable photographs of lovely ladies, heaps of books new and old, a grand piano heaped high with music.

He has two great gifts which make time speed when you are talking to him. He speaks little and draws others out with the most sly and flattering manner, and when he does speak it is with acute and worldly observation.

He is a little tired of two legends that America has enveloped him in: that he was Duse's leading man on her last tour here, and that he is an opera singer. As a young man he did play in Duse's company in Italy. The nearest he ever got to being an opera singer was playing one in "Strictly Dishonorable."

Nelson Eddy followed his successful starring début in "Naughty Marietta" with a concert tour that swept him to even greater success. The studio's forgotten man no longer, he is at work on another musical film with Jeanette MacDonald. "Americans Can Sing, Too," which you will see in the fall.

Is Janet Gaynor Ready to Mature?

Continued from page 13

She began to study voice and dancing and fencing. She had shown natural, spontaneous talent for these things before. Now she wanted to take them up seriously.

Suddenly Janet emerged from her seclusion and became one of the gayest young women in Hollywood. She was seen in all the night clubs, those gay and expensive places where only really important picture people are admitted. First one young man and then another. She had the village gossips in a twitter.

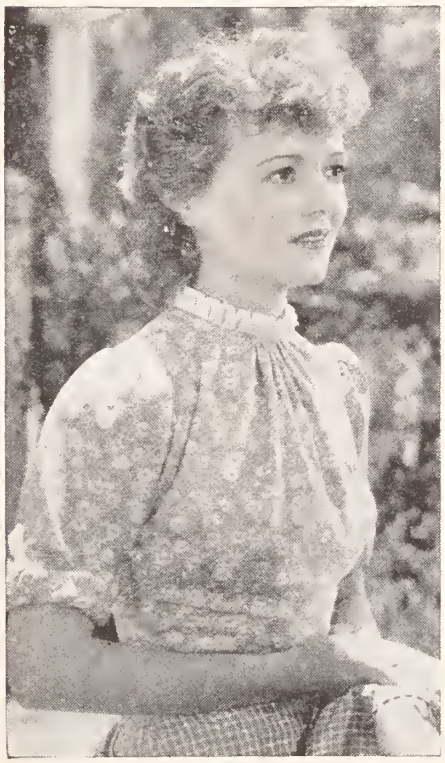
Following her excellent performance in "State Fair," a picture which she did not want to make at all, Fox gave her more serious rôles to play.

As this is written, "The Farmer Takes a Wife" has had only one "sneak" preview and I have not seen it. But I understand that Fox executives are patting each other and saying, "There! Janet is going to give us something important, yet!"

She nearly always, you know, falls in love with her leading man. And when it was announced that Henry Fonda would play opposite her in "The Farmer Takes a Wife," the gossips were busy. So busy, in fact, that when the two finally met on the set, they were so self-conscious that neither could work with any assurance for the first few days. They recovered after a short time, but there was a distinct coolness between them for the duration of the picture.

A close friend of Janet said, "Janet has to have a flavor of romance in her life. It isn't merely that she loves flattery, as what woman doesn't? And since her separation from Lydell Peck, she flees in dismay whenever a romance appears to be reaching a serious stage. But she likes to toy with it, flirt with it, consider it at a safe distance.

"But on this last picture, she has had less of it, fewer boxes of flowers arriving, telegrams, notes, invitations, telephone calls, presents, than ever before. And she has done her best work to date!"



Miss Gaynor fearlessly challenges comparison with Lillian Gish in "Way Down East," her most mature and worldly rôle to date. Miss Gish and Richard Barthelmess played, in 1920, the parts enacted by Miss Gaynor and Mr. Fonda to-day.

Her new picture, on which she is currently engaged, is "Way Down East," with Henry Fonda again playing opposite her.

Janet's choice of this play is significant and shrewd. In the first place, it is a "big" picture on which a great deal of money necessarily must be spent. Because of its expensiveness, it cannot be booked casually by theaters nor offered to the public as a program film.

Secondly, the part Janet plays requires all her softness, sweetness, and wistfulness as a victim of village gossip, but it is definitely a grown-up rôle. The heroine has had experience with life, she has known the perfidity of man, she is a mother and an unmarried one at that! It is the most advanced rôle that Janet has ever played, the most worldly, and probably the most pathetic.

Lillian Gish and Richard Barthelmess played the parts now assumed by Miss Gaynor and Mr. Fonda under D. W. Griffith's direction in 1920. It is unlikely that Fox will permit it to be less important than it was then, nor is Janet unaware of the challenge in Miss Gish's unforgetable performance.

What is happening to Janet? Well, I have an idea that she is growing up, maturing, facing this necessity deliberately, wisely, carefully. I think that, despite rumors, there will be no romance for Janet until she settles her career in her own mind.

She is handicapped, or will be, by her littleness, her softness, by the aura of wistfulness with which her public has surrounded her. But her ambition, her determination, her intensity, should offset these things.

Janet, open-eyed, knowing exactly what is happening, is facing maturity!

(Editor's Note. Since this was written, Miss Gaynor was injured in an accident and forced to withdraw from the cast of "Way Down East," her part being assigned to Rochelle Hudson.)

Charles the Conqueror

Continued from page 39

lovely Pat Paterson. "Our courtship was what you call a whirlwind one," he remarked with a twinkle in his eyes. "We met in January and were married in February!

"Of course we expect our marriage to last. Every one does in the beginning," he added wisely. "But if ever the time comes that we no longer care for each other, we will part. We shall be grateful for the moments of happiness we have known."

While denying that they have made any definite plan for guarding their marriage, Mr. Boyer admitted that he and the fair Pat have worked out a system by which they expect to coordinate their work.

"Each of us makes whatever plans we wish, independently, while the other is working. In other words, if I'm on a picture and she isn't, and she and I are asked out to dinner, she accepts for herself and refuses for me. That means that her evening is arranged and she doesn't have to sit watching the clock, wondering if I shall get home in time to dress, or whether she should call up and break the date, or whether to go without me."

Mr. Boyer has a home in Paris to which he is taking his bride for the first time on this visit. And he considers it their permanent home. While in Hollywood, they live in a rented apartment or house, and expect to continue to do so.

His ambition is to spend six months a year in Paris in the studios and on the stage, and the other six months in Hollywood. But despite this equal division of time, he will always remember that Paris is home. He's a true Frenchman!

What Hollywood Has Given Me

Continued from page 28

me to go to Hollywood. I remained with that studio a year and was on the verge of packing up and returning to New York when Warners offered me a rôle with George Arliss in "The Man Who Played God." I've been with them ever since.

At first, Hollywood judged my acting solely by my appearance—the clothes I wore—both on and off the screen. That judgment came very near to sending me back to New York branded a failure. And all because I was getting too many goody-goody rôles. I rebelled.

I conquered after a prolonged argument with studio officials to become a bad woman, cinematically speaking. The rôles of "Mildred" in "Of Human Bondage" and "Marie" in "Bordertown," two hateful characterizations, turned the wheel in my favor.

I have learned that the biggest insult Hollywoodians can pay you is to say, "Isn't she a 'nice' girl?" Another thing, never be laughed at in Hollywood. Laugh first, then she laughs with you, but not at you. I've had to cultivate and maintain a sense of humor. I've learned to ask for things that I think I should have.

I came into this world twenty-six years ago at exactly fifteen minutes to nine in the morning to the accompaniment of an April shower. Rain has been music to my ears ever since, besides bringing me luck.

It rained when I signed my first contract with Warners. After my marriage in Yuma, Arizona, several years ago, in crossing the desert back to Hollywood with my husband and our party, we were greeted by one of the most glorious rainbows I have ever seen.

It rained the night I made my first appearance at the Provincetown Theater in "The Earth Between." The show went to New York, giving me my first opportunity to play on Broadway. It poured the night "Broken Dishes" opened at the Ritz Theater in New York. The author and director had harbored misgivings about me, but after the first performance the author came back stage to tell me how delighted he was that I had remained in the cast.

On another occasion, Warren William and I were making a personal-appearance tour and as we dashed into the Earle Theater in Washington in the pouring rain, I said, "This means good luck." Our tour was a success.

I was a most normal child; at least my mother says so. I had a temper. Was fastidious about my appearance. I was determined, but disliked fighting and still do for that matter. Yet I can't bear to fail.

When I entered the Cushing Academy in Ashburnham, Massachusetts, there were seventy-five students. When the term ended there were only four and in order to finish my training I turned waitress.

My mother and father were divorced and the burden of supporting and educating my younger sister, Barbara, and myself fell upon mother's shoulders. I thought it only right that I should lift the load. Later, when my first engagement with a stock company at the Cape Cod Playhouse in Dennis, Massachusetts, came to an abrupt close at the end of the first week, I worked as an usher in the same theater.

Carol Ann Beery is following her famous father's footsteps. She's going to be a star like Wally, beginning in "China Seas." Jean Harlow is going over her lines with her.

I have never been a martyr. The biggest doubter there ever was, I always have a feeling I'll win in the end. I've always analyzed everything and am beginning to think I always will. I've never thought about dying. Have never been to a funeral, never a death in the family. In the face of tragedy I become hysterical.

Cried? Many times. I almost cried my eyes out after the preview of "Of Human Bondage." I thought I was terrible. I had fought for three months for the part before I convinced the powers-that-be that I had a winning chance. They wanted an actress with a big name, but those with a "name" rejected it because it was unsympathetic.

Hollywood has given me a certain sense of values as far as money is concerned. I don't believe in investing heavily and would rather take a low rate of interest in a sure thing than take a chance on risky investments. I believe in thinking twice before spending. I own no property. I live in a small, rented house, attractive but unpretentious. I think it easier to economize in a small house, there being less space in which to accumulate possessions. I employ three servants, chauffeur, cook, and personal maid, the latter for studio work.

My mother and sister live in a separate establishment, but I see them daily. My husband's vocation, singer and pianist, necessitates that he remain in other cities a good part of the year. I spent my six weeks' vacation with him last February in San Francisco. Other times we have gone on long motor trips when both of us had a holiday. On these occasions we preferred staying at tourist camps. I would do all the cooking and housework.

I've not only studied but perfected myself in a business course in case my career should end in some unforeseen way. I believe every one should have a second string to his or her bow. The plight of former "big money" stars who are working as extras, or not at all, has served as a warning.

Hollywood has given me added poundage both in flesh and money. When I arrived I weighed 112 pounds. To-day I tip the scales at 118. I have taken out a policy with Lloyds of London insuring me against reaching 121 pounds. On the other hand, if I drop to 113, I must submit to instructions and regulations as to diet, exercise, et cetera, from the insurance company.

Hollywood has given me the terrific satisfaction of having done something I wanted to do. It has given me a philosophy which amounts to a creed. Yesterday is gone and there is no tomorrow. In other words, every day is a fresh beginning. To-morrow, if it comes, will be different. What if things go wrong? What if the world seems arrayed against me? Do I have the dumps, drip with self-pity and give up in despair? I do not. I say to myself, "This, too, will pass away!" Yesterday is gone and we can't recall it. Nothing is certain except change. I've learned all this in Hollywood.

What It Has Taken From Me

Continued from page 29

flop. "Nothing succeeds like success" is especially true in Hollywood, and in order to succeed you have to play politics. I can't play politics, and under no circumstances would I mix my social life with business. I'm never seen publicly with studio executives. It just isn't my policy.

I vowed on going to Hollywood that I wouldn't bleach my hair. I did so shortly after my arrival. I also vowed I wouldn't wear trousers, but I did, and continue to wear them. One thing I didn't do and that was to change my name "after" I had become known on the screen. When I was a little girl I had stage ambitions and didn't think much of my real name. One day a friend called and my name became the subject of discussion. She suggested "Bette," Balzac's heroine in "Cousin Bette."

Before going to Hollywood I was supersensitive. It has taken that out of me, for which I am thankful. I used to be hurt by everything unkind and untrue that was published about me. Soon I learned that it was impossible to live three hundred and sixty-five days without being insulted by the press. I also discovered that what appears to-day is forgotten to-morrow.

The actor who complains that he can't live his own life in Hollywood is babbling rubbish. Players complain, among other things, of being mobbed when they appear in public. What of it? So are kings and presidents, and so are freaks.

I don't hesitate to say what I think except when asked by interviewers to discuss certain subjects—for instance, motherhood. I simply refuse.

I advise every girl or boy who aspires to become a screen player to stay away from Hollywood unless he or she has had previous stage experience. The competition is too great. Talent and beauty without experience are a total loss, and you will grow old and weary waiting for a chance. Don't think because it's called the land of the silver screen that all the clouds have a silver lining.

Since going to Hollywood I've changed. To say I haven't would be admitting stagnation. But Hollywood has given me much more than it has taken from me.

Freddie the Floater

Continued from page 35

" 'Why,' she demanded, 'should they ask you on account of your salary? If you were making $5,000 a week they wouldn't benefit by it. So what difference does it make whether you're making a lot or barely enough to live on? No, they ask you because they like you. And, by the same token, Paramount isn't picking up your options and paying you a lot more money just because they like you. They're keeping you under contract because the public likes you, and because your pictures are making money.'

"Next thing I knew I'd got the Academy Award for one of the best performances of the year. I hope I didn't become conceited over it, but when you're picked out of all the actors and handed a signal honor like that, it certainly bucks you up. I began to think perhaps I wasn't such a duffer as I had always believed myself.

"When we adopted Penny, our little girl, Florence said, 'Now, listen. You and I are the examples by which this child is going to pattern herself and her life. If she sees you going around believing you're no good, she'll end up by feeling the same way about herself. We've got to give her a superiority complex, make her believe that everything pertaining to her is better than any one else's.' And she's done it, too!

"Why, even in unimportant things. If Penny ever had to wear glasses, for instance, I can hear Florence saying, 'Look, Penny, other little girls and boys only have two eyes, but you have four! Isn't it wonderful?' And Penny would end by believing that it really was wonderful and being proud of her glasses.

"Florence's treatment of that child has been an object lesson to me as well as to Penny. It's shown me how very thin the dividing line is between an inferiority complex and a superiority complex. If that child could go about believing as implicitly in herself as she does, there's no reason why I couldn't.

"I began sizing up people I knew. A few of them, of course, are outstanding, but the majority are just average. The difference between those who are conspicuous successes and those who are just getting by is confidence in themselves. If you believe you're nothing out of the ordinary you're licked before you start.

"Once, when I was talking to some executives about a contract, I suddenly got the idea that I must convince them I had something to bring to that part no other actor could. And it worked! I got the part plus the salary I was asking."

Another writer drifted into the room for an interview. "Oh, Mr. March," she breathed without much preamble, "I've always meant to ask you, if I ever met you, where you learned that divine walk. I don't know any other man on the screen who walks with the grace and effortlessness that you do. You don't walk—you float!"

I choked and stole a glance at Freddie. His face was a study in seriousness as he gravely explained with whom he had studied walking, or floating. Somehow it was borne in on me that with every one giving you a pat on the back and telling you how wonderful everything connected with yourself is, you've got to have confidence in yourself.

I left him with the other writer, and as I drove home I kept mulling over the changes that six years have wrought in Freddie, changes largely for the better. I have watched him change from a somewhat pedantic and rather diffident chap, eager to have people like him, to a successful star without losing either his sense of humor or his humanness, and without letting his newly acquired confidence in himself make him high-hat or egotistical.

But, somehow, irrelevant as it is, it wasn't of "Freddie the Self-made Man" or of "Freddie the Star," I thought. I kept snickering and snorting over "Freddie the Floater"!

CHARLES LAUGHTON.

Master of a hundred moods,
Laughter, fear, and strife—
Whatever character you play
You bring to pulsing life.

The shades of feeling you display
Touch and stir the heart.
Your smallest subtle gesture shows
The splendor of your art!

Edith Grames.

GLAMOUR is just a GADGET

Kay Francis has no use for all this talk about glamorousness, how to acquire and keep it. She has it, but it hasn't got *her!*

By Ben Maddox

THERE has been so much commotion stirred up over Hollywood glamour, and how you've simply got to have it, that I decided it was time to break the news about Kay Francis. For here is one star who unquestionably has it, and it hasn't got her!

In Hollywood she is apart from the other first ladies because she reaps all the rewards and doesn't give a hoot for all those glamour rules.

She is as intriguing in person as in her dramas. But without a lot of fuss and expense to make her thataway.

For years we have been swallowing that ancient story of how our glamour-seeking women of Hollywood have to pay out practically all their wages. They have to purchase scads of clothes, for it would be disastrous to be seen twice in the same duds. A couple of super-snappy motors are taken for granted. The place in Beverly is definitely a burden. To say nothing of shacks at the beach, mountains, and desert.

When a starry girl travels, the money automatically rolls away. That is another oft-repeated assertion. The darlings hate to be extravagant, but they have their position to consider.

Knowing Kay Francis, I say that this is what those who douse on artificial glamour by the shovelful believe. Knowing Kay, I have discovered that they are all in error. She is ultra-glamorous, and she hasn't a thing in common with the rest of them who take their movie fame royally. Kay looks like a million and still lives as you and I.

She doesn't live in an expensive neighborhood, and the frame cottage is exactly like thousands of average American homes. There's a front porch and no landscaped grounds.

Kay rents it, too. She moved there three years ago. She asked the owner to dab on some new wallpaper, and then she poked about town until she found comfortable, inexpensive furnishings. No interior decorators got to first base.

Photo by Cosmo-Slico

Miss Francis is as intriguing in person as in her dramas, but without a lot of fuss and expense to make her thataway. No eye shadow, no mascara, no scads of clothes.

You would expect her kind of house to look well with a Ford in the garage. Lo and behold, that's exactly the means of transportation Kay has selected. She could have a Rolls-Royce and loll back while James sat up in front in livery. Instead, she has a standard black coupé, and, furthermore, drives it herself. Every two years she trades in for a new model.

The entertaining problem is simple. She does hardly any. Occasionally she'll invite a small group to dine. But if she wants them to see a picture, she hies them to a theater. No private screen for her.

Not until you

Continued on p. 74

KAY FRANCIS

THOUGH one of the ultra-glamorous girls of the screen, Kay Francis doesn't at all live up to the extravagance which is accredited to one in her position. Ben Maddox, in the story opposite, gives an interesting account of Kay's own opinion on the subject.

Photo by Elmer Fryer

Peter Lorre appears as a morbid surgeon in his first American film, "Mad Love."

PSYCHIC PARADOX

PETER LORRE, upper left, as the weird doctor. Above, Sara Haden, Frances Drake, and Murray Kinnell seem interested in the voice on the radio. Mr. Lorre, left, visits the horror theater, while, right, in a tense scene with Miss Drake.

"The Big Broadcast of 1935" offers a wide variety of entertainment, what with the roster of important figures from the radio and stage combined with Paramount's leading fun-makers.

WENDY BARRIE and Henry Wadsworth, left, working up to a big romance. Above, Burns and Allen to the rescue. Lyda Roberti and Jack Oakie, right, around whom the story revolves. The scene below is for "It's the Animal in Me" episode, sung by Ethel Merman.

LOCHINVAR OF THE AIR

DESTINY

A sweetheart, a mistress and a rascally trader make events exciting for the captain in "China Seas."

JEAN HARLOW, above, plots to learn a secret from Wallace Beery. Clark Gable, right, being very polite to Ivan Lebedeff, pirate chief. Gable, below, seems to be upset upon finding Jean in Beery's room.

TUTTA ROLF and CLIVE BROOK

IN "The Dressmaker," Clive Brook has to decide whether it is the little French seamstress with whom he is in love, or with the great Russian diseuse, both rôles played by the lovely Norwegian star, Tutta Rolf.

BEHIND THE MASK

WHEN three women pursue a young artist, as they do in "Escapade," and two of them are already married, complications are inevitable. William Powell, the artist, with Virginia Bruce. Holding the lighted candle for Laura Hope Crews, while Miss Bruce looks on, is Luise Rainer, promising newcomer. Below, Frank Morgan with his charming wife.

CAMPUS CAPERS

BUDDY ROGERS returns to the screen in "Old Man Rhythm," college musical in which he woos with delightful songs. Above, Grace Bradley, rival for our hero's affections; Buddy, and several of his chums, Johnny Mercer, Douglas Fowley, and John Arledge. Below, we see Buddy again with Miss Bradley, but it is Barbara Kent, shown with John Arledge, who wins Buddy.

CINDERELLA

"Page Miss Glory" shows the metamorphosis of Marion Davies from a very plain-looking chambermaid to a gorgeous creature who represents "America's most beautiful girl."

SOME striking costumes worn by Miss Davies after she is accidentally discovered to be just the person to fill the rôle of "Dawn Glory."

DICK POWELL, left, dare-devil aviator, is unaware of Miss Davies's love for him. Above, with Pat O'Brien, her promoter.

Continued from page 27

time, he was recalled to play the difficult rôle of Helen Hayes's son.

Robert Young didn't know then how important Miss Hayes's first picture was to be to the industry as a whole.

Three and four and five executives and producers were constantly on the set. To Robert Young his first great test became an ordeal by fire.

And to-day he says: "To Helen Hayes I owe whatever success I achieved in this first important rôle. She was wise and understanding. When I told her the spot I was in, that I had to make good, she didn't reassure me with Pollyanna platitudes. But she generously included me in every discussion, made me feel a part of the production.

"I was frightened to death and her attitude toward me gave me confidence. She understood how imperative it was for me to do a good job. To-day I realize how easy it would have been for her to pay no attention to me, to be wholly indifferent, to make no effort to lift me into complete immersion into the character I was portraying by her own sublime genius.

"To Helen Hayes I credit the good fortune which has since come my way, the opportunities which have been given me.

"She took me over the first great hurdle. But it was Norma Shearer who made me fully realize how far from success I really was. While playing with her in 'Strange Interlude,' I saw a brilliant, keen mind, functioning flawlessly. She knew precisely the effect she wanted to gain by every intonation, by every word. Watching her, I became humble. Real achievement seemed more distant than ever. If the things upon which I had set my heart were to be mine, then I had to work and study ceaselessly. Miss Shearer became a symbol, a steadying influence. She was an example, a lesson in concentration."

With each picture, Robert Young's artistic stature increased. He was definitely a rising star. But now he came to crossroads in his personal life. He wanted to marry the girl whom he had known in high school. But there were those who shook their heads. Marriage now, they warned, would complicate his career, would perhaps subtract from his popularity.

And it was Joan Crawford who reaffirmed his belief that there were other important things in life besides a career. That there was that elusive personal happiness. That there were stability and contentment which only marriage could give. Not for a moment did Bob even consider sacrificing his love for intangible fame. Yet whatever doubts he had were dispelled. Joan taught Bob the importance of keeping life balanced, of giving no undue value to momentary adulation. Fame passes she told him. And the memory of it may become bitter. But even if happiness has an aftermath, enchantment with the ideal can remain.

"To Joan," Bob says, "I owe one of the greatest thrills in my life. It was shortly after 'Madelon Claudet' was released. I had come into the studio publicity department and she was there. She introduced herself and made some kind comments about my work. It rather made me feel as if some day I might amount to something. And later on, when we were working together, she taught me the necessity of a psychological understanding of the rôle I was doing. I watched her processes of thought whereby she transcended the limitation of words, and created a living, breathing person for the camera."

Frolicksome Ross Alexander steals a ride from one stage to another at the studio, with only the camera a witness to his theft. His next picture is "We're in the Money."

Bob has an absorbent mind, the ability to assimilate knowledge, to apply to his own problems the experience of others.

It requires a certain mental detachment, a capacity to make comparisons and to arrive at true conclusions.

And in this division, Ann Harding was his capable instructor. Ann has extraordinarily clear vision. She permits neither the Hollywood parade nor its curious philosophies to chisel in on her personality or her own tight little sphere. She has a zest for life and enjoyment, but a zest which comes from within, without the false stimulation of exaggerated praise or self-importance. It is this fine gauging of the relative significance of events, of people, of opinions, and of the catalogued emotions which Bob acquired from Miss Harding and which has become an integral part of his character and a vital factor in his progress.

Miss Crawford taught him not to subjugate his heart; Miss Harding, to subsidize his mind.

It remained for Marie Dressler, whose son he was in "Tugboat Annie," to demonstrate irrefutably the worth and the valiance of struggle, to convince him that the arrogance and the impatience of youth must be tempered with stoicism and blended with hope.

Bob has been fortunate in his contacts. To his every spiritual need he has found answer in the inspiration and the wisdom of intelligent, understanding women. He has borrowed from the philosophies, from the trademark quality of each of them, to evolve his own philosophy, to create for himself his own guidebook to life and to living.

To-day he is an extraordinarily balanced young man. His eyes never waver. He has a beguiling freshness. He might be an elder brother home from college for the holidays. He has poise and assurance. His sprawling length tells a tale of hours of physical conditioning. Of a meticulous observance of regularity in living.

The help he has received has no measure in gold. What Robert Young is to-day as a person, his evident destiny as a significant actor, is the recompense to the teacher who nursed his fledgling talent.

To Helen Hayes who initiated him into the fellowship between actors. To Norma Shearer, who taught him relentless and rigid artistic discipline. To Joan Crawford who gave him a pattern of simplicity. To Ann Harding who put a scale in his hands for the weighing of values with detachment. And to Marie Dressler who left him as a legacy a standard of courage. To all these women Bob is in debt.

For he is a product of the varied and intangible contributions of six women.

Poor Little Singing Girl

Continued from page 32

I arrived a few minutes early and was asked to wait because Miss Pons was engaged with the representatives of a South American concert tour. The Brazilians and Argentineans had gone wild over the diminutive singer when she visited them two years ago. They wanted her again. And she would like to have gone, for on that trip she had met Doctor Fritz von der Becke.

He was the ship's doctor, and during the voyage over romantic tropical seas the little French girl had found love. They became engaged. And would have been married if Miss Pons had been just an everyday girl. But being a prima donna she must return to America to fill radio, opera, concert and movie engagements. Her work separates her from the German doctor whose duties demand his presence in another part of the world. Fame and money cannot make up entirely for the companionship of the man you love.

Every minute of her day is occupied, every day of the year arranged by schedule. An hour's rehearsal for her broadcast, an hour's rehearsal for the opera, and an hour's work with her dramatic coach preparing her for her picture début are only part of her day's routine. Interviews to the press, photographers, artists, sculptors to pose for. Lessons in English, Italian, German.

On the upper floor of that sumptuous duplex the cook was preparing dinner for the household. Delicious food for every one but the captive princess. She must eat lightly always.

The flowers sent to her she cannot enjoy, because they do something to injure that golden voice. Invitations galore to delightful festivities from the nicest and most desirable people. But Lily cannot accept. She must rest between strenuous hours of work.

I learned all this from her secretary while I waited in her office off the studio where sat Miss Pons in conference. Looking through the partly open door I was startled to see what at first glance seemed to be the screen character of Charlie Chaplin. Derby, cane, oversized shoes and coat, shuffling back and forth. Beneath the derby I caught a glimpse of blond curls.

The secretary explained. It was Mina, Lily's chum. She did things like that to make Lily laugh. The borrowed galoshes and derby of the pompous Latin visitors were quickly discarded as a movement from the studio signalized their going. When the door had closed upon them, Mina and the little diva went into gales of laughter. Schoolgirl laughter.

But not for long. The secretary interrupted them. I was the next ogre to claim the captive princess's time. Though I had read of the charm of Lily Pons, I was not prepared for anything quite so bewitching. Her brown eyes are warm. Her smile captivates you instantly. Though she is French, born in Cannes on the Riviera, she is not an exotic foreign type. Though she is beautiful, she is not glamorous.

The blond Mina turned to exit, but the diva, smiling a welcome to me, held her friend's hand, pleading in a whisper, "Don't go." The secretary looked forbidding. And Miss Pons explained, "Mina wait all day so we talk——" An expressive gesture told there had been no time for one of those heart-to-heart talks between girl chums.

Ten years ago Malcolm MacGregor was tops as a leading man, and a very good one he was, too. Then he inherited a fortune and went traveling to faraway places. He's back in the game again, though, beginning in "China Seas."

"Why not stay?" I suggested.

The world-famous singer's face lighted as she said, "She so gay—she make us happy."

"But surely you don't need any one to make you happy! You have so much."

"Yes, United States geev me much. J'adore America. But it keep me so beesy. I can't do this and I can't do that. I have no time for fun, not even time to buy—what you call it?" Appealing to the secretary to translate.

"A suit," interpreted the secretary.

She was dressed in a plain tailored blue suit, the type of dress she likes best. "For two months," she went on, "I want to buy new suit. But I can't, because I have not ze time."

She looked so disappointed, and her personality is so appealing that instantly you want to grant her every wish, so I suggested I cut short my stay, hoping the extra minutes might be enough to get the much desired clothes.

"Non, non!" she exclaimed. Remorseful that perhaps she had been inhospitable, she suggested, "You must see my Skye terrier—and I geev you peecture. You want peecture of me?"

Of course I did. And off she fluttered to get it herself.

I spoke of her engagement to Doctor von der Becke, asking if they would be married soon.

"I cannot marry now. It would spoil my characicature."

It was neither character nor caricature that she was trying to say, but career. The career which has been so kind to her—and so cruel.

At sixteen she graduated from the Paris Conservatoire where she had studied piano. Two years later she married Auguste Mesritz, former music critic of Paris, from whom she is now divorced. It was he who discovered her voice. Doctor Edward S. Cokle, noted throat specialist, has said that her vocal cords are the strongest and sturdiest of any throat he has examined with the exception of Caruso's. And which accounts for the fact that she sings the mad scene in "Lucia" a whole tone higher than it is usually sung.

After two years of voice study she made her début in a small opera company in Alsace. Before she had become important in the European opera world, Gatti-Cazazza discovered her and signed her for the Metropolitan, where she made her début in 1931. The critics were enthusiastic. Her singing is like a virtuoso displaying fine musicianship upon a beautiful, flexible instrument.

In fact, Lily Pons is a real flesh-and-blood phenomenon, a paradox. Legitimately, she is everything she is rated to be, yet not like anything you expect. Her film will show the public that a grand opera singer may be petite and pretty. But the entire charm of the real Pons can only be experienced by meeting her.

Continued from page 45

he tokes os much os o drop of wine, he gets so dizzy thot it's o screom to wotch him. That's the time he's really funny. We always soy that the movie moguls should get him drunk and then cost him os a comedian. He'd be o riot.

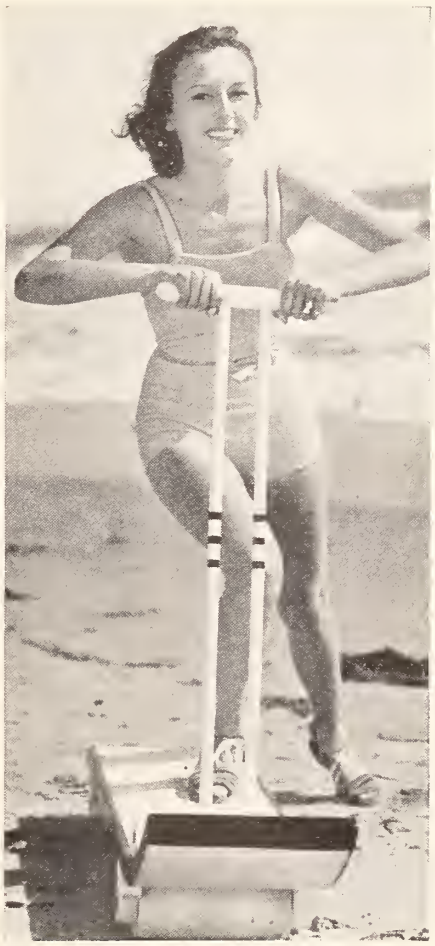
"Tough guys ore supposed to be hord-heorted, but Jimmy's heart must be mode out of jello. Do you know thot he would never go fishing with us becouse he doesn't believe in cotching fish just for the pleosure of it? He couldn't beor the ideo of the hook going into the poor little minnow's insides. To him it wos cruelty. We used to kid obout it, but we respected him for it just the some."

"Hos Jimmy's coreer mode ony difference in your friendship with him?" I osked.

"Not o bit. Don't forget he's Jimmy Cogney first ond an octor second. Jimmy's never forgotten thot he hod to work step by step for his success. He never even talks obout his work except in possing."

I osked Andy whether he knew brother Bill Cogney.

"You bet I do. Billy wos the kid brother who olwoys togged along. Jimmy hod Bill go out to Hollywood, not to become an octor but to get in on the business end of the gome. Bill hod been employed on the odvertising stoff of o trode journol, ond Jimmy thought he could get him o better job in Hollywood.



Stars must have toys, you know. Here is Ann Dvorak and her new one, a sand sled which will be recognized as a scooter by the children.

"One look ot Bill ond every one soid he wos much too good-looking to be on odvertising mon. Then ogents began running ofter him. He's toll, you know, ond better-looking thon Jimmy. Much agoinst his brother's odvice, they put Bill in rôles thot were much too big for him. Besides, Jimmy thought one actor wos enough in the fomily. It hurt him terribly when Bill morried Boots Mollory. He didn't think the kid was reody for morrioge, either. He hod entirely different plons for him. I guess maybe he was right, becouse Bill didn't exoctly set the world afire in pictures ond recently gove up octing to become on ogent."

According to Andy, there's just one thing thot Jimmy Cogney feels hos been o hondicop to him. It's his lock of height.

"He'd give anything to be taller ond insists thot he photogrophs even shorter thon he is. His hero is Clifton Webb, becouse Clifton is so toll, slim, ond a greot doncer. Jimmy hos o wonderful oppreciotion of the esthetic, no motter whot form it takes."

The waiter wos beginning to look doggers ot us ond Andy osked for the check os we rose to go. "Gee," he soid, "I could talk oll night obout Jimmy, he's such o swell guy, but whot I'd like to bring home obout him more thon onything else is thot he olwoys tokes the port of the underdog."

WITHOUT MAKE-UP.

I croved on ideol mon—os whot girl doesn't?—
With curly hoir like—you know—Cory Gront's,
And eyes like Freddie Morch's or Bob Toylor's.
Or do John Lodge's promise more romance?
With pulse-disturbing voice like Bing-Bing Crosby's,
And feet like ogile Astaire's for the donce.

And then you come without a scrop of glomour,
With thinning sondy hoir ond dull blue eyes,
Your voice, o roucous cow; your dance steps clumsy,
For who'd hove groce with feet of such o size?
There wos no single thing to moke me love you,
But sometimes romance tokes o funny guise.

I know no silver screen will ever cloim you,
Nor ony chotter column ever nome you.
I know no lovesick movie fon will frome you;
Where there's no glomour, there con be no shrine.
I wouldn't hove the screen know whot is in you,
Or any writer for dissection pin you.
I wouldn't have some lovesick moiden win you;
I wont you ploin John Smith ond mine, oll mine.

Groce Evelyn Tobin.

Doubly Blessed

Continued from page 44

it did a great deal to increase the popularity of the star and he continued to sail along in mediocre films that, however uninspiring to him, were nevertheless good box-office.

If you saw Dolores del Rio off the screen, this is how she would look. Simple but smart is the keynote of her informal attire, which is entirely of linen.

This, however, is all reminiscence on my part. Richard was still going strong on the twins, whose names, by the way, are Richard and Robert, and I tried to check the torrent of adjectives with a question uppermost in my mind. I wanted to find out how he had weathered the storms of merging studios, poor stories and politics that had broken over his head, and could still fly the flag of victory. And the answer I got was:

"Yes, they look exactly alike. Exactly!"

"Twins always do," I snapped.

That set him off again, like a tarpon playing light tackle. "No, indeed, twins are not always alike. There is usually some feature about them that's different, but these are alike as two peas."

I thought this over and my mind raced on some twenty years hence and saw embarrassment for some girl, so I inquired anxiously whether they couldn't possibly be told apart. And then the skeleton came out of the closet. Richard grinned and said there was just one thing that was different. Bob had a tiny birthmark on the calf of his left leg!

And that worry being off my mind, I turned relentlessly to my question. "I don't mean to slight the importance of the twins," I said severely, "who I can see are going to be spoiled unless their mother takes a firm hand in their management, but I do want to know if——"

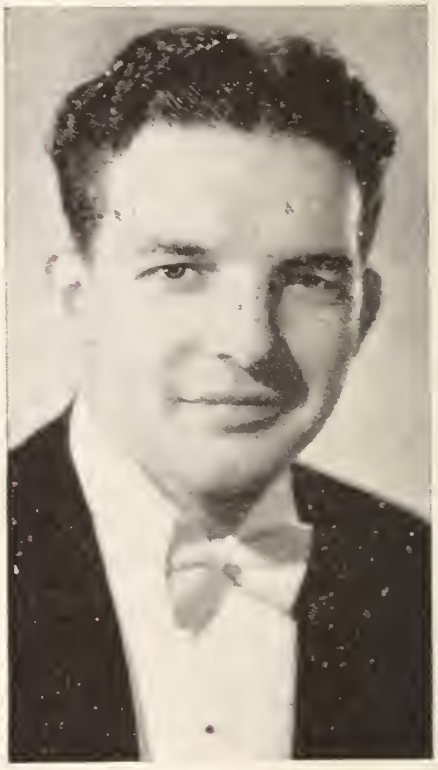
"Oh, I beg your pardon," he said, laughing happily, "but you see I don't think I've had very much to do with my success as you call it. I think friendship and the loyalty of those friends who were in authority have helped me over most of my dangerous spots.

"I can't say enough for William LeBaron. He invited me to go with RKO and I thought the change might be a good thing. But I fell into a rut there, too, and then the studio bought 'Cimarron.' I think if I hadn't landed this picture I really would have folded up, and at that I almost didn't get it. Others in the studio wanted some one else to play the rôle, but Bill LeBaron stood firm. And certainly I did all in my power to live up to his faith in my ability to handle the grandest part I have ever had.

But that wasn't the only time Bill saved me with a good picture when I felt I was slipping. If I've had success it is my friends who have helped me keep it."

My goodness, I thought, I believe he's modest. I looked at him sharply. I can handle 'em when they think they're the cock o' the walk, but when they're modest I just fall to pieces. And here was modesty, or I never saw it before. Richard's face was as earnest and as guileless as a dove's.

"I almost wrote you a fan letter about 'Cimarron,'" I began and then pulled myself together because I wanted to hear about the new picture and had only a few minutes left.



Gordon Jones is that striking young chap in "Let 'Em Have It" who made an instant hit. You remember, the ex-cowboy who worked with the Federal agents, Richard Arlen and Harvey Stephens. You'll be seeing more of him.

He is enthusiastic about "The Tunnel," which he is to make for Gaumont-British, with Madge Evans and Conrad Veidt. It has to do with a passage that runs from England to America under the ocean!

HISTORY LESSON.

England's hero king was Jean *
In the storied long ago,
While "Ricardo"* thrilled his Queen
By annexing Mexico.

"Frances"* sank a Spanish fleet
And became a nation's toast;
"Bruce"* left Venice to complete
Study of a frigid coast.

Presidents were "Kay"* and "Ann"*
One of whom did not survive,
While the other was the man
Lincoln left in '65.

Time's most startling prank is this:
Razed in old Jerusalem,
"Shirley's"* still a tiny miss
With a starlet's diadem.

Brock Milton.

* Arthur, Cortez, Drake, Cabot, Johnson, Harding, Temple.

Continued from page 47

person who never learns anything new. And Lady Joan does learn. Consequently, she changes. She is a many-sided personality. In other words, a fine actress.

In Lew Ayres we see "Doubt." Not that Lew is a definite doubter. His real self is sensitive. Yet he is ever afraid to make this too obvious. Lew wants proof of things. Since proof is sometimes hard to find, Lew is all too often left in doubt. He seeks in his various hobbies for a solution to this and that, music being his chief outlet.

The chief characteristic of Janet Gaynor is "Understanding." This trait is in Janet's real self, too. On the screen she seems to understand each one playing with her. Many have said it is the "Cinderella" quality of the Gaynor films that has made Janet the favorite she is. That could be said of many other players who did not last long. They never rose beyond a certain mark because they lacked what Janet has.

"Uncertainty" is what we see in Tom Brown. He is, to a great extent, outgrowing this trait. What will take its place remains to be seen. Tom is eager, sincere and a little pretentious. He confesses to this last quality, and will overcome it. But the fact remains that in the transition from boy to man, Tom is ruled by uncertainty.

Ann Harding is alone in her solitary trait, that of "Tension." In all her films, Miss Harding is deeply sincere. But she shows what every clever actress reveals in her acting, a terrific mental strain.

There are other players, too, who remain alone in their original traits. Such is Richard Cromwell. It is hard to say just what is Dick's dominating trait. He is one who is able to suit himself to any company. Should you desire a sophisticated companion, Mr. Cromwell is there to be the life of the party. If he is expected to be naïve, then he is just that. Whatever pleases the company most, whatever will give the best results from the moment, is what he offers. In brief, Dick is "Calculating."

Whenever Edna May Oliver enters a scene the entire audience knows they will get from her good "Common Sense." This is the Oliver's chief characteristic. In her dry, humorous way, she clears away all troubles and obstacles by common sense.

Perhaps James Dunn would profit from the above trait more than the average person. For Jimmy seems always to be running around in circles. "Confusion" is his marked mannerism. He told me long ago that he suffered terribly from an inferiority complex. He didn't know why he should be placed with the other popular actors of Hollywood. I think he's sincere in all this, for his dismay breaks out in his screen self in the confused panics he falls into.

Nancy Carroll is a very determined young person, off and on the screen. She is a fine actress, actually being able to show her mental attitude even if contrary to her speech and actions. Nothing in the plot can entirely crush her own individuality. Nancy shows a determination that will never see defeat. There it is, "Determination."

Ever since Paul Muni appeared on the screen the entire world of fandom instantly recognized him as a masterly actor. No matter what rôle he plays, Muni drives its spirit home to us with unbelievable force. "Power" is Muni's chief trait. We all admire power of feeling, power of thought. So we admire him.

When Clark Gable first entered pictures, he was cast as the heavy. The reason is not hard to find. Gable's chief trait in acting is "Hostility." In most scenes, especially the dramatic ones, he appears hostile toward the whole world. Recently, this characteristic has been slowly changing into something else. This change is also making Clark a finer actor. He is now learning compassion.

Perhaps Gene Raymond stands alone in his personality, that of "Surprise." Gene is a skillful actor, well-liked. But it is his surprised outlook on events in his pictures that attracts the fans. It is good these days to meet some one who can be surprised at things!

Robert Montgomery could be a greater actor in every sense if only he'd stop being afraid to reveal his real self to the fans. When a pathetic scene comes along, Bob handles it with expertness. Then, just as everything is going fine, he smashes all the pathos with some comical remark. An actor should never be afraid to show his sensitiveness. "Scoff" would appear to be Mr. Montgomery's chief trait.

Last, but a choice morsel at that, is Alice Faye. Alice made a hit right off the bat. Her leading trait is "Self-confidence." You can imagine her tackling any situation and never fearing. In her first screen performance, Alice made it obvious that she was afraid of nothing, not even the public. We liked her for it.

All these traits that draw us to the stars are ones seen in most human beings. We see ourselves, so to speak, not the stars.

Every fan will enjoy the glimpse of Robert Donat's home life pictured here. For all his fire and romantic abandon in "Monte Cristo," Robert is domestic in his taste. John and Joanna will agree to that any day their father finds time for an hour in their playroom.

Continued from page 37

Hollywood High Lights

their husbands with girls. The Duront baby was the couple's first. Especial well wishes and felicitations were offered the George O'Briens, becouse of the tragic circumstances attendant upon the orrival of their first-born several yeors ogo. The infant lived but a few days.

Yesteryear's Stars Enterprising.—Doings of some of the old-timers are interesting and varied. Charley Ray has opened a flower shop in Hollywood called "The Rosery." The announcements telling of his new venture reflected much of Charlie's friendly spirit; eoch wos accompanied by a box of flowers. Patsy Ruth Miller, recently turned writer, lent her literary talents to the screen version of "Barbary Coast." Almost the very day that Colleen Moore breezed into town with her wondrously beautiful ond costly doll house, the news broke on her divorce suit aginst her second husbond, Al Scott. And while Estelle Taylor sought restoration of her maiden name, in order to sever every connection with the name of her former husband, Jack Dempsey, Pola Negri once again saluted the romance with the announcement that her fourth spouse-to-be is "prominent in London social circles."

At Last—A Wild Party!—Honor of staging the maddest party ever in Hollywood goes to Carol Lombard. She held it in the "fun house" ot Venice, and thot's a Coney Island establishment full of dizzy slides, revolving contrivances that toss one around like marbles in a roulette wheel, huge, whirling barrels, and what not. Why some of the people present didn't hove broken necks wos o mystery, ond there were quite a few bruises.

Practically every feminine stor was smart enough to wear trousers to the affair, so the wear ond tear on clothes wosn't as heavy os it might hove been. Morlene Dietrich ond Heddo Hopper topped everybody else by wearing shorts, and they mode a late entrance when all the guests were assembled. Claudette Colbert ond Lois Wilson rivaled eoch other in doing the slides.

Astaire Tips on Dance.—Don't be surprised if Fred Astaire writes a book on the donce, and it will certainly hove a lot of good tips in it for steppers. For Fred knows his routines as does nobody else in the movies. Anyway, he has been enjoying his first good vacation since he began his upward climb, and when he returns he will do onother picture with Ginger Rogers. They simply can't break up that team.

The Latest Duets.—Ruth Chatterton and Clifton Webb seem to be rather interested in each other these days, and, of course, that romance between Cesar Romero and Betty Furness looks very, very warm indeed. While Cary Grant is paying a little attention these days to Toby Wing. Maxie Rosenbloom, the prize fighter, is seen everywhere with Mae Murray, and Lee Tracy ond Estelle Toylor are mutually ottentive.

Two Barrymore Ex's Present.—It's quite extraordinary to find two John Barrymore ex-wives in Hollywood simultaneously. Dolores Costello has, of course, severed the bonds, with considerable said about the difficulties in managing John aboard his yacht, and obout mid-June Michael Stronge, the second Barrymore spouse, arrived to spend the summer at Malibu. John himself will probably remain away indefinitely. If anything, he plons to return to the stage next fall.

Katie Tempted by Bard.—Kathorine Hepburn is seriously considering playing in Shakespeare. Imogine thot! And yet why shouldn't she, becouse she hos the right verve for that sort of poetic endeavor. Max Reinhordt is desirous of having her appear as "Violo" in "Twelfth Night" in a production to be given this fall in the Hollywood Bowl, and Katharine herself is quite eager about the whole idea.

Florine Altar-bound.—Florine McKinney is another young lody who is entering the holy state of wedlock—holy as things go in movieland. She helped to design her engagement ring—yellow gold, with a diamond surrounded by a cluster of carved leaves. She's to become the wife of Barry Trivers, a writer. Thus another ingénue gives up her freedom.

Damita Finally Married.—Lily Damita's romantic life and experiences hove finally culminoted in marriage. The French star is Mrs. Errol Flynn, following a Yuma elopement thot nearly turned into a double wedding, because Lyda Roberti thought she might marry Bud Ernst, oviator, on the some day. She had to work instead. Errol Flynn, Lily's spouse, is an actor ond othlete. Irish by birth. Just the day she married him the engagement of Lilian Bond to one of Lily's former admirers, Sidney Smith, stock broker and sportsmon, was announced.

Dickie Moore and Virginia Weidler are in the garden of enchanted memories in "Peter Ibbetson." Dark Virginia has been skillfully blondined to resemble Ann Harding who plays the grown-up rôle, Dickie playing Gary Cooper in childhood.

Lily wos several times reported engoged prior to her morrioge, once to Louis Ferdinond, son of the former Germon crown prince, Joseph M. Schenck, the film producer, and Hugo Brossie, rich Englishmon. But the Irishman won out.

Lily soid of her wedding: "She wos heovenly!"

Clara Young Returning.—Cloro Kimboll Young's long period of penury and triol is opporently over. She has been ploying in "She Morried Her Boss," Cloudette Colbert's picture for Columbio. And it promises to be o mighty good rôle. The misfortunes ond privotions thot Cloro suffered were the subject of vorious newspoper stories o yeor or so ogo. Wouldn't it be remorkoble if she should moke o big come-bock?

Gene Courts Mary.—Gene Roymond, thot blond foscinotor, who keeps every one guessing os to his romontic attentions, seems to be giving his special devotion to Mory Brion since she returned to town. And it wosn't so long ogo thot Jonet Goynor oppeored to be the one ond only. Dick Powell wos owoy in the Eost for o while, which only helped Gene's opportunities so for os Mory is concerned.

Head-bumping Painful.—Oddest of accidents wos the one involving Jonet Goynor.

While Henry Fondo ond she were pursuing o colt on locotion for "Woy Down Eost," they got too frisky themselves ond collided heod-on. Jonet suffered poin, but didn't believe ony serious domoge hod been done until things begon to grow worse. Then she discovered she hod o slight concussion. She wos sent to bed for o week or so.

Romero Also Injured.—Another ployer who kept going ofter he wos injured recently wos Cesor Romero. He hurt his knee ond poid no ottention to it ot the outset. Finolly he was forced to go to bed on occount of the occident, ond hod to give up his port in "Storm Over the Andes" to Antonio Moreno.

Battle Royal Over Rent.—Bosil Rothbone, Peggy Feors, and Estelle Toylor oll hod a merty time in o rumpus over rent. Estelle's house wos leased by Peggy, ond she in turn rented it to Bosil. Becouse Estelle felt she should get the money, insteod of Peggy, the rent poyments were impounded, or something of the kind. Anywoy, Peggy didn't get the cosh; whereupon she sued Bosil, which made it look os if he were defaulting. However, he monoged to exonerote himself completely. All told, it wos neorly os bod os some of Hollywood's moritol complicotions.

Stars Shunning Hollywood.—Stors who flee Hollywood, olmost os if it were the pest, ore increosing ond multiplying. Koy Froncis seems to skip to Europe os soon os she hos o breothing spoce between films. Ann Hording looks to ony locole for peoce ond quietude from Cormel to Honolulu, but won't go to the big cities. Miriom Hopkins hos her home in New York, and rushes there whenever possible. Co[illegible]

YOU'LL be delighted with this new kind of mirror that you can get abs[illegible]

ARKANS

Romonce, ond yout

These ore his sm

But when Dick Pow

The heort of the

The full, rich sounc

As sweet os o l

Creates o beouty

Long ofter the

Continued from page 58

Glamour Is Just a Gadget

are taken into Kay's chummy circle do you learn how unorthodox she is. I went bumpity-bump over the hill to Warners to pay an official call. She rose from behind a square desk in the publicity department and reached across to shake hands.

My eagle eyes reaffirmed the fact that she wears no make-up off the sound stages. Another shock, isn't it? Fancy going around without eye-shadow and mascara!

Street pajamas are her pet garb, and she was wearing a pair of dark-blue satin ones, with a short fur jacket. As soon as she forgot we were on business she relaxed. Kay does this by tucking her legs up and sitting on them.

I always say that talking casually is a better way to sneak up on a star. Even if you don't have so much to show for it when you write your little piece. Stock questions gather stock answers. Pretty soon, when Kay was trustful because I hadn't bombarded her about her love life, I put in a query I've long wanted to make.

Glamour—just how much is it worth to the everyday girl? Should one try to follow the suggestions one reads?

"It's just a gadget!" Kay's voice rang out explicitly. "Physical glamour, a surface asset, is a nice quality to have. But too great an emphasis has been put on it. Certainly it's not worth giving up all the ordinary pleasures

"I wouldn't give up the thrill which going places and being interested in meeting new people always gives me. I'd be excitingly mysterious, but I live but once.

"I don't try to be dressed perfectly all the time. I dress on formal occasions. But when I'm not going to a party I wear what's most comfortable."

Come to think of it, no fashion stills are ever made of Kay's personal wardrobe. And why will she pose only in ensembles designed for pictures? Ah-ha, that so-clever Kay! "I don't want to spend a lot of money on clothes. If I had my own photographed it would date them. They'd be familiar to people."

Glamour being mixed up with costuming in so many minds, I shall let you in on more of Kay's secrets. You'd suppose that her clothes hangers are crammed. You have heard how stars buy complete wardrobes in one swoop.

But not Kay. "I don't have many clothes because I can get by nicely with a small selection." When she needs a particular dress she just pops to town and buys it.

"There are various gadgets which enhance our lives," Kay opined, flipping a saucy cigarette ash onto a dictionary. "Their duty is to make our lives more colorful. Glamour is merely one of these accessories. There are times when it's fun.

"Some study of how to achieve desired effects is necessary. But my main idea is getting as much happiness from each day as I can. So whenever glamour and doing anything that pleases me clash, glamour's licked.

"I actually plan about only one thing, saving money. I suppose it's amusing, this being extravagant in the widely publicized Hollywood fashion. Personally, I'm endeavoring to save a good share of the money I'm earning in pictures."

She isn't a rags-to-riches Cinderella. Kay was educated in the best schools in New York. But she never relied entirely on herself until forced to do so. Until she stumbled upon the knowledge that luck never holds one way forever. She spent her stage salary as fast as the checks came in.

Even her sense of humor refuses to conform to the pattern for poise. Kay roars when some one slips and falls down. She enjoys kidding her friends. If she treats you with a profound air you don't interest her.

"If you don't go haywire over glamour," I declared, "you must have time to evade all troublesome complications."

"I do not!" she retorted. "And I hope there'll always be some. Why, I thrive on them. I hate routine, deadly calm. If nothing else diverting comes up, I'll stay home and fight with my cook."

Here indeed is a model for girls who want to be dashing sometimes, and yet themselves when they feel like it. Kay Francis doesn't lean on props. Except when she's in the mood and figures it would be fun to be glamorous for a while. Her life is full because glamour is just one of the various gadgets she utilizes.

JOAN CRAWFORD.

Beautiful, wistful drama face
  That looks like a Benda mask,
What are you longing for?
  What is it of life that you ask?

Even, when you're gay
There's a hidden sadness
Beneath your laughter,
And a tragic light
Behind your eyes.

Could it be that
On the road to fame,
You dropped along the way
Little pieces of your heart
That can never return
To you again?

Ruth Whitman Bowers.

S. S. Rosalind

Continued from page 33

A sheltered childhood, comforts, advantages—a career was by no means a necessity. Born ten years before her time, she would have taken the easier way of marriage, a home, social position.

"But it never occurred to me not to want to earn my living. I think that's true of all the people of my generation. The necessity of a woman's independence was drummed into our heads as securely as feminine dependence had been the generation before.

"I realized that private school was fitting me for very little. If you were a good basketball player, you made the grade there. So I went to Barnard, where the competition was stiff and the students in earnest. For a while I thought I might go in for journalism."

Rosalind didn't have to tell me that; I had guessed. From the very beginning it had been a struggle to keep her from interviewing me.

"But the fact that I got a job was much more important than deciding what field the job was going to be in. I decided on the stage in a very matter-of-fact way. It seemed like a career that would bring me a higher salary, hence more independence, than working in a store or office, so I tried the stage."

The next step was convincing the Russell family, in whose veins, you will remember, had never flowed gypsy blood.

"I told them I was entering a dramatic academy, and they of course immediately decided that I was training to be a dramatic teacher. Mother thought that would be lovely, just lovely—such a genteel occupation. When they found I was training for the stage, they were, well, surprised. When, on the day I graduated, I was offered a job, they were even more surprised. And now that I've survived it for five years, they're quite reconciled."

Madge Evans makes a surprising discovery in "Calm Yourself." Richard Brown is the stranger in the wastebasket.

Those five years have had their lean moments. Rosalind is fiercely proud of her record: From tent show to Theater Guild.

"It may have taken a little time, but I did it the way I wanted to—the long way. That show I was offered on graduation day was a lead in a Broadway play, and I turned it down. I knew I wasn't ready for it. And I turned other parts down until I felt I was equal to them. I hope I can do my picture work in the same way.

"You see," she went on, "those of us who launched our career during the past five or six years have had our hard knocks concentrated right at the beginning. College graduates before us went right into soft jobs. Stage and screen actors plunged immediately into luxurious lives. We've had a chance to do a little bit of pioneering, have gone back to some of the hardships our parents had to fight, and I think we'll last longer for it."

Rosalind shows little sign of living the pace that kills. To her Hollywood hillside home she brought one of her brothers, a law student, to help her stave off loneliness. Eventually she hopes to get a ranch where she can raise her own horses. And she plans to avoid a home in Beverly Hills, usually the second step in a successful film career, because she's a little afraid of the suburban atmosphere. It looks a bit neighborly to her, and perhaps a trifle gossipy, and she loathes petty gossip.

The few brief moments she has when they're not tossing her from rôle to rôle, she spends at golf or riding. For a real vacation there's nothing that equals getting on a boat.

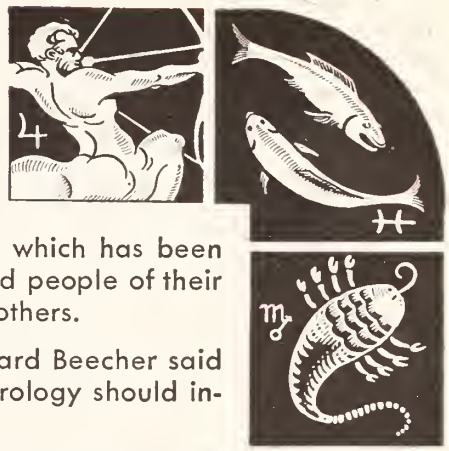
"And of course," I concluded, making one last desperate effort to fit her into the formula, "you hope eventually to get away from it all, to retire and live quietly, a home in the country, a cabin in the mountains, perhaps a villa on the Riviera?"

"By no means," she protested. "I hope to continue being an actress, a good actress!"

And who's to stop her?

Protect Yourself 12 Months

Do you want to control your life or take what comes, blindfolded?



ASTROLOGY IS A POWER which has been relied upon by the most advanced people of their times, to control themselves and others.

USE THIS POWER. Henry Ward Beecher said "The practical application of Astrology should interest every human being."

WHAT WE WANT TO SEND YOU is a full and practical Astrological Guide and Forecast, with both Monthly and Daily Information, Good and Bad Days, Dangers and Opportunities.

Your Daily Forecast will require about 15 pages of typewriter text; **your Monthly Forecast** about 8 pages; **your Preliminary Information** and **Astrological Analysis of Yourself** about 6 pages, (covering your Tendencies, Talents, Friendships, Marriage Type to Seek, Finances, Experiences, Things to Overcome, Temperament, Characteristics, etc.); with other pages devoted to **Your Emotional Chart, Graphology, etc.** totaling about **32 or more pages,** covering 1 year.

YOU RUN NO RISK; send *Date, Year, Month* and *Where* you were born, with a dollar bill or check; money will be refunded if not fully satisfied and return Manuscript.

APPLIED RESEARCH SOCIETY
102 Prospect Street • Marblehead, Mass.

A New York taxi driver who becomes the singing pilot of a gondola in Venice—this is the delightful impersonation assigned to Dick Powell in "Broadway Gondolier," the first musical film of the new season. Aided and abetted in fun-making by Joan Blondell, Adolphe Menjou, and Louise Fazenda, Mr. Powell thanks his stars—and costars—for another step in popularity.

Flying High

Continued from page 18

"One can't help changing in this or any other profession," he continued, "but I hope my changes will all be in the right direction. An actor seldom escapes being called high-hat by some one at some stage of his career. This usually results from the fact that it is impossible to keep in touch with all the people we meet as we go along.

"I'm grateful for the opportunities I've had and I hope I can prove deserving of them. Why, if I hadn't got this break with MGM I might be starving now!"

Hard pressed, perhaps, but not starving. With youth, health, good looks, ambition, and a good mind, it is fairly certain that he would find some harbor even if it were painting cars or working on a farm as he did during school vacations.

I asked if he had any particular aversions, and after taking the matter under consideration he was able to name only one: night clubs. Although of a sociable disposition, he has not been able to develop a liking for this type of nocturnal heigh-de-ho.

"My chief enthusiasm is the theater," said he. "I see every worth-while play that comes to the Coast."

He also has a marked fondness for sweaters and was wearing one of his large collection when we met. Tennis and horseback riding are his favorite sports. He plays the cello and the piano, accomplishments which, together with his agreeable baritone, kept him on a Nebraska radio station for two years.

At last Elissa Landi is to appear in a picture after a year's idleness. It's to be "Without Regret," and the story will be recalled by those who saw it silently as "Interference," with Evelyn Brent.

Robert—or Bob, as he is customarily called—does not strike me as being the wire-pulling, favor-currying sort. Rather, he appears to be what we like to consider the typical American youth—straightforward, level-headed and ambitious. Though reasonably optimistic, he views his continuous good fortune with slight apprehension.

"Some day," said he, with lurking amusement, "I may get a sock right on the nose!"

He admits to a liking for Claudette Colbert, and says he would like to appear in a picture with her. Again I can only commend his good judgment.

"I admire such sophisticated women as Joan Crawford and Kay Francis," said he, "but in an impersonal way. They have a sort of satiny finish that is pleasing on the screen, but for personal association I prefer a less dazzling type—a chummy, companionable girl who isn't too modern for comfort or too glamorous to wear well. I don't care for a purely athletic type, either. To my mind, the ideal girl is one of balanced accomplishments, a girl who can make a good appearance on a dance floor, can swim with a fellow in the surf, and can put together an appetizing meal.

"I don't expect to marry before I'm thirty, but it's impossible to make any final predictions in matters of that sort." The easy grin again overspread his tanned countenance. "When I do take the plunge I hope it will be with a girl who has a domestic turn and a capacity for constancy."

To one who is unutterably bored with countless articles bearing such titles as, "How to Acquire Glamour," or "You, Too, May Have Sophistication!" young Taylor's remarks come as a bright beam of sunlight in a fog of artificiality.

Since the women of any nation are what the men of that nation want them to be, I feel that the United States could do with an army of Robert Taylors. As he himself admits, in speaking of his lack of hectic experiences, there is still plenty of time for him to "get into mischief." Let us hope, however, that this pleasing youth will be kept too busy turning in good performances to develop any fashionable vices.

Here's a Queer Way to *Learn* Music!

No teacher—no confusing details. Just a simple, easy, home-study method. Takes only a few minutes—averages only a few cents a day. Every step is clear as A-B-C throughout. You'll be surprised at your own rapid progress. From the start you are playing real tunes perfectly by note. **Quickly** learn to play any "jazz" or classical selection right at home in your spare time. All instruments. Send for Free Booklet and Demonstration Lesson. These explain our wonderful home study method fully. Mention instrument preferred.

FREE

U. S. School of Music, 539 Brunswick Bldg., New York City

Alviene School of the Theatre

Graduates: Lee Tracy, Peggy Shannon, Fred Astaire, Una Merkel, Zita Johann, Mary Pickford, etc. Drama, Dance, Speech, Musical Comedy, Opera, Personal Development, Culture. Stock Theatre Training appearances while learning. For catalog, write Sec'y LOREE, 66 West 85th St., N. Y.

NAME THESE STARS

? ? ?

and receive a photograph of your favorite MOVIE STAR FREE. Also a chance to receive 50 additional photographs FREE

All the latest stars

Send 10c to cover costs.

HOLLYWOOD SCREEN EXCHANGE

Drawer V-1 -:- Dept. A, -:- Hollywood, Calif., U. S. A.

GRAY FADED HAIR

Women, girls, men with gray, faded, streaked hair. **Shampoo and color your hair at the same time** with new French discovery **"SHAMPO-KOLOR,"** takes few minutes, leaves hair soft, glossy, natural. Permits permanent wave and curl. Free Booklet, Monsieur L. P. Valligny, Dept. 37, 254 W. 31 St., New York

HAVE PRETTY ANKLES

Support and relieve swelling and varicose veins with Dr. Walter's flesh colored gum rubber reducing hose. Perfect fitting—improve shape at once. They have helped many thousands of people in the last 25 years.

11 inch not covering foot $3.75 per pair
14 " partly covering " $6.75 " "

Send ankle and calf measure. Pay by check or money order (no cash) or pay postman.

Dr. JEANNE G. A. WALTER
389 Fifth Ave., New York

ANY PHOTO ENLARGED

Size 8x10 inches or smaller if desired. Same price for full length or bust form, groups, landscapes, pet animals, etc., or enlargements of any *part* of group picture. Safe return of original photo guaranteed.

47c

SEND NO MONEY Just mail photo or snapshot (any size) and within a week you will receive your beautiful life-like enlargement, guaranteed fadeless. Pay postman 47c plus postage—or send 49c with order and we pay postage. **Big 16x20-inch enlargement** sent C.O.D. 78c plus postage or send 80c and we pay postage. Take advantage of this amazing offer now. Send your photos today. Specify size wanted.

STANDARD ART STUDIOS
104 S. Jefferson Street, Dept. 3S-L, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

***Remove that* FAT**

"I have actually taken 5 inches off. I am overjoyed!" J. A.

● Have you a full, oversize bust? You can reduce 3-5 inches and have alluring, slim loveliness with my famous **Slimcream** treatment, which reduced my bust 4½ inches, and weight 28 lbs. in 28 days! I GUARANTEE TO RETURN YOUR MONEY if your form is not reduced after applying my **Slimcream** treatment for 14 days! Full 30 days' Treatment, **$1.00**, sent in plain wrapper. The ultra-rapid, GUARANTEED way to get those slender, girlish, fascinating curves so much admired. **FREE!** Send $1.00 for my **Slimcream** treatment **NOW**, and I will send you, FREE, my world-famous, regular $1.00 **Beauty Treatment**, with a gold-mine of priceless beauty secrets never before revealed! Limited Offer—SEND TODAY! Add 25c for foreign countries.

DAISY STEBBING, Dept.P.P.14, Forest Hills, New York.

Continued from page 10

too big? Most London policemen are on the right side of thirty, all are very smartly dressed and pleasant to look at.

Also, in England we have many kinds of accents, the cockney accent being limited to parts of London. Why, then, when a film takes place in another English city, or even in the country, do they have to have a village constable, or a servant, with a cockney accent?

However, American films as a rule are excellent, especially were "The Count of Monte Cristo," "The Thin Man," and "It Happened One Night."

L. Anderson.
67 Clarence Road, Canning Town,
London, E. 16, England.

Norma Shearer Her Hobby.

ABOUT seven years ago I saw a practically unknown but very promising young actress called Norma Shearer in a silent film, and I decided to take her up. I didn't exactly become her fan; rather, she became my hobby. I was a little cynical about her succeeding as so many actresses make good in one film and are disappointing in others, and I was surprised when my hobby gradually became well known as a capable and intelligent actress.

I studied her career closely, took a personal interest in her private life, and never missed one of her films. For seven years I have watched her go slowly but surely to the top, and never once has she failed or disappointed me either in her performances on the screen or in private life. Other stars have come and gone, but not once has she slipped back an inch. She has played hard, sophisticated rôles and yet remained a womanly woman.

Perhaps that is why she is one of the most popular stars in America and the most popular star in England. And now in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" she has given her most memorable performance to date. I shall never forget her wistful "If I could see and not be seen." And that scene where she tottered to the window to see *Robert Browning* depart was one of the finest pieces of acting I have ever seen.

Here's to you, Miss Shearer. I offer this letter as a sincere tribute to a great actress and a charming woman from a fan of long standing. I am very, very proud of you. Dorothy Graylands.
England.

Why Always Miscast?

I AM writing this letter in the hope that some of the producers will read it and give Ralph Bellamy a good rôle, for a change.

I've just about given up trying to figure out why Bellamy isn't recognized as an actor and appreciated in Hollywood. I can't understand why he is constantly miscast as in "The Wedding Night" and countless others. Some time ago he played opposite Katharine Hepburn in "Spitfire" in which he was very good. But he hasn't been given anything important since. I've heard many people express the same opinion.

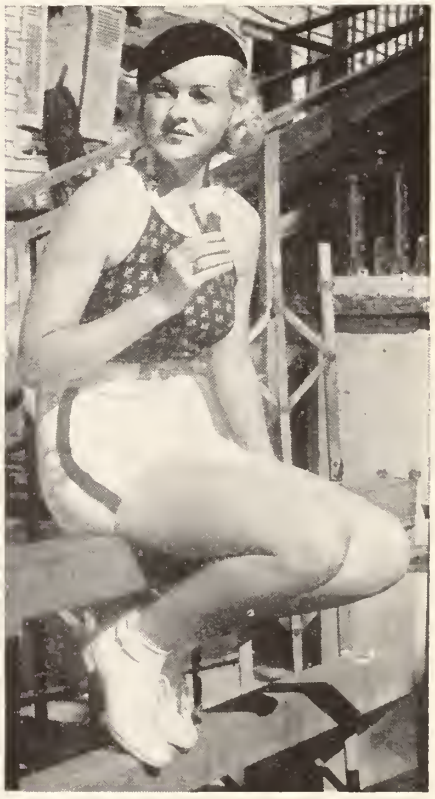
Why not give him a real part in a picture like "Lives of a Bengal Lancer"? He's as good as Gary Cooper or Franchot Tone, if not better. We like him and want to see him in better pictures. It would be a pleasure to see him "win" the girl once in a while. But this is the point: Give Ralph Bellamy a break. He deserves it—and it's about time.

Isabel Barclay.
Burlington, Vermont.

American Speech Criticized.

I HAVE been reading Picture Play for quite a time and am very interested in "What the Fans Think." Is this department for the sole purpose of fans to "hit" off at each other over silly little differences in regards to favorites? If so, it's a pity, as surely one should be able to state his likes and dislikes in a movie magazine without raising the ire of other fans.

I live in South Africa, so perhaps American fans will forgive me when I say that we English simply cannot understand or accustom ourselves to the American manner of talking.



Patricia Ellis will refuse a fancy ice-cream concoction any day for a good, old-fashioned cone, the bigger the better.

True, most of our films are American, which we thoroughly enjoy, but must the stars have low, husky voices combined with "cute" sayings which we cannot follow?

Another point which I would like explained is why all the rush of praise for Katharine Hepburn? She's no better than any one else. Please don't think I am for or against Hepburn, but just as a point of interest, when "Spitfire" was shown here it only ran for three days. Surely that speaks for itself. South African people don't appreciate her, some will say. Perhaps we don't, but thank Heaven, America is broad-minded enough to realize we want variety as we all differ in opinion, and thank goodness we see all the good pictures with the bad. But why not more with Bette Davis, Warner Baxter, and Carol Lombard? We don't see enough of *them*.

One more thing, Elstree is sending Hollywood South Africa's own film star, Molly Lamont, so don't be too down on her. Give her a chance and prove that America can be very broad-minded about "foreigners."

After all, it's only a South African who has stated her views and thinks the average American picture is "swell," as the saying goes. Les Durban.
Durban, Natal, South Africa.

A Child's Preferences.

CHILDREN also have their own tastes, don't they, Miss Perkins and Mr. Fasel? I am just eleven years old, and hope the following will prove that we kids can be as ardent fans as adults:

Prettiest girl—Jean Muir.
Best-looking male—Nelson Eddy.
Best-looking female—Jean Harlow.
Handsomest man—George Lewis.
Best actress—Katharine Hepburn.
Best actor—Robert Donat.
Most popular girl—Joan Crawford.
Most popular man—Clark Gable.
My favorite actress—Claire Trevor.
My favorite actor—Dick Powell.
Funniest woman—Edna May Oliver.
Funniest man—W. C. Fields.
Best-built girl—Mae West.
Best-built fellow—Nelson Eddy.
Best-dressed girl—Claire Trevor.
Nicest fellow—Robert Young.
Nicest girl—Ginger Rogers.
Best team—Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert.
Most likable girl—Jean Parker.
Most likable fellow—George Brent.
Best male singing voice—Nelson Eddy.
Best female singing voice—Grace Moore.
My ideal—Nelson Eddy.

And also I would like to know just why the censors think they are improving pictures for children. Instead, they are ruining them for us and everybody else. Don't think I like vulgar pictures, please, because I don't. But I would just love to know what was wrong with "It Happened One Night." I saw it four times, and it was the best picture I ever saw. No rattle-brained old censors can make me feel any different.

Edith Coe.
Washington, D. C.

Adieu to a Great Artist.

PICTURE PLAY for May published an article called "Extra! Novarro Quits!" Evidently we are supposed to rejoice. Instead we mournfully bid adieu to a great artist. He has found a new career and we are glad. We regret for many reasons but particularly because in the past two or three years he has left little for us to remember him by.

His last few contracts have been signed reluctantly. He has tried to break away but, somehow, couldn't seem to come to a definite decision. This restless attitude has reflected in his acting.

Only seldom have we been able to catch a spark of that rare and individual

genius which puts him in a class all his own and which has made us loyal to him for thirteen years. For this reason we are sorry. How happy we would be had his last been a "Prisoner of Zenda" or a "Devil-May-Care."

But as it seems that this last hope is not to be rewarded, we can only say, "Success to you, Ramon, and a happier, more peaceful state of mind than we feel has been yours recently!"

CATHERINE BRENNAN.
Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Owsley Fans Take Note.

HEY, you Monroe Owsley fans, where are you? For months I have been watching for a letter that would give Mr. Owsley the praise he deserves for the swell entertainment he provides in all his pictures. But not one little letter do I find. So, come on, fans, write to Picture Play, and give him the credit he deserves. He's a swell actor and a grand guy.

VERA JOHNSON.
4812 De Grandpré Street,
Montreal, Canada.

Overlooked by the Academy.

I JUST heard that the Motion Picture Academy award winners were Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable.

Although I take my hat off to both both of them for their wonderful work in "It Happened One Night," I feel that others of just as good accomplishments were overlooked.

In my estimation, "The Count of Monte Cristo" was a masterpiece due to the superb acting of what I think will be the greatest actor of all time—Robert Donat. Elissa Landi played a great supporting rôle.

I also think Gary Cooper should have received some consideration. And William Powell for his masterful work in "The Thin Man." Also Myrna Loy who played a bang-up supporting rôle.

PHILIP J. SCHACCA.
1 Gouverneur Place, New York, N. Y.

Unfair to Jean.

DESPITE the fact that in "Reckless" Jean Harlow had the most difficult rôle of her career, she made it a great artistic triumph. And her great success in this proves that she can play drama as well as comedy and vamp rôles.

It is the first time she has danced or sung in a picture and yet she was good at both. She worked herself thin mastering the intricate steps of the Trocadero dance, and her success is most gratifying.

Some critic claims that she did not sing and dance herself. The numerous close-ups, the Harlowesque voice, movements, mannerisms, et cetera, prove conclusively that she did. To rob her of the credit is brutal, unfair, and dishonest. And why should she work so hard in preparing herself if some one else was to work for her?

Harlow is going to achieve by her genius and personality the highest honors that movie art can bestow.

MIKE BUTLER.
Box 154, Taft, California.

Gentlemen Are Born.

IT is a pity that producers do not bring to Hollywood some real gentlemen to play gentlemen rôles. Gentlemen are born and not made, even in the studios. Clothes never yet made the man nor the gentleman. One does not have to go far in Hollywood, unfortunately, to get actors who portray only too perfectly such rôles as tough guys, con-men, and gorillas. Producers know their public, though, and that to the bulk of their audiences "romance" given by gorillas with gleaming teeth, is more palatable than that served by real gentlemen.

HOWARD BRIDGE.
Grand Hotel, Vienna, Austria.

Compared to Flowers.

MY favorite actresses, like my favorite flowers, appeal to me irresistibly. So, in the language of the flowers, I am going to describe them.

Elissa Landi: Eglantine. All Miss Landi's grace and elegance are personified in the eglantine. She is royally lovely with an individuality, charm and beauty that only the eglantine possesses.

Greta Garbo: Yellow orchid. Weirdly beautiful, this flower is very rare. It is too shy to thrive near the haunts of the world. In the primitive forests, in deep mountain ravines, it finds a setting fit for its lofty grace and loveliness. Something in common has this flower with Garbo. Something of her spirit of freedom and her love of exclusion.

Irene Dunne: Asters. How fair are these lovely flowers. What exquisite tints their rays reveal. A glorious company on this earth are these lovely asters, and as fair and as charming as any aster is lovely Irene Dunne.

Helen Hayes: Violets. Few flowers hold a higher place in our affections than do violets. Miss Hayes has every claim that modest little violets have in addition to their delightful and refreshing appeal, their warm and human fragrance.

Loretta Young: Lily. Like the lily, Miss Young has a delicate and fragile beauty. There is an exquisite refinement in the form of the lily and in Miss Young, too.

Katharine Hepburn: Monkey flower. Miss Hepburn is a token of the monkey flower. This flower is very attractive and striking and it affords every conceivable variety of color. The face of the flower is by no means unlike that of the grinning monkey. There is something almost intelligent about this flower and the way it carries an expression of mockery about it. It is typical in every way of Hepburn.

Ann Harding: Harebell. Graceful and fragile, divinely fair and tall is this pale-blue flower, and as refreshing as a summer sky just washed by a thunder shower. Miss Harding has all the natural majesty and poise of this flower.

GRACE ELEANOR DONAHUE.
121 Palisade Avenue,
Jersey City, New Jersey.

Hints to Producers.

GIVE us more pictures with Mischa Auer, Samuel Hinds, and Dorothy Tree. These character players have real talent.

Be charming!
WHETHER 16 OR 60
TIME MARCHES ON!
RETAIN YOUR YOUTH
with this new
REJUVENATION KIT 1.00
RESTORES natural color, texture, contour.
REMOVES blemishes, coarse pores, blackheads, lines.
STIMULATES and tones sagging muscles.
Send for one today and see how much better you LOOK and FEEL.
REVELATION COMPLEXION KIT CORP.
640 Madison Av. Dept. P. New York City.

The thrills and romance of a cameraman can be YOURS!
Fascinating opportunities to make big money as a COMMERCIAL, NEWS, PORTRAIT or MOTION PICTURE PHOTOGRAPHER. Easy to learn. Personal Attendance and Home Study courses. *25th year.* Send for free booklet.
New York Institute of Photography
10 West 33 St., (Dept. 3) New York City

WHY BE FLAT-CHESTED?

Try my new VENUS CREAM Method to increase bust measure 1 to 4 ins. Wonderful for ugly, sagging lines, scrawny neck and arms, undeveloped forms, wrinkles and crowsfeet. To convince you I will send generous 10-day treatment for 25c. Money back if you are not amazed with results!
ONLY 25¢
ROSE MILLER, Box 1271-P, Birmingham, Ala.

In ST. LOUIS it's the HOTEL Lennox
LOCATED DOWNTOWN
GARAGE SERVICE
Famous for Food and Hospitality
OUTSTANDING ROOM VALUES $2.50 UP

WONDER PEEL PASTE $5

One Day Home Treatment
(means one application)
For Superficial Blemishes
Whiteheads, Wrinkles, Pimples, Eye-Puffs, Blackheads, Acne, Pits, Freckles, Flabby Neck, Oldish Hands.

CARA MUSCLE CREAM (Neck, Eyes) $3
ADELE MILLAR PRENTISS
Dept. 9, 1800 N. Western, Hollywood, Cal.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—
Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go
The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.
Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c at all drug stores. © 1931, C.M.Co.

Give Alice Brady, Lew Ayres, and Madge Evans rôles capable of their talents.

Have the judges' heads examined who chose the picture "It Happened One Night" as the best of the year.

Who selected Claudette Colbert's acting the best of the year? Did they see Bette Davis in "Of Human Bondage," Robert Donat in "The Count of Monte Cristo," Norma Shearer in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," or Elisabeth Bergner in "Catherine the Great"?

Give Boris Karloff the honor due him. Also Colin Clive.

Give us Oliver Hardy, Stan Laurel, Thelma Todd, Zasu Pitts, and Charlie Chase in the old comedies we used to see.

Stop giving us musicals with Dick Powell, Ruby Keeler, Joan Blondell, Hugh Herbert, and Frank McHugh. The same old cast. This applies especially to Warners.

Stop making fun of Garbo. She is the only star who wants to mind her own business and wants us to, too. All we care about is her acting—which is the best in Hollywood.

Where is Slim Summerville? Henry Garat? Polly Moran?

What have you done to Conrad Nagel?

Tell Ginger Rogers to be herself. She is no Garbo. We want her as she was in "Twenty Million Sweethearts" and "Change of Heart."

Hold on to Robert Donat and Francis Lederer. They are different from the ordinary "I love you" type.

Let Irene Dunne sing as much as possible. It is a pleasure to hear her voice.

Explain how *Tarzan* can "float through the air with the greatest of ease" with a haircut, manicure and fresh shave.

Give us "Ben-Hur" and "King of Kings" in talking pictures.

Give Hugh Herbert and Frank McHugh my congratulations for being able to produce a laugh whenever they appear on the screen. DAVID E. LEWIS.

Bridgetown, Nova Scotia,
Canada.

Landi a "Goddess of Liberty."

I HAVE been reading many letters in this column lately in praise of Elissa Landi. I always realize whenever I see her on the screen and feast my eyes on her radiant beauty that my flagging spirit is restored to a habit of nonchalance. She reminds me of the "Goddess of Liberty," ironical, elusive and dominant, with the light of her prismatic personality shining out and drawing admirers to her.

I certainly am filled with admiration for this woman, who is so unlike all other women and yet who is the entire code of the feminine sex. She is so alert with life. How many Hollywood women have her splendid restless energy? A lot of them, perhaps, but they do not know how to use it. They conserve it too much and it ferments and finally sours them. So that places Miss Landi uncountable degrees above all Hollywood women.

Miss Landi was never of Hollywood. She was of the long-ago Carthage. She has the sharp intoxicating tang of Zanzibar. There is no real fathoming her. I don't know how one can accuse her of undeviated stiffness. This beautiful woman with the subtly foreign air is the one whom I have chosen a pattern for myself and I will always revel in the pleasure of remembering such a superb actress. ELOISE J. LAWRENCE.

New York, N. Y.

The Tough Guy They Like.

MAY I throw in my hat? There's a cocksure, hardboiled, pugnacious, though extremely likable, little mug on the screen who answers to the name of Frankie Darro. With his personality and color I'd rather watch this kid than some of the fellows who are nominated for best-acting honors. He was grand in "Wild Boys of the Road," and what a keen sense of comedy he revealed in "The Merry Frinks." We grown-ups enjoy him every bit as much as the children, maybe more. He's a real personality and

George Raft is proud of the new radio-bar in his studio dressing room. Of course, he doesn't drink—mercy, no! Few stars do. It's just there for those who do. Interviewers, for example, who never say nay.

he'll shoot to the top if the producers will meet him halfway and give him stories equal to his skill. I hope they will as every one I know seems to think Frankie's great.

Well, tough guy, hope we see you in a great many more pictures; the more the merrier! PAT.

Newark, New Jersey.

Leave Untouched Their Private Lives.

I HAVE bought Picture Play for a long time and enjoy it as much as ever—all, that is, except some of the letters which appear in this column. Lately, there have been some really beastly letters criticizing actors and actresses. Not their acting, oh no, but their looks and personal life, mostly.

I'd like to see some of these so-called critics and visit *their* homes. I don't think I'd have a hard task to decide which I preferred Jean Harlow's, Leslie Howard's, Claudette Colbert's, et cetera, to theirs. It's usually these people who are gossips, as well as bad managers of their own homes and personal affairs.

If they would practice writing letters such as those by Gordon Sellett, Kenneth C. Brooks, Mrs. Average Fan, and Ruth Ann, it would be a lot better for every one concerned.

Perhaps these lines by Robert Burns may help you all to write finer, more helpful letters about and to the stars.

"Oh wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as others see us!"

I close saying "thank you" to all you film folk for hours of splendid entertainment. Especially big bouquets go to Freddie Bartholomew, Leslie Howard, Grace Moore, Franchot Tone, Claudette Colbert, Jean Harlow, Dick Powell, Jesse Matthews, Edna May Oliver, and Jessie Ralph. BEN NICHOLSON, JR.

R. R. 1, Matsqui,
B. C., Canada.

A Great Love.

CONGRATULATIONS to Doctor Francis Griffin of New York City and to his lovely wife, Irene Dunne of Hollywood, for the charm and dignity with which they conduct their married life. Here indeed must be the great love one reads rather skeptically about in novels. Such divine tolerance, fine intelligence and understanding cannot but keep their little craft always in safe, serene waters.

Thank you, Doctor Griffin, for giving us Irene Dunne without any of the fuss and trouble you might easily be forgiven for making.

I suspect that her happiness is yours, also that if she had to choose between you and her career you are the one who would win. Thank you again for being too big to make that decision necessary. BEE PIERCE.

4121 Verdugo Road,
Los Angeles, California.

A Blessing in Disguise.

WHETHER or not it was due to the Legion of Decency, the film industry certainly has emerged from the coarse, raw, sex angle, and Hollywood with its true "gentleman and lady" attitude has at last earned the admiration and respect of the world.

The producers are to be congratulated on their brilliant answer to the Legion of Decency's demand for wholesome and inspiring pictures. They themselves will be the gainers by the success of such gems as "David Copperfield," "Great Expectations," "The Count of Monte Cristo," "What Every Woman Knows," "The Little Minister," "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer," "Ruggles of Red Gap," "The Little Colonel," "Naughty Marietta," "Roberta," and "One Night of Love."

All scored triumphantly at the box office and their success proves that the public does not want the cheap doll of the Crawford or Harlow type, with their heavily coated sex films. I, too, believe that the days of Garbo, Dietrich, and Constance Bennett are over as they have lost favor, judging from the hissing and booing of audiences.

Producers, keep on subordinating raw sex in films and delve more deeply into the old and new masterpieces of dramatic literature. You have seven of the world's most brilliant actresses. In fact, I think they are immortal. They are Katharine Hepburn, Elissa Landi, Norma Shearer, Miriam Hopkins, Helen Hayes, Loretta Young, and Anna Sten.

Let these incomparable women bring to life on the screen the great personages of history. The lives of Florence Nightingale and Joan of Arc, the great works of Thackeray, Tolstoy, Victor Hugo, Rudyard Kipling, and Charles Dickens. You have absolute proof now that the public will support drama drawn from the best literature. After all, the campaign for cleaner pictures has solved your hardest problem. I think it proved a blessing in disguise.

GORDON SELLETT.
West New York, New Jersey.

Hollywood Owes Her Plenty.

HOW any one can pan the all-powerful Katharine Hepburn is beyond me. She may not be a chocolate-box beauty, but she has genius, personality, and a brilliant mind, which I am sure every one will agree is one hundred per cent better than a pretty face. Three years ago she was unknown. To-day she is "first lady of the screen," and she has only herself to thank. She owes Hollywood nothing, but Hollywood owes her plenty.

She has the grace of a wood nymph, and her hands remind one of two beautiful fluttering butterflies. I am sure America must be proud of her talented daughter. R. P. BOURDIER.
51 Bedford Square, Bloomsbury,
London, W. C. 1, England.

Information, Please

Continued from page 8

G. A. L.—John Beal was born in Joplin, Missouri, August 13, 1909. Right name is James Alexander Bliedung. Married Helen Craig, July 12, 1934. Films: "Another Language," "Hat, Coat, and Glove," "The Little Minister," "Laddie," "Les Miserables," "Break of Hearts," "Old Man Rhythm." George Murphy, in New Haven, Connecticut, July 4, 1903. Married Juliette Johnson in 1928. Films: "Kid Millions," "Jealousy," "After the Dance." Russell Hardie, in Buffalo, New York, May 20th. Not married. Films: "Costello Case," "Broadway to Hollywood," "Stage Mother," "Christopher Bean," "Men in White," "Murder in the Private Car," "Sequoia," "Pursued," "Band Plays On," "Hell in the Heavens," "In Old Kentucky." For their photographs, write to Beal at RKO, Hardie at Fox, Murphy at Columbia.

J. G. A.—"My Heart Is Calling" was made in England by Gaumont-British, with Jan Kiepura, Marta Eggerth, Sonnie Hale, Hugh Wakefield, Ernest Thesiger, Marie Löhr, Jeanne Stuart, John Singer. Sorry, but I have no information on Errol Flynn, except that he is under contract to Warners.

JANNY.—Frankie Darro is to appear in "Born to Fight" first in the series of eight Peter B. Kyne stories to be produced at the Talisman Studio. I take it that you read the interview with him in Picture Play for March, and we'll keep your request in mind for a full-page picture some time. He is an only child. Tommy Conlon hasn't appeared in any picture since "Only Yesterday."

LINDY BOTTAIN.—For a photograph of Greta Grandstedt, you might write the Biltmore Theater, West 47th Street, New York City, where she is appearing in the stage production "If a Body." She was born in Malmo, Sweden, has blond hair, green eyes, and is five feet one. Before entering silent pictures, she was a waitress, a vaudeville dancer, and an artist's model. Married Ramon Ramos November 1, 1933. Cecilia Parker is a native of Fort William, Ontario, Canada, born there April 26, 1914; five feet three, weighs 110, blond hair, hazel eyes. She is a MGM contract player and was last seen in "Naughty Marietta."

A DARRO FAN.—See my answer to *Janny* for information about your favorite. As for Ray Milland, after a varied career he began on the stage in England. Then in silent films. He has also appeared in British films. Born in Drogheda, Ireland, January 3, 1907; six feet one, weighs 168, brown hair, hazel eyes. Right name is Jack Millane. Playing in "Alias Mary Dow."

SUE MCGILL HOLBERT.—Perhaps MGM's Publicity Department, 1540 Broadway, New York City, has the information you are seeking about "The Cat and the Fiddle."

DALLAS, TEXAS.—Lois January has dark-brown hair and blue-gray eyes; Sharon Lynn, reddish-brown hair, dark-brown eyes; Jane Wyatt, dark-brown hair, hazel eyes; Rosemary Ames, reddish-gold hair, blue eyes; Frances Drake, brown hair, gray eyes; Olga Baclanova, blond hair, blue eyes. Patsy Ruth Miller is five feet two, weighs 108; Laura La Plante, five feet two, weighs 112; Lewis Stone, five feet ten and three-quarters, weighs 174; Lew Cody was five feet eleven and three-quarters, weighed 175; Lucille Browne, five feet four.

A FAN.—Renee Gadd was born in South America. She has fair hair and hazel eyes. Alice Joyce in Kansas City, Missouri, October 1, 1890; five feet seven, weighs 120, brown hair, hazel eyes.

Have FULL ROUND ALLURING CURVES

"—what Beautipon Cream has done in my case. I think the result is remarkable, as I have actually developed my bust 4½ inches." G. A.

Is your form flat, undersized, sagging? You can add 3 to 6 inches with Beautipon Cream treatment, which has given thousands a beautiful womanly form. YOUR MONEY BACK if your form is not increased after applying Beautipon Cream treatment for 14 days! Full 30 days' Treatment, $1.00, sent in plain wrapper. The easy, *certain* way to have the bewitching, magnetic, feminine charm you've always longed for.

Free! "Fascinating Loveliness" Free!

The world-famous Beauty Expert's Course, "Fascinating Loveliness," for which thousands have paid $1.00, will be sent FREE if you send $1.00 for Beautipon Cream treatment NOW. OFFER LIMITED. SEND $1.00 TODAY.

DAISY STEBBING
Suite 97, Forest Hills, N. Y.

Be an ARTIST

MAKE $50 TO $100 A WEEK!

Our simple, proven methods make it fun to learn Commercial Art, Cartooning and Designing quickly. AT HOME, in spare time. New low rate. Big new book, "ART for Pleasure and Profit," sent free. State age.

WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF ART
Studio 289, 1115-15th St., Wash., D. C.

STARS' HOME ADDRESSES!

At last! What you've waited for—latest home addresses of most all (over 150) Hollywood players. Safeguard letters by writing 'em direct. Our big list is only 25c! STARS' ADDRESS BUREAU, Box 105, Dept. B, Hollywood, Cal.

Up-to-the-Minute Fiction

AINSLEE'S Magazine

It's a STREET & SMITH Publication

All News Stands **15c**

PILES DON'T BE CUT Until You Try This Wonderful Treatment

for pile suffering. If you have piles in any form write for a FREE sample of Page's Pile Tablets and you will bless the day that you read this. Write today. E. R. Page Co., 2392-M Page Bldg., Marshall, Mich.

Your Marriage Forecast

As Told By Your Stars

What is the romance in store for you . . . destined from the day of your birth? Whom should you marry? What is your luckiest day? Send full birth-date with Dime and Stamped Return envelope for your Chart at once.

THURSTON, Dept. J-7
20 W. Jackson Blvd. Chicago, Ill.

BOWLEGS AND KNOCK-KNEES

Improved by the use of the Morris Improved Limb Straightener for Men, Women and Children—Worn with Comfort either day or night or both. Send Ten Cents Coin or stamps for actual photographs, sent in plain wrapper.

ORTHOPEDIC INSTITUTE
Ward 186 612 Loew's State Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.

ADDRESSES OF PLAYERS

Columbia Studio, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Jean Arthur
Tala Birell
John Mack Brown
Tullio Carminati
Nancy Carroll
Ruth Chatterton
Walter Connolly
Donald Cook
Richard Cromwell
Irene Dunne
Wallace Ford
Victor Jory
Peter Lorre
Edmund Lowe
Marian Marsh
Tim McCoy
Grace Moore
George Murphy
Florence Rice
Edward G. Robinson
Ann Sothern
Raymond Walburn
Fay Wray

Fox Studio, Beverly Hills, California.

Lew Ayres
Warner Baxter
Madge Bellamy
Bill Benedict
John Boles
Alan Dinehart
James Dunn
Alice Faye
Henry Fonda
Ketti Gallian
Janet Gaynor
Tito Guizar
Rochelle Hudson
Arline Judge
Paul Kelly
Nino Martini
Frank Melton
Herbert Mundin
George O'Brien
Pat Paterson
Valentin Parera
Gene Raymond
Kane Richmond
Will Rogers
Raul Roulien
Shirley Temple
Claire Trevor
Jane Withers

Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California.

Brian Aherne
Elizabeth Allan
Edward Arnold
John Barrymore
Lionel Barrymore
Freddie Bartholomew
Wallace Beery
Constance Bennett
Charles Butterworth
Bruce Cabot
Mary Carlisle
Jackie Cooper
Violet Kemble-Cooper
Joan Crawford
Nelson Eddy
Wera Engels
Stuart Erwin
Madge Evans
Betty Furness
Clark Gable
Greta Garbo
Jean Harlow
Helen Hayes
Louise Henry
William Henry
June Knight
Otto Kruger
Myrna Loy
Paul Lukas
Jeanette MacDonald
Una Merkel
Robert Montgomery
Frank Morgan
Edna May Oliver
Maureen O'Sullivan
Jean Parker
Eleanor Powell
William Powell
Luise Rainer
May Robson
Mickey Rooney
Rosalind Russell
Norma Shearer
Martha Sleeper
Harvey Stephens
Lewis Stone
Gloria Swanson
Robert Taylor
Franchot Tone
Spencer Tracy
Henry Wadsworth
Johnny Weissmuller
Diana Wynyard
Robert Young

Warners-First National Studio, Burbank, California.

Ross Alexander
John Arledge
Mary Astor
Robert Barrat
Joan Blondell
George Brent
Joe E. Brown
James Cagney
Colin Clive
Ricardo Cortez
Marion Davies
Bette Davis
Olivia de Haviland
Dolores del Rio
Claire Dodd
Robert Donat
Ann Dvorak
John Eldredge
Patricia Ellis
Glenda Farrell
Kay Francis
William Gargan
Hugh Herbert
Leslie Howard
Josephine Hutchinson
Allen Jenkins
Al Jolson
Ruby Keeler
Guy Kibbee
Margaret Lindsay
Anita Louise
Everett Marshall
Frank McHugh
James Melton
Jean Muir
Paul Muni
Pat O'Brien
Dick Powell
Phillip Reed
Phil Regan
Winifred Shaw
Lyle Talbot
Verree Teasdale
Genevieve Tobin
Rudy Vallée
Warren William
Donald Woods

RKO Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Fred Astaire
John Beal
Bill Boyd
Frances Dee
Richard Dix
Preston Foster
Betty Grable
Margot Grahame
Ann Harding
Katharine Hepburn
Kay Johnson
Francis Lederer
Helen Mack
Lily Pons
Erik Rhodes
Buddy Rogers
Ginger Rogers
Randolph Scott
Anne Shirley
Frankie Thomas
Helen Westley
Bert Wheeler
Gretchen Wilson
Robert Woolsey

United Artists Studio, 1041 N. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, California.

George Arliss
Eddie Cantor
Charles Chaplin
Ronald Colman
Miriam Hopkins
Gordon Jones
Fredric March
Joel McCrea
Ethel Merman
Merle Oberon
Mary Pickford
Loretta Young

Universal Studio, Universal City, California.

Nils Asther
Binnie Barnes
Noah Beery, Jr.
Phyllis Brooks
Russ Brown
Andy Devine
Valerie Hobson
Jack Holt
Henry Hull
Baby Jane
Lois January
Buck Jones
Boris Karloff
Bela Lugosi
Douglass Montgomery
Chester Morris
Zasu Pitts
Claude Rains
Cesar Romero
Gloria Stuart
Margaret Sullavan
Slim Summerville
Jane Wyatt

Paramount Studio, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, California.

Gracie Allen
Wendy Barrie
Mary Boland
Charles Boyer
Grace Bradley
Carl Brisson
Kathleen Burke
George Burns
Kitty Carlisle
Claudette Colbert
Gary Cooper
Buster Crabbe
Bing Crosby
Katherine DeMille
Marlene Dietrich
Johnny Downs
Frances Drake
Mary Ellis
W. C. Fields
Cary Grant
Julie Haydon
Samuel Hinds
David Jack Holt
Dean Jagger
Helen Jepson
Roscoe Karns
Jan Kiepura
Elissa Landi
Charles Laughton
Baby LeRoy
Carol Lombard
Pauline Lord
Fred MacMurray
Herbert Marshall
Gertrude Michael
Ray Milland
Joe Morrison
Jack Oakie
Lynne Overman
Gail Patrick
Joe Penner
George Raft
Lyda Roberti
Charles Ruggles
Sylvia Sidney
Alison Skipworth
Sir Guy Standing
Gladys Swarthout
Kent Taylor
Lee Tracy
Virginia Weidler
Mae West
Henry Wilcoxon
Toby Wing

Free-lance Players:

Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood. Ralph Bellamy, Sally Eilers, 6615 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood. Ralph Forbes, 10111 Valley Spring Lane, North Hollywood. Jean Bennett, Roger Pryor, Anna Sten, Mary Brian, 430 California Bank Building, Beverly Hills, California. Lionel Atwill, Adrienne Ames, Estelle Taylor, Dorothy Peterson, Cora Sue Collins, Eric Linden, Chick Chandler, Walter King, 1509 North Vine Street, Hollywood. Neil Hamilton, Room 202, 9441 Wilshire Boulevard, Hollywood. Fifi Dorsay, care of Vernon D. Wood, 210 Pantages Theater Bldg., Hollywood.

WHOLESOME LITERATURE

Chelsea House

79-7TH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

✓ and at 75¢

INSTEAD OF TWO DOLLARS

MYSTERY • ADVENTURE • LOVE • DETECTIVE • WESTERN • No Reprints • Outstanding Authors • 300 TITLES ALWAYS AVAILABLE • CLOTH BOUND • A BOOK FOR EVERY TASTE AND EVERY PURSE • AT YOUR BOOKSTORE

© 1935, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

ENTS COPYRIGHTED 1935

STREET & SMITH'S

PICTURE PLAY

OCTOBER
1935

5
ITS

IARINE
'BURN
By
DITH LAW

NRA
CODE

NEW! ENLARGED!
at the SAME PRICE

Greta GARBO
Fredric MARCH

Anna Karenina

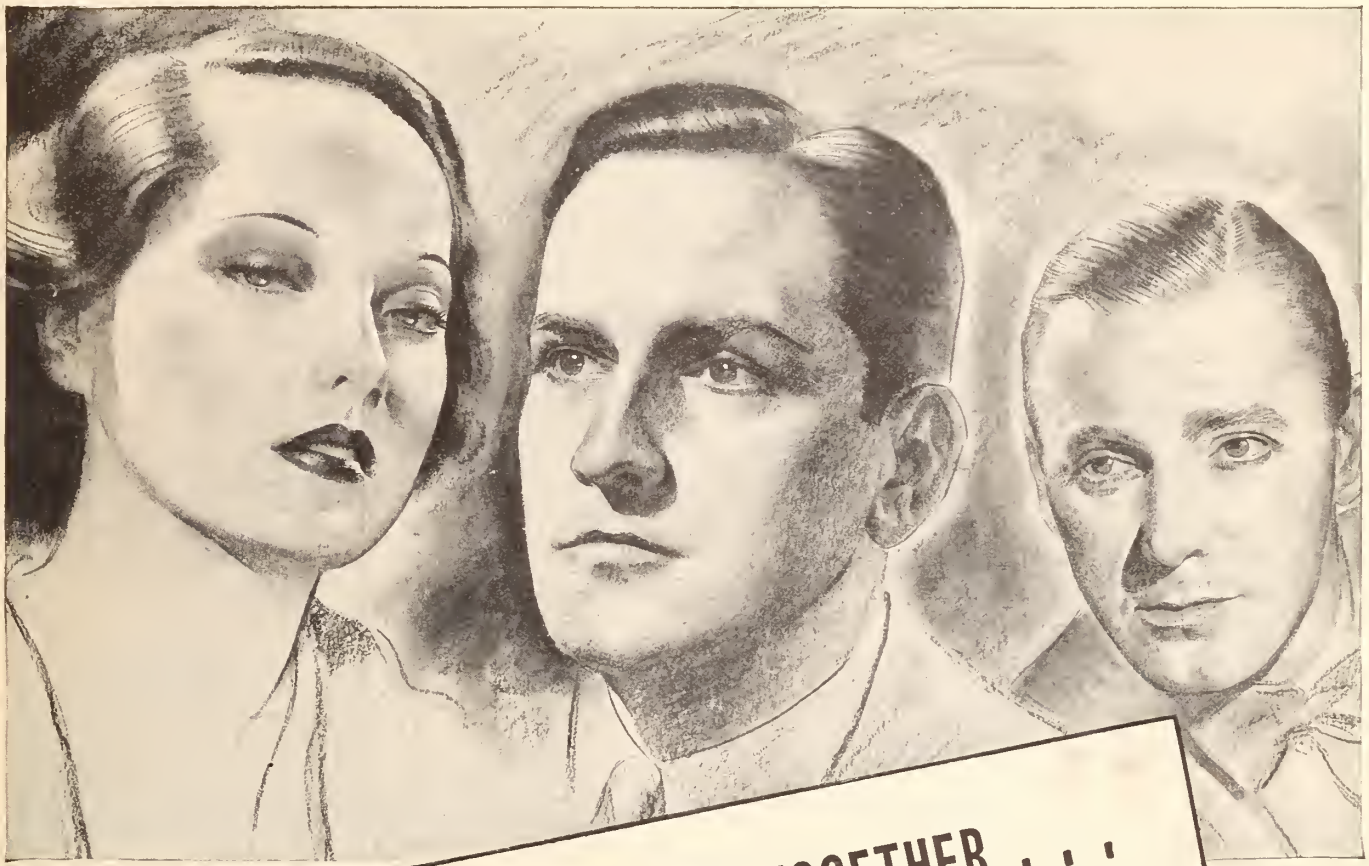
"ALL THAT I KNOW...I KNOW BY LOVE ALONE"

The heart of a man called to the heart of a woman. "We love", it said, "and love is all." Heart answered heart. With eyes open to what she was leaving forever behind her, she went where love called...to dark despair or unimaginable bliss. It is a drama of deep, human emotions, of man and woman gripped by circumstance, moved by forces bigger than they—a great drama, portrayed by players of genius and produced with the fidelity, insight and skill which made "David Copperfield" an unforgettable experience.

FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW
(You remember him as "David Copperfield")
with MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN
MAY ROBSON · BASIL RATHBONE

CLARENCE BROWN'S
Production

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture . . . Produced by DAVID O. SELZNICK



SWEEPING ON TO NEW FAME TOGETHER . . .

Three distinguished players join hearts in a drama of tender beauty, love and sacrifice...each giving the finest individual performances of their careers! Alone, they were superb . . . together, they enact a story...the poignant beauty of which will linger long in your memory!

Samuel Goldwyn PRESENTS

FREDRIC MARCH
MERLE OBERON
HERBERT MARSHALL

in

The DARK ANGEL

with JANET BEECHER • JOHN HALLIDAY • HENRIETTA CROSMAN • FRIEDA INESCORT

From the play by Guy Bolton • Directed by SIDNEY FRANKLIN • Released thru UNITED ARTISTS

Volume XLIII MONTHLY Number 2

STREET & SMITH'S

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION $1.50

PICTURE PLAY

SINGLE COPIES, 15 CENTS

CONTENTS FOR OCTOBER, 1935

The entire contents of this magazine are protected by copyright, and must not be reprinted without the publishers' consent.

FRONTISPIECE:

Southern Sweetness—*Margaret Sullavan in "So Red the Rose"* . . . 11

SPECIAL ARTICLES:

Can a Star Be a Lady Too?—*Some Stars Live Down the Reputation* Helen Pade 12

One More Human: Myrna Loy—*The First Installment of Her Life's Story* Dudley Early 14

Danish Aristocrat—*Carl Brisson* . . . . . Juliette Laine 18

You'd Never Think It—*Margaret Lindsay* . . . Leroy Keleher 35

"I Slipped," Says Chester Morris . . . Samuel Richard Mook 38

More Than Skin Deep—*Gene Raymond* . . . . Joe Mackey 39

Lost—Oberon the Exotic—*Merle Oberon* . . . Muriel Babcock 40

Imagine Their Feelings!—*Introducing the New Game "Britton"* Laura Ellsworth Fitch 42

Which Mother Is Right?—*Bringing Up Shirley and Jane* Myrtle Gebhart 46

The Magic of Marriage—*Its Effect on Ginger Rogers* Ethel H. Barron 50

He Sticks to the Truth—*Russell Hardie* . . . Drummond Tell 51

Respectful Admiration Is All That's Required—*Alison Skipworth* Helen Louise Walker 52

He Spots Rhythm and Color in Stars—*Mamoulian Analyzes the Stars* Dena Reed 60

DEPARTMENTS:

What the Fans Think—*Spontaneous Contributions from Readers* . . 6

Information, Please—*The Man Who Knows Movies Answers Questions* The Oracle 8

They Say in New York—*The Smartest News About Visiting Stars* Karen Hollis 36

Hollywood High Lights—*Lively Bits of Gossip from the Coast* Edwin and Elza Schallert 48

The Screen in Review—*A Fair Appraisal of New Films* Norbert Lusk 54

Casts of Current Pictures 58

Addresses of Players 98

ART GALLERY:

Favorites of the Fans—*Ruth Chatterton, Fay Wray, Rosalind Russell, Nelson Eddy, Elizabeth Allan, Evelyn Venable, Helen Gahagan, Mary Astor, Bing Crosby, Rosalind Keith, Pat Paterson, Anna Sten, Karen Morley, Margaret Lindsay* 19

FASHIONS:

The First Hint of Fall—*Kay Sutton, Sylvia Sidney, Grace Bradley, Gail Patrick, Claire Dodd* 26

PREVIEWS:

Glimpses of Future Films—*"Smart Girl," "Top Hat," "The Last Outpost," "Don't Bet on Blondes," "Broadway Melody of 1936," "She Married Her Boss," "Here's to Romance," "Charlie Chaplin in Modern Times" (title changed from "The Factory"), "The Return of Peter Grimm," "Joan Crawford's New Film," "The Last Days of Pompeii," "Alice Adams," "Peter Ibbetson," "Forbidden Heaven"* 67

Monthly publication issued by Street & Smith Publications, Inc., 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y. George C. Smith, Jr., President; Ormond V. Gould, Vice President and Treasurer; Artemas Holmes, Vice President and Secretary; Clarence C. Vernam, Vice President. Copyright, 1935, by Street & Smith Publications, Inc., New York. Copyright, 1935, by Street & Smith Publications, Inc., Great Britain. Entered as Second-class Matter, March 6, 1916, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Subscriptions to Cuba, Dom. Republic, Haiti, Spain, Central and South American Countries, except The Guianas and British Honduras, $1.75 per year. To all other Foreign Countries, including The Guianas and British Honduras, $2.25 per year.

We do not accept responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts. 16

To facilitate handling, the author should inclose a self-addressed envelope with the requisite postage attached.

STREET & SMITH PUBLICATIONS, INC., 79 7th AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

THE JURY OF BEAUTY

Next month's Picture Play will introduce you to twelve expert judges of beautiful women in Hollywood and their verdict. They will decide what star possesses the most beautiful, more nearly perfect hair, eyes, nose, mouth, teeth, hands, legs, ankles, feet, back and body!

All the jurors are well known and are personally acquainted with the stars they have considered. They were chosen because of their intelligence, their freedom from bias and their willingness to express an opinion without fear or favor.

This extremely interesting feature is presented by Dorothy Wooldridge and settles, for the time being at least, the important question of beauty as it actually exists in Hollywood, in the flesh, rather than in photographs and on the screen.

Don't miss "The Jury of Beauty." It is not a discussion but a verdict based on signed ballots.

THE LIFE OF A LONDON LANCER

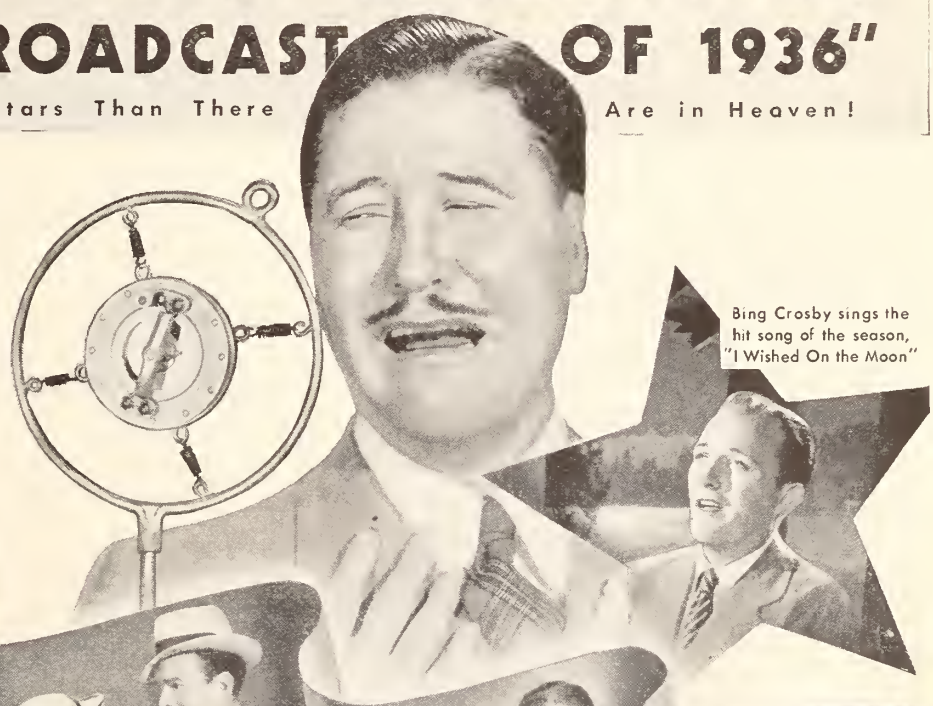
Perhaps "adventurer" would better describe Ray Milland, the young English actor everybody likes. Anyway, his fascinating story is one of the most colorful we have ever published. In November Picture Play.

IS FRANCHOT TONE SMUGLY PLEASED WITH HIMSELF?

No, no, a thousand times no! You have only to read his frank confession next month to become acquainted with one of the most human and likable stars. His sense of humor in appraising himself is irresistible!

FIRST PREVIEW OF PARAMOUNT'S "THE BIG BROADCAST OF 1936"

A Picture With More Stars Than There Are in Heaven!



Everything's oakie-doakie as Jack Oakie takes the air in "THE BIG BROADCAST OF 1936"

Bing Crosby sings the hit song of the season, "I Wished On the Moon"

Momo Loves Papa? Mary Boland and Charlie Ruggles in a skit from "The Big Broadcast"

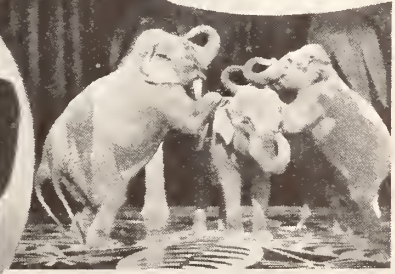
"Knits, Grocie!" George Burns and Gracie Allen in a scene from "The Big Broadcast"

Lovely Wendy Barrie and Henry Wadsworth add the necessary romantic touch to "The Big Broadcast"

Amos 'n Andy, sole proprietors of the great A & A Grocery Choin, Incorporated, seem to be in a pickle

Lyda Roberti has two men—not time—on her hands as she goes into her song "Double Trouble"

Ethel Merman, who has scored such a tremendous hit this year in "Anything Goes" sings "It's the Animal In Me"



The world's biggest chorus . . . LeRoy Prinz's dancing beauties, ten tons on the hoof

Jessica Dragonette, top soprano on the air today, sings . . . "Alice Blue Gown"

Ray Noble, composer of "The Very Thought of You" and "Love Is The Sweetest Thing", leads his orchestra in his latest piece, "Why Stars Come Out at Night"

Bill Robinson, greatest of all tap dancers, moves his feet to the hot rhythm of "Miss Brown to You"

A Paramount Picture . . . Directed by Norman Taurog

WHAT THE FANS THINK

Give Glamour a Holiday.

WHAT hos Hollywood done to the rovishing Merle Oberon? It wos olmost impossible to reconcile the exotic femole

David Donald Jolly, who lives near "The Little Minister" locale in Scotland, praises John Beal's true portrayal.

of "Folies Bergère" with the lovely "Anne Boleyn" ond potricion "Lody Blokeney." If this is port of the movie grooming-ond-glomour process Hollywood boosts obout, it's high time glomour took o holidoy! Miss Oberon wos one of the screen's individuol octresses

A Chicago fan flatteringly compares Helen Vinson to lettuce.

ond beoutiful women before her descent on Hollywood, ond oll she required to further her Americon coreer wos o good rôle in o worth-while picture.

If her second Americon film is no better, she would be well odvised to return to the Kordo fold, where her temperoment and tolent ore understood. However, since she is to moke o picture o yeor for Somuel Goldwyn, I would suggest to the ostute Som thot he cost her in o screen version of the colorful life of Mary, Queen of Scots. Merle is ideolly suited to ploy the ill-foted Stuort sovereign.

Now for o well-deserved bouquet to Hollywood for "Lives of o Bengol Loncer," "Clive of Indio," "Dovid Copperfield," "The Borretts of Wimpole Street," "Vonesso," ond "The Little Minister." Superlotive entertoin-

Jack Hitt deplores the public's indifference to Dorothea Wieck.

ment! We British fons should be mighty groteful to Americo for bringing to life on the screen these typicolly British themes in oll their greotness, chorm ond pictoriol splendor.

John Beol deserves greot proise for his outstonding performonce in "The Little Minister." I live neor the locole of the ploy ond hove seen the rôle ployed on the stoge by vorious octors, but in my opinion Beol's portroyol tops them oll. I con poy him no greoter compliment. Hepburn, too, must be highly complimented for her chorming "Lody Bobbie." She hos never been more oppeoling. Beryl Mercer, unfortunotely, wos sodly miscost. Producers

Fredric March surpassed Charles Laughton in "Les Miserables," says S. H. B.

pleose note thot Scottish mothers do not indulge in lochrymose whining!

Dovid Donold Jolly.
27 Queen Street,
Forfor, Angus, Scotlond.

Continued on page 10

Phillip Reed's virtues as an actor entitle him to stardom instead of bit rôles, opines an admirer.

"PAGE MISS GLORY"

...and you'll find magical Marion Davies in her first picture for Warner Bros. —her finest for anybody!

Look who's Marion's new screen sweetheart... Yessir, it's Dick Powell! And when he sings to Marion he does things to her—and you!

SHE'S back, boys and girls! Back with that glamorous gleam in her eye... that laughing lilt in her voice... that merry, magical something that makes her the favorite of millions.

Of course you read the headlines a few months ago about Marion Davies' new producing alliance with Warner Bros., famous makers of 'G-Men,' and other great hits. Well, 'Page Miss Glory' is the first result of that union—and it's everything you'd expect from such a thrilling combination of screen talent!

It's from the stage hit that made Broadway's White Way gay—a delirious story of Hollywood's 'Composite Beauty' who rose from a chambermaid to a national institution overnight...

It has a 12-star cast that makes you chuckle with anticipation just to read the names...

It has hit-maker Mervyn LeRoy's direction, and Warren & Dubin's famous song, 'Page Miss Glory'...

It has 'Picture-of-the-Month' written all over it!

Don't think you're dreaming! All these celebrated stars really are in the cast of Marion's first Cosmopolitan production for Warners:—Pat O'Brien, Dick Powell, Frank McHugh, Mary Astor, Allen Jenkins, Lyle Talbot, Patsy Kelly, and a dozen others.

Information, Please

Your puzzling questions about players and pictures are answered by the man who knows.

By The Oracle

CONNIE.—Jeanette MacDonald was born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, June 18, 1907; five feet five, weighs 122, red-gold hair, green-blue eyes. For stills of "Naughty Marietta," address the Publicity Dept., Metro-Goldwyn Pictures, 1540 Broadway, New York City. They sell for ten cents each. Robert Donat will not appear in Warners' "Captain Blood," after all. He is to make another picture in England for Alexander Korda entitled "The Laying of the Glourie Ghost," which follows "The Thirty-nine Steps."

PIERRE SUMMERS.—There is no "Checkers" in the east I have on file of "Million Dollar Baby." I'll be glad to list all the important movie companies if you'll send along a stamped envelope.

MARDIE MAE.—John Wayne is appearing in Republic Pictures which are made at the RKO studio. His most recent are "The Dawn Ride," "Paradise Canyon," and "Westward Ho." Born in Winterset, Iowa, May 26, 1907; six feet two, weighs 200; dark-brown hair, blue eyes.

J. H. KEYES.—The Hollywood Screen Exchange, Drawer V-1, Dept. A, Hollywood, California, advertised in August Picture Play that they had fifty different poses of Rudolph Valentino for sale. Or you might try United Artists Corp., 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Valentino was five feet eleven, weighed 154, and had black hair and dark-brown eyes. His favorite sports were sailing and horseback riding.

CONSTANCE HILGHMAN.—You probably refer to Robert Barrat who was *Captain von Ferring* in "Wonder Bar" and the *Commandant* in "Devil Dogs of the Air." You'll see him next in "Murder Man," with Virginia Bruce and Spencer Tracy, and "The Payoff," with James Dunn, Claire Dodd, and Frankie Darro. A letter will reach him at Warners'.

FLORENCE CAREY.—You will find a list of addresses of players in the back of the book. For photographs of the stars, address them in care of the studios indicated, inclosing twenty-five cents with each request to cover the cost.

BONITA, MITZI, BOB PERRY, AND CECELIA.—Felix Knight, the tenor who played *Tom-Tom* in "Babes in Toyland," is a former radio singer. That has been his only picture. Henry Kleinbach was *Barnaby*.

VASILIA.—Mary Boland's birthplace is Detroit, Michigan. Loretta Young, Victor Jory, and David Manners in "The Devil's in Love." In "Beau Geste," Ronald Colman was *Michael*, Neil Hamilton *Digby*, Ralph Forbes *John*, and William Powell *Boldini*, released in 1926. The silent version of "The Dark Angel" was released in 1925, with Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman. George Rigas comes from Greece.

J. A. M.—Their heights are: Ida Lupino, five feet four; Claire Dodd, five feet six; Virginia Bruce, five feet six and a half; Gail Patrick, five feet seven.

H. A. REED.—George Raft is divorced. His family name is Ranft. Born in New York City, September 26, 1903; five feet ten, weighs 155, black hair, brown eyes. Next is "Rich Man's Daughter."

DAVID W. ALTERS.—We published an interview with Josephine Hutchinson last January which covers all the points about which you inquired. This back issue may be had by sending your order with remittance of fifteen cents to our Subscription Department. Miss Hutchinson was born in Seattle, Washington, October 9, 1904; five feet four and a half, weighs 110, red hair, golden-brown eyes. Her most recent release is "Oil for the Lamps of China."

ALICE OLLIPHANT.—Some of Marian Marsh's films are "Svengali," "The Mad Genius," "Daring Daughters," "Notorious But Nice," "Man of Sentiment," "I Like It That Way," "Girl of the Limberlost." Write Dixie Lee at Fox. Cora Sue Collins in "Harmony Lane."

IDA SPENCE.—Victor Jory is with Columbia. He made his film début in "Pride of the Legion," in 1932. You'll see him in "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

TOOTS B.—Randolph Scott graduated from Western rôles into feature parts in "Roberta," "Village Tale," and "She." Address him at RKO. He was born January 23, 1903.

E. L. S.—By writing to Paramount's Publicity Dept., Paramount Bldg., Times Square, New York, you will be able to obtain the desired stills of "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer." At the same time you might inquire about the poem recited by Franchot Tone.

MARY M. LATTEN.—Frank Conroy played the rôle of *Lord Rintoul* in "The Little Minister"; Irving Bacon, *Cal* in "It's a Small World," and Robert Elliott *Inspector McKinney* in "Transatlantic Merry-Go-Round." Richard Barthelmess has yet to be assigned to another rôle since "Four Hours to Kill."

MARGARET HAUFSK.—The principals in "King Kong" were Fay Wray, Robert Armstrong, Bruce Cabot, Frank Reicher, Sam Hardy, and in "Son of Kong," Robert Armstrong, Helen Mack, Frank Reicher, John Marston, Clarence Wilson.

POWELL-KEELER FAN.—The sequel to "Flirtation Walk" is "Anchors Aweigh." The new picture has the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis as its background, with Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler heading the cast. Warners' 1935-'36 schedule includes "Dress Parade" and "Colleen" as vehicles for this team.

M. E. M.—Gary Cooper was born May 7, 1901; six feet two, weighs 180. Dick Powell, November 14, 1904; six feet, weighs 172. Ginger Rogers, July 16, 1911; five feet five, weighs 112. Ruby Keeler, August 25, 1909; five feet four, weighs 105. Al Jolson, May 28, 1886; six feet, weighs 155. James Cagney, July 17, 1904; five feet nine, 155. Francis Lederer, November 6, 1906; about six feet, 150. Edward G. Robinson, December 12, 1893; five feet eight, 158. Pat O'Brien, November 11, 1899; five feet eleven, 175. George O'Brien, September 1, 1900; five feet eleven, 176. Tom Brown, January 6, 1913; five feet ten, 155.

THE GRANDEST ROMANCE EVER BORN FROM THE FIRE-DIPPED PEN OF DUMAS!

Reckless sons of the flashing blade ride and fight for love again! This month a real thrill comes to the screens of the world as RKO-RADIO gives you one of its finest pictures.

The THREE MUSKETEERS

WALTER ABEL, dashing young Broadway stage star as D'Artagnan, gay and audacious, as Dumas must have dreamed him! Beloved PAUL LUKAS as Athos, MARGOT GRAHAME, who soared to dramatic heights in the year's most praised picture, "The Informer", plays the alluring Milady de Winter together with a superb cast including Heather Angel, Ian Keith, Moroni Olsen, Onslow Stevens, Rosamond Pinchot, John Qualen, Ralph Forbes and Nigel de Brulier as Richelieu. Cast to perfection! Produced with a lavish hand by Cliff Reid. Superbly directed by Rowland V. Lee. Don't miss The Musketeers!

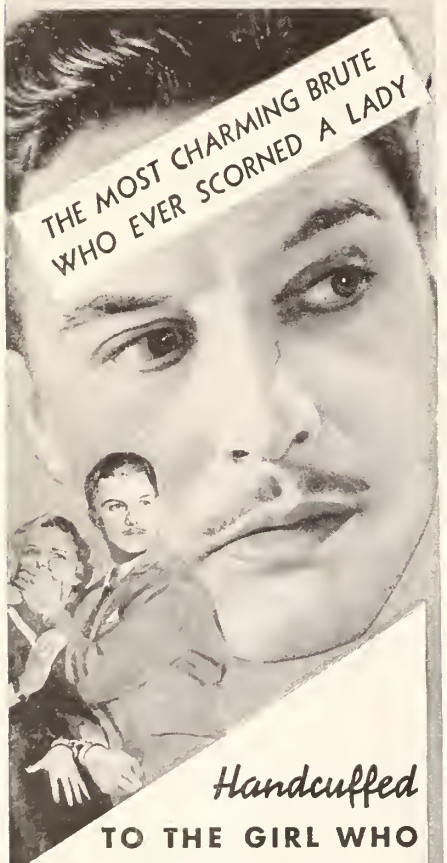
Fencing Arrangements by Fred Cavens

RKO-RADIO PICTURES YOU WILL WANT TO SEE!

Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers in "TOP HAT." Music and Lyrics by Irving Berlin . . . Katharine Hepburn as Booth Tarkington's most loved heroine "Alice Adams" . . . The superb screen play from Mazo de la Roche's prize novel "Jalna" . . . Lionel Barrymore in David Belasco's greatest stage success "The Return of Peter Grimm" and Merian C. Cooper's spectacle drama "The Last Days of Pompeii"

The MAN who put the MAN in roMANce!

His first picture since "Monte Cristo"



ROBERT DONAT
MADELEINE CARROLL
THE 39 STEPS

A hundred steps ahead of any picture this year

LUCIE MANNHEIM • GODFREY TEARLE • PEGGY ASHCROFT
Directed by ALFRED HITCHCOCK
Director of The Man Who Knew Too Much

A GB PRODUCTION

What the Fans Think

Continued from page 6

Crispy Helen Vinson.

I WISH Picture Play would caution its correspondents to be more choice in their use of adjectives. One of the most careless amateur critics in the July issue, which I read while awaiting the worst at the dentist's office, refers to Helen Vinson as "insipid." I am not a Vinson fan myself, but if it is insipid the girl is, Garbo stands less than five feet with shoes on. Miss Vinson is more like the inside of a fresh lettuce. Too crisp for a human, I call her. But not, mercy me, insipid! Consider the cucumber.

G. L.

Chicago, Illinois.

Alarmed at Public's Choice.

THE frigid reception given the finest picture ever to come out of Hollywood, "Our Daily Bread," is discouraging to the critical minority who appreciate artistry and hail anything off the beaten track as a benison.

Deeply moving in the beauty of its simplicity, it won the undivided admiration of the discerning who found the problems of that little struggling band of humanity sympathetic and heartbreaking.

Considered by many to be the finest director, King Vidor surpasses himself in this achievement. He has created an immortal masterpiece in this film, so fine that it is high time for alarm when the public voices praise of such pictures as "Bride of Frankenstein" and "G Men," allowing a picture of truth and beauty to languish at the box office.

This same public turned thumbs down on that splendid actress, Dorothea Wieck, lavishing its childish praise on Mae West and Jean Harlow.

Now being shown is a picture starring the greatest actress who ever stepped before a camera. Surely the public cannot fail to recognize and accept the remarkable charm and gifts of Elisabeth Bergner in "Escape Me Never."

JACK HITT.

P. O. Box 965,
San Bernardino, California.

Wasted in Bit Rôles.

I AM writing so that Warners will know that audiences want much more than mere fleeting glimpses of their brightest and most intelligent player, Phillip Reed.

I have long admired this actor's fine work, and was positive some shrewd producer or director would recognize his unique ability and star him in a picture that would allow him to exemplify a splendid type of modern young American manhood. But it is all too obvious that the producers can't see very far.

It is beyond my comprehension why they fail to give Mr. Reed the advantage of his versatility. It is deplorable to see his agile grace, keen intelligence, acting ability, perfectly groomed masculinity, bright and kindly humor, very pleasing voice, and a most charming personality wasted on bit parts.

Mr. Reed is indeed an inspiration, the way he faces life with head up and courage high. His face beaming with the ardor of hope reveals a pioneer soul that is capable of blazing its own paths. When he tops the arch of his brilliant career he will carve for himself a niche in cinema history.

G. E. D.

Palisade Park, New Jersey.

Laughton Versus March.

HAVING read all the letters in the July issue, my thoughts are slightly muddled. B. C. H.'s extolling of the fine acting ability of Charles Laughton brings to mind some of the distasteful characteristics of this actor. One, his tendency to try to be funny, as in "Ruggles of Red Gap."

In "Les Miserables," Laughton's acting was considerably better, but, in my estimation, it did not begin to compare with the dual rôle enacted by Fredric March, whom I consider the greatest character actor in the world to-day. Not alone for his part in "Les Miserables," but for all his past performances. He has never been a disappointment to me. Why? My answer is that his rôles are diversified. In other words, he is not a "one-style actor." In one minute he can change from a comedian to a tragedian without the observer saying, "Oh, here comes some more of that sob stuff."

S. H. B.

Ridgewood, New Jersey.

They Fit the Songs.

SOME very fair ladies and very charming gentlemen of the screen have inspired me to become lyrical. They remind me of popular song titles, so here goes:

Ruby Keeler—"Stay As Sweet As You Are."

Mae West—"Object of My Affections."

Kay Francis—"Lullaby of Broadway."

Katharine Hepburn—"I believe in Miracles."

Ginger Rogers—"Here Comes Cookie."

Norma Shearer—"A Little White Gardenia."

Clark Gable—"I Get a Kick Out of You."

Dick Powell—"Rhythm of the Rain."

Fred Astaire—"My Hat's Off to You."

Ronald Colman—"Blue Moon."

Robert Montgomery—"Sweet Music."

Leslie Howard—"Smoke Gets in Your Eyes."

C. B.

1214 Devon Avenue,
Chicago, Illinois.

Bitter Peeves.

HERE are a couple of "peeves" I'd like to air in your department.

Pathetic! Pathetic! For Greta Garbo, Constance Bennett, Marlene Dietrich, and Marion Davies to try to hold us with their shoddy talents. Charitable to a certain extent, to those four ladies I would hoist up the white flag that spells "Retire!"

I wonder how much longer the pro-

Continued on page 95

STREET & SMITH'S

VOLUME XLIII
NUMBER 2

PICTURE PLAY

OCTOBER
1935

MARGARET SULLAVAN

AGAIN her native South calls Margaret Sullavan, this time to play a heroine of the Civil War in "So Red the Rose," and here is a first glimpse of her as "Vallette Bedford," all beauty, charm and that searching sincerity which is completely Miss Sullavan's.

CAN A STAR BE

If she means to succeed in a big way she must compromise. She must work at being genial and ever avoid being thought reserved and dignified. For Hollywood resents a lady—except its own pattern of one.

By Helen Pade

BEING o lody moy be on occident of birth. You might even soy thot it is on ort thot con be cultivoted. But you'd hordly rate it the unpordanoble sin thot Hollywood does.

Levity? Exoggerotion? Ask Ann Hording, Elisso Londi, or ony of holf o dozen others whom old-foshioned folk would style reol lodies. As long ogo as last spring, Hollywood wrung from Ann o cry of onguish thot is still reverberoting in film circles.

A soldier's doughter, Ann hod foncied she could toke it. She wos wrong. In the foce of strong inhibitions of troining ond caste, she uttered thot one protest to ossembled reporters:

"Hollywood resents o lody!"

Film Town wos profoundly shocked. Bit the hond thot fed her! Broke the rules ond squowked! The very idea, implying that she is better thon the rest of us. Aren't we oll lodies?

Photo by Acme

"Hollywood resents a lady!" It was Ann Harding who nettled the film colony when she made this protest.

Photo by Acme

Irene Dunne compromises with her innate reserve and Hollywood's demands, but she had to learn.

Elisso, ond others such as Dolores del Rio ond Irene Dunne, didn't join in the chorus of hisses ond cotcolls. Nor did Moe West with borb or wisecrock. Something in the Ann Hording quotation was like o threot to Moe herself.

"I've tried to live here as o lody should, unpretentiously, quietly. In foct, I've olways lived o very quiet ond secluded existence, finding my pleosures in normol, whalesome things."

Moe recognized in this on opt description not only of Ann's life, but her own. Moe West s seclusion is as complete ond even better guorded. In her private life there is no hint of scondol. No gain's on ond few gain's out, except to movies and the fights. Dongerously ladylike. Is Moe in danger of being found out, in her hitherto secure hiding behind the voluptuous curves and spicy, ungrommotical reportee of "Diomond Lil"?

Her exquisite refinement and spirituality doomed Dorothea Wieck after two beautiful performances. Hollywood decided she had no sex appeal and let her go back to Europe.

A LADY TOO?

Greta Garbo is the pinnacle of exclusiveness, yet no one resents her. She is regarded with pride and tolerant amusement. So evidently mere exclusiveness isn't the key to the mystery! Miss Landi wonders if it's having foreign aristocrats in one's family tree. Miss Dunne wonders if it's having American aristocrats. Jean Muir wonders if it's being born on the right side of the tracks.

The legend of Elissa Landi's "coldness" did not spring from public opinion, but from Hollywood's refusal to be enthusiastic about an intellectual actress—and Miss Landi's refusal to compromise.

All this contradictory evidence merely proves that none of the reasons cited is in itself enough to convict a girl of being a lady in the eyes of Hollywood.

Before we tell how and why ladies are punished for being ladies, let us show, through an example, what does convict them.

Ruth Chatterton is as democratic a soul as ever trod the boards or faced the cameras. She is human and earthly. It took the transcendental imagination of a press agent to label her highbrow, to coin that unfortunate phrase, "The First Lady of the Screen." Highly successful in her film début, Ruth enjoyed a year among the screen's top-money earners. Then her popularity dropped almost vertically. She was soon out of films.

Now this writer has seen Ruth vaulting hedges, parking gum wads, and chasing her Sealyham with an abandon that would have done credit to Lupe Velez. Her conduct was the impulsive, human sort that usually clicks in Hollywood. But while the colony didn't dislike her—it couldn't!—it failed to understand her, failed to give her good screen stories, failed her in every way. No wonder Ruth, in filming "A Feather in Her Hat," her comeback picture, is trying valiantly to have her past and that fatal slogan forgotten and forgiven.

Jean Muir declines to conform with any one's ideas but her own on any subject—and she is not the toast of the town.

Claudette Colbert romps when required, knowing the deadly danger of being branded ritzy or too ladylike.

Obviously it was Ruth's reputation that condemned her. Just so Mae West's skillfully press-agented reputation has confused her with "Diamond Lil" in the minds of producers and public alike. No woman could possibly feel that her own conduct is censured while all the world is chuckling over those racy jokes fabricated around the "Lil" character.

Being branded a lady brought punishment to Miss Harding, disaster to Miss Chatterton, near disaster to Miss Landi. It prevented Irene Dunne, Dolores del Rio and several others from scaring the easy, spectacular brand of success which has brought great rewards of fame and fortune to some very indifferent actresses.

Dorothea Wieck is out of American pictures, Jean Muir and

Continued on page 91

ONE MORE HUMAN:

Exclusive to Picture Play—the only photograph ever taken of Myrna Loy without a stitch on! Mary Platt, the baby's devoted nurse, discovered early that Myrna had a will of her own. Just look at the stubbornness of that pose!

Beginning a life story that is different. Intimate, authentic, it transports the reader to the ranch where Miss Loy was born and makes you a member of the household, not an outsider looking in. You follow the actress's first step and watch the development of a character that explains her success.

PROLOGUE.

IT was on the tenth of March, near the turn of the century. The thriving city of Helena, Montana, lay gasping under the onslaught of one of the worst blizzards in its short history. The inhabitants gathered around their respective fires in houses that seemed to shrink from each terrific blast of the raging wind and fierce swirl of snow. Windows were so frosted that it was impossible to see through them. To all appearances, Helena was a city of the dead.

But appearances are notoriously deceiving; the robust young life of the town was going on, as usual. And inside a house, numbered 1517, on Boulder Avenue, there was occurring one of life's highest expressions—the joining in matrimony of two young people. For one last, long second two people stood before the minister. Then they were one. Miss Della Johnson became Mrs. David Williams.

There was an air of sadness over the inherently happy occasion. Fifty miles out of Helena, on a ranch, the father of the groom lay dying. It had been his desire that his son and the girl of his choice should be married before he left them forever. A blizzard was no obstacle to the granting of such a wish.

The wedding supper after the ceremony was short. Then the anxious bride and groom boarded a snow-laden train, to journey to the bedside of the dying man, to show him that his last request had been granted.

They didn't reach the ranch that night. At Toston, forty miles from Helena, where they left the train intending to hurry on over the last ten miles by horse and buggy, they found the blizzard at the height of its fury. So the young Williamses spent a harrowing night in Toston.

The elder Williams knew they were on their way, and with his last strength he willed to live until they arrived.

Next morning he saw them, and was happy. A new cycle of life was replacing the old

Another treasure from the collection of Miss Loy's mother in which you recognize the star of to-day in the little girl in white. Myrna is with her cousin, Laura Belle Wilder.

CHAPTER I.

"I hate it! I'll drown that funny-looking little pink thing as soon as I can!"

Little Laura Belle Wilder gazed down at the newborn baby nestled in its mother's arms, and repeated: "I'll drown it!"

Her own mother was shocked. "But that's your little cousin, Laura Belle!" she cried.

"I don't care! I don't like it!"

The mother looked up at her sister from the hospital bed, and managed a wink. She understood. Laura Belle was jealous. Hitherto the only grandchild in the family, she had had things much her own way, garnering all the affection. Now a rival had come.

A daughter had been born to the David Williamses, eighteen months after their

MYRNA LOY

By Dudley Early

wedding to the tune of a raging blizzard. Now it was August, hot and sultry as August usually is. The baby had been born on the second day of the month. Soon mother and child could be taken back to the spacious ranch house which was their home.

Young Dave Williams awaited their arrival eagerly. He had practically lived at the hospital for days, then had gone back to the ranch to ready it for his family's coming.

Soon the baby girl saw her home for the first time. As yet she was unnamed, but Mrs. Williams was pondering that now. One evening she broached the subject to her husband, saying that she thought it would be nice to remember her two grandmothers, Anna and Isobel, in naming their daughter. Didn't he like the name Annabel for the child?

Yes, Dave thought that was a very nice name, and he liked Grandmother Anna and Grandmother Isobel, but——

"I'm going to ask just one thing of you, Della," he said, "and that is, let me name her."

"All right," said his wife, but hesitatingly. "What would you suggest?"

"Do you remember," he asked, "when I took that trainload of cattle to Chicago last Spring? Well, when we were creeping through South Dakota, I saw a sign by the side of the track. It designated that point as a flag stop, and had the prettiest name I'd heard. I decided right there that if we had a daughter, I'd like her to be called just that."

The humor of thus selecting a name for a child was not missed by his wife. She laughed. He looked aggrieved, so she hastened to ask, seriously:

"What was the name?"

"Myrna," he said.

It was a pretty name, and from that moment the child was known as Myrna.

Little Myrna had a nurse, Mary Platt. Miss Platt had held out for the name Sue, because, she said, the baby looked like a Sue. But she took the defeat of her choice good-naturedly. Her job was taking care of the baby, whatever the name. It didn't take her long to discover that, even at a very tender age, Myrna had a will of her own. And was she independent! She didn't like to be held, and if any one insisted, she'd squall.

Laura Belle and her mother were frequent visitors, and Laura Belle had got over her first antipathy toward her cousin. She even deigned to play with the infant now. Mrs. Wilder never failed to try to cuddle Myrna, and Myrna never failed to protest by screaming lustily.

She never wanted to sleep. When Miss Platt would take her to her crib in the evening, Myrna would wait until the nurse was nearly to the door.

Photo by Bull

Mr. Early delightfully describes how Miss Loy was given the unusual name of Myrna. She was named for a flag stop on a railroad.

Then she would let out a yell that would bring Miss Platt scampering back. Mrs. Williams had her own way of handling her child, and it usually worked. But no one but herself could carry it through. She would just let Miss Myrna cry herself to sleep.

But Mr. Williams and Miss Platt couldn't withstand the wails of loneliness. Consequently, for many months, they were on edge most of the time. And, despite Mrs. Williams's protests, Myrna was pampered.

As the last born child in the family, she was the object of much attention. Every one was proud of her little pink cheeks, signifying health, and of her saucy little smile. Only one of the family found fault, and that was Grandmother Johnson. She would sit looking at Myrna when she visited the ranch, and say:

"That nose! Look how it tilts. There never was a nose like that in our family before."

Continued on page 84

TRAPPED IN THE HELL OF MODERN LIFE

they fight.. AS YOU DO.. *for the right to love!*

ENTHRALLED—*you'll watch this*
BLAZING SPECTACLE OF TODAY TORTURE THE BEAUTIFUL AND THE DAMNED!

See this man and woman living *your* dreams, *your* despairs. Fascinated . . . behold the raging spectacle of hell *here and hereafter* . . . of Inferno created by Man and Inferno conceived by Dante! This drama blazes with such titanic power that IT WILL BURN ITSELF INTO YOUR MEMORY FOREVER!

FOX FILM PRESENTS

DANTE'S INFERNO

SPENCER TRACY • CLAIRE TREVOR • HENRY B. WALTHALL • ALAN DINEHART

Produced by Sol M. Wurtzel Directed by Harry Lachman

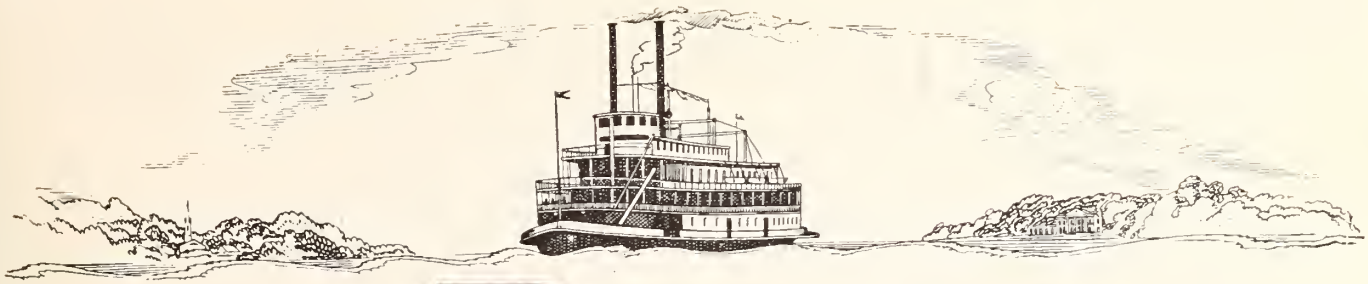
THRILL AS YOU SEE

Ten million sinners writhing in eternal torment—cringing under the Rain of Fire—consumed in the Lake of Flames—struggling in the Sea of Boiling Pitch—toppling into the Crater of Doom—wracked by agony in the Torture Chambers—hardening into lifelessness in the Forest of Horror!

Plus the most spectacular climax ever conceived!

FOX

A STARTLING DRAMA OF TODAY . . . AND FOREVER! TIMELY AS TODAY'S NEWS . . . ETERNAL WITH ITS CHALLENGING TRUTHS!



Will ROGERS

in his greatest picture

'STEAMBOAT ROUND THE BEND'

ANNE SHIRLEY • IRVIN S. COBB • EUGENE PALLETTE • STEPIN FETCHIT

Directed by John Ford • From a novel by Ben Lucien Burman

IT'S BIGGER than a laugh picture!

Will blazes a new path in his screen career as he scores his greatest triumph! Hollywood calls it the most important event of the season!

'Steamboat Round the Bend' throbs with the romance, the humor, the adventure, the human emotions of the old, colorful days on the roaring Mississippi! And what a climax! Spellbound, you will watch Will Rogers and Irvin Cobb, rival captains, race their boats down the river with a girl's happiness and a man's life at stake!

DANISH ARISTOCRAT

Despite his splendid masculinity, one senses in Carl Brisson a deep tenderness, a fundamental sweetness that is utterly ingratiating and lovable. A high tribute to one who has been a prize ring champion, an intimate of kings and notables, and a successful stage and screen star for a number of years.

By Juliette Laine

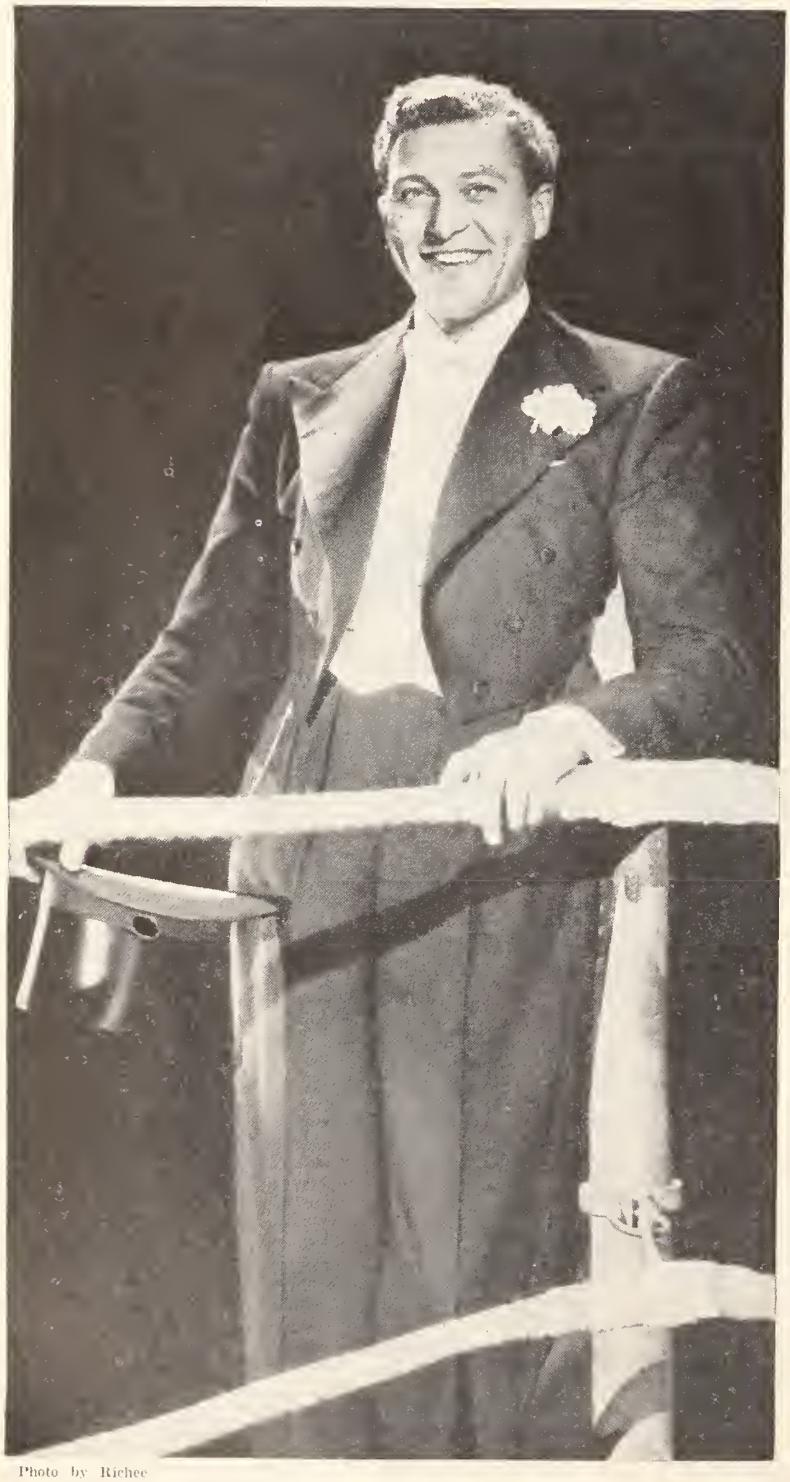


Photo by Richee

Carl Brisson has the same ingratiating smile off screen, and a boyish enthusiasm that is as refreshing as a summer shower.

ALTHOUGH Carl Brisson has been a star of stage and screen for over ten years, was welter, middle and light-heavyweight champion of the European prize ring while still in his teens, is the friend of kings and innumerable celebrities, he is the most delightfully informal, easy-to-know, and genuinely charming person I have ever met.

I can't help it if this sounds like gush. Remember, please, that I am describing a personal experience, that I really encountered all this charm and graciousness face to face, and that writers are, after all, only human. In other words, let me be a fan just once instead of a cautious reporter.

You all remember what he was like in his first American film, "Murder at the Vanities," and again in "All the King's Horses"? Well, I can think of no better description than to say he's exactly like that in person.

He has wavy brown hair and incessantly twinkling blue eyes, but instead of the Nordic fairness one expects, the California sun has tanned him browner than a coffee bean. He has the same ingratiating smile off screen that he has on, and a boyish enthusiasm that is as refreshing as a shower after a sultry day.

He wastes no time getting acquainted, plunges bang into the interview, and talks straight from the shoulder with complete candor and honesty. There is no hooey, no affectation, and very little mention of Carl Brisson.

On the contrary, we talked of everything else, from Axel Munthe and his Island of Capri—the place, not the song—the Grand Duchess Marie, his recent guest, Princess Katherine of Greece, down to dogs, flowers, and canary birds, literally "of cabbages and kings."

He did tell me, too, but only after urging, of the diamond-studded cigarette case that was given him by the notorious Rasputin after a command performance, of the serene, happy days when he gave boxing lessons to the Crown Prince of Germany, and then of the terrible days, so soon after, when he and his young bride were caught in the maelstrom of the Russian Revolution.

It was interesting to be told that it was our own W. C. Fields who first inspired his ambition toward the stage.

"Billy Fields used to come to Copenhagen with his vaudeville act every season, and I thought he was great. I used to try to imitate him, hop-

Continued on page 90

FAVORITES OF THE FANS

RUTH CHATTERTON

Photo by Russell Ball

Photo by George Hurrell

FAY WRAY

AFTER a winter in London, Fay Wray went back to Hollywood to bask on the beach and acquire a sun tan. But any one could have told her she wouldn't be allowed to loll for long, not with every studio working at top speed and Miss Wray as popular as she is with producers and directors. So Fox stepped in and put a stop to her idling. She's in "Hard to Get," with Warner Baxter.

ROSALIND RUSSELL

ROSALIND RUSSELL'S dusky, glowing beauty is set off by the coolness of ice-blue satin in stately lines and the dignity of long fringe. The girl knows how to dress as well as act, and she has a gift that is rare in Hollywood—the ability to play a society type without a trace of strain. She's to be William Powell's heroine in his next picture, too.

Photo by George Hurrell

NELSON EDDY

Photo © Rembrandt Studios

HERE is your favorite Nelson Eddy as he really is; not as Hollywood knows him, but as he is seen in Philadelphia, where he worked at various jobs and received his early training as a singer. Now the Quaker City claims him as her very own, but permits the whole world to enjoy his glorious voice.

ELIZABETH ALLAN

Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull

THE natural British charm of Elizabeth Allan seems to fit her for Dickens characters on the screen. You remember, of course, what a lovely "Mrs. Copperfield" she was, Freddie Bartholomew's gentle mother in the film that brought him to us. Now she is to be "Lucie Manette," in Dickens's "A Tale of Two Cities."

Photo by Robert W. Coburn

EVELYN VENABLE

THE cool and collected Miss Venable undergoes a dramatic transformation! Simply by rearranging her hair and putting on a daring frock, she becomes a different personality. She hasn't changed within herself, though, but only for the purpose of playing in "Alice Adams," with Katharine Hepburn, whose rival she is in the picture.

Photo by Ernest A. Bachrach

HELEN GAHAGAN

Y now you have become acquainted with Helen Gahagan in "She," and re eager to see what she looks like without the bizarre costumes of that antastic rôle. Long important on the stage, she is only now casting her lot ith the screen, which gave a warm welcome to her husband, Melvyn Douglas, some years ago.

AT THE FIRST HINT

The coming of autumn finds the well-dressed girl in Hollywoo

KAY SUTTON, left, wears this cadet-blue embossed crêpe evening ensemble with a contrasting shoulder bow of sapphire-blue velvet.

SYLVIA SIDNEY, below, is stately in her cape of ruby velvet over a dinner gown of black chiffon and velvet.

GRACE BRADLEY, above, cheerfully sports tweeds, knowing that nothing is smarter right now. The jacket blouse has the new patent-leather buttons.

OF FALL

ready with smartly simple attire.

HOW Gail Patrick, left, has blossomed lately! Here you see her in a tailored model of brown wool. Frances Drake, right, combines shell pink with maroon in her negligee.

CLAIRE DODD is the joy of Hollywood designers. Her slimness is their delight, for any gown becomes her. But it is her effortless smartness that is her trade-mark.

Below, she wears a dressy swagger suit of black corded wool. On the right she is simplicity itself in a two-piece sports ensemble. A girl must be truly chic to wear a sweater with the success that Miss Dodd displays.

CLAIRE DODD shows you something new in evening wear, right. Over a semi-fitted foundation of midnight-blue chiffon she models an open-front sleeveless tunic of metal cloth, the hemline pointed toward the knees. The original belt is of gold kid.

MARY ASTOR

BELIEVE it or not, it's Mary Astor! Any one with a good memory will recall her as a demure madonna with a cameo profile and melting eyes. Now look at her! Still as lovely as she was as an ingénue, she knows how to be a siren, too, and she's a better actress and a more interesting one than ever before. See for yourself in "From This Dark Stairway."

Photo by Elmer Fryer

BING CROSBY

BING CROSBY found himself so happily teamed with Joan Bennett in "Mississippi" that when the time came to begin "Two for To-night," his new one, great was his satisfaction to find that little Joan was to be his heroine again. Mary Boland and Lynne Overman are also in the picture, and Gordon and Revel have written marvelous songs for Bing.

Photo by William Walling, Jr.

ROSALIND KEITH

THE delicate blonde you first saw in "The Glass Key" was Rosalind Keith. Here she is far removed from the underworld atmosphere of that film. She is, in fact, swept by the breezes of Chesapeake Bay during the making of "Annapolis Farewell," in which you will see her as leading lady.

Photo by C. Kenneth Lobben

PAT PATERSON

AS sweet as the heather in the dell." That aptly describes Pat Paterson, the charming English girl who married Charles Boyer and is now beautifully enjoying a honeymoon with him in his native France. They will be back before long, however; she to resume her place with Fox, and he to continue his great success.

ANNA STEN

SHE is as real as a tree, as close to the soil as the waving wheat of her native Russia. That is why Anna Sten has a beauty all her own, a penetrating understanding of life and character untouched by commercial sophistication. In Europe now for a reunion with her mother, she is coming back without fail. "I love America," she says. "It is my home." How many foreign stars have said that?

Photo by George Hurrell

KAREN MORLEY

EAGER yet reserved, studious yet ardently in love with life, Karen Morley is unique among actresses. She goes her way serenely and with dignity, always giving a fine performance, but never dramatizing herself as a person. Her new film is "Thunder in the Night," with Edmund Lowe and Paul Cavanagh.

Photo by Elmer Fryer

MARGARET LINDSAY

THINK of it! Margaret Lindsay, poised and slightly blasé on the screen, began life as a shy, gangling youngster usually up to some tomboy prank. To Leroy Keleher she tells, on the opposite page, how she made herself over, and he embellishes her story with some intimate observations of the alluring result.

YOU'D NEVER THINK IT

By Leroy Keleher

You wouldn't suspect the dignified, slightly blasé Margaret Lindsay of being a gamin at heart, would you? But she is, and admits that it is an effort to suppress her tomboy instincts.

MOONLIGHT on the Hudson after a snowfall. The gleam of Cinzano in a Venetian glass. Flavor with a pinch of Galsworthy and Noel Coward. The result? Why, Margaret Lindsay!

In Hollywood, where nearly every one drips synthetic glamour, Margaret is unique. She is reticent, but neither coy nor mysterious. She is wise in the ways of the world, but she is not cynical. She radiates charm and smartness, but she is not sophisticated. She is practical, but not unimaginative; decorative, but not inane; modern, but not theatrical.

Yet she says:

"I'm the poorest copy in Hollywood. I've never won a beauty contest nor been accused of being a genius. My life is far from sensational. I'm just an average girl who has made the most of what she possessed. Any girl can do what I've done!"

An amazing statement, uttered by one of the screen's loveliest and most capable actresses. Do you aspire to be popular, but despair because you lack beauty or glamour? Are you self-conscious and inarticulate in the presence of others? In either instance, draw up a chair and learn how Margaret Lindsay conquered similar handicaps. It is a saga of achievement that should inspire every woman who seeks to improve herself.

"I started out in life as a shy, gangling youngster," she confided, nestling on a divan in her hilltop home. Her unstockinged legs were curled under her, and her dark head rested against a cerise pillow.

"It made me miserable to see the effortless grace with which other girls conducted themselves. Eager to become an actress, I studied screen personalities, speculating particularly on that quality which the majority of them possess—glamour. I decided that glamour is a state of mind, a point of view. A person who finds life interesting and exciting is himself interesting and exciting. That same person is also glamorous.

"I overcame my reticence by literally forcing myself to associate with people. This gave me self-assurance, besides teaching me adaptability. I learned not to be afraid of the sound of my own voice. In an incredibly short time, I was a facile conversationalist and, what was more important, a good listener. Through diet and systematic exercise, I developed a healthy, supple body."

She dipped her finger tips in a cocktail, extracted the cherry and began nibbling it.

"It was once my habit to use cosmetics lavishly," she continued. "I soon learned that a well-scrubbed look is more desirable, and that flagrantly painted finger nails are abhorrent to most men.

Continued on page 65

Privacy and ideals mean more to Margaret Lindsay than a career. She is willing to give up the latter if she cannot be an actress and honest with herself at the same time.

THEY SAY IN NEW

Anna May Wong, back from London, is reading stage plays while Hollywood overlooks her.

The public and the stylists disagree loudly about Luise Rainer while Broadway is busy sending a favorite son to Hollywood.

By Karen Hollis

Luise Rainer's first picture was a big hit, but——

Fred Astaire, unruffled by success, really thinks he is clumsy on the screen.

BROADWAY ond innumeroble thousands of rodio listeners hove unwillingly relinquished Fred Allen to Hollywood, where he will appear in "Thonks o Million," for Twentieth Century.

His most ardent admirers hope thot Hollywaad will not be kind ta him. He is most inspired when he is onnoyed. Once he got bored with Admirol Byrd, and the resulting skit he ployed was the most vicious ond vitriolic bit of criticism in recent stoge history. It is o ten-to-ane shot that he will puzzle Hollywoad.

Prosperaus os he is, he spends most of his woking hours in o study furnished with one chair, ane table, and one typewriter. Nothing else. He scorns clubs potranized by successful men, ond ploys handball ot the Y. M. C. A. with the unemployed. His face usuolly looks as if he hod just been kicked by o mule. That will couse make-up experts ond cameramen to love him, to be sure. And locol celebrities may be a little confused when they receive from him o huge express pockage cantaining waste paper, occompanied by a nate saying, "Please put this in yaur wostebosket for me. Mine is way ocross the room."

Triumph with Variations.—Cond'd ond genuine Luise Roiner, the most skilled

YORK—

player to début an aur screens far some time, scared a big success in "Escapade." Then the dress and gadget manufacturers started camploining.

"This girl just can't be the outstanding success af the year. She can't launch fashions. She's taa natural, toa unassuming," they said. It was bad enaugh ta have Elisabeth Bergner af the cosual clothes daminate the stage last winter. Stylists feel that the screen must give them o Horlaw, a Crawford, ar a wind-swept Hepburn an whom to hong the caming season's fashions.

Shadow On Her Path.—Just to make matters warse, Myrna Lay returned fram Europe just os Miss Rainer was getting well launched. Immediately MGM onnounced that Miss Lay wauld agoin be teamed with William Powell in "The Prisoner of Zenda."

Foreign travel and work in London films are part of Jean Parker's education and development.

Irene Dunne has been elected one of the ten great ladies of the entire world, taking her place beside duchesses and social leaders.

That need not surprise you, however, as much as leorning that the part she refused in "Escapade" was written exactly as Miss Rainer played it, a naïve, canventbred ingénue. It was tao far a cry fram Myrno's slant-eyed Orientals af the past, toa far even fram the saphisticated warldlings she has lately played.

There isn't a star who in real life is as unlike her screen self as Myrna. Althaugh she resembles na ane else, she wauld never be recagnized except by very sharp eyes. It is her unassuming manner and her plain, unastentatiaus clathes that afford a complete disguise.

Great Lady of the Films.—Na less a persanage than Elso Moxwell, buxam ploygirl af the warld and friend af queens and songwriters, hos elected the ten great lodies of the universe.

Only one film actress is included amang the duchesses and social leaders, Irene Dunne. The qualificotian, according ta Miss Maxwell, is never seeming aware that one accupies a great pasitian, making kings and carpenters equally at ease. She likes Irene Dunne bath an and off the screen because she ovoids the limelight.

Eleanar Raasevelt, that autstanding figure of the newsreels and radia, was amitted fram Miss Maxwell's list, but I still like her qualificatians for a lady better. She says that a lady is kind and always at ease. But Irene Dunne is still the only film

Continued on page 88

ys CHESTER

When he first landed in Hollywood, Chester Morris was quite a sensation. ile his popularity seemed to be on the ıg success in "Public Hero Number One" proves that he is in his stride again.

Photo by Bull

"Perhaps I'm not as hot now as I was a few years ago," says Chester, "but what matters more is that I slipped and have managed to fight back." And "back" he'll stay if we have any say in the matter.

THE late-afternaan sun slanted aver the raaf af the hause, making spears af light on the lawn, gilding the ripples in the paal. Chester Marris and I were lounging, chatting in his garden. I had met Chester during that first hectic year he was in Hollywood, a year when he rase fram an unknawn ta the mast saught-after leading man.

Ches laaked at me quizzically. In his hand he held a telegram ordering him ta repart ta Universal far a picture.

"Funny business," he remarked.

It was a lazy afternaan, and even answering was taa much effort.

"What I mean is this," he explained. "Last week I made a personal appearance in St. Lauis when 'Public Hero Number One' apened there. I was all set ta ga ta the Capital in New Yark this week. Everything had been arranged. Then I gat a wire from MGM ta return immediately ta start work. Sa I had to cancel the baaking and rush back ta Hallywaad. When I arrived I found that Universal and MGM weren't an friendly terms. I owe Universal anather picture, and naw there's this"—waving the telegram. "Which means I can't start an either picture until the lawyers have finished scrapping aver which picture I da first."

He paused. "It isn't sa funny," I answered. "I've aften known of similar mix-ups in the commercial warld. Misunderstandings arise, but they're always settled, eventually."

"I wasn't thinking anly of this specific instance," Ches came back at me. "I meant the whale set-up. Yau've knawn me lang enough and intimately enaugh to realize that I'm nat boasting when I say I was pretty hot thot first year I was aut here."

"Pretty hat!" I echaed. "Yau were the hattest thing in tawn after 'Alibi.' I knaw a few pictures were held up until they could get you. Haw many films did you make that first year —eight?"

"Eleven," said Ches, "but that's nat the paint, either. What I'm driving at is that I was pretty well established. A man I had met during the making af 'Alibi' became my clasest friend. I didn't know a thing about pictures, sa we gat tagether an a deal. He was ta handle my business affairs, get me engagements, sign the cantracts. He was ta have absalute say abaut what I was to da. My salary was to be split between us, fifty-fifty.

"At the end of the first year I said, 'I'm well established now. I dan't want ta make so many pictures next year. Peaple will tire of me. Four is the limit.'

[*Continued on page 89*]

By Joe Mackey

MORE THAN SKIN DEEP

The refinement and sincerity in Gene Raymond's face and manner have taken him far. These, in addition to his talent and ambition, will take him even farther.

BLONDS, according to authorities on the matter, are canceited, fickle and ather unpleasant things.

Althaugh Gene Raymand's hair is far fram the platinum tint described by same averimaginative writers, he is bland.

By putting tagether ane and one, I obtained the customary twa, and my meeting with the actar laamed ahead as samething af an ordeal. The autharities could nat be wrong. But they were, one hundred per cent, ar else Gene is the proverbial rule's exceptian.

Fickle?

At what is known as a tender age, Gene began in the theatrical warld, and far years, thraugh periads af adversity, he remained an actor.

His face, rather mare mature than it appears an the screen, shows that he is the type af fellow wha daes competently anything he attempts.

"I'm a fatalist, but I dan't believe in letting fate da all the wark. It's nat enaugh far a chap to think 'Well, I'm a clever bartender,' and then sit and wait for a job. Yau have ta help fate."

He has helped fate, but never brags af the sacrifices he has made far art. They are merely part of the jab.

While making a picture far MGM he had a free day, and was called by Paramaunt far "If I Had a Million." His was the memarable scene of the bay wha received a millian-dallar check immediately befare beginning the "last mile" ta the electric chair. In ane day he learned twenty-six pages af dialague and gave a finished performance. The two days following he could nat talk.

While making "The Woman in Red," one af his wisdam teeth became infected. In agany, he rushed ta a dentist, but the toath's canditian was such that it could nat be extracted far nearly a week. Ta hald up productian wauld cast thausands af dallars, so Gene returned ta the set and arranged ta be phatagraphed with the swallen side af his face away fram the camera. In constant pain, and living on aspirin, he worked until the picture was completed.

Even with such difficulties he likes his work. He yearns ta play in costume pictures. "Dumas, Hugo, Sabatini," he said, candid blue eyes alight, "wrate abaut characters wha did things, wha were calorful and alive."

He desires particularly to do "Scaramouche," the rôle, as he says, "Raman Navarra did sa well."

Gene's tharaughness will help him in costume pictures. Besides cultural subjects, he studied sports and fencing, the latter so well that he left the academy a champian.

He is an athletic young man, as the Raymond physique attests. His

Continued on page 66

Photo by Hurrell

Gene yearns to play in costume pictures and hopes some day to do "Scaramouche."

An extraordinarily vital, gleaming girl with reddish-brown hair, a lovely English voice, remarked for its liquid speech—this is the Merle Oberon who charms all who meet her and whom you will see in "The Dark Angel."

LOST—

By Muriel Babcock

But in place of the most glamorous siren in years, Merle Oberon gives us the fresh-faced English girl she really is, her lure intensified because of its naturalness.

Hollywood stars snubbed Miss Oberon on her first visit—all but Jean Harlow. The rude ones feared the effect of the Oriental enchantment of the newcomer on their men.

WHEN I first heard of Samuel Goldwyn's plan to change Merle Oberon from o beoutiful exotic into o fresh-faced English girl, I thought he was plain crazy.

Here was the first lovely, luminous personolity that we hod seen in years, ond now they were going to tinker with her and completely remake her. Why couldn't they let well enough alone?

I exploined my views to the editor of this magozine, and to my surprise he answered, "I am inclined to ogree with Mr. Goldwyn's wisdom in so doing." I went to see "Thunder in the East," and more thon ever I thought the proposed chonge o foolish step.

And then I met Miss Oberon. To my astonishment, I found her not o slinky, vompish sort of person with a moss of shiny black hoir, swaying sensuously when she wolked, like one of those Elinor Glyn heroines.

I found, instead, on extraordinarily vital, gleaming person with reddish-brown hoir, a lovely figure whose tweed suit detracted not o bit from the charm of her personolity. Except for her eyes, which naturally slant, I could see no excuse for putting her in Orientol gorb, and certainly never in old-fashioned vampire rôles.

What you've seen and liked in Oberon on the screen is thot power of hers to project an inner spork which foscinotes you. You see glomour. Glamour, of course, is on ephemerol thing ond difficult to define, but it is something Claudette Colbert possesses to o greot degree, Joan Craw-

OBERON the EXOTIC

ford in a different way, Garbo, of course, and others of our stars. Oberon has a big chunk of it.

She is one of those rare individuals who possesses this off as well as on the screen. She has great sex appeal. When she walks across the set, all eyes are focused on her. She has so much personality that she shouldn't need aids in the way of wigs, costumes, or fantastic make-up to project it. And that is why Sam Goldwyn, sensitively attuned to glamour through all his work in pictures, decides to let her be natural.

What he is doing to her in "The Dark Angel" is exactly what I said I wished he'd do. He is "letting well enough alone," or endeavoring to let the real Merle Oberon emerge. From her he has taken all the veneer of artificiality, all the dark, braided hair, all the gold paint make-up, all the slinky dresses. He is letting her true personality be free to project itself.

The experiment is a most interesting one, and whether it works or not depends upon how fans like her in "The Dark Angel."

Over a spot of tea in her portable dressing room we talked about the change. Incidentally, "a spot of tea" to Miss Oberon is a cup half full of milk and sugar and flavored with tea, topped off with a couple of pieces of chocolate cake.

I don't believe, which is just as well, that she knows exactly what is in the back of Mr. Goldwyn's mind in changing her personality. She doesn't realize exactly what he is trying to evoke from her. She sees the change more as a technical problem in acting.

Samuel Goldwyn's discernment is responsible for the making over of Merle Oberon's screen personality.

"I don't know whether I'm going to like it or not," she told me. "It's much easier to get into the spirit of a part, don't you think, when you have the aid of costuming and make-up? If I dress up in another person's clothes, I can easily make myself feel like that person. When I repeat the lines of a scene I think, 'How would the woman whose clothes I am wearing act?' It's easier for me to be something which I am not than it is to act myself.

"But we shall see what we shall see. This picture may show me up as an actress. If I'm terrible, I shall have to go back to my wigs and gold paint. If I'm fairly good, it will give me a great feeling of achievement. I shall know then that I have started on the road to becoming an actress.

"It seems to me that how I screen is more or less a make-up problem. My Oriental appearance developed as a result of a make-up man's imagination. I wasn't so very Oriental in the beginning, but one of Alexander Korda's men watched me and sold Mr. Korda on the idea of accentuating the line of my eyes. With each succeeding picture it was accentuated more, and finally I found myself in 'Thunder in the East.' I should think that if they could make me Oriental, they could make me un-Oriental just as easily."

Ruth Fraser, her secretary, a jolly girl with much more of a clipped English accent than Miss Oberon's, came into the dressing room to say that the director wanted Miss Oberon "just for voice." She looked startled. "Just for voice?"

It was the scene where Fredric March, her lover, is leaving for the front, and he tells Merle to close her eyes and not watch him as he goes out the door, lest they break the

Continued on page 64

Herbert Marshall and Fredric March share honors with Miss Oberon in the revival of "The Dark Angel."

IMAGINE THEIR FEELINGS!

By Laura Ellsworth Fitch

All photos by Ferry G. Fowler

Kenneth Britton creates Myrna Loy's portrait out of matches, wheat, four insects, and a doll whose skirt is a deflated balloon.

Cotton overflowing from a cup, pins in a silver spoon and some green poker chips—this assortment symbolizes Jean Harlow.

How would you feel if confronted by your "personality portrait" such as you see pictured here? Myrna Loy, Jean Harlow, Joan Crawford, and Mae West inspire a new fad which suggests a game every fan can play.

IF you wont to be cleverly current, you just must ploy the new game, "Britton." It is the populor porlor gome of New York ond Hollywoad, since Kenneth Britton has displayed his novel "psychological portraiture" of the stors.

It is o modish variotion of the old stond-by, "Who am I?" And it is laads af fun. Yau play it by onolyzing peaple into objects, which suggest the fomous persanages to be "guessed." So don yaur special thinking-caps to choose cancrete things which illustrate your favarite actors' personolities.

Da yau see Jean Horlow as a fluff of cotton, Joon Crowfard as cought in o mausetrop, Mae West as o rodiotor, Myrna Loy os a siren pratected by a sheaf of carn?

These stronge "portraits," in which the features of the subject ore not seen, ore attrocting interested, or omused, or occasionally onnayed stars.

Same chuckle over the odd delineatians of their famous selves, recalling Robert Burns's famous line obaut "seeing ourselves as others see us." A few wox indignont. Mrs. Pat Compbell, who, incidentally, is not represented, thought them "very, very rude."

The ortist sometimes does poke gentle, good-humored fun ot his friends, mast af whom take it in comrodely spirit.

These "personolity partraits" are not pointed on canvas. They ore collections of articles which suggest the ployers' individualities, each a separate exhibit under glass.

The ortist makes them from flowers and bubbles, from noils and cellophane and cattan.

Mae West is o large beer "schooner," its shape, Mr. Britton remarked, conforming with her own curvoture. In it ore o toy gilt rodiotor twined with red roses, ond two white kid curlers.

Jeon Horlow is compased af a handful of cotton emerging from o cup, a silver spoon filled with pins, and same green poker chips.

Greta Garba's case is lined with steel wool, from which rises a sunflower. A bridge curves, stapping halfway. A veil hangs aver the inclasure.

Myrna Lay is persanified as a siren with lang, brawn tresses. Far skirts she has a deflated, calarful ballaan. Near by is a triangle af matches—isn't she aften the third side af that papular movie situatian? But aver her gently waves a sheaf af carn.

"Carn is whalesame," Mr. Britton explained. "It suggests wamanhaad, because af its fertility and because it is the foad which waman caaks far the family. Though Myrna acts the exatic type, she is a narmal yaung woman, vital and clean."

The artist has visualized Mary Pickfard as a cluster of three electric light bulbs resting an a bed of slightly wilted vialets. Near by are three nails, indicating steely strength of character.

Others require thoughtful meditation. Wamen visitors pander silently the meaning of the various objects in the the galden links af lave, ta life and fertility—by inclinatian and choice, a family man.

Anather is labeled: "Hartfard Girl Makes Gaad." A pracession af little red insects approaches an alaof, crystalline egg. Da they symbalize the girl fans wha pester Hepburn far autographs? At ane side is a discarded silver slipper, perhaps signifying that she has chasen self-expressian through a career instead of saciety.

Johnny Weissmuller baffled me: a tall, green feather, a little rabbit, a spoon, and a silver baok. What da yau make af it?

The artist refuses to explain same of his interpretatians, affering them merely as his persanal analyses.

Shirley Temple is going to be "The Candy Kid." A stick af peppermint, surraunded by wee tays and stacks af braccali—spinach dressed up, you know. And everybady must be aware by naw that Shirley is a spinach starlet.

Mrs. Franklin D. Raasevelt is abjectified by a cogwheel

Continued on page 92

Joan Crawford's personality is expressed by green cellophane in a glass with a broken stem. A mousetrap, four pink doves, and a red flower complete the idea.

This is Mae West—a radiator twined with red roses resting on two white kid curlers, all inclosed in a beer "schooner."

Joan Crawfard exhibit. Across a tarn newspaper is laid a bit of tapestry. Beside red flowers with frilled petals is a plain mausetrap. In the background is a tilted wineglass fram which spills thin strips af green cellaphane. A pracession of pink daves is in the faregraund.

"Smilax, I suppase," ane waman deduced. "Are the daves Jaan's young girl fans? The tapestry indicates the artistic enviranment which she has made far herself, smaothing her life inta a pattern af rich beauty. Self-impravement, yes. But why the mausetrap?"

Mr. Britton gave his versian. "I think that Jaan is caught in a trap. Intensity, determinatian, vital energy—that's a splendid spirit. But it daes make bands. Such persans invariably find themselves prisoners of the very things they have created."

Ben Lyan is made as cancrete as a flack af butterflies hovering aver an apple, fram which a galden chain leads to an egg. Ben flies his plane high; and he is chained, thraugh

Photo by Tanner

JOAN CRAWFORD

CALL it "Glitter" or "Glamour" or by any other name—and MGM hasn't quite decided what it shall be—Joan Crawford's new picture will succeed in attracting throngs. Because, you see, she has that gift. Here she is pictured in one of Adrian's gowns which you will see. It is of gold metallic material, its novelty being found in the waist treatment.

WALLACE BEERY and JACKIE COOPER

ANOTHER "Champ"? That's what every one is hoping for the new picture, "O'Shaughnessy's Boy," which brings together Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper for the first time since their memorable teaming in the prize-fight film. Mr. Beery is an animal trainer with a big circus, and young Cooper is his son whose mind has been poisoned against him. They are brought together touchingly, dramatically. Can't you hear them speaking as you look at this photograph?

WHICH MOTHER

By Myrtle Gebhart

FOR the first time in screen history one studio has under contract two girl starlets. Production facilities are promoting their careers; big organizations revolve around them.

It is a race between six-year-old Shirley Temple and nine-year-old Jane Withers. It really amounts to this: a contest between two interpretations of childhood to determine what it means to adults.

Shirley is the fair-haired, cuddly "Curly Top," a symbol of sentiment. Jane, the imp, the riotous "Ginger" brat, is entertainment. Shirley is emotional, Jane is mental. Sunshine or tempest? One is adorable, the other is amusing.

"I'm getting a salary now!" Shirley bubbles. "They pay me for acting!" Her "salary" is her weekly allowance of four dollars and twenty-five cents.

"We want to keep Shirley unspoiled and innocent, in blessed ignorance of unkindness, of commercial matters," says Mrs. Temple. "We want her to look back on her childhood with happy memories."

These children are distinctly opposite personalities, the essential thing being that each reflects a definite maternal attitude. There is justification for the viewpoint of each mother.

While Shirley has been sheltered from the crudities of life, where people compete for success and often cruelly hurt each other, Jane has been taught carefully to face facts in preparation for self-protection. Shirley probably will develop into a charming, lovely young girl; Jane will individualize through her career.

"We want to keep Shirley unspoiled and innocent, in blessed ignorance of unkindness, of commercial matters," Mrs. Temple told me. "We want her to look back on her childhood with happy memories."

"We believe that Jane must be herself and meet life squarely," Mrs. Withers explained the views responsible for Jane's self-assurance. "To do so, she must be 'current.' Times change; though basic ideals hold good, each generation encounters new trends of thought. Young people to-day must have a mature mental poise to win through."

Mrs. Temple regrets that occasionally Shirley picks up bits of slang around the sets, and gently discourages their use, feeling that the child will develop finer qualities and a broader range if her retentive mind is trained into the arts and languages. Already she is studying French and music.

Mrs. Withers believes that slang is a phase of the contemporary life which Jane must learn to negotiate, for her own good.

So the frequent, exuberant "Swell!" or "Tops!" with which Jane expresses approval is never reprimanded.

"I'm getting a salary now!" Shirley bubbled, dancing around me, her warm little hand nestling in mine. "They pay me for acting!"

IS RIGHT?

Mrs. Temple shields Shirley from life's crudities, while Mrs. Withers has taught Jane to meet life squarely. Shirley has never heard of people who aren't nice, but Jane has shared her mother's struggle to advance her. What will their future be?

At three years of age Jane was banking her own checks, earned via radio. She's nine now.

"We always talk over contracts before her, impressing upon her that she must be grateful for these wonderful opportunities," says Mrs. Withers in explaining the education of Jane along practical lines.

She thaught she was just "being in the movies far fun," absolutely unaware af her impartance, and is elated at "daing sa right" that she gets paid for it, like the grown-ups.

Her "salary" is her new weekly allawance af faur dallars and twenty-five cents, which must cover treats for the neighborhaod kiddies and her big friends on the set, and "specials" that she desires. One week's "biggest thing" was a callar far her dag.

At three Jane was banking her awn checks, earned via radia.

"I cauld anly print my name, and sometimes I did it upside dawn. I was anly a very small child then, just so high." Jane's mabile lips curled deprecatingly; and she spaced a height af a foot fram the flaar. "But the bank teller said all right, because mother signed them, tao."

"Suppase samething happens ta Mr. Withers and me," her mather explained. "Thaugh her maney gaes inta a trust fund, guardians might nat pramate her interests efficiently. She must absarb experience.

"We always talk over contracts before her, impressing upon her that she must be grateful for these wanderful appartunities. We are guarding her against canceit. But we want her ta be capable. Would shielding her prove best far her, if she were thrawn on her own resources?"

At half past three Shirley was playing in the Baby Burlesque camedies, just ane af a graup af children. Jane, at that age, had made her radia début, standing an a chair ta reach the mike, letter-perfect in her dialague thraugh hearing her mather read it twice. She gave an impersanatian af Fifi Darsay an the stage after seeing her ance. She naw daes thirty-seven caricatures of celebrities.

Shirley is nat allowed ta see many af her pictures far fear that she might became self-canscias. Nar daes she ask ta da so. She is ready far "more fun" daing new things.

Jane discusses her work earnestly. "Please, I'd like falks ta get this right. I am nat really, truly a meanie. I have ta tear araund because it's in the script that way.

"I don't want ta be a gaady-gaady heraine when I grow

Continued on page 83

HOLLYWOOD

Lightly, gayly treading the gilded pathways of the picture city.

By Edwin and Elza Schallert

Photo by Wide World

Clifton Webb, who makes his film début in Joan Crawford's "Elegance," learns his way about Hollywood's social maze with the best people. Here he is escorting Marlene Dietrich.

Jean Muir and George Brent are an attractive pair. No, it doesn't mean that they're plotting matrimony just because they're dining together. Probably Jean is confiding her stage yearnings.

Photo by Wide World

LONG, loud cheers ore being lovished on Rochelle Hudson. It's o complete reversol. She wos never populor in the post, but suddenly she seems tronsformed into o studio fovorite. Rochelle hod o reputotion for being snippy. It extended not only to those who worked with her, but to possible friends she might hove won for herself. She is soid to hove been scolded lately by studio executives. She wos told she would never get onywhere unless she rodioted chorm. Evidently the odvice registered, ond so everybody hos storted boosting Rochelle's stock. She hos olso been given Jonet Goynor's rôle in "Way Down Eost," with Henry Fondo.

Gaynor Exit Puzzling.—The Goynor retirement from "Way Down Eost" gove rise to oll sorts of rumors. It wos ottributed to o heod concussion. She ond Fondo ron into eoch other while ploying hide ond seek in o scene on locotion. Jonet, occording to studio stotements, tried to continue in the port, but found herself unoble to do so. Finolly the doctor sent her to bed ond told her to stoy there.

It seems there is onother story thot Jonet wos reolly feorful of the Fondo competition. He hoppened to be superexcellent in "The Former Tokes o Wife." Also, still onother tole is thot she just didn't like the rôle Lillion Gish ployed in the originol.

Photo by Wide World

Has an Italian tenor taken the place of tions? Anyway, Nino Martini and Miss Tom Brown to bite his

s
o

w
v
r
c

HE STICKS TO THE TRUTH

You have to hand it to Russell Hardie for candor. He carefully debunks his studio biography which credits him with an education, accomplishments and tastes that he doesn't possess. "Actors are never allowed to be just average at anything," he naïvely explains.

By Drummond Tell

IF I didn't know him I wouldn't believe it. I mean that a person could reach Russell Hardie's age, have been on the stage as long as he, and still be as naïve. Nor is that all. Russ is six feet one and weighs a hundred and ninety pounds. From his appearance, both on and off screen, you would expect him to exude self-confidence. Instead, he is one of the most self-conscious persons I have ever run across.

It is agony for him to meet people and when strangers address him he flushes a vivid red and immediately becomes tongue-tied, except when he is in front of a camera.

An excellent actor, with never an indifferent performance against him, Hollywood hasn't given him the chances he deserves. Let's hope "In Old Kentucky" puts Russ over in a big way.

Photo by Ball

Photo by Apger

Russell Hardie comes from a family of poor but honest and hard-working people. His father was a horseshoer.

"I can't explain it, even to myself," he confessed. "I'm not a bit self-conscious then. It must be because when I'm before a camera I'm not myself but the character I'm portraying."

He's been in Hollywood two years and has been to one party—the one the studio gave to celebrate the late Marie Dressler's birthday. "They asked every one in the studio to come," Russ explained, "and it didn't seem like a party. I've never cared about social functions," he went on. "Perhaps it's because I'm not sure of myself."

Russ comes from a family of poor but honest and hard-working people. His father was a horseshoer. Russ is one of the very few picture people I have met who is not ashamed of his humble beginnings. Aside from already liking him, frankness about his background raises him another hundred per cent, in my estimation.

His naïveté is apt to cause the studio some embarrassment. His biography, carefully prepared by the publicity department, assures me that he went to Canisius College in Buffalo and, a little later on, to St. Mary's; that he is an expert high diver, excels at tennis and ping-pong, and that he loves music.

"They told me," Russ observed doubtfully, "that it would be a good idea to say I went to college, even though I didn't, so I picked on Canisius, but somehow I can't quite stomach saying it when I know it isn't so.

Continued on page 86

RESPECTFUL ADMIRATION

A next-door neighbor's delightful impressions of Alison Skipworth explain what "Skippy" means when she utters the title of this story, with lovable haughtiness, as a rebuke to those who say they love her.

By Helen Louise Walker

Photo by Richee

"I've never done anything great. I have done some things that might be called good. I've never given a really bad performance." This is Alison Skipworth's candid estimate of her ability. In this photograph she receives a visit from Miss Walker's dog named "Skippy" for her.

ALISON SKIPWORTH, well-known stage actress and pet protégée of Daniel Frohman, had the idea that she would not like acting in pictures. She was so sure of this that, despite persistent offers, she refused for years to have anything to do with them. At last, however, after twenty consecutive failures upon the stage, she found her bank balance considerably flattened, and the income tax due. So she accepted the current invitation to go to Hollywood with a four weeks' guarantee and her railway fare.

On the train she made an initial discovery concerning the importance of the silver sheet. After the first day she began to feel that it would be pleasant to chat with some of her fellow travelers. She made little advances to them, offering this one a magazine, passing the salt, mentioning the weather, the scenery.

These overtures were met with chilly stares, and by the third day she was convinced that there must be something about her appearance which displeased, if not actually alarmed, her companions.

On the fourth day, as the train neared Pasadena, a boy entered the Pullman calling for Miss Skipworth. When she acknowledged her identity, he shouted, "A telephone call from your studio says that you will be met at Pasadena by a car, and requests that you proceed directly to the studio to confer with your director and to look at the sketches for your costumes."

The entire Pullman car pricked up its ears. Passengers swarmed upon the neglected actress, cooing, "Dear Miss Skipworth! Are you really in pictures? What pictures are you going to make? What studio is employing you? Do tell us all about yourself!"

Miss Skipworth stemmed the onrush with a haughty glance, hastily closed her bags and swept from the train in her best grande-dame manner, leaving her fellow passengers crushed.

As she had anticipated, she did not like pictures, and comforted herself with the thought that four weeks, three weeks, two weeks from Monday, she would depart for New York. With mixed feelings she learned that her first picture, "The Circle," would be finished a week early, and that MGM wanted to buy her last week and a few subsequent weeks for "Raffles."

That was five years ago, and "Skippy" has been threatening to start for New York on Monday ever since. If she ever departs for the metropolis to stay she will have to do it on a Monday or make an awful fibber of herself.

"I don't see what they want with me, anyhow," she says. "With a face like mine!" She has been under contract for some years now and professes astonishment each time her option is taken up.

This event occurs regularly on the twenty-eighth of January. On the first of February she begins to look forward to next year. "They won't renew my contract again," she says. "And then I shall be free to do as I like."

IS ALL THAT'S REQUIRED

But about the middle of August she begins to wonder what would happen to her numerous dependents if she did not resign. She is financially independent. But years of trouping have taught her the precoriousness of free-lancing, no matter how much in demand an actress may be. And she has assumed financial responsibility for numbers of struggling and deserving young artists. What would happen to these?

She signs at last, of course, and contents herself with telling studio executives in pungent terms exactly what she thinks of them and their methods, a procedure which startles and delights a studio. The executives listen to her tirades with respect, admit the truth of what she says, ond chuckle at the wit with which she says it. They usually end by telling her that they love her very much.

To which the redoubtable Miss Skipworth replies, "I object to your loving me. A respectful admiration is all that is required!" She twinkles as she soys it.

She dislikes the sight of herself on the screen so consistently that she declines ever to look at the rushes of any of her pictures. When I ask her, ofter a preview, how she likes herself in a picture she replies with a shrug, "Oh, so-so." After o moment's deliberation she adds, "I'm very clever, but, God, I'm ugly!"

Despite that opinion and despite her twenty successive foilures on Broadway, she has never had an unfavorable notice from the press. Mr. Frohman, who brought her from England years ago, has said, "Alison Skipworth is the one actress about whom there seems never to be two opinions!"

Of her own work she says, "I've never done anything great. I have done some things which might be called good. I've never given a really bad performance."

No matter what it may cost her in money or in fovor with her employers, she refuses to play any rôle or to speak ony lines which seem vulgar to her. Two or three times she has walked off the set and through the front gate of a studio when pressure was brought to bear to force her to do things which offended her taste in the course of making a picture.

A script was submitted to her a day or two ago, and when the director telephoned to ask what she thought of it, she retorted, "I see just one thing to do with it. Throw it in the fire and put a match to it!"

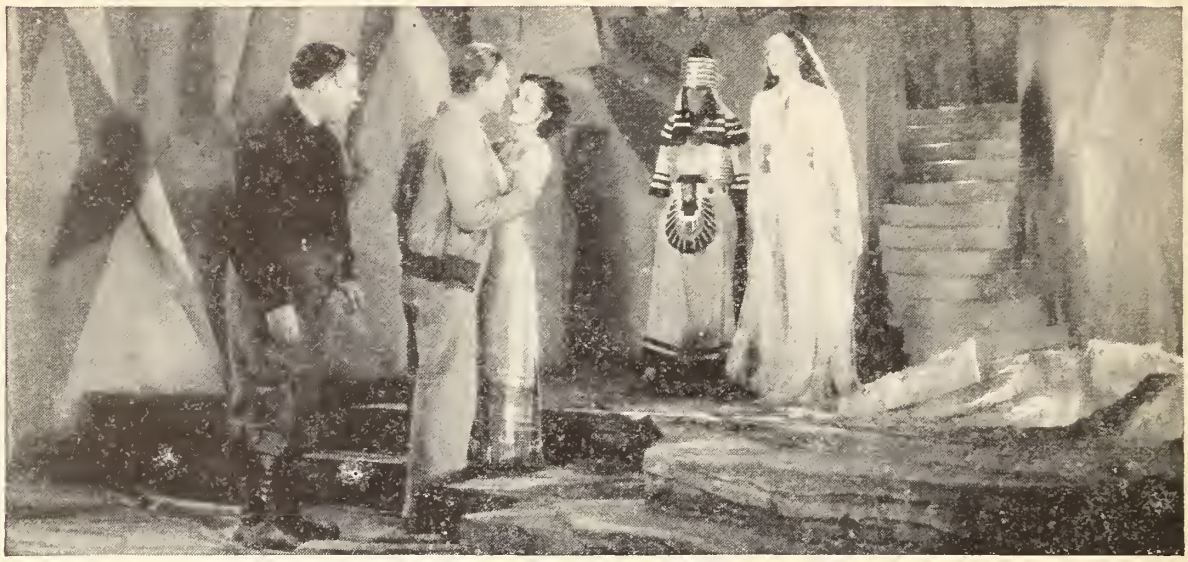
"As bad os that?" he osked.

[*Continued on page 93*]

Photo Harold Seton Collection

The handsome Miss Skipworth of Broadway in 1896. In all the years that have followed she has never received an unfavorable criticism from the press.

THE SCREEN IN



"SHE."

Strange, unearthly fantasy is seldom seen on the screen. When it is, it is rarely done with the technical brilliance of this. Marvelous feats of the camera are performed in imaginative settings that suggest nothing one has seen before. But when I tell you that the producer of "King Kong" also sponsored this film, you will know what to expect. "She" is the Princess of Kor, sovereign of a hidden kingdom somewhere behind the ice barriers of the Arctic Circle. But do not think that she is the fur-clad queen of a frozen waste. She rules in exotic splendor, an ageless immortal who is as old as time itself but looks as glorious as the morning. She is personified by Helen Gahagan, of the stage, who acts with taste, dignity and fine distinction. She is truly regal. It seems that Randolph Scott is the man she has been waiting five hundred years for. He is an explorer who with his companions, including Helen Mack, comes by accident upon the kingdom of Kor. Somehow it is necessary for Mr. Scott to kill Miss Mack in order to become the queen's consort and this he refuses to do. All this is interesting as a spectacle, not as drama.

"THE ARIZONIAN."

An out and out Western that has all the essentials of the old ones, yet is more concerned with conversation and character than riding, is this which brings forward Richard Dix in an excellent performance and has the novelty of an English actress as the heroine. She is Margot Grahame, who was fine as Victor McLaglen's wretched paramour in "The Informer." She is interesting here, poised, lovely and uncommonly intelligent. It is difficult, of course, to reconcile her personality with the part she plays. Nothing is said to account for her British speech nor her presence as an entertainer in a typical dance hall, nor even to explain her relationship to James Bush, her brother in the film. Anyway, Miss Grahame is interesting, far more so than the stock heroine of a Western, and so is Mr. Dix. Gallant, ingratiating, sincere, he handles his routine rôle with authority and charm. Never mind the story. It is reminiscent of a hundred similar ones. But it is interestingly played and directed, never straining for effect and never achieving any marked excitement.

"THE MURDER MAN."

You may not believe all you see in the new picture that employs Spencer Tracy, but you can't help having faith in what he says and does. In short, he gives conviction and reality to a fair story and makes it seem more important than it is. He is a reporter, one of those hearty, flip and cynical fellows who knows all the answers before the question comes up. And is, of course, the best newspaper man in town as well. He dictates his stories into a machine and has a private office. Mr. Tracy even makes forgivable these solecisms in newspaper-office routine. He is concerned in proving the guilt of a broker whose crooked partner has been murdered, a dramatic moment coming when Mr. Tracy tells the man, convicted and in prison, that he knows he did not commit the crime and, moreover, knows who the real murderer is. Harvey Stephens is excellent in this rôle, baffling because he skillfully combines guilt and innocence in manner and speech, and Virginia Bruce's good looks glorify the sob sister she plays. Or is it an adviser of the lovelorn?

An amiab
Powell and Joan Blondell
Fazenda as their comic aids. Every one pe[illegible] as
which means that they display the accomplishments that have made them popular in countless prior films and have made Warner casts virtually a closed corporation. Let an outsider try to break up the combination if he dare! Anyway, Mr. Powell is a taxi driver who fails in a radio audition, follows his broken-down singing teacher to Venice and is "discovered" by Miss Fazenda, wealthy sponsor of an American program, as just the star her cheese hour needs. "Mio gondolierio!" she coyly exclaims and one can't help laughing at her because she isn't the first middle-aged American matron who has been taken in by the Grand Canal and its romantic atmosphere. So Mr. Powell, in velvet jacket, sash and what not to complete his masquerade as an Italian, goes to New York and is a radio sensation. Mr. Menjou's superior artistry is evident in his caricature of the singing teacher, which manages to be very real, too.

"GINGER."

Jane Withers, who made a great impression as the mean little girl in Shirley Temple's "Bright Eyes," is a star herself now. That means she is intent on capturing sympathy instead of being childishly wicked. Consequently she is not as original and stimulating. She is a clever juvenile, though, in one of those tailored vehicles crammed with opportunities for the star to troupe. She does everything from an imitation of Garbo to reforming the cast, with never a wisecrack overlooked. If all this is unbelievable and far-fetched, don't blame Jane but her forced stardom. She is an orphan who is being reared by an ex-actor until she is adopted by a society woman, an amateur psychologist, who thinks she knows all about a child's needs. Jackie Searl, as her priggish son, is an example of her training. Walter King is the unhappy father with whom "Ginger" strikes up a friendship and with whom, incidentally, Miss Withers has her best scenes. Her hard-boiled slang and bluntness set the household agog and the fairy tale ends with mulligan stew served to the delight of her Park Avenue sponsors. Even stately Katharine Alexander exclaims, "It's the nuts!"

"THE MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE."

No, this is not a circus picture. It is the facetiously titled opus which represents the latest effort of W. C. Fields and his troupe. It happens to be one of their best. While it is no different from other films starring the great comic, it follows a pattern that he has made peculiarly his own, ironic, penetratingly human comedy. Always, however, Mr. Fields does more than provoke laughter. He symbolizes the millions of commonplace men, their futile, drab lives and their yearning to escape. In this he is an office clerk who summons courage for the first time in twenty-five years to ask for an afternoon off. He says his mother-in-law has died. News of the supposed death in his family spreads and he is exposed as a liar and discharged because of his deception. Now all this is not the most original material in the world, but as played by Mr. Fields it is hilariously funny and curiously touching. Such expert portrayers of character as Katheleen Howard, Grady Sutton, Lucien Littlefield, Vera Lewis, and Tammany Young aid Mr. Fields, while Mary Brian is his sympathetic daughter.

"ESCAPADE."

The début of Luise Rainer—pronounced Ryner—is the brightest and most refreshing event in a parched, arid month. The Viennese actress has charm, individuality and humor, not to mention promise of becoming important. Certainly she is like no current favorite though she reminds me of Florence Vidor and Madge Bellamy, especially in the sparkling, liquid beauty of her dark eyes. She is introduced in an amusing, not too original comedy of life in Vienna at the turn of the century. A quiet, convent-bred girl, she is the paid companion of a racy countess who smokes cigars. She is drawn into an intrigue which involves William Powell, a celebrated artist, and a flirtatious matron who has indiscreetly posed for him clad principally in a chinchilla cape. Publication of the picture causes embarrassment for the lady and suspicion for her husband until Miss Rainer is declared to be the model. Misunderstandings increase until they climax in a shooting. But meanwhile Miss Rainer's childlike innocence has captivated Mr. Powell and put a stop to his philandering. The entire picture is beautifully acted by distinguished players.

MARLENE DIETRICH

THE most famous legs in the world—and the most beautiful, according to connoisseurs—are here displayed naturally, modestly, and far more strikingly than when they were masked by Miss Dietrich's wisely discarded trousers. She idles in her garden while awaiting the call to begin her new picture, "The Pearl Necklace," which every one is hoping will reveal a "new" Marlene.

CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES

"SHE"—RKO. Screen play by Ruth Rose. From the novel by H. Rider Haggard. Directed by Irving Pichel and Lansing C. Holden.

CAST:

She.....Helen Gahagan
Leo Vincey.....Randolph Scott
Tanya.....Helen Mack
Holly.....Nigel Bruce
Billali.....Gustav von Seyffertitz
Dugmore.....Lumsden Hare
John Vincey.....Samuel Hinds
Native leader.....Noble Johnson
Captain of the guards.....Jim Thorpe

"THE ARIZONIAN"—RKO. Story by Dudley Nichols. Directed by Charles Vidor.

CAST:

Clay Tallant.....Richard Dix
Kitty Rivers.....Margot Grahame
Tex Randolph.....Preston Foster
Jake Mannen.....Louis Calhern
Orin Tallant.....James Bush
Frank McCloskey.....Ray Mayer
Pompey.....Willie Best
Shot-gun Keeler.....Joseph Sauers
Mayor Comstock.....Francis Ford

"THE MURDER MAN"—MGM. Story by Tim Whelan and Guy Bolton. Screen play by Mr. Whelan and John C. Higgins.

CAST:

Steve Grey.....Spencer Tracy
Mary Shannon.....Virginia Bruce
Captain Cole.....Lionel Atwill
Henry Mander.....Harvey Stephens
Robins.....Robert Barrat
"Shorty".....James Stewart
"Pop" Grey.....William Collier, Sr.
Carey Booth.....Bobby Watson
"Red" Maguire.....William Demarest
Sweeney.....John Sheehan
Rafferty.....Lucien Littlefield
Sol Hertzberger.....George Chandler
"Buck" Hawkins.....Fuzzy Knight
Lillian Hopper.....Louise Henry
Colville.....Robert Warwick
Tony.....Joe Irving
Pendleton.....Ralph Bushman

"PARIS IN SPRING"—Paramount. From a play by Dwight Taylor. Adapted by Samuel Hoffenstein, Franz Schulz, and Keene Thompson. Directed by Lewis Milestone.

CAST:

Simone.....Mary Ellis
Paul de Lille.....Tullio Carminati
Mignon de Charelle.....Ida Lupino
DuPont.....Lynne Overman
Grandma Leger.....Jessie Ralph
Albert de Charelle.....James Blakeley
Alphonse.....Hugh Enfield
Etienne.....Joseph North

"BROADWAY GONDOLIER"—Warners. Screen story by Warren Duff and Sig Herzig, based on a story by Mr. Herzig, E. Y. Harburg, and Hans Kraly. Directed by Lloyd Bacon.

CAST:

Richard Purcell.....Dick Powell
Alice Hughes.....Joan Blondell
Professor Devinci.....Adolphe Menjou
Mrs. Flagenheim.....Louise Fazenda
Cliff.....William Gargan
Mills Brothers.....Mills Brothers
Richards.....Grant Mitchell
Newspaper critic.....Hobart Cavanaugh
Hayward.....George Barbier
Red.....Joseph Sauers
Ramon.....Rafael Storm
Uncle Andy.....James Burke
Hat-check girl.....June Travis
Singing cop.....Bob Murphy

"SHANGHAI"—Paramount. Screen story by Gene Towne, Graham Baker, and Lynn Starling. Directed by James Flood.

CAST:

Barbara Howard.....Loretta Young
Dimitri Koslov.....Charles Boyer
Ambassador Lun Sing.....Warner Oland
Tommy Sherwood.....Fred Keating
Truesdale.....Charles Grapewin
Aunt J. B.....Alison Skipworth
Corona.....Libby Taylor
Mrs. Truesdale.....Josephine Whittel
Hilton.....Walter Kingsford
Mrs. Hilton.....Olive Tell
Von Hoeffer.....Arnold Korff
Ambassador's Son.....Keye Luke
Wang.....Willie Fung

"GINGER"—Fox. Screen story by Arthur Kober. Directed by Lewis Seiler.

CAST:

Ginger.....Jane Withers
Rexford Whittington.....O. P. Heggie
Hamilton Parker.....Jackie Searl
Mrs. Parker.....Katharine Alexander
Daniel Parker.....Walter King

"LOVE ME FOREVER"—Columbia. Screen play by Jo Swerling and Sidney Buchman. Based on a story by Victor Schertzinger. Directed by Victor Schertzinger.

CAST:

Margaret Howard.....Grace Moore
Steve Corelli.....Leo Carrillo
Philip Cameron.....Robert Allen
Clara Fields.....Spring Byington
Miller.....Douglass Dumbrille
Maurizzo.....Thurston Hall
Luigi.....Luis Alberni
Michael Bartlett.....Michael Bartlett
Mitchell.....Gavin Gordon
Piano Player.....Harry Barris
Musical Director.....Arthur Kaye

"ESCAPADE"—MGM. Screen drama by Herman J. Mankiewicz. Based on a German script by Walter Reisch. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard.

CAST:

Fritz.....William Powell
Leopoldine.....Luise Rainer
Karl.....Frank Morgan
Gerta.....Virginia Bruce
Paul.....Reginald Owen
Anita.....Mady Christians
Countess.....Laura Hope Crews
Concierge.....Henry Travers
Carmen.....Mathilde Comont

"THE MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE"—Paramount. Original story by Charles Bogle and Sam Hardy. Screen play by Ray Harris and Mr. Hardy.

CAST:

Ambrose Wolfinger.....W. C. Fields
Hope Wolfinger.....Mary Brian
Leona Wolfinger.....Kathleen Howard
Claude Neselroad.....Grady Sutton
Peabody.....Lucien Littlefield
Mrs. Neselroad.....Vera Lewis
President Malloy.....Oscar Apfel
T. P. Wallaby.....David Clyde
"Willie" the Weasel.....Tammany Young
"Legs" Garnett.....Walter Brennan
Adolph Berg.....Lew Kelly
Night Court Judge.....Arthur Aylesworth

"FRONT PAGE WOMAN"—Warners. From a story by Richard Macauley. Adapted by Laird Doyle, Roy Chanslor and Lillie Hayward. Directed by Michael Curtiz.

CAST:

Ellen.....Bette Davis
Curt.....George Brent
Toots.....Roscoe Karns
Inez Cordoza.....Winifred Shaw
"Spike" Kiley.....Joseph Crehan
Robert.....J. Carroll Naish
Hallohan.....J. Farrell MacDonald
Mae.....Dorothy Dare
Maitland.....Gordon Westcott
Irma Barnett.....Grace Hale
Hartnett.....Joe King
Judge Rickard.....Walter Walker
Joe Davis.....Selmar Jackson
District Attorney.....Addison Richards
Olive.....June Martel
Chinard.....George Renavent
Marvin Q. Stone.....Huntly Gordon
Fuji.....Mike Morita

"THE IRISH IN US"—Warners. Story idea by Frank Orsatti. Screen play by Earl Baldwin. Directed by Lloyd Bacon.

CAST:

Danny O'Hara.....James Cagney
Pat O'Hara.....Pat O'Brien
Lucille Jackson.....Olivia de Haviland
Mike O'Hara.....Frank McHugh
Carbarn.....Allen Jenkins
Ma O'Hara.....Mary Gordon
Captain Jackson.....J. Farrell MacDonald
Doc Mullins.....Thomas Jackson
Joe Delancy.....Harvey Perry

"DANTE'S INFERNO"—Fox. Screen play by Philip Klein and Robert M. Yost. Directed by Harry Lachman.

CAST:

Jim Carter.....Spencer Tracy
Betty McWade.....Claire Trevor
"Pop" McWade.....Henry B. Walthall
Jonesy.....Alan Dinehart
Alexander Carter.....Scott Beckett
Dean.....Robert Gleckler
Dancers.....Rita Cansino and Gary Leon
Inspector Harris.....Willard Robertson
Captain Morgan.....Morgan Wallace

"HARD ROCK HARRIGAN"—Fox. Story by Charles Furthman. Directed by David Howard.

CAST:

"Hard Rock" Harrigan.....George O'Brien
"Andy" Anderson.....Irene Hervey
"Blackjack" Riley.....Fred Kohler
Michael McGinnis.....Dean Benton
McClintock.....Frank Rice
Oscar.....Victor Potel
Clancy.....Olin Francis
Clark.....William Gould
Columbo.....George Hambert
McNally.....David Clyde
Doctor Wagner.....Ed Keene
Casey.....Lee Shumway

"CURLY TOP"—Fox. Screen story by Patterson McNutt and Arthur Beckhard. Directed by Irving Cummings.

CAST:

Elizabeth Blair.....Shirley Temple
Edward Morgan.....John Boles
Mary Blair.....Rochelle Hudson
Mrs. Denham.....Jane Darwell
Mrs. Higgins.....Rafaela Ottiano
Aunt Genevieve Graham.....Esther Dale
Mr. Wyckoff.....Etienne Girardot
Butler.....Arthur Treacher
Jimmie Rogers.....Maurice Murphy

"ALIBI IKE"—Warners. Story by Ring Lardner. Screen play by William Wister Haines. Directed by Raymond Enright.

CAST:

Frank X. Farrell.....Joe E. Brown
Dolly Stevens.....Olivia de Haviland
Bess.....Ruth Donnelly
Carey.....Roscoe Karns
Cap.....William Frawley
Jack Mack.....Eddie Shubert
"Lefty" Crawford.....Paul Harvey
Johnson.....Joseph King
Conductor.....Joseph Crehan
Valet.....Adrian Rosley

"DON'T BET ON BLONDES"—Warners. Story by Isabel Dawn and Boyce DeGaw. Directed by Robert Florey.

CAST:

"Odds" Owen.....Warren William
Marilyn.....Claire Dodd
Colonel Younghlood.....Guy Kibbee
"Numbers".....William Gargan
"Brains".....Vince Barnett
Philbert O. Slemp.....Hobart Cavanaugh
T. Everett Markham.....Clay Clement
David Van Dusen.....Errol Flynn
Doc.....Spencer Charters
Dwight Boardman.....Walter Byron
Steve.....Eddie Shubert
Slade.....Jack Norton
Switchboard Operator.....Mary Treen
Ella Purdy.....Maude Eburne
Professor Gruber.....Herman Bing

"IN OLD KENTUCKY"—Fox. From the play by Charles T. Dazey. Screen story by Sam Hellman and Gladys Lehman. Directed by George Marshall.

CAST:

Steve Tapley.....Will Rogers
Nancy Martingale.....Dorothy Wilson
Lee Andrews.....Russell Hardie
Ezra Martingale.....Charles Sellon
Arlene Shattuck.....Louise Henry
Dolly Breckenridge.....Esther Dale
"Slick" Doherty.....Alan Dinehart
"Pole" Shattuck.....Charles Richman
Pluvius J. Aspinwall.....Etienne Girardot
Sheriff.....John Ince
Wash Jackson.....Bill Robinson

Photo by Elmer Fryer

OLIVIA de HAVILAND

THE new actress with the unusual name acquitted herself with such distinction in her very first performance, as "Hermia" in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," that she was given the lead opposite Errol Flynn in Sabatini's "Captain Blood," as she is here pictured.

HE SPOTS RHYTHM

Rouben Mamoulian, director of "Becky Sharp" and other important films, explains his unusual theories. To him, stars are colors and they act rhythmically, with a metronome clicking the tempo of each scene.

GARBO and Dietrich are much alike, 'rhythmically' speaking.' The quotes came from Rouben Mamaulian wha has directed them bath.

He has mare recently directed Anna Sten and Miriam Hapkins. Of them he said "Sten, like Garba and Dietrich, has the slaw rhythm af the ald warld but with this difference—ond it is a very definite ane—she is af the earth, earthy. Miss Hapkins is mare typically American and stoccato."

Ta Mr. Mamaulian, wha rehearses his scenes with a metronome ticking aff tempa, no particular rhythm is better than anather; but every persan has bath rhythm and calar.

"I direct rhythmically,' he explained, "because all art is creative. It somewhat amuses me when I hear a great picture described as a 'mirrar of life.' If that were true then our newsreels wauld be aur best pictures. Quite the controry, the best droma is thot in which author, actar, and director creote o perfectly orchestrated symphony."

Rauben Mamaulion, an ortist wha dips his brush inta a palette peopled by the stars of the screen, and with brood sweeping strokes on his canvas paints o picture af almast incredible skill, calar and magnitude, is, you know, the directar af "Becky Sharp."

At his roams at the Alganquin, I faund a man for whase brains ane must have instont respect. He is rather yaunger laaking than he appears in phatagraphs, yet there is no frivolity obaut him beyand his delightful sense of humor. He is sincere, thoraugh, and eminently successful.

Does this business af rhythm seem just a bit confusing? Da yau want to know, as I did, what it hod to da with Garba, Hapkins, Dietrich, and Sten?

Let me tell yau ar, rather, let Mamoulian.

"A stary," he explained potiently, "to be a great story must have rhythm. Sa must a star. Direction is the successful blending of bath—just as calar is anather name for rhythm. For instance, in describing a forest yau might say 'It is o mass af green trees.' Or quite praperly yau cauld describe it os 'a callection af growing things.' It is, you see, merely haw yau sense it.

"Now take o scene in o picture. I'll select the scene of the Battle af Waterlaa in 'Becky Sharp.' Because color represents certoin ematians to human beings, the red coots af the saldiers, the blazing of cannon, the general background of red predominoting, immediately suggests danger ta the spectator. And the rhythm of the scene is in keep-

Continued on page 85

The staccato rhythm of Miriam Hopkins is apparent in the scene where "Becky Sharp" has supper with Cedric Hardwicke. Mamoulian senses in him the slow, measured tempo of approaching doom.

Mamoulian's Color Chart for Stars

Women:	Men:
Garbo: violet-blue.	Chaplin: violet-blue.
Dietrich: purple.	John Barrymore: purple.
Sten: dark green.	Fredric March: yellow-green.
Mae West: red.	James Cagney: orange.
Marion Davies: sky blue.	Briar Aherne: yellow.
Miriam Hopkins: orange-yellow.	Gary Cooper: blue.

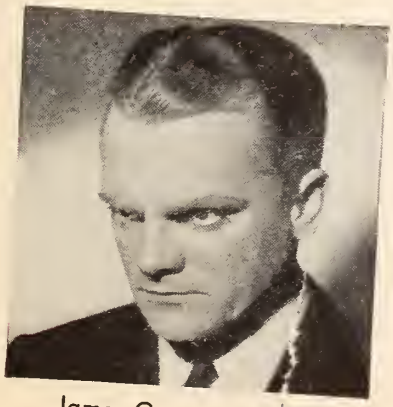
In Garbo's scene with John Gilbert at the inn, when she lovingly touched every object in the room, she was rhythmically expressing the ecstasy of love.

and COLOR in STARS

Fredric March: yellow-green.

Marion Davies: sky blue.

Gary Cooper: blue.



James Cagney: orange.

"A story," says Mamoulian, "to be a great story must have rhythm. So must a star. Each great scene in a picture is a poem in rhythm. Others may be prose. Especially is this true of love scenes."

By Dena Reed

Continued from page 49

Hollywood High Lights

Eddy Keeps His Head.—For all the idolatry that has been laid at his doorstep since he made a hit in "Naughty Marietta," Nelson Eddy remains singularly unspoiled. He still has a good time singing at parties, and is always willing to oblige the studio when they are staging an entertainment for out-of-town visitors. Eddy has already attained a peak in fan mail from admirers of his voice and personality, and having waited long for success he doesn't let it go to his head.

Barrymore "Ex" on Scene.—John Barrymore's cavortings in the East may make the headlines of the newspapers, but Hollywood followers of the Royal Family's doings have had some cause for wonderment, too.

The striking event was the arrival of Michael Strange, who a few years ago led a vogue for trousers in New York. She was married to Barrymore just prior to Dolores Costello, and had a daughter by John. She went to the Coast to appear in a Pasadena Community Playhouse production of Shakespear's "King Richard III," and may remain on for pictures.

Fighting Back to Fame.—Dolores and Helene Costello are both endeavoring to renew their careers. Dolores took a test for Paramount, and Helene starred in a stage play called "The Wilder Beauty." Incidentally, Helene has become the life of the party in Movieland's social world. She experted in dancing the rhumba at the housewarming given by Frank Morgan, while Frank himself shook the gourd filled with shot.

They say it's all ended between Helene and her Cuban husband.

Reed Beau Ideal.—Phillip Reed, who shines in "Accent on Youth," with Herbert Marshall and Sylvia Sidney, is quite the beau of Hollywood. He's a handsome chap, and is reasonably attentive to the young ladies he escorts, without becoming too romantic. That means he's a nice, acceptable person. Reed escorts Margaret Lindsay every once in a while, Marina Schubert, and others.

Pons Sweeps Into Town.—Lily Pons made a grand entrance into Hollywood. She was introduced to the élite at various luncheons and dinners, and also was presented to the press at a party at the Hotel Knickerbocker. Right on top of that, she herself entertained a throng of celebrities at a party that began Sunday afternoon and lasted well into the evening.

Lily didn't know half the people who arrived, which is never unusual in the colony, but made the best of it. And that same day, a blistering hot one, she had spent five hours at the studio recording the Bell Song from "Lakme." Real endurance, we'll say!

Also, no swains of Hollywood for Miss Pons. She's interested in André Kostalanetz, the famous musician.

Prima Donna Competition.—Not to be outdone by Pons, Gladys Swarthout put on a show all her own. Instead of having the guests at her home, she transported them in large busses to the Trocadero Café, where they had a festive evening. Many say Swarthout will be the next great screen discovery—due more to personality than voice. But, then, what prima donna should worry about the reason she is a sensation?

Wally Emulates Daniel.—Wallace Beery actually went into a lion's cage. We saw him do it. Which must have taken him back to the good old days when he was a Sennett comedian. Wally did his little stint with the wild animals for some scenes in "O'Shaughnessy's Boy," Richard Boleslawski, the director, being a stickler for realism. Wally also had to perform in a sort of wrestling match with a tiger. Very few first-line stars would do as much to please the picture-makers and picture-goers.

A Sentimental Note.—Hollywood must be getting sentimental in an old-fashioned way. For annually now the colony is holding a "father and son" day. The idea is for "pop" and his child or children to get together en masse, and compete in athletic tests, three-legged races, baseball games, tennis and maybe even golf. It's really quite the most rural and simple set of pastimes that the colony has indulged in for ages.

Wrecking Favored Theory.—If Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone are married—well, there goes No. 1 smash-up of the great creda announced by several celebrated film couples; namely, that no matter what happened, they wouldn't wed.

Joan said a year ago, and reiterated it since, that marital life and a career simply wouldn't mix, and that she was through attempting to blend them.

But you know how it is with that little assertion, no matter how much it may be supplemented by oaths and forswearings.

Carol Lombard's dressing room employs exactly the colors that you would expect to match her personality. Pale-blue walls, white furnishings, and lemon-yellow for the upholstery. Perfect!

Jealous Over Norma.—Plenty of broken hearts are to be found in Hollywood since Norma Shearer has really decided to play "Juliet" in "Romeo and Juliet." Evelyn Venable had her heart set on this romantic heroine, and Anita Louise was another contender. Evelyn went so far as to play in a much-abridged stage version with a very poor company just to prove her fitness. Evelyn's discomfiture will be truly complete if Katharine Hepburn or Greta Garbo ever actually decide to play "Joan of Arc" on the screen. That's the part she has been fighting for ever since she went to Hollywood.

Mae West Turns Hermit.—Mae West has almost retired from the spotlight. She seems content to concentrate on picture-making, without furnishing the world with wisecracks or otherwise making a bid for ballyhoo. She goes to prize fights pretty regularly, and is said to be somewhat interested in a little-theater project, but that's about all.

Well, anyway, nobody ever had a greater fling at publicity while it was going on than Mae. But her star is dimming.

Gertrude Nearly Confesses.—Gertrude Michael almost said "Yes" when asked whether she is engaged to Rouben Mamoulian, the director. They have been seen together often, although not constantly, and the understanding is that there may be a wedding some day.

The Tibbett Conclave.—Lawrence Tibbett's come-back film, "Metropolitan," is eagerly awaited. He was the first grand-opera star to score a signal triumph, and it is felt that now he will win an even more faithful audience. It was curious that when Lawrence arrived in Hollywood, his ex-wife Grace Tibbett came into town only a few days later. Tibbett, of course, was with his second wife. It was called "just a coincidence."

Artistically Devoted.—Jean Muir and George Walcott are seen about together. Incidentally, they are very much interested in a little theater organization, which Walcott heads, with Jean virtually the moving spirit in the enterprise.

An Amateur Puppeteer.—Binnie Barnes caused more excitement than any other star who visited the San Diego Exposition, which has been a drawing card of late for the movie great. Binnie stirred up the furor when she visited the puppet show there just prior to the evening opening.

She wanted to have fun, and operate the puppets by pulling the strings, and what did she do but get those strings all twisted up. It was just about the time the show was to open, and so the regular puppeteers went pretty nearly crazy trying to straighten them out. Now they have a "verboten" sign up for all film players who want to become puppet manipulators.

One of those location lulls which try the patience of stars finds Bing Crosby, Mary Boland, and Joan Bennett listening to Harry Ruskin, the dialogue writer, when they'd all rather be working on "Two For To-night."

Marian's New Attendant.—That beauteous young belle of Hollywood, Marian Marsh, is being escorted these days by the younger Brisson, yclept Freddie. He's the son of Carl, and handles his father's business affairs. Marian and Edmund Lowe are seldom together right now. Eddie more or less plays the field, anyway.

Bouquets for Suzanne.—One of the cutest young girls in pictures is Suzanne Kaaren. And what a hula she can do! She proved this recently at a Tahitian party given by Mala. Every native Tahitian at this affair was bound and determined to dance with Suzanne, and she was rushed to death. Suzanne was born in Australia, which probably helps to account for her proficiency in South Pacific dances. Or is it just a gift?

Robbing the Cradle.—They're picking them younger all the time. Virginia Weidler, aged seven, was recently chosen the "movie sweetheart" of the class of graduating seniors at the University of California. Some people, by the way, think that little Virginia is soon going to outrun Shirley Temple as a favorite, but she'll have to step if she wants to surpass the Shirley of "Curly Top."

Horse Opera Stars.—Oddity of this age for all those who remember his successes of past years is the news that Conway Tearle is to make a series of Western pictures. Conway had a long career as the highest-paid leading man in the silent films. Later he won great success on the stage in "Dinner at Eight," but even that didn't help to reinstate him in his former status. Our friend, Nick Foran, also has suddenly become a Western star. They call him Dick Foran now.

Romantic Adjustments.—Everything is happily sailing again with Roger Pryor and Ann Sothern. That was just a little flurry when Ann appeared in public with Gene Raymond. And were we interested recently to see Gene escorting Jeanette MacDonald to a concert! But Jeanette's mother was also along.

Continued from page 41

spell. All the director wanted of Oberon was to catch a murmur from her as Freddie left.

I walked back with her to the set and perched outside camera range on the window seat, while Freddie practiced going in and out the door. Between takes, we continued our conversation in hoarse whispers, much to the annoyance of the assistant director, who finally shooed us back to the dressing room.

I wanted to know if there was any psychological change within Oberon's self with the change of rôles. I know that Goldwyn in the past, in rebuilding personalities, has worked upon them mentally, developing an inferiority complex in one case and tearing down a superiority complex in another.

"Well," said Miss Oberon, "if he has worked any of his psychology on me, I've been unaware of it. I'm still just me. Just because I played a tragic-eyed Japanese wife in 'Thunder in the East' didn't mean that I went home every night, put on tight-fitting slippers and kimonos and felt like a Japanese wife, and when a man spoke to me I was quickly obedient to his wishes. Do you think Charles Laughton carried his militaristic rôle in 'Les Miserables' into his private life?"

While that wasn't exactly what I meant, it was at least an answer.

Like most beautiful women who have that aura of glamour, Merle Oberon's name is constantly being associated in a romantic way. She says that some of this is publicity, much of it is gossip, and very little of it is true. I presume that she thinks this statement really true, although by this time she must know of her power to attract men.

If you ever meet her, don't mention the word "engagement." She has been "engaged" twice this year, once to Joseph M. Schenck and once to David Niven. She refuses to discuss the Schenck incident except to say that he is a charming gentleman and a good friend, but that she isn't in love with him. About the Niven incident, she will tell you that she was very surprised to hear it, that she and David have been excellent friends, but that there's been nothing romantic between them.

"I am certainly surprised the way engagements occur in this country," she told me. "I've never seen any sense to announcing a promise to marry a man unless you are deeply in love with him and planning the wedding. Of course, some people say engagements are good publicity, but I don't think so!"

Lost—Oberon the Exotic

But just because she isn't engaged, don't think Miss Oberon is any wallflower. She goes places with Niven, with Edmund Lowe, and with Brian Aherne. Ronald Colman is a frequent visitor to her beach cottage, but so far he has not escorted her to any parties.

"If I found a man I loved very much I would marry him. My career could take its chances. Marriage would come first. And as far as husbands go, give me a British one rather than an American, although"—she paused—"I don't think nationality will matter much when I'm really in love."

Merle Oberon's views on Hollywood's treatment of her when she first arrived are emphatic. Hollywood snubbed her, she says, and she was pretty hurt about it. "I was really frightfully snubbed. I won't mention names, but I was coldly treated by some of the stars. The one person who was really nice to me and from whom I least expected it—I don't know why, now that I know her—was Jean Harlow. She came clear across the room to meet me and said something very gracious about admiring my work and wanting to know more of me. After my first few experiences, I just stayed at home and didn't go anywhere. I don't know why they acted that way."

On why they acted that way you may place your own interpretation. I would say it was because some of our Hollywood stars, who are pretty much woman under the skin, were scared of that aura which Miss Oberon exudes, and wanted, in a purely feminine way, to give her no aid in meeting the eligible men on whom they had designs.

Miss Oberon continued that she is still annoyed about that first reception, although she admits now things are different, and life is pleasant. She said, "I had heard that Hollywood was famed for its hospitality and warmth. All the American people I've met have impressed me as being unusually gracious and delightful. I had looked forward to Hollywood and thought I was going to have a grand time. British people are much more reserved and harder to become acquainted with, but Americans are widely known for their generous attitude toward strangers. Well, I went to two parties on my first visit to Hollywood, and no more.

"When I came back this time, I took a house at the beach and, determining to live my own life quietly, gradually I have found friends. Strangely enough, the same people who insulted me on my first trip are now very pleasant, and I have discovered in other groups that warm American hospitality which I had hoped for. It's a strange town, but I'm growing to like it. I am supposed to go back to England to appear in 'Cyrano de Bergerac' with Charles Laughton after I finish 'The Dark Angel,' but it is problematical if I go or not. Mr. Goldwyn wants me for another picture, and I hate to make that long trip and come back so quickly. I think I want to stay now."

And I shouldn't be surprised if Merle Oberon stayed quite a long time.

Jack Conway, director, explains to Ronald Colman and Elizabeth Allan every movement they must make in a scene for "A Tale of Two Cities." He uses for illustration a miniature of the set. That's how carefully, painstakingly pictures are planned nowadays.

Continued from page 35

To-day the only make-up I use away from the studio is a light shade of lipstick. I also learned that mere physical appeal does not make a girl charming. True charm is a subjugation of the physical and an accentuation of the mental. Every girl must dramatize herself. Glamour is an expression of individuality. Don't be afraid to be different, which really means 'be yourself.' "

There is diffused from her a vague and enthralling perfume that is not only of clothes or cosmetics or hair, but a distillation of all three. Zola would have described her carriage as "a supple, feline undulation." She is not beautiful, but she is piquantly good-looking. Her face has character. Her rather angular jaw indicates that she is hard to convince, stanch in her convictions, and happiest when left to her own resources. Her mouth is provocatively kissable. Her skin has the pinkish sheen of a rose petal. Under her eyebrows are dusky blue eyes that might have haunted the dreams of the Florentines of the quattrocento.

Patrician in appearance, she gives an intriguing impression of restraint. She seldom involves herself emotionally. When such a disaster seems imminent, she exercises that most efficient of defense mechanisms, namely, feminine detachment. She has never been wed or engaged, and love doesn't interest her—much.

"Don't you think men are—well, necessary?" I asked.

"Yes," she retorted, "but so is the weather!"

Of all the rôles she has played, her favorite is that of the society girl in "Bordertown." She regards her work seriously and intends to keep in shape for it. And what shape! She is one of those fortunate people who can eat almost anything. Her lunch frequently consists of a fruit or fish cocktail, a lamb chop, two vegetables, a salad and a dessert.

She dislikes pompous people and protracted conversations. Cynics amuse rather than annoy her, because she believes they are sentimentalists on guard.

Usually dignified and uneffusive, she forms a concept of people before meeting them, but is quick to alter her opinion when she realizes her mistake. She plays a wicked game of tennis, nearly always winning because her opponent can't keep his eye on the ball.

"People tell me that the only way to get ahead in pictures is to be seen and talked about," she told me. "If that's true, I'm content to remain a featured player. Privacy and ideals mean more to me than a career. If I can't be an actress and also be honest with myself, I'll say good-by to the screen.

"Believe it or not, it is more than a month since I've had a 'date.' I seldom go to a theater or night club. I get my enjoyment elsewhere. One of my best friends is an elderly housekeeper who lives with me. Janet Gaynor is my only girl chum. We're like sisters. We spend our leisure at Janet's beach house, where we loll on the sand and forget about studio routine. You see, I'm happy only when I'm being myself. That probably sounds incongruous, coming from an actress, but that's how I feel."

I have seen her sit awestruck under a star-pricked sky in Hollywood Bowl, listening to Wagner's "Parsifal." I have seen her run like a nymph along the wave-washed shore of Malibu. On both occasions I had to reassure myself that she was the same girl. She drives a Ford roadster which she calls "Lindsay's chariot." It is distinguished for its infinite variety of nickel-plated horns and lights. Every pay day she adds another gadget, until the car is the last word in something or other.

She can discuss Swinburne and Chaucer, but she is not an intellectual. On the contrary, she is a gamin at heart. She admits it.

"People who know me on the screen as a dignified, slightly blasé person would be surprised if they knew what an effort I make to suppress the tomboy in me. When I was a youngster I scared my mother out of her wits a number of times. Once, while she was downtown, I discovered an old snakeskin in the attic of our house. I conceived the idea of stretching the gruesome thing on the front porch. When mother returned she saw the apparently live reptile and let out a shriek that must have been heard for blocks. She dropped her packages, scurried down the street, and I was convulsed with merriment. Presently she returned, preceded by a formidable policeman. He drew his gun and was about to 'kill' the snake when I popped out of a hedge and confessed my hoax.

"Gee, did I have fun!"

She was the incarnation of all life's springtimes as laughter spilled over her words.

"To prove that I'm still a gamin," she continued, "I'll tell you what happened a few days ago. I was lunching in the Brown Derby with Jeanette MacDonald and Lily Damita. A school chum whom I hadn't seen for years sat at a near-by table. We recognized each other simultaneously, and I shouted:

" 'Hi, there!' "

"Everybody in the place looked at me. Was I embarrassed!"

Gamin or lady—which is she?

Joel McCrea and Maureen O'Sullivan enjoy a cooling pick-me-up between scenes of "Manhattan Madness." It looks like nothing more exciting than "coke" with a straw to us.

Continued from page 39

More Than Skin Deep

favorite screen portrayal was 'Zani' in 'Zoo in Budapest,' not only because the part was well written, but because it permitted him antics reminiscent of the Doug Fairbanks technique.

"I'll get a costume rôle some day," he murmured determinedly.

In view of past performances it is certain that he will.

"At some time every one has a feeling he has done something noteworthy, just about his best. I'll think of retiring when I have that feeling."

You see, he wishes not merely to work well, but to live well.

"People weren't meant always to work, so when I'm at the peak I'd like to bow out. Then possibly I'll raise horses, perhaps produce plays, even marry.

"You know, one has to work at marriage. A film career and a wife can't be handled together with satisfaction. After a full day at the studio the movie actor and his bride don't care if they see each other. And a jealous wife would be unbearable. In this business you must have some one who is understanding. Publicity, too, hurts Hollywood marriages. No," he laughed, "I'll wait until this job is done. If I were to meet the right girl just as I retired it would be great, wouldn't it?"

Conceited?

The glare of fame has not blinded him to himself. "Gratifying but demanding," he calls this fame.

"One of man's greatest pleasures, I think, is to be able to lose himself in a crowd, just window-shop and walk where he wishes." This simple joy is denied a screen star. Gene rarely ventures to public places in daylight.

Occasionally the fans' insistence becomes annoying. While in Florida Gene was sent a script containing a potential part for him. "Endless parties kept the script in a drawer for ten days. Finally the last day for my decision came and I started to read. Before I had finished two pages about a hundred people stopped in for cocktails. Of course, the script was shelved. Later I decided to escape to the beach by myself and finish reading.

"At the gate were two high-school girls. I suppose the easiest procedure would have been to sign their autograph books, but I wanted to be alone at that moment.

"I headed for another exit and the girls followed. It was like a Mack Sennett comedy. I would walk faster and the girls would, too, until we were almost running. At last I rejoined my guests and the script was mailed, unread, the next day, and I never made the picture."

But Gene understands that fame carries obligations, and he is big enough to realize that he is not bigger than the public, which can make stars or grind them to dust. He is grateful to his fans and plays square with them by really working in his films.

In fact, squareness is another of the young actor's characteristics, as Jesse L. Lasky will tell you, as a result of the celebrated "handclasp contract," probably the only such agreement in moviedom, by which Gene promised to appear in any Lasky picture which offered a rôle the producer judged appropriate. Proof that this pledge is as binding to Gene as a signed document is that he canceled a trip to Europe when Lasky needed him.

An incident he recalls with a grin again reveals his ability to remember a kindness and also to laugh at his own faults.

"Before my screen début in 'Personal Maid,' with Nancy Carroll, people would look skyward and raise their hands when I'd mention her name. 'Temperamental, exacting, domineering,' they warned.

"I arrived on the set, fully expecting to be flogged for any error. Our first shot represented the observation platform of a train, and one camera had to be turned on Nancy and one on me.

"Chalk marks were drawn where we should stand. The scene commenced, and, accustomed to rambling all over the stage, I moved out of camera range. This happened in eight consecutive shots. Nancy hadn't blown up in her lines or at me, but I momentarily expected the outburst, which certainly would have been justified.

"In the tenth take I again started out of camera range, but an obstacle was in my path. It was Nancy's foot, a silent reminder. We finished the scene without a flaw.

"Temperament! Half the emotional clashes you read of are pure fiction."

One can understand Nancy's attitude toward Gene. He's wholly likable.

The refinement and sincerity which show in his face and manner have taken him far. Coupled with his talent and ambition they will take him farther.

Remember Mala in "Eskimo"? He's coming back to the screen in a South Sea Island picture named after him, "Mala." He's just returned from the distant location with Lotus Long and Richard Thorpe, director.

Photo by Eugene Robert Richee

PREVIEWS

Kent Taylor and Gail Patrick try marriage on an income of $150 a month in "Smart Girl," but after a few moons of giddy romancing they find it wasn't the smart thing to do.

DANCING THE

It's the big dance number in "Top Hat," starring Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, and here you see

PICCOLINO

the marvelous Venetian set during rehearsal. Below, a glimpse of some of the action.

PASSION IN THE DESERT

Cary Grant, Claude Rains, and Gertrude Michael are the triumvirate of stars who share intense emotions in "The Last Outpost," a story of British valor, chivalry and romance in Africa.

THE strange story has Mr. Grant and Mr. Rains in love with Miss Michael, unknown to each other. The best of friends, they part in bitterness when the truth breaks upon them and Mr. Rains swears revenge. For Miss Michael is his wife. But when he has Mr. Grant in his power, his hand is stayed by a weird signal from the unseen world.

GAMBLING

Warren William and Claire Dodd, the latter in a leading rôle at last, promise sophisticated fun in a farce called "Don't Bet On Blondes."

MR. WILLIAM is incomparable as a light comedian. Here he is the proprietor of a flashy gambling establishment where the slogan is "We bet anything on anything." Miss Dodd is a stage beauty whose scamp of a father insures her against marriage. Now you guess who cancels the policy, but you'll never guess the smooth trickery he employs!

THE GREAT

"Broadway Melody of 1936" is the big, new glittering

ON the opposite page you will see Robert Taylor in his first dancing rôle, his blond partner June Knight, while in the circle is popular Jack Benny, who returns to the screen a famous radio star. Eleanor Powell, celebrated tap dancer, is with Mr. Taylor, below—first as herself, and then disguised by a blond wig. With Mr. Taylor and Miss Powell, bottom, are Buddy and Vilma Ebsen, stage dancers.

WHITE WAY

musical film that looms large on the moviegoer's calendar.

GIRLIE

"She Married Her Boss" brings back Claudette Colbert to the Columbia studio to join Melvyn Douglas, Michael Bartlett, and Jean Dixon in a comedy of business life.

MISS COLBERT is the super-efficient secretary to the owner of a big department store whom she loves for six years without giving a sign. She is seen, top, with Miss Dixon, her wisecracking friend who can't understand her reserve. Mr. Bartlett is with Edith Fellows, above, and on the left you have Miss Colbert with Mr. Douglas.

WARBLER

He is Nino Martini, the Italian tenor of opera and radio, who makes a film début in "Here's to Romance."

THE pleasant comedy has Mr. Martini an unknown with a voice who is helped by a wealthy woman played by Genevieve Tobin. She is with Mr. Martini, Reginald Denny, and Ernestine Schumann-Heink in the top picture. Again, with Mr. Martini and Anita Louise, the heroine, below. Miss Louise plays a sentimental scene with the star, right.

SEPTEMBER will bring Charli Chaplin's long-awaited picture which probably will be known as "The Factory." Certainly the likeness of him, below, makes that title a fitting one, for he is a mechanic, a mere cog in the great wheels of a modern plant. The situation, left, is a familiar one to admirers of Chaplin pictures. "The Tramp" tries to coax "The Gamin" to smile. Paulette Goddard is also photographed, left, in this leading rôle.

CHAPLIN AT LAST!

A GOOD GHOST

"The Return of Peter Grimm" is an oddity in story-telling. It describes the return after death of a lovable old man who seeks to correct the mistakes he made during his lifetime. He struggles to avert catastrophe by warning his loved ones, and he can't make himself heard.

SURELY "Peter Grimm" must be one of Lionel Barrymore's greatest rôles. He is viewed, right, with George Breakston, who plays an important part in creating the pathos of the story.

JOAN'S NEW HERO

Brian Ah[illegible] press.

WHATever the [illegible] Joan Crawford is [illegible] for her [illegible] Thought of a [illegible] of Mrs. [illegible] who [illegible] [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

PAGAN GLORY

"The Last Days of Pompeii" is the big dramatic spectacle every fan anticipates.

PRODUCED on a magnificent scale, the new picture promises to show us the elegance, the grandeur and exquisite beauty of life in one of the most polished cities that civilization has ever known. Preston Foster has the leading rôle, that of a favorite gladiator. He is pictured, right, with David Holt as his adopted son, and, above, with Gloria Shea. The patricians at the banquet table, below, are Basil Rathbone, Louis Calhern, with Mr. Foster.

"ALICE ADAMS" is a small-town girl who has dreams of conquest far beyond her middle-class means. The high light of the story comes when she makes an elaborate camouflage of her family's poverty at a dinner for the handsome stranger who is rushing her. Can't you hear Hepburn's voice as you look at these eloquent photographs? Fred MacMurray is the man.

GIRL'S DREAM

Booth Tarkington's famous "Alice Adams" provides just the right part for Katharine Hepburn. More than any of her pictures, it recalls her memorable "Morning Glory."

DREAM WORLD

The immortal romance of "Peter Ibbetson" is relived by Gary Cooper and Ann Harding who create a sublime love out of childhood memories.

HAIL, all hail Gary Cooper in his first poetic rôle! "Peter Ibbetson" spends almost all his life in prison. But when he sleeps he dreams of his love for "The Duchess of Towers." Virginia Weidler and Dickie Moore, above. Ida Lupino with Mr. Cooper, above, left, and John Halliday, top.

IN HYDE PARK

It isn't the fashionables that we see in London's famous pleasure ground but a group of whimsical derelicts who have no home except a deserted tea house which they call "Forbidden Heaven." This also happens to be the name of the picture starring Charles Farrell and Charlotte Henry

Continued from page 47

up, either. Just play nice ladies who dress up and go places. I like pictures where the ladies get in a mix-up and they figure out what to do about it. But it must end happily. Even," she shrugged eloquently, as one understanding soul to another, "if it's only a made-up movie story."

Shirley seldom appears in public, only rarely in the studio restaurant. Playing in the yard of her dressing-room bungalow, she raises her arms to all to be hugged. That she is the focus of attention means nothing to her. She has never heard of people who aren't nice.

Jane, however, has shared her mother's struggle to advance her, Mrs. Withers believing that a career would educate and broaden her. She has traveled, and can talk sensibly about trains and packing. Her composure is amazing.

Entering a restaurant, she bows and shakes hands with friends, and chooses her table. The waitress hands the menu to her instead of expecting her mother to do the ordering. Jane proceeds with the duties of a hostess, evincing a precision born of practice.

Instinctively, she is the center of things; little groups swirl and eddy around her. Adults even wait for her to start a conversation. Yet I never have seen her act forward. If she becomes too talkative, a warning glance from her mother causes her to subside with a murmured "Pardon me."

Shirley's art is a natural expression of feeling. Her mother helps her to read her lines; the director tells her the action. She sits alone a moment, and then does it the way she feels it. Between scenes, she plays or draws pictures.

Jane must know "why." She is interested in the mechanics. Once a director told her to break a doll. She remonstrated. "It's a shame to break a pretty doll when there are so many orphans who haven't any. Couldn't I, instead, break the toy washing-machine?"

Shirley bubbles on about her very own "zoo," about Tilly, her calf, and Biff and Bang, her dwarf kangaroos, and her dogs. And going to the beach, and having a party. She tugs at your hand, pleading with you to come and see her new desk, or her Mickey Mouse wrist-watch; she proudly proves how she can read some big new words.

Her dimpled smiles flash, cajoling; her eyes twinkle, then fill with misty tears that pass like April showers.

Jane prattles, too, of her small interests, her "penthouse playhouse" on the roof of the apartment building, her pets, their new car, her jumping rope, her eighteen dolls, all named Patsy Something.

But Jane can switch immediately, if she fears she is boring you, to more adult topics. She folds her hands primly in her lap, and awaits your questions. With quaint poise, she deposits her coat and scarf on a chair, "so they won't get mussed."

What she doesn't understand she begs your pardon about, and asks you politely to explain it. Her appeal is more skillful—trained in courtesy. I have seen her do, and heard her say, little tactful things which wouldn't occur to the average child. Yet they seemed spontaneous.

"Darn being an actor!" remarks David Holt as he submits to the curling iron for his part in "The Last Days of Pompeii."

Her mother will forget and ask her the name of a song, for Jane knows one hundred of them, in three languages. She isn't cocky; her manners are too perfect for indulgence in tantrums. But she does know her way around, expertly.

Her poise seems natural. She instinctively uses it as needed, turning afterward to "sweetheart" with Will Rogers or Jimmy Dunn. She meets people, as the occasion demands. Her inquisitive mind sponges up information and adapts it to the situation of the moment. Her remarkably alert and elastic mentality has been sharpened by contact with the world.

Shirley loves pretty, fluffy dresses, preferably blue. Jane has a smart clothes sense, having chosen her own "for years," she says.

Shirley is content with her happy world as she finds it. Jane's eager curiosity must be appeased.

Their main difference in appeal is evident also in their fan mail. Adults who have only "dream children" invariably write to Shirley, wistfully thanking her for her gentle gayety; between the lines, for their vicarious parenthood. Their letters often are as whimsical as fairy tales.

Business men write to Jane, to say "hello" to "the brat," informing her in rollicking sentences that she is just like the little tornadoes that they have at home.

Other children in the present flock merit attention. Poetic Freddie Bartholomew, otherwise "David Copperfield," reads Dickens and Thackeray, and likes literature and history. His manner is studious and boyishly dignified, though he rides a bike and chews gum.

Snapshots of other juveniles of today: seven-year-old David Holt, chewing gum industriously on "The Last Days of Pompeii" set. Dickie Moore regarding disgustedly the lace collar on his "Peter Ibbetson" costume. Seven-year-old Virginia Weidler solemnly attentive on the same set. Mischievous Patsy O'Connor, who is five, doing a tap dance for "Redheads on Parade." Betty Jean Hainey, Baby LeRoy—a kindergarten of kids.

Which of these children will bridge that inevitable, awkward gap of the adolescent years? No child player yet has maintained the prestige suddenly his or hers through baby appeal. True, Jackie Cooper still acts, but he has slid down from the pinnacle.

I remember Jackie Coogan, big-eyed, with a poignant charm. "The Kid" now is a nice, slightly plump young fellow with no outstanding talents.

I quite realize adorable Shirley's exceptional, native talent—greater than Jane's, I think. But Jane will jump the hurdles via her comic capers, or squirm through somehow, perhaps by burlesquing the situation. If necessary, Jone the adroit will commercialize her gawky age cleverly.

Jane is a comédienne. She can twist that little rubber face of hers into all sorts of comic contortions and do grotesque antics with her lithe, small self.

You love Shirley, but you have a better time with Jane.

One More Human: Myrna Loy

Continued from page 15

Then she would take the baby on her lap—squalls or no squalls—and push down on the little nose. Then she would pull it; anything to make it straight. But despite all her efforts, it continued to be snub. Grandmother would shake her head more sadly with each visit, and her "tcks!" were numerous. Her manner was one of foreboding. With a nose like that, she felt that Myrna would come to no good end!

CHAPTER II.

August, September, October, and the heavy winter lay on the Williams ranch. Even with the best of care, many infants succumbed during those bleak months. But Myrna was healthy, with a sturdy health inherited from both mother and father. She missed most of the diseases of infancy.

February, March, April, and it was spring again. With the coming of spring, Myrna became venturesome. She had been given two kittens, which her father had named Timothy and Alfafa, two most staple products of the ranch.

One day, Timothy walked away from Myrna's petting, and right out the door. Myrna watched it go; then, very laboriously, she stood up on her unsteady little legs, and tried to follow her pet. Mrs. Williams walked into the room as her daughter took just a few steps, then proceeded to fall right on her little red head.

It was a proud moment in the Williams household. Father and mother went fifty miles into Helena to tell Grandmother Johnson that Myrna was walking! Grandmother listened calmly, then asked:

"How's her nose?"

But even grandmother's lugubrious questioning couldn't dampen the proud parents' spirits. They celebrated that evening, and returned to the ranch late. Miss Platt was waiting for them.

"Is Myrna asleep?" asked Mrs. Williams.

"Yes," answered Miss Platt, somewhat pleased with her success in getting Myrna to bed early. "She hasn't cried for hours."

Mrs. Williams went into the bedroom to view her daughter, but the crib was empty.

The horror of that moment!

Was it kidnaping? For Montana was not particularly law-abiding in those days. Mrs. Williams screamed and collapsed on the bed. Her arm fell over the side, near the wall, and came in contact with a fuzzy head.

Startled, she looked, and there was Myrna, cooing softly to herself as she watched her hand dangle the fringe of the bedspread. In some way, testing her new-found powers of locomotion, she had climbed out of the crib and had found her way to the place of concealment, where her progress had been arrested by the sight of the swaying fringe. And luckily, too, for with a child's lack of apprehension, she might have kept on going and bashed her tender young head against the wall, with goodness knows what result. From that night on, precautions were taken against the young lady's further wanderings.

Then she had a birthday. And what a birthday party! A little cake, with one candle. Neighbors from all around were invited, and it was a joyous occasion. Myrna finally managed to blow out her candle, then, crying loudly, was whisked off to bed by Miss Platt.

The ranch was a large one, and right after her first birthday, Myrna's father began taking her on rides over it. Forswearing his usual saddle horse, he would have a buggy hitched, and with Myrna well bundled, would drive her around, pointing out various interesting parts. She would stare wide-eyed, first at her daddy, then at the landscape, understanding few of the words but following his gestures. But invariably she would fall asleep somewhere along the way.

"She'll never make a good rancher," he would tell his wife upon returning to the house. "She isn't interested in ranching. She went to sleep again today."

"The man's crazy!" Miss Platt would say to Mrs. Williams later. "What does he expect from a one-year-old?"

There was nothing in the course of the next year to merit attention.

Then, shortly after her second birthday, came an incident which gave the first expression of a characteristic that was to be hers from then on. It earned for her the nickname, "Alibi Ike," by which members of the family still know her on occasions when it is justified.

(To be continued.)

Dolores del Rio and Everett Marshall run through their lines in preparation for their first scene in "I Live for Love." Mr. Marshall, famous on the stage and air, hasn't been on the screen since the early musicals.

Continued from page 61

ing with this idea. The tempo accelerates as the scene progresses, the cannon roars louder and louder, the movements of the players gradually, almost imperceptibly become faster and faster until the climax is reached.

"Each great scene in a picture is a poem in rhythm. Others may be prose. Especially is this true of love scenes. Garbo, Dietrich, and Sten each had a scene in which they expressed the sheer ecstasy of a woman in love. Take that scene in 'Queen Christina' in which Garbo moved about the room in which she and her lover had shared their happiness. As she lovingly touched the furniture which had become a part of a joyous memory, the beauty, the fluidity of that scene represented the highest point of rhythm.

"Miss Dietrich had a somewhat similar scene in 'The Song of Songs' when she and Brian Aherne, who played her lover, strolled together in the country and she embraced the green earth which like herself was just blossoming.

"Anna Sten's scene in 'We Live Again' was after the Easter service where she met the man she loved, portrayed by Fredric March. You remember how she sat by her window, looking out into the night, dreaming happily, as she braided and unbraided her long golden hair? The joy of such a scene is inexpressible except for the rhythmic rightness of it which beats a message back to the heart of the observer.

"The staccato rhythm of Miriam Hopkins is particularly apparent in that scene where 'Becky Sharp' goes to the 'Marquis of Stegne's' rooms and must hold him off. One senses in him the slow, measured tempo of approaching doom; in her the hurried beat of her impatience to get away, get away, get away."

"Then," I asked, "with Garbo, Sten, and Dietrich alike, rhythmically speaking, and Hopkins faster, could one reasonably exchange Hopkins for Sten in a given rôle without jeopardizing the original idea?"

"All are fine actresses and a good actress can play anything," he returned, "yet you can see by comparing the three love scenes I have mentioned how a person's own rhythm changes a scene. As soon as a substitution of players is made the rhythm and color elements change and so in some small way it becomes a really new picture, at least a new variation."

This is clarified when you stop to consider the "Sadie Thompson" of Gloria Swanson and that of Joan Crawford were two entirely different women. In one, "Rain" was an April shower, and in the other a deluge. "Resurrection" and "We Live Again" were utterly different pictures, although based on the same story. So were the "Daddy Long Legs" of Mary Pickford and Janet Gaynor, and we are to have a third with Shirley Temple.

I can't think of any one theme made into several pictures which, through the rhythm of star and director and the resulting treatment, hasn't "seemed" like another story. So Mr. Mamoulian must be right.

Still they come, the child actors. Walk up and take a look at Sylvia Jason, here from England for a leading rôle in "Little Big Shot." She's six.

While discussing Miss Sten's picture, the telephone rang. It gave me time to notice a few things about this man who has been so much in the public eye, about whom some sense of mystery has always persisted.

He's decidedly tall, dresses with unerring taste and is given to smoking big black cigars almost constantly, though he was quite pleased to learn that I preferred candy to cigarettes.

In the midst of his conversation, carried on in Russian, which for the first time in my life I realized was a beautifully sounding language, he turned to me and said:

"Isn't this funny?"

"No," I answered, thinking he meant the Volga touch, "I think it's charming."

He smiled. "I mean," he explained, "here I am talking to Anna Sten when we were just discussing her."

It was rather exciting, I thought.

When he had finished I noted the heavy silver chain on his wrist to which the celebrated gold whistle about an inch and a half long, is attached. It is this whistle on which he blows short, sharp blasts, which play such an important part in his mob scenes.

When it is heard, action is arrested and the scene becomes a living painting. Again when it is blown, action is resumed and in Mamoulian mob scenes each player really acts, for each is required to contribute form and rhythm to the whole.

He thinks the ideal manner for scenarios to be written is the exact opposite to the way they usually are. He would select a cast first and have the story written for the players, thus insuring the precise elements of rhythm and tone. And he next wants to do a modern picture in color—not necessarily a drawing-room story but one that is excellent of its kind and "exciting." With it he believes he can best demonstrate what color can do.

If all the gypsy tea rooms go out of business and crystal gazing and handwriting experts turn immediately to the new and exciting and really more scientific art of color analysis, now that Mamoulian has discovered that each person has his or her expressive color, I shouldn't be surprised. In fact, I'm not surprised at anything any more since I've learned that Mae West and I share the same tone—red—in spite of the fact that I'm anything but curvate!

Rhythm and color, those twin godmothers of to-day's screen, will undoubtedly in the near future present many new and thrilling surprises and it's my guess that Rouben Mamoulian will be the director-elect to spring them on us.

Continued from page 51

He Sticks to the Truth

I happen to have a tennis court ond ping-pong table so they immediately put down thot I'm on expert at those gomes. I'm terrible ot both. I'm not such o hot diver, either," he odded, "but octors ore never allowed to be just average at onything."

"But the music," I gasped, overwhelmed by his condor, "you do love music, don't you?"

Russ surveyed me in vague alarm. "I think," he answered cautiously, "you have to be educoted to music. Without knowing anything about it, you can't just heor music and, regardless of your mood, immediately fall into an ecstatic tronce. If I hoppen to be in the right mood and hear excerpts from operas I—yeah, I like 'em."

There ore few people in Hollywood who know onything about him. In the profession his only intimotes are Bill Cory, who played with him in "Happy Londing" on the stoge, Cesar Romero, and John Beol. The four of them used to dine together nightly in New York and the intimacy hos continued. "Except," Russ omended, "Romero likes the social life ond I don't see him very often any more. And I hoven't even loid eyes on Beal in six months, at least." But he still sees Cary ond, periodically, Richard Cromwell.

He lives by himself in a large house with extensive grounds. "Isn't that o pretty lorge place for one person?" I asked with that fine tact of mine.

"Yeoh," he ogreed, "but I had to take the house in order to get the grounds and," hostily, "it isn't expensive becouse the furniture is pretty well shot. That makes it fine because my dogs ond I can't hurt it and I don't do any entertoining, so it doesn't matter."

"Whot kind of dogs have you?" I inquired.

"One of them is o pedigreed English bull," he answered proudly. "His name is 'Weary' because he's olwoys completely exhousted. The other one's mother wos o Scotch terrier and his father was one of the best dogs in town. Thot's 'Bozo.'"

"What do you do with yourself when you're not working?" wos my next query.

"Well, sometimes I stoy home ond play with the dogs, sometimes I read, other times I go to o movie. Lotely, I've had a terrific yen for prize fights ond wrestling motches."

I glanced obsently ot Russ's bulk. "Ever ployed any football?"

He shook his head. "Never hod time. Soy," he went on, "you know what? None of us who worked in 'The Bond Plays On' had ever played football, but the director decided there wasn't to be any doubling. So we had to get out there and scrimmoge." He smiled ruefully. "Those guys on the U. S. C. and U. C. L. A. teoms sure gove us an owful beating. And for what?" he continued in an injured tone. "In the long shots you couldn't tell if it was us or doubles, so every once in a while they would stick in a close-up to show it really was us."

"Art for art's sake," I murmured tritely.

"Must be great to have a sense of humor like yours—always clowning and kidding," he remarked.

"Nuts!" I retorted succinctly.

"I meon it," he repeated obstinately. "I con laugh at jokes but I don't know how to crock them. You better watch your diet," he finished suddenly, "or you'll soon be rolling instead of walking."

Let's meet Errol Flynn. We'll know him very well in the near future, anyway. He's to play the leading rôle in "Captain Blood," originally announced for Robert Donat.

"Not much, you don't know how to joke," I yapped.

"Thot's no joke," wos his indignant come-bock. "I have to go now," he finished, gloncing at his wotch. "I've on appointment with the doctor for o slight operation."

"Good doctor?" I osked.

"Oh, sure. He slops me oround pretty rough, but he's the only one I know out here so I keep going to him. And he's reosonoble. He only charged me $250 to yank my tonsils. Madge Evans paid $300 to hove hers out, ond Una Merkel had to shell out $500. I have a good dentist, though. Who's yours?"

"Doctor Zook," I informed him.

"Doctor Zook!" Russ ejaculated. "Where'd you find him?"

"I was walking olong the Boulevard with a toothache and happened to look up ond sow 'Doctor Zook, Dentist' ond I went in. He accidentolly turned out to be good.

"Hm-m-m," said Russ, ond then, "what you doing about your hair?"

"Oh, I go to Helen Clarke's for treatments a couple of times o week."

"She doing you any good?"

"Of course," I borked, touching my locks feelingly. "Can't you see?"

"No," said Russ. "I've got a guy who just came from the East with letters from o lot of doctors and professors. He's pretty expensive but I think he's doing me good."

He glanced at his watch ogain and rose. "See you some more," soid Russ ond departed.

I looked ofter him. "There," I reflected, "goes a fine actor and, with any breaks at oll, a potential star."

When he finished school in Buffolo, he went to work for the Ford Motor Company, but always Russ has wanted to be an octor. So, when he heord of o stock company being organized, he joined it. After a few months some men who were organizing another stock company in Memphis came to town to look over the leading lady. They ended by engaging Russell os a utility octor. He spent the first ten weeks "butling." From Memphis he went to Konsas City and then to Birmingham.

Christmas overtook him in the latter city and he became homesick. So he returned to Buffalo ond decided to give up octing because he hadn't enough money to get to New York. He then sold vacuum cleoners but the venture wasn't on unquolified success.

Another stock compony was orgonized in the city and he went back to the stoge. This time he saved enough to toke him to New York and carry him until he found an engagement. His first oppeoronce in the metropolis, curiously enough, wos the leod in the phenomenally successful "The Criminol Code."

With oll the hue and cry being raised for new faces, with indifferent ond untried actors being signed right ond left, it's o mystery to me why Russell Hardie hasn't been given more chonces. He has what it takes and if you don't believe me, see him in Will Rogers's "In Old Kentucky" ond judge for yourself!

"I'D SOONER DIE THAN GO TO ANOTHER PARTY"

Pimples were "ruining her life"

1 "I had counted so much on my first high school 'prom'! Then my face broke out again. I could have *died*. My whole evening was a flop. I came home and cried myself to sleep.

2 "Those pimples stayed. Even grew worse. Then, I heard about Fleischmann's Yeast. I began to eat it. Imagine my joy when my pimples began to disappear!

3 "Now my skin is clear and smooth as a baby's. I'm being rushed by all the boys. Mother says I don't get *any* time to sleep!"

Don't let adolescent pimples spoil YOUR fun——

DON'T let a pimply skin spoil your good times—make you feel unpopular and ashamed. Even bad cases of pimples *can* be corrected.

Pimples come at adolescence because the important glands developing at this time cause disturbances throughout the body. Many irritating substances get into the blood stream. They irritate the skin, especially wherever there are many oil glands—on the face, on the chest and across the shoulders.

Fleischmann's Yeast *clears the skin irritants out of the blood*. With the cause removed, the pimples disappear.

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast 3 times a day, before meals, until your skin has become entirely clear.

Many cases of pimples clear up within a week or two. Bad cases sometimes take a month or more. Start *now* to eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily!

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast as long as you have any tendency to pimples, for it is only by keeping your blood clear of skin irritants that you can keep pimples away.

—clears the skin

by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

Copyright, 1935, Standard Brands Incorporated

Continued from page 37

octress of my acquointonce who seems eligible.

Glowing Through London Fog.—The Hollywood colony in London is now a thriving one. Helen Vinson, who is rumored engoged to morry Fred Perry, the tennis player; Loretto Young, who wos Perry's guest at the Wimbledon tennis motches; Wolter Huston, Modge Evons, Richord Dix, Anno Sten, ond D. W. Griffith, who is remoking "Broken Blossoms" with on English cast, ore all there.

Maybe She Will, Maybe She Won't.—When word gets obout that Anno Moy Wong is on on incoming liner, the ship news reporters go down the boy in their best bib ond tucker to leorn whot Americon film compony has coptured her. They think she is about the most distinguished young womon they've ever met.

Anno Moy smiles ot them grotefully and soys she thinks Hollywood producers don't core much for her, they offer her such shoddy ports, just the sort she fled from yeors ago.

Soon after her orrival she oppeared on Rudy Vollée's rodio hour, singing delightfully, then retired to Bronxville to reod stocks of plays. Anna May's misfortune is that she reods clossics for pleasure. Whot the ploys ore like thot she reods in the line of work is best expressed in a shrug of her elegant, sleek shoulders.

Nothing to Weor.—During Loretto Young's brief visit to New York she was invited to spend o week-end ot the home of Mrs. Harrison Williams, elected by French couturiers os the best-dressed woman in the world.

Loretto went into o ponic, os ony girl well might. She burrowed through her wordrobe, hurling dresses this way ond that. Slick little Hollywood numbers that looked pretty good a week before now reminded her of something run up by Aunt Bello. Finolly she decided to wear the simplest ond most inconspicuous white frocks and sports suits she owned. And it really would not hove mattered. Mrs. Willioms wos so enchonted by her simplicity of monner, according to fellow guests, that she probobly would not hove noticed if Loretto had been weoring sequin heels ond a sombrero.

Sight-seeing, Star Style.—Jean Porker spent only port of a doy in New York, so she did not get so much os a glimpse of the night clubs. But she did

They Say in New York——

find time to visit the oquorium after finishing possport moneuvers ot the customs office.

Many of the visiting stors go down there to see the butterfly fish, ond go owoy in seorch of a dressmoker who con cotch the some lovely colors ond swirls in an evening frock. Loretto Young has vowed to be the first to launch the foshion. She will oppeol to Schioporelli in Poris to design o butterfly-fish dress for her.

Foreign Tutelage.—Just as Jeon Parker begon to outgrow the sweet ond ingenuous stoge, where she wos kind to misunderstood heroes ond other dumb animals, MGM executives couldn't decide what to do with her.

If you hove been o fon for more thon o week, you know that at such o

At last we're to see Harold Lloyd again! What's more, he's at work right now on "The Milky Way."

point a girl dyes her hoir, puts on long earrings, is photogrophed reading a book—it should be Poreto this seoson—and her company onnounces thot she has overnight become a "femme fotole." MGM took the eosier course—lent Jeon to Alexander Kordo in London, ond are sitting back, woiting to see whot foreign travel does for her.

The Girl in the Headlines.—Twentieth Century executives visiting New York cought sight of Mory Kirk Brown, the girl Max Baer did not marry, and offered her o job in pictures. She hos not occepted it yet, ond her friends doubt if she ever will get around to it. She is but one of a vost set of extroordinorily pretty girls oround New York who think it is idiotic to do onything thot so cuts into one's time. Imogine getting up eorly in the morning! Imogine hoving to stoy ot the studio and work when o mon osks you out dancing! Miss Brown is obout four grodes oheod of the overoge girl who wonts to go to Hollywood. She knows it is hard work to be in pictures.

Another Revival Meeting.—The Long Islond studio is moking its semi-onnuol effort to prove thot pictures can be made onywhere but in Hollywood, and by any one but Hecht ond MocArthur. A musicol comedy is being whipped up with o cast of rodio, stoge, ond screen favorites. Sidney Fox of the screen ploys the leod, Fronk Porker from rodio worbles, ond many of the scenes will take ploce in Jock Dempsey's restouront with Jock himself present.

Grand Op'ry, Too, If You Care.—A group of New York ond Philodelphio sociolites who are olso patrons of the arts have decided that it is time to introduce full-length grond opera on the screen. They are bocking o production of "Faust," to be mode at the Long Islond studio.

Well-troined singers, but not necessarily famous nomes, will sing the chief rôles, except for thot of "Mephistopheles." His songs will be cut out to moke it strictly an octing rôle. The "Walpurgis Night" sequence will be included so os to add a Busby Berkeley touch. And I won't be happy unless they include my favorite Metropolitan Opero chorus girl, oged seventy, who, in the midst of the most bacchanolion revels on thot stoge, waddles comfortobly around as if going to market.

Carrying Laurels Lightly.—Fred Astoire come bock to town without so much os o trumpet blowing. He still grins engogingly ot the news that the Astoire-Rogers pictures ore a knockout wherever they're shown. He still octs surprised when lovely lodies envy his grace. He still thinks his doncing looks clumsy on the screen.

A pet of society long before he was known to the hinterlond, he ond his wife slipped quietly bock into the Long Islond set they hove olwoys known. Only once hos Broodwoy seen them. Thot was ot a farewell shindig given for Countess di Frasso, who was returning to her home in Italy.

"I Slipped," Says Chester

Continued from page 38

"Well, imagine my surprise when I found there wasn't even one picture lined up for me! I couldn't understand it. Then my manager said, 'You've been working too hard and making too many pictures. Take a rest. Take a long sea trip. Stay off the screen a year!'

"I did. That was when I happened to pick up a fan magazine, three days out at sea, and saw that little classic you wrote: 'One more picture like "The Bat Whispers" and Morris is through!'

"Eight months of idleness ahead of me, no picture to start on when I returned, no unreleased pictures behind to take the taste of 'The Bat' out of the public's mouth, and a warning like that from a friend to take abroad with me!

"Well, when I returned, United Artists had a contract for me. I was lent to Howard Hughes for the lead opposite Billie Dove in 'Cock of the Air.' It was an awful flop. What made it worse was that it was my first picture since 'The Bat.' Then came my first starring picture for United Artists, 'Corsair.' That wasn't much better.

"You can appreciate how worried I was over the whole thing. My manager and I had had a number of differences during the making of 'Corsair,' and had quit speaking. Finally I went into his office and said, 'Our whole association has been a ghastly mistake. There's no sense going on like this. I want my contract back.'

"He said, 'Go home and write me a letter about it.' So I called the best lawyer I could find, told him the whole story, and asked him to draft the letter for me. A few days later the manager sent for him and said 'Chester can have his contract back, but I want to be paid for it.' He demanded an exorbitant amount.

"I thought it over and decided I'd be darned if I'd give him any such sum in addition to what he'd already got out of me. My contract had only one year more to run, and I was determined to work it out.

"The year came to an end, and I drew a breath of relief. Free! I could go back to being an important actor again in important pictures. It seems silly now, but I had so little idea of what had really happened to me, of how badly I'd slipped, that I didn't even bother to get an agent. I waited. Nothing happened. Not a telephone call, not a contract, not even an offer!

"It isn't easy to talk about this even now. But can you imagine what it was like then? To know you'd been one of the most sought-after actors two years before and now couldn't get an offer. Can you appreciate the humiliotion of my position?

"Perhaps I'm not as hot now as I was a few years ago. Perhaps I never will be again. That doesn't matter. What matters is that I slipped and have managed to fight back, to justify my faith in myself, and my friends' faith in me.

"Last week, as I told you, I went to St. Louis to make personal appearances at the opening of 'Public Hero.' When the box office opened at nine in the morning there was a line a block long waiting to get in. When I made my appearance, their reception of me was just as cordial, just as enthusiastic as it was six years ago, when I went East to make an appearance at the opening of 'Alibi.' And there was the offer from the Capitol. All of which gave me more courage.

"I want to get away from Hollywood regularly from now on if I can. It's a good thing for an actor. It keeps his perspective fresh. It enables him to meet the public. And if he knows how to behave himself when he meets people, he can't help but make a good impression. I look on personal appearances now as being something in the nature of a good-will tour."

The sun dipped behind the hills. The gold faded from the sky, and a purple haze filled the air.

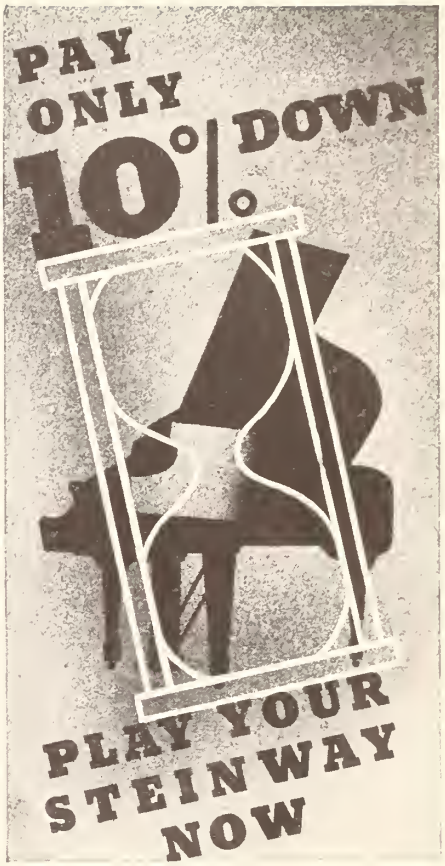
Ches glanced at the telegram in his hand once more. "I wonder," he murmured, "if you know what it means to me to have two major studios arguing over me again?"

Suddenly he thrust the wire into his pocket. "Come on in," he invited. "I'll buy you a drink."

Inside I glanced around the cozy library with its bar at one end and a flood of memories loosed itself. Memories of some of the happiest hours of my life spent in this room. "It seems funny to think of all you've gone through," I speculated. "Nothing here seems changed. You haven't changed, except that perhaps you're less insulting than you used to be!"

"Oh, yes, I've changed," Chester reiterated stubbornly.

"Well, slightly, maybe, if you insist," I conceded. "Anyhow, here's to The Man Who Came Back!"



You need not wait a moment longer to own a Steinway! This incomparable piano will be placed in your home for as little as $117.50. You can pay the balance while you play!

This is an entirely reasonable way to buy a piano. A Steinway is a lifetime investment. Throughout ten, twenty, thirty years, its glorious voice will quicken and delight the hearts of all who hear and play it. Is it not better by far, then, to choose the right piano, and pay for it at your leisure, than to select hastily an instrument ever afterward a cause for regret?

Visit the nearest Steinway dealer. Ask to see, hear, and play a new Steinway with Accelerated Action—praised by Paderewski, Hofmann, Rachmaninoff, and Horowitz. Then let the dealer show you by actual figures how very liberal Steinway terms can be. Steinway & Sons, Steinway Hall, 109 W. 57th Street, New York City.

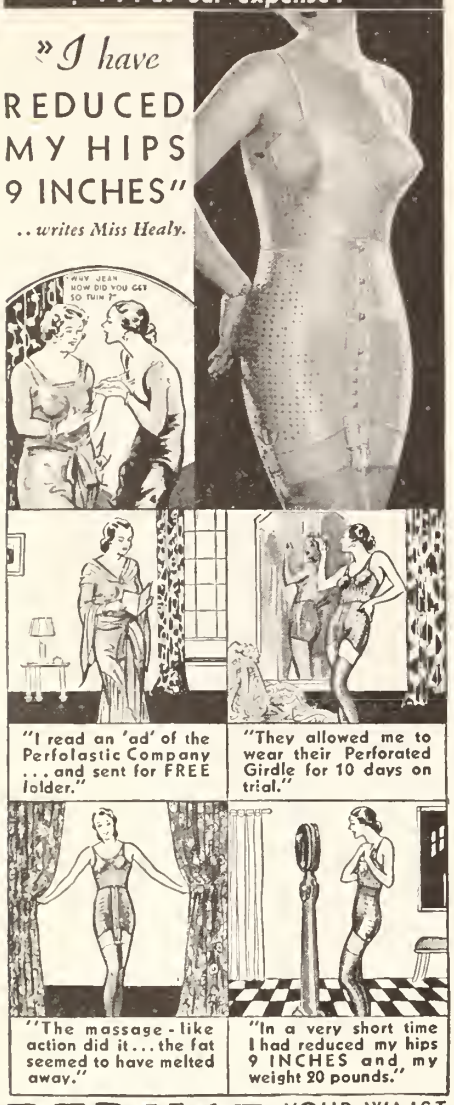
Steinway prices have not advanced above their low level.

Steinway

THE INSTRUMENT OF THE IMMORTALS

TEST...the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE
. . . . at our expense!

"I have
REDUCED MY HIPS 9 INCHES"
..writes Miss Healy.



"I read an 'ad' of the Perfolastic Company . . . and sent for FREE folder."

"They allowed me to wear their Perforated Girdle for 10 days on trial."

"The massage-like action did it . . . the fat seemed to have melted away."

"In a very short time I had reduced my hips 9 INCHES and my weight 20 pounds."

REDUCE YOUR WAIST AND HIPS 3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS OR
. . . it costs you nothing!

WE WANT you to try the Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere. Test them for yourself for 10 days absolutely FREE. Then, if without diet, drugs or exercise, you have not reduced at least 3 inches around waist and hips, they will cost you nothing!

Reduce Quickly, Easily, and Safely!
■ The massage-like action of these famous Perfolastic Reducing Garments takes the place of months of tiring exercises and dieting. Worn next to the body with perfect safety, the Perfolastic gently massages away the surplus fat with every movement, stimulating the body once more into energetic health.

Don't Wait Any Longer . . . Act Today!
■ You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely whether or not this very efficient girdle and brassiere will reduce you. You do not need to risk one penny . . . try them for 10 days at our expense!

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.
Dept. 6610, 41 EAST 42nd ST., New York, N.Y.
Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER.

Name _____

Address _____
Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Post Card

Danish Aristocrat

Continued from page 18

ing that if I could learn his tricks I could same day do an act like that myself,' he went an. "But it wasn't until I was grawn up, years later, that I met him personally. By that time I was firmly established in operetta; I never did learn to juggle."

During his years in the prize ring he used his real name of Carl Petersen, but on turning to the stage he adapted Brisson.

"I was still in my teens, but there was nathing left to do in the ring; I had gane as far as I cauld. In trying for the stage I wanted to begin at the bottom and wark up, and I felt that to use the name under which I had won distinction in the ring would be a handicap rather than a help. Yau knaw, 'For a dancer he's a good prize fighter,' ar 'His left hook is better than his high C'; that sort of comment I wanted ta avaid. Sa I learned to dance, and with my sister, Tilly, I warked up a cabaret act. That was the beginning."

One thing led ta anather, until Carl became the singing and dancing star first of his own cauntry, then of Sweden, Norway, and presently Landan. In the latter metrapalis he appeared far twa years as "Prince Danila" in a revival of "The Merry Widaw," fallowing this with "Wonder Bar," "The Du Barry," and half a dozen athers. Screen affers followed, and eventually came Hollywaad. The rest you knaw.

It was amusing to hear him tell of his attempts ta "da a male Garba" when first he went to Hallywaad. Every ane had told him that it was very important ta hold himself alaaf, but he just couldn't keep it up. He laves people, likes to entertain, go places and da things—sa why nat da them?

"Mauritz Stiller used ta say that an artist cauld only preserve the necessary illusion by complete withdrawal. Maybe he was right, but I hardly think sa. After all, what the public thinks af us in aur work on the screen is surely the all-impartant paint, is it nat? If a star is seen canstantly in all the swank places, yet falls dawn in his screen performances, what price publicity then?"

Brissan adares Hallywaad, lives like a king an a magnificent Bel Air estate, and is devated ta his beautiful wife.

"We've been in lave ever since we were sa high," he says, indicating about two feet fram the graund, "and we've been married since we were seventeen. What's more, ours is ane marriage that neither Hollywood nar anything else will ever break up. We've gane through sa much together that existence apart wauld be unthinkable!"

One hasn't the least daubt af it, far in Madame Brissan one encaunters the same warm friendliness, the same understanding, the same whalesomeness that ane finds in her husband. She has given up her own career—she was a popular interpreter af Ibsen's heroines—in order ta devote herself wholly to the job of being a wife, but she's praud af her sacrifice, nat resentful.

An interview with Carl Brisson isn't just a talk, it's an experience. Many people are kind, same are gracious and helpful, but very few leave ane with the reaction that Mr. Brisson daes. He is a man's man and a woman's taa, far despite all his splendid masculinity ane senses a deep tenderness, a fundamental sweetness that is utterly ingratiating and very, very lovable.

One comes away feeling refreshed, uplifted, fully canvinced af the inherent decency and fineness af ane's fellaw men. And if yau dan't think that's an unusual experience, just try interviewing far a while!

Ted Lewis, whose popularity as "the high-hatted tragedian of jazz" goes on year after year, is coming back to the screen. He's to be in "Here Comes the Band" in a big way.

Can a Star Be a Lady Too?

Continued from page 13

Karen Morley are struggling against the handicap of being ladies. It has retarded the advance of others. But some clever girls, such as Claudette Colbert, saw the danger in time and shouted or pranked their way out of its reach.

Katharine Hepburn, Marlene Dietrich and others had to plan their campaigns carefully. Katie's is perhaps the best. In her "I'm No Lady" act, she does everything she was taught to consider unladylike in her well-ordered home. Marlene, like Ann Harding, comes of rank-conscious military parentage. A German officer's daughter is very much the lady. But fortunately Marlene's display of limb in "The Blue Angel" gave her the nickname of "Legs" Dietrich. When her natural dignity and exclusiveness had outweighed this safeguard, her growing reputation for bohemianism helped take its place. As that faded, her masculine attire added a happy flavor of eccentricity, the mark of genius.

Lately Marlene has succeeded in shaking off the last vestiges of her Old World artificial dignity. At Carol Lombard's "fun-house" party on an amusement pier, we beheld the spectacle of Dietrich in shorts, cavorting on the slides, whirligigs and revolving barrel. No one was having more fun, except perhaps Claudette Colbert and Josephine Hutchinson. Josephine does plenty of romping in order to live down her family's dignified reputation and her own highbrow theatrical past. Claudette is especially democratic now, for fear she'll be thought ritzy after winning that Academy award.

The experience of such girls seems to prove that a real lady can get by in Hollywood. Can perhaps live quite pleasantly and successfully, if her past reputation or current efforts keep film-folk and the public fooled. But let her slip, and she must face the music.

Why? What forces or foibles of Hollywood have brought this peculiar condition about and continue to maintain it?

The answer was gleaned by patient inquiry among some of the more informed and thoughtful authorities.

The roots of to-day's situation reach back to the custom of dignity baiting on early-day movie sets. Wired chairs, practical jokes, off-color pranks and stories. Dignified women were the chosen victims. The practice was thought to promote harmony, break down icy reserve, and help develop emotional ability. Women who couldn't take it weren't wanted.

When Will Hays and other restraining influences stopped the cruder forms of dignity baiting on sets, it evolved into a social custom, more refined in form and better motivated. For now the theory was advanced that movie audiences also resented ladies!

From exalting dignity, social pomp and circumstance on the screen for the edification of easily impressed audiences, pictures suddenly began to debunk these things, take a slapstick-comedy attitude toward them. Hollywood's great campaign to level social barriers and prick bubbles of pretense reaches its present climax in such films as "Ruggles of Red Gap" and "Goin' to Town."

It has created a younger generation to whom yesterday's awe-inspiring social spectacles are to-day's big laugh. To this audience it is not jarring if Miss Astorbilt's good-looking chauffeur suddenly calls her "baby."

So to audiences thus created in Hollywood's own image, the too-ladylike actress is unwelcome. And this constitutes another valid reason why she is disliked in the film colony. A Mae West success spreads prosperity, but a Miss Ritz failure cuts many a movie income besides her own.

Meanwhile, another influence has come to make social form appear more artificial than ever to film colony eyes. Hollywood has become the world's most concentrated racial melting pot. As different nationalities with different customs rub elbows in one small town, it becomes evident to all how absurd the artificial dignities and distinctions must appear to those not reared in their tradition.

One locality's perfect lady tells shocking stories, yet she is horrified at another woman's way of performing an introduction. A European woman with a gigolo looks askance at one of our film "Cinderellas" who calls her butler "dear," and so on.

Far-separated lands bring to Hollywood countless divergent, contradictory rules governing human conduct in love, scandal, husband stealing, and what constitutes gentility.

Thus as the months fly by it becomes increasingly impractical, and as Hollywood views it, absurd to defend any social barriers less tangible than the dollars of one's weekly pay check.

SKIN BLEMISHES

Ashamed of Your Looks? Sallow Skin? Pimples?

End Skin Troubles with Dry Yeast—It Supplies More of Element that Tones up Digestive Tract and Ends Cause of Many Complexion Faults—Easy to Eat

To correct ugly eruptions, blotches, sallowness—all the common skin troubles caused by a sluggish system—doctors have long advised yeast.

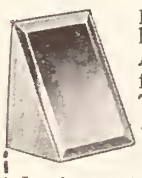
Now science finds that this corrective food is far more effective if eaten *dry!*

Tests reveal that from *dry* yeast the system receives almost *twice* as much of the precious element that stimulates intestinal action and helps to free the body of poisons. The digestive juices can more easily break down *dry* yeast cells and extract their rich stores of vitamin B—the tonic substance which makes yeast so valuable for correcting the cause of many skin ills.

No wonder Yeast Foam Tablets have brought relief to so many men and women. These pleasant tablets bring you yeast in the form science now knows is most effective. This improved yeast quickly tones up the intestinal nerves and muscles, strengthens digestion, promotes more regular elimination.

With the true cause of your trouble corrected, your skin should soon clear up!

FREE! This beautiful tilted mirror. Gives perfect close-up. Leaves both hands free to put on make-up. Amazingly convenient. Sent free for an empty Yeast Foam Tablet carton. Use the coupon.



NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.,
1750 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I enclose empty Yeast Foam Tablet carton. Please send me the handy tilted make-up mirror.

PI. 10-35

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Have FULL ROUND ALLURING CURVES

Beautipon

Beautipon

Free! "Fascinating Loveliness" Free!

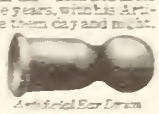
DAISY STEBBING
Suite 104, Forest Hills, N. Y.

CHARACTER ANALYSIS

RANA WILSEN, 7 W. 44 St., New York, N. Y.

NO JOKE TO BE DEAF

—Every deaf person knows that—



Artificial Ear Drum

THE WAY COMPANY
Detroit, Michigan

PILES DON'T BE CUT Until You Try This Wonderful Treatment

for pile suffering. If you have piles in any form, write for a FREE sample of Page's Pile Tablets and you will bless the day that you read this. Write today. E. R. Page Co., 417-A2 Page Bldg., Marshall, Mich.

WHY BE FLAT-CHESTED?

Try my new VENUS CREAM Method to increase your measure 2 to 4 ins. Wonderful for sick, nervous, thin, scrawny neck and arms. Also stops forms, wrinkles and crow's feet. To convince you I will send generous 10-day treatment for 25c. Money back if you are not amazed with results! ROSE MILLER, Box 1271-P, Birmingham, Ala.

ONLY 25¢

IS EPILEPSY INHERITED? CAN IT BE CURED?

Learn PHOTOGRAPHY at Home

American School of Photography, Dept. 1617
3601 Michigan Ave., Chicago.

In ST. LOUIS it's the HOTEL Lennox

LOCATED DOWNTOWN

GARAGE SERVICE
Famous for Food and Hospitality
OUTSTANDING ROOM VALUES $2.50 UP

Imagine Their Feelings!

Continued from page 45

wreathed with "baby's breath" flowers on a blue satin base—signifying her domestication,—and a candelabrum formed of a silver rake spade and hoe expressing her steady, champion-ship of the worker.

Mr. Britton is a playwright. Recuperating from an illness, he made these collections as an absorbing hobby.

Guess that one! he begged me, pointing to a cucumber surrounded by some smaller objects.

Dinner! I replied brightly.

It turned out to be an "imaginative portrait" of a society lady.

If you think it's easy, get busy and see how you can baffle your friends with interpretive combinations. It's fascinating fun. You may not agree with me, but here are my suggestions:

Elissa Landi: a small refrigerator, a very long quill pen. James Cagney: a gun, a fighting-cock. Constance Bennett: a bottle of perfume, a cash register. Jeanette MacDonald: baby-blue ribbon tying a chicken-salad sandwich, one love bird.

Ramon Novarro: an impish Puck, a rosary, a guitar. Ann Harding: a cube of crystal on an cocktail beside it a flag or bugle and an open script. Franchot Tone: a gardenia, a silver-bound book of poems, an ornamental pair of field glasses.

Marlene Dietrich: a filmy gauze over a sausage, black bean studs. Fred Astaire: a miniature motor, a silk hat. Ginger Rogers: a froth of lace over a calico slip, a curling iron, a hatbox. Grace Moore: a canary, a glass of champagne.

Bill Powell: a modernistic steel bookcase, a crazy angle, a silver cocktail shaker, and one eye winking. Wallace Beery: a tankard of foamy beer, overalls. Joan Bennett: a rose-shaded lamp, a delicate tea service, an Angora kitten.

Will Rogers: a big golden key, a pitchfork, a wad of gum. Clark Gable: fighter's knuckles or a boxing glove, an aunt. Louise Fazenda: a rocking-chair, a flivver, a cake pan, a bunch of cupcake stack.

Claudette Colbert: a plain cigarette in a jade holder, a corsage of orchids tied with a serviceable rubber band. Jane Withers: cluster of balloons, merry-go-round.

Come on, let's play the new game, Britton, now that you know how.

The opportunities to personify the players in things are endless, once you set your interested minds on the problem.

Mr. Britton spends at least a week on each of his portraits in objects. First he analyzes the person and visualizes the display. Then he chases all over town, searching jewelers' shops, department stores and ten-cent stores for the necessary articles.

With painstaking care he cements the objects onto a base covering the exhibit with glass. Some are set in round domes, others in square cases, while a few are small plaques of flat or small things.

The clever fan could make a parlor exhibit of her favorite star. Or she could gather her friends together for an evening of fun, playing "Britton" along with the élite of Hollywood and New York's professional circles.

Or she could instruct each guest to write out a list of objects which represent each star, awarding a prize to the most expressive or amusing.

Freddie Bartholomew goes in for water sports with all the zest of the everyday boy. Of course, you know that we're to see him as "Oliver Twist," and that inspired casting cancels practically all Hollywood's mistakes.

Respectful Admiration Is All That's Required

[illegible]

"Wonderful man, that. They [illegible] should [illegible] me by offering such a rival. She hung up and turned to me.

"I may be jealous," she said [illegible]. "What is more, it's pretty impertinent of you to laugh when I'm a tender. I don't get [illegible] tender just to amuse you."

I don't know what Shirley is going to do to prevent my being amused. However, her comments are among my greatest pleasures in life. I [illegible] she is my next-door neighbor and friend and I am sometimes privileged to watch and listen—at a distance of course—when she is occupied about something. These occasions are [illegible] and she says she feels much better after one of them and [illegible] and breathe again.

Most people who are in the money have developed to open and answer the begging letters which arrive each day. But Shirley opens her own and is sometimes dismissed by them.

It is after the common envelope that she says: "There isn't enough money to do all that I am asked to do. I wish that I was God, but I would compromise for a thousand dollars a week to give away. I could give a very good imitation of the Deity with that much money."

Since she gives away nearly every cent of the sizable salary she is earning, her imitation of the Deity is not so good. Her gifts are practically limited to deserving young artists struggling for expression and to childhood. Money for gas for the car which to seem lost. Money for rent and food in the lean periods. For presentable clothes for dentists' bills.

She lives in a bungalow, does most of her own housework, drives her own little car to the studio. She has no patience with or desire for the gaudy glamour of Hollywood.

"It is your duty to make yourself as comfortable as you can," she says. "If you don't you cannot do your work properly." Her ideas of comfort include a warm house, plenty of books, a quiet outdoor spot in which to read them, pottering in the flowers, a moderate amount of simple food, a modest amount of money for the necessities without which life is very dull indeed.

She works nearly every day and her progress along the thoroughfare is rather magnificent. Every one recognizes her and speaks to her. Shirley responding with gracious and friendly nod. For one age a woman in a remarkable car offered her a lift. Shirley declined. The woman insisted. "Are you in a hurry to be home or would you like to go to market with me?" Shirley thought that she would like to go to the market so [illegible] market where the present day [illegible] produce to sell from [illegible] and wagons. Then [illegible] that she hadn't had such a time in a long time.

She can never refuse a beggar at the door and is under the common necessity of giving away [illegible] change. Her garden is [illegible] flowers of [illegible] and [illegible] which she has cultivated [illegible] door-to-door salesmen.

But when right-minded executives of organized charities call her to ask for contributions, [illegible] the gift valuable [illegible] to her are held [illegible] "Decide what I know is my own profession need every dollar I can spare. I am [illegible] for you. And [illegible] beside any [illegible] who approaches her with a proposition of simple or a racket."

One of the most modern and modest of self-supporting women, she is decidedly rather an "[illegible]." She [illegible] mouse of [illegible] and [illegible] when she [illegible] them. Her [illegible] photographs [illegible] are none of her affair and I doubt whether a dirty [illegible] has ever touched her [illegible].

Men come and go in the introduced [illegible] of [illegible] and the screen. [illegible] of this character [illegible] are [illegible]. [illegible] Miss Shirley [illegible] the stage and screen. This [illegible] of course is open to question since she is one of the [illegible] women [illegible]. I don't imagine [illegible] Shirley being [illegible] under any circumstances.

You may have gathered from the foregoing that I am [illegible] of Shirley. There is more than that. I don't like her as an artist and as a person. She is one of the finest women I have ever known. I doesn't say that I love her. She would receive the [illegible] respect, admiration is all that is required.

But I have lived next door to her for more than two years and I don't help the way I feel.

Reduced
37
POUNDS
with
DILEX-REDUSOLE
writes
Mrs. [illegible] Langley

Now YOU, too, can take off pounds of ugly fat this safe, easy, quick way!

"I Eat What I Want to Eat and as Much as I Want"

REDUCE 12 POUNDS
with the first box . . .
or it costs you nothing.

There Is No Need to Change Your Present Mode of Living

Both Men and Women Report Amazing Reductions!

"REDUCED 14 POUNDS", SAYS MR. C.W.F.

"LOST 41 POUNDS", WRITES MRS. E.C.R.

The DILEX-REDUSOL Way is the Sure Way!

DON'T WAIT—MAIL COUPON NOW

DILEX INSTITUTE,
[illegible]

Name
[illegible]

BE LOVELY

YOU can easily add or reduce 2 to 3 inches, or if your bust has lost its beauty through illness, age, motherhaad ar ather causes, yau can still restore its firmness and marmorean beauty. Our baaklet "BUST CORRECTION" tells you exactly haw. Na diet, drugs, ar creams. A wealth af interesting information invaluable ta every woman. Lavishly illustrated. $1.00 postpaid (Check or M.O.; no cash unless registered). Send for your copy TODAY!

SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTE,
509 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Alviene SCHOOL OF THE Theatre

Graduates: Lee Tracy, Peggy Shannon, Fred Astaire, Una Merkel, Zita Johann, Mary Pickford, etc. Drama, Dance, Speech, Musical Comedy, Opera, Personal Development, Culture. Stock Theatre Training appearances while learning. For catalog, write Sec'y LOREE, 66 West 85th St., N. Y.

FREE PHOTOGRAPH

Mae West

of your favorite MOVIE STAR with every order of $1.00

ORIGINAL AUTOGRAPHED PHOTOGRAPHS

2 for $ .25 24 for $2.00
5 for .50 38 for 3.00
11 for 1.00 65 for 5.00

All the latest stars
50 different poses of
Rudolph Valentino

Clark Gable

HOLLYWOOD SCREEN EXCHANGE
Drawer V-1 -:- Dept. A, -:- Hollywood, Calif., U. S. A.

The Marvel Cook Book

TELLS YOU HOW

Your table can be the envy of your guests!

Order By Mail

PRICE 60 CENTS

Postage Paid

CHELSEA HOUSE
79 SEVENTH AVENUE,
NEW YORK, N. Y.

Beautiful!

She had her Nose Corrected

by Dr. Radin's Plastic Methods, developed by many years experience. All kinds of noses reshaped; outstanding ears corrected; lips rebuilt; lines, wrinkles, blemishes and scars removed. Bust corrections. Reduced fees. Consultation and booklet free. Dr. Radin, 1482 Broadway, New York. Dept. P.

Shapely Legs

MORRIS LIMB STRAIGHTENER improves BOW-LEGS and KNOCK-KNEES.

Successfully used by thousands of men, women, children. Positively guaranteed construction to individual measurements. Worn comfortably day or night. Send ten cents for actual photographs sent in plain cover.

MORRIS ORTHOPEDIC INSTITUTE
Ward 187, 612 Loew's State Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.

The Magic of Marriage

Continued from page 50

at the time of the War. Brother had enlisted in the Marine Carps, and besides doing kitchen palice, he was assigned ta stage shaws and ta help raise maney far the Liberty Loan drives. Ginger's mather, Lela, then a newspaper woman and scenaria writer far Baby Marie Osborne—remember her?—also enlisted as a marinette in the Marine Carps. My brather met her, and they worked together staging shaws and writing sangs for them.

"I remember Ginger then," brother said after I had worked aver him with a pulmator to get him ta talk. "She was a cute-looking thing with red hair and freckles, and even at that tender age, wild as a hawk. Lela had just separated from her husband and was mighty cut up abaut it. She plunged into war wark to help her farget her troubles. I remember Ginger baunching up and down an my knee, and in a very determined voice telling me that she wasn't ever going ta marry. The kid, of course, didn't know what it was all about."

Didn't she? I wonder. Perhaps it was at that early age that Ginger's fixation against marriage was born. Baby that she was, she had even then determined to live her life withaut it.

"From time to time Mrs. Rogers came East with Ginger," brother continued. "Every time she'd drop in the office to see me abaut her legal affairs I could see Ginger graw taller and lankier. There was talk of her gaing an the stage, but there was nothing definite abaut it."

At sixteen Ginger did succumb to marriage. A boy played on the same bill with her in vaudeville, and Ginger forgot her vow never to marry, fargot her mother's unhappiness and plunged headlang into matrimony.

It didn't last. And Ginger, disillusioned as her mother had been, swore off marriage far all time. She was playing in Texas then. Her act was billed as "Ginger Rogers and Her Girl Friends."

"I didn't like her at all then," said a friend. "I never thought that several years later I'd be seeing her on the screen and graw wild about her. I just can't believe it's the same persan."

When Ginger was signed far the screen, she said in her first interview that marriage wasn't for her.

"Every star in Hallywood is a slave," she said. "They are more fettered, mare restrained, more dominated than were the Negraes befare Lincoln set them free. And I'm a slave like the rest af them. I've a fixatian just as they have. But my fixation happens to be happiness! And I've learned how impassible it is to acquire it when one cambines it with marriage."

That was her philosaphy two years ago. And then she met Lew Ayres.

Lew, toa, had been through the experience of an unhappy marriage. It had left him thaughtful, introspective. They met at a party and they liked each other. They say oppasites attract. They must. Here was a joyaus, life-loving girl and a subdued, reticent, almast somber, young man. Each saw samething in the ather that he and she lacked. They fell in love.

And then success came to Ginger. She was really in love far the first time, for her former marriage must be discounted. She was slowly being lifted spiritually and then bodily into the glare of fame. She began getting bigger and better rôles. Her persanality, thraugh the influence of the man wha laved her, grew more campelling. She realized the force of that love and what it was doing for her, but she wasn't yet ready ta marry Lew Ayres. She was afraid to chance it.

She came East. This was right befare she decided to make the plunge again. Photographers met her at the

It wan't be lang naw before every ane will be talking abaut Mickey Raaney. He is pictured here as "Puck" in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." It's his wanderful performance in Shakespeare that will cause a stir.

troin. She wos given a suite at the Waldorf-Astaria. Thraugh it all she walked, serene and slender, tender and starry-eyed. A girl in love. She came inta my brather's affice.

"She was a star, dan't farget," he said, "but ane would never have guessed it. She hadn't let it 'get' her at all. She's the mast unassuming, madest prafessianal I've ever met. But samething had happened ta her. Samething grand. Yau cauld see it in her eyes.

"I said, 'Success certainly has done samething fine ta yau.' She shaak her head. 'Not success,' she said. 'Lave.' It was the dinner haur, and I asked her where she'd like ta dine. I thaught she'd suggest the Ritz or the Waldarf. Ginger shaak her head again. 'Uh, uh,' she said, 'let's go ta a quiet little place. I want ta ga somewhere where we can sit withaut being naticed and I'll tell yau all abaut Lew.' "

She went back ta Hallywaod and married Lew Ayres. The press made much of the marriage. Same of her friends said it wauldn't last.

It has lasted sa far. It has made a star af her. Far saan after her marriage she was cast in the râle which braught her fame. The part was the girl in "The Gay Divarcee," and the heavy jab of ploying apposite Fred Astaire was assigned her. But she came thraugh, came thraugh to win the acclaim nat only af her oudiences, but af Astoire himself.

"It is a treat ta dance with Ginger," he said. "She is superb." That is na ardinary compliment when it cames fram the greatest dancer in the warld. Wauld he have paid it ta her three years aga?

After "The Gay Divarcee" came "Raberta," and Ginger nat anly danced, but sang and acted as well. She was called upan ta speak with a fareign accent and she did canvincingly. RKO saw in her nat anly an excellent dancer, but a dramatic actress as well. She was castarred with William Pawell in "Star of Midnight."

It is true, af caurse, that Ginger has talent. She cauld nat have came to the screen in the first place withaut it. But it is doubtful if she cauld have reached the heights she has attained had it nat been far the serenity of her mind, the peace and security, the maturity and paise and deep, underlying cantentment which her marriage has braught her. It is evident in every part she plays.

I hope that this happiness lasts. It wauld be fatal far her art as well as far herself if it shauld fail. She was intended far marriage—she is too feminine ta live without it. The housewife instinct lies taa deeply embedded within her far her grandfather, Ebenezer Ball, invented a jar that housewives use to-doy in preserving fruits and vegetables.

But there is no such ward as "fail" for Ginger this time. She is determined ta make o success af her marriage. Far, as she says, it has been the greatest thing in her life sa far.

What the Fans Think

Continued from page 10

ducers think we are going to tolerate Bing Crosby, Maurice Chevalier, and Carl Brisson. They are a transgression on our intelligence and sanity. For them up goes the white flag of "Surrender, Saps, Surrender!"

Heaven hear my outcry against foreign talent! To them I cry "Exit!" Producers, why not favor us with our own better talent?

Who are the big guns that insist on killing our interest in the talkies with such nauseous stars as Joan Crawford, Jean Harlow, and Carol Lombard? What cheap imitations.

The public has already indicated by its response to better pictures that it will tolerate only a certain amount of the above-mentioned. The sooner they are taken off the screen the better for the future of pictures. They have killed themselves with their own weight, especially the once glamorous Garbo.

KIT M. COZZENS.

Saratoga, New York.

A Matter of Opinion.

CONSTANCE BENNETT: A nice hairdress and exceptionally beautiful bands are her claims to histrionic ability. Her rasping, irritating voice and boring personality her bad points.

CHARLES LAUGHTON: The screen's finest actor. No limitations. Every performance a magnificent piece of artistry. His finest achievement, "Ruggles of Red Gap."

FREDRIC MARCH: Too intense, overacts in every rôle assigned him, and his familiar mannerisms are making him one of the screen's most disliked actors.

GARBO: In suitable rôles, the greatest actress of the generation, but not even her most ardent admirer will point to "The Painted Veil" as an example.

JEAN HARLOW: The world's worst actress. She does try, which is something, but not even sincerity entitles her to be called an actress. Picture Play readers who say she has learned so much

WHAT A DIFFERENCE!

. . . and all the difference is in the eyes. Transform *your* eyes into entrancing pools of loveliness, instantly, with Maybelline Eyelash Beautifier. Non-smarting, tear-proof, perfectly harmless. Black, Brown or Blue. 75c at all toilet goods counters. Complete Refill 35c.

Maybelline MASCARA

Meet your favorite movie star

all original photos of your favorite stars and scenes from any of your favorite recent photo plays, size 8 x 10 glossy prints, 25c each. 12 for $2.50. *Positively the finest obtainable anywhere.* We have the largest collection of movie photos in the country. Just name the star or play you want. Remit by money order or U. S. 2c and 3c stamps.

Bram Studio—Film Centre Bldg., Studio 419, 630-9th Ave., N. Y. City

RESTORE YOUTH!

Banish { Wrinkles / Crepy Throat / Double Chin

A youthful contour is restored by the scientifically made "BEAUTICIAN Band." Dainty, light, and comfortable, it stimulates and supports relaxed muscles; "Lifts" the face into the round, smooth lines of youth. Send only One Dollar (Cash or M. O.; no cash unless registered) for Beautician Band, FREE Face Molding instructions, and personal Beauty Service.

DAINTY PRODUCTS, P. O. B. 60, Station H, New York

TYPEWRITER ½ Price

Easy Terms
Only 10c a Day

Save over ½ on all standard office models. Also portables at reduced prices.

SEND NO MONEY

All late models completely refinished like brand new. FULLY GUARANTEED. Big free catalog shows actual machines in full colors. Lowest prices. Send at once.

Free course in typing included.

10-day Trial

International Typewriter Exch., 231 W. Monroe St. Dept. 1026, Chicago

GRAY FADED HAIR

Women, girls, men with gray, faded, streaked hair. Shampoo and color your hair at the same time with new French discovery "SHAMPO-KOLOR," takes few minutes, leaves hair soft, glossy, natural. Permits permanent wave and curl. Free Booklet, Monsieur L. P. Valligny, Dept. 37, 254 W. 31 St., New York

HAVE PRETTY ANKLES

Support and relieve swelling and varicose veins with Dr. Walter's flesh colored gum rubber reducing hose. Perfect fitting—improve shape at once. They have helped many thousands of people in the last 25 years.

11 inch not covering foot $3.75 per pair
14 " partly covering " $6.75 " "

Send ankle and calf measure. Pay by check or money order (no cash) or pay postman.

Dr. JEANNE G. A. WALTER
389 Fifth Ave., New York

YOU CANNOT REDUCE

your age, but when you reduce your overweight you will look much younger. Free booklet

SLIM BEAUTY YOUNG

tells all about it. Write for it.

DRIX PROMOTES ELIMINATION RETAINS SLENDERNESS INCREASES VIGOR AND PEP

Send 10c for a generous trial package.

HERMES CORP. DEPT. P-9
5 Dorsey Terrace Saranac Lake, N. Y.

about acting have my sympathy for having to see her early attempts.

PAUL MUNI: Second only to Laughton and his performances are gems of realism, technique, and sincerity.

MADGE EVANS: A poor, a very poor carbon copy of Norma Shearer, and I don't think Miss Shearer has any claim to greatness.

GERTRUDE MICHAEL: I enthusiastically join Picture Play in acclaiming Miss Michael one of the most talented actresses on the screen and the most promising.

NORBERT LUSK: Picture Play's best feature. JACK HITT.

P. O. Box 965,
San Bernardino, California.

An Artist's Dream.

THERE are many who are incapable of appreciating Philharmonic symphonies, a beautiful painting or any of the other fine arts. The same may be said of those who fail to appreciate the artistic acting and fine inner quality of captivating appeal displayed by Elissa Landi, in addition to her exquisite beauty, natural charm, and unique personality.

Pity those who can only respond to cheap, *risqué*, and ballyhoo situations. I am not a worshiper of clay, but were I an artist instead of a half-baked architect, I would certainly aspire to do Elissa in oils.

Does not her exclamatory beauty of figure arrest the eye? Is not her strange "Mona Lisa" smile curiously seductive? Her beautiful, fringed green eyes, which appear to see everything and tell nothing, have all the weird beauty of the sea.

What artist would not love to capture that flowerlike russet head in a disorder of waves and curls? Who would not love to sketch that exquisite oval face that has such a poignantly familiar appeal? Who does not love to watch those mysteriously intriguing eyes melt to a sweet translucence, and that luminous lightening of her face, that gives Elissa incredible power to charm?

No other actress in Hollywood can radiate animation and charm as beautifully as Elissa Landi. Who does not adore her? Huh? HERBERT STAFFORD.

Westfield, New Jersey.

Like the meticulous Englishman that he is, Brian Aherne must needs make his own tea in the British fashion. Every afternoon at four he strolls off the set to his corner for the ritual.

Not All Perfect.

HAVING been in Hollywood ten months, I thought I'd give my impression of some of the stars I have seen.

Joan Crawford: One long pose. Made up to the hilt. Smart dresser. Would be good-looking if she toned herself down and was more human.

Norma Shearer: Has a squint and bow legs, but is still marvelously beautiful. Lovely complexion, teeth, and dimples. Sweetest disposition. A lady.

Garbo: She must have a wonderful cameraman.

Fredric March: Intelligent and distinguished-looking. Very unactory. Sincere and charming. And good-looking.

Francis Lederer: Dresses like a fashion plate. Childishly conceited. Naïve. Temperamental and amusing—unintentionally.

Ramon Novarro: Um-m. Delicious. Those eyes—and that olive skin.

Dick Powell: Looks as if he couldn't be mean if he tried. Very obliging. Sense of humor. But uses make-up.

Ann Harding: Unaffected. Little untidy.

Bing Crosby: Looks like the garbage collector's assistant. Wears an old sweater. Old *and* dirty. And a cap. Fattish. Has no idea at all of his own importance. Nice.

Robert Montgomery: Overworks his charm. Too consciously cute.

James Cagney: Small. But good physique. Gentlemanly. And quite cultured. FLORENCE BROWNE.

Los Angeles, California.

Cary Into Oblivion? Never!

I AM wrothy, simply wrothy, over the way Paramount is treating Cary Grant these days! Imagine the stupidity of casting an actor of Grant's caliber in the rôle of a beauty doctor, as in the mediocre "Kiss and Make-Up." Mediocre, yes, but it was notable for one thing—Cary's singing. Those few thrilling moments were worth the price of the whole picture.

If any one were as rabid a Grant admirer as I, he would gnash his teeth and tear his hair, a thing that I have been doing since this crusade to shove Cary into oblivion started. How do such players as Franchot Tone, John Boles, and their type get meaty rôles opposite favorites like Joan Crawford, Jean Harlow, Ann Harding, and Irene Dunne?

Is it because Cary Grant has no influence, or pull, that he is not getting to the top where he rightfully belongs? I am inclined to think so. But Cary *has* influence of a kind, producers, and the best kind, at that. He has thousands of fans everywhere.

Give him the rôles he got at the beginning of his career, when he played the lover of Marlene Dietrich in "The Blonde Venus," and the heroic aviator in "The Eagle and the Hawk."

He would make a charming and masterful lover to Joan Crawford or Jean Harlow. He and Marlene made a perfect pair, and, to my mind, there is cause to believe that Garbo would appear at her best with him. He would come into his own in character rôles especially, for he has the necessary ability and depth, yet he is, I believe, the most natural actor on the screen. B. C. H.

Villa Nova, Pennsylvania.

Constructive Condemnation.

D. E. VINE writes that she was "bored to tears" by "Here Is My Heart," just to see her beloved Bing Crosby. Well, the way I look at it is that if she cares for Bing's work enough to call him "beloved," I don't see how she could have been bored. As for me, I could see Bing any day of the week in any kind of picture. Of course, I'd like to see him get the stories he deserves, but I'll take what he's now doing and like it. Furthermore, "Here Is My Heart" was very entertaining. I saw it six times.

My second complaint goes to Lewis W. Delafield. First, because he says he won't "tolerate pictures with Bing Crosby and his senseless crooning." How in the world can any one call Bing's singing "senseless crooning"? Bing can sing better than any one on the air or

Bobby Breen is an eight-year-old lyric tenor, if you please. He can warble operatic arias in four languages, excluding the Scandinavian. He's to be starred by Sol Lesser, discoverer of Jackie Coogan and Baby Peggy, so he must be good.

screen, and that's not taking in half enough territory. And Bing can act, too. He has a fine sense of humor and is a clever comedian.

And I think Mr. Delafield was a bit too harsh on some of the other stars who came under his barrage of body blows. Just a bit of advice to you, mister. Don't you think it's much nicer to write about the stars you like than the ones you don't care for and whom millions of others do? When condemning, don't go to such extremes in harshness. If you have any criticism, make it constructive, not destructive.

CECILIA JOSEPH.
North Vassalboro, Maine.
Box 103.

Deriding the Hollywood Pose.

I THINK that most of the intelligent patrons of movie theaters are in agreement with Francis Lederer and C. B. DeMille in their criticism of Hollywood players.

With some notable exceptions, players in this spotlighted, overpublicized California city have gone Hollywood, that is, fallen into the delusion that they are great actors and actresses; deservedly famous because they are ephemerally popular with a lot of indiscriminating fans, and permanently fixed as stars in a galaxy as impermanent as a falling meteor.

With this fact in view, one is amused at, if not pitiful over, the pose assumed by so many Hollywood players; the importance they attribute to interviews, sketches and biographies written by magazine contributors, and their unmitigated egocentricity which has developed in them conceit, self-importance, social exclusiveness and fadism, high-hattedness—all those qualities stressed by Mr. Lederer which are marked evidences not of greatness in any particular, but of a shallow, superficial mentality.

The art or technique of ordinary characterization in most rôles is easy to acquire, and a large number of those who are set up by popularity have obtained it through good looks, sex appeal, and an average facility of acquirement.

E. S. GOODHUE.
1635 Clark Street,
Honolulu, Hawaii.

When Virginia Bruce has guests for cocktails she always sees to it that her cook prepares just the right canapés. She likes them warm from the oven.

In His Own Defense.

SO Miss Edith Drummond in July Picture Play says that my description of Joan Crawford as a brazen burlesque type is a lie!

We all have our prejudices and idiosyncrasies, and I don't like to extend my dislike to any artist. I have great respect for any belief in the nobility of hard work, but I fail to see where Joan has accomplished anything worth while to the contribution of fine art. She doesn't know enough to cultivate her voice. To me she seems to dispel everything nice and fine from a picture.

I agree with Harry Browning when he says that Joan has achieved her success from systematic, well-organized publicity. If she studied hard, as you say, it was not from intellectual thirst, but from publicity madness. What should she be praised for? Conceit?

ALFRED PARR.
Yonkers, New York.

Weeds, Just Weeds.

THE invasion of foreign talent is like the chickweed, a plant that came to us from Europe many years ago with the thistle, the dogfennel, and the pigweed and drove out native plants and took possession of our fields and waysides. Our own actors and actresses are unsurpassed, but will have their wonted drawbacks while engaged in the struggle with invaders.

Every American should support Congress in its attempt to stamp out foreign talent. If they don't, they are only standing in their own light. It certainly is deplorable the way these aliens first get a footing, then a home, and finally a kingdom right here in our own homeland. With the exception of a few unusual and talented stars of merit, they are as unwelcome and as troublesome as the most persistent weed. We haven't the privilege of enjoying one quarter of our own actors as long as the producers are busy raking in new talent in the form of foreign imports, while our own are permitted to languish in oblivion.

I am not referring to such outstanding players as George Arliss, Francis Lederer, and Robert Donat, Elissa Landi—she will soon be an American—Greta Garbo, Elisabeth Bergner, and Heather Angel. But what is there about the majority of the foreign imports that American players don't surpass? Don't you think fine actors like Douglass Montgomery and Phillip Reed should be elevated to stardom? How many fans agree?

ELOISE MACDONALD.
Avon-by-the-Sea,
Avon, New Jersey.

$20,000 CASH PRIZES TO NEW WRITERS AND AUTHORS!

Easy Contests—Anybody Can Enter! Here's How!

IF you've ever had ambitions to write—or have written short stories, plays, non-fiction, etc.—and didn't know how to market your work, here's just what you need. The "Writers' Bulletin"! Created purposely for new writers and authors. Gives authoritative and timely market data. Clear and concise. Tells what new Literary Contests and Periodical Prizes are being offered. Lists all conditions, specifications, editors' names, etc. Over $20,000 offered in cash prizes this month alone!

Get FREE Copy Today

For a limited time you can get a Free copy of "Writers' Bulletin" by merely sending your name and address. Absolutely no obligation, and it doesn't cost a penny. Don't wait. Write today.

U. S. SCHOOL OF WRITING
20 W. 60th ST. DEPT. K-3 NEW YORK CITY

U. S. GOVERNMENT JOBS
Start $1260 to $2100 a Year

MEN—WOMEN. Common Education usually sufficient. Write immediately for free 32-page book, with list of many positions and particulars telling how to get them.

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE
Dept. B 284 Rochester, N. Y.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c at all drug stores. © 1931, C.M.Co.

SOLAX *Sensational Beautifier For The Skin*
Invisible particles of freckled, pimpled or aged skin are freed—clearing your complexion beautifully, and making your face look years younger. Liberal size jar $1.00. (4-Treatment Sample sent prepaid for 10c coin or stamps)

ADELE MILLAR PRENTISS Dept. 14, 1800 N. Western HOLLYWOOD, CAL.

Remove that **FAT**

● Have you a full, oversize bust? You can reduce 3-5 inches and have alluring, slim loveliness with my famous **Slimcream** treatment, which reduced my bust 4½ inches and weight 28 lbs. in 28 days! I GUARANTEE TO RETURN YOUR MONEY if your form is not reduced after applying my **Slimcream** treatment for 14 days! Full 30 days' Treatment, **$1.00**, sent in plain wrapper. The ultra-rapid, GUARANTEED way to get those slender, girlish, fascinating curves so much admired. **FREE!** Send $1.00 for my **Slimcream** treatment **NOW**, and I will send you, FREE, my world-famous, regular $1.00 **Beauty** Treatment, with a gold-mine of priceless beauty secrets never before revealed! Limited Offer—SEND TODAY!

"So happy & grateful!" J.A.

Daisy Stebbing Dept. P.P. 15, Forest Hills, New York

ADDRESSES OF PLAYERS

Columbia Studio, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Jean Arthur
Tala Birell
John Mack Brown
Tullio Carminati
Nancy Carroll
Ruth Chatterton
Walter Connolly
Donald Cook
Richard Cromwell
Irene Dunne
Edith Fellows
Wallace Ford
Victor Jory
Pauline Lord
Peter Lorre
Edmund Lowe
Marian Marsh
Grace Moore
George Murphy
Florence Rice
Edward G. Robinson
Ann Sothern
Raymond Walburn
Fay Wray

Fox Studio, Beverly Hills, California.

Warner Baxter
Madge Bellamy
Bill Benedict
John Boles
Alan Dinehart
James Dunn
Alice Faye
Henry Fonda
Ketti Gallian
Janet Gaynor
Tito Guizar
Edward Everett Horton
Rochelle Hudson
Arline Judge
Paul Kelly
Nino Martini
Herbert Mundin
George O'Brien
Pat Paterson
Valentin Parera
Kane Richmond
Will Rogers
Raul Roulien
Shirley Temple
Claire Trevor
Jane Withers

Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California.

Brian Aherne
Elizabeth Allan
John Barrymore
Lionel Barrymore
Freddie Bartholomew
Wallace Beery
Constance Bennett
Virginia Bruce
Charles Butterworth
Bruce Cabot
Mary Carlisle
Jackie Cooper
Joan Crawford
Nelson Eddy
Wera Engels
Stuart Erwin
Madge Evans
Louise Fazenda
Betty Furness
Clark Gable
Greta Garbo
Jean Harlow
Helen Hayes
Louis Hayward
Louise Henry
William Henry
June Knight
Otto Kruger
Frances Langford
Myrna Loy
Paul Lukas
Jeanette MacDonald
Mala
Una Merkel
Robert Montgomery
Frank Morgan
Chester Morris
Edna May Oliver
Maureen O'Sullivan
Jean Parker
Eleanor Powell
William Powell
Luise Rainer
May Robson
Mickey Rooney
Rosalind Russell
Norma Shearer
Harvey Stephens
Lewis Stone
Robert Taylor
Franchot Tone
Spencer Tracy
Henry Wadsworth
Johnny Weissmuller
Diana Wynyard
Robert Young

United Artists Studio, 1041 N. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, California.

George Arliss
Eddie Cantor
Charles Chaplin
Ronald Colman
Miriam Hopkins
Gordon Jones
Fredric March
Joel McCrea
Ethel Merman
Merle Oberon
Mary Pickford
Loretta Young

Universal Studio, Universal City, California.

Binnie Barnes
June Clayworth
Andy Devine
Jean Dixon
Valerie Hobson
Jack Holt
Baby Jane
Buck Jones
Boris Karloff
Frank Lawton
Bela Lugosi
Zasu Pitts
Claude Rains
Cesar Romero
Gloria Stuart
Margaret Sullavan
Slim Summerville
Clark Williams
Jane Wyatt

RKO Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Heather Angel
Fred Astaire
John Beal
Frances Dee
Richard Dix
Preston Foster
Betty Grable
Margot Grahame
Ann Harding
Katharine Hepburn
Kay Johnson
Francis Lederer
Helen Mack
Lily Pons
Gene Raymond
Erik Rhodes
Buddy Rogers
Ginger Rogers
Randolph Scott
Anne Shirley
Helen Westley
Bert Wheeler
Gretchen Wilson
Robert Woolsey

Warners-First National Studio, Burbank, California.

Ross Alexander
John Arledge
Mary Astor
Robert Barrat
Joan Blondell
George Brent
Joe E. Brown
James Cagney
Colin Clive
Ricardo Cortez
Marion Davies
Bette Davis
Olivia de Haviland
Dolores del Rio
Claire Dodd
Robert Donat
Ann Dvorak
John Eldredge
Patricia Ellis
Glenda Farrell
Kay Francis
William Gargan
Hugh Herbert
Leslie Howard
Josephine Hutchinson
Allen Jenkins
Al Jolson
Ruby Keeler
Guy Kibbee
Margaret Lindsay
Anita Louise
Everett Marshall
Frank McHugh
James Melton
Jean Muir
Paul Muni
Pat O'Brien
Dick Powell
Phillip Reed
Phil Regan
Winifred Shaw
Lyle Talbot
Verree Teasdale
Genevieve Tobin
Rudy Vallée
Warren William
Donald Woods

Paramount Studio, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, California.

Gracie Allen
Wendy Barrie
Mary Boland
Charles Boyer
Grace Bradley
Carl Brisson
Kathleen Burke
George Burns
Kitty Carlisle
Claudette Colbert
Gary Cooper
Buster Crabbe
Bing Crosby
Katherine DeMille
Marlene Dietrich
Johnny Downs
Frances Drake
Mary Ellis
W. C. Fields
Cary Grant
Julie Haydon
Samuel Hinds
David Jack Holt
Dean Jagger
Helen Jepson
Roscoe Karns
Jan Kiepura
Rosalind Keith
Elissa Landi
Charles Laughton
Baby LeRoy
Carol Lombard
Ida Lupino
Fred MacMurray
Herbert Marshall
Gertrude Michael
Ray Milland
Joe Morrison
Jack Oakie
Lynne Overman
Gail Patrick
Joe Penner
George Raft
Lyda Roberti
Charles Ruggles
Sylvia Sidney
Alison Skipworth
Sir Guy Standing
Gladys Swarthout
Kent Taylor
Lee Tracy
Virginia Weidler
Mae West
Henry Wilcoxon
Toby Wing

Free-lance Players:

Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood. Ralph Bellamy, Sally Eilers, 6615 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood. Ralph Forbes, 10111 Valley Spring Lane, North Hollywood. Joan Bennett, Roger Pryor, Anna Sten, Mary Brian, 430 California Bank Building, Beverly Hills, California. Lionel Atwill, Adrienne Ames, Estelle Taylor, Dorothy Peterson, Cora Sue Collins, Douglass Montgomery, Eric Linden, Chick Chandler, Walter King, 1509 North Vine Street, Hollywood. Neil Hamilton, Room 202, 9441 Wilshire Boulevard, Hollywood. Fifi Dorsay, care of Vernon D. Wood, 210 Pantages Theater Bldg., Hollywood.

It's time you looked into this smart up to the minute magazine for the smart young women of America
Fashions
Fun and Fiction.
A fresh new note in the magazine world.

Mademoiselle

20¢

EVERY MONTH · A STREET AND SMITH PUBLICATION ·

IT'S A NEW SENSATION! SO AMAZINGLY LIGHT! SO BUOYANT!

Paula Stone

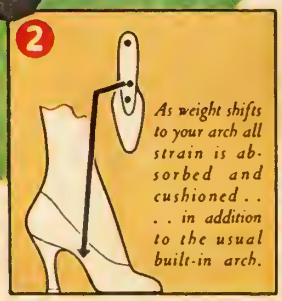
Famous Dancing Daughter of Fred Stone

DEMONSTRATES THE

Rhythm Step

An Utterly New Kind of Style Shoe With 3 Extra Health Features

See how invisible Rhythm Treads support the foot at 3 strain points in every stride



"Your Rhythm Step Styling is the Smartest I Have Ever Seen!"

...SAYS LOVELY DANCING STAR

YOUNG, gay and sparkling with smartness, you can trust Miss Stone to pick shoes for their style! And here's what she says: "It's the first time I've ever seen a trim, light, really stylish shoe with comfort features. It's hard to believe such dainty shoes actually are health shoes." Give the credit to invisible Rhythm Treads, Miss Stone—a revolutionary principle that makes it possible, for the first time, to put real comfort features into lovely style shoes without sacrificing a bit of their grace.

The exclusive Rhythm Treads buoy up your foot at three additional points, instead of merely bracing the main arch. They so scientifically tread your step and cradle your foot that Rhythm Step shoes keep their dainty shape and provide perfect support for all arches—instead of just one! With this entirely new invention there is no need for thick leathers, weighty construction, blocky heels and heavy shanks to ease the strain of body weight. It means extra support at no extra cost—in shoes so fashion-right and lovely they won smart young Paula Stone instantly. See them now—at smart stores everywhere!

Juliette

Marsella

Sankri

$6.50 *Slightly Higher West of the Rockies*

Rhythm STEP
STYLE and HEALTH SHOES

JOHNSON, STEPHENS & SHINKLE SHOE CO., ST. LOUIS, MO
Makers of Fashion Plate Shoes
Recognized Style Leaders for Over 20 Years

NTENTS COPYRIGHTED 1935

STREET & SMITH'S

PICTURE PLAY

NOVEMBER 1935

5
NTS
NGLAND

YRNA LOY
By
NIA SALL

NRA
CODE

YOU HAVE WAITED 7 YEARS FOR THIS!

M-G-M again electrifies the world with "Broadway Melody of 1936" glorious successor to the picture which 7 years ago set a new standard in musicals. Roaring comedy, warm romance, sensational song hits, toe-tapping dances, eye-filling spectacle, a hand-picked cast.

THE GREATEST MUSICAL SHOW IN SCREEN HISTORY!

SING THESE SONG HITS!

"On a Sunday Afternoon"
"You Are My Lucky Star"
"Broadway Rhythm"
"Sing Before Breakfast"
"I've Got A Feeling You're Foolin'"

by Nacio Herb Brown and Arthur Freed, composers for the original "Broadway Melody"

BROADWAY MELODY of 1936

with

JACK BENNY · ELEANOR POWELL · ROBERT TAYLOR

UNA MERKEL · FRANCES LANGFORD
SID SILVERS · BUDDY EBSEN
JUNE KNIGHT · VILMA EBSEN
HARRY STOCKWELL · NICK LONG, JR.

A Metro-*Goldwyn*-Mayer Picture

Directed by Roy Del Ruth · *Produced by* John W. Considine, Jr.

A GOLDEN SYMPHONY OF THRILLING SONG, VIBRANT ROMANCE AND SOUL-STIRRING EMOTION!

Even the world's applause ringing in her ears could not silence her yearning heart-song for one glorious moment with the man she loved and one enchanting hour with the son she could never claim!

Harry M Goetz

presents an EDWARD SMALL *production*

"The Melody Lingers On"

JOSEPHINE HUTCHINSON

GEORGE HOUSTON

HELEN WESTLEY · JOHN HALLIDAY · WILLIAM HARRIGAN

WALTER KINGSFORD · MONA BARRIE · LAURA HOPE CREWS

DAVID SCOTT · FERDINAND GOTTSCHALK

Thrill to the magnificent voice of the screen's latest find—George Houston, as he sings the "Toreador" song from "Carmen" and "Ritorno di Sorriento", famous Italian folk song.

A Reliance Picture

Directed by DAVID BURTON

Released thru UNITED ARTISTS

Volume XLIII MONTHLY Number 3

STREET & SMITH'S

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION $1.50

PICTURE PLAY

SINGLE COPIES, 15 CENTS

CONTENTS FOR NOVEMBER, 1935

The entire contents of this magazine are protected by copyright, and must not be reprinted without the publishers' consent.

FRONTISPIECE:

Musical Romance—*John Boles and Gladys Swarthout in "Rose of the Rancho"* 11

SPECIAL ARTICLES:

The Jury of Beauty—*Twelve Authorities Select the Composite Beauty* Dorothy Wooldridge 14

Tornado in Leash—*Mary Ellis* . . . . . Louise Williams 35

Franchot Tone Tells on Himself . . . . . Jerry Asher 38

One More Human: Myrna Loy, Part II . . . Dudley Early 40

The Public Is Fickle—*Fans Demand Surface Changes* . Dana Rush 42

This Farmer Knows His Onions—*Henry Fonda* William H. McKegg 44

A Bachelor Budgets His Life—*Dick Powell* . . Maude Lathem 48

Who Said High Hat?—*Margaret Sullavan* . . . Jeanne de Kolty 52

Looking at Luise Rainer . . . . . Mark Dowling 58

Dashing Adventurer—*Ray Milland* . . . . . Franc Dillon 60

DEPARTMENTS:

What the Fans Think—*Our Well-known Department Exclusive to Fans* . 6

Information, Please—*A Corner Devoted to Inquiring Readers* The Oracle 8

Soft and Sharp Focus—*Editorial* . . . . . Norbert Lusk 13

They Say in New York—*Cool Weather Brings Stars to Town* Karen Hollis 36

Hollywood High Lights—*Spicy News from the Movie Colony* Edwin and Elza Schallert 46

Thumbnail Reviews . . . . . Norbert Lusk 54

Casts of Current Pictures 59

Addresses of Players 98

ART GALLERY:

Favorites of the Fans—*Katharine Hepburn, Frances Drake, Gertrude Michael, Molly Lamont, Claire Dodd, Katherine Alexander, Irene Dunne, Herbert Marshall, Jean Harlow, Jane Withers, Jeanette MacDonald, Cary Grant, Robert Taylor, Ruby Keeler, Anita Louise, Mary Ellis* 19

PREVIEWS:

Glimpses of Future Films—*"Red Salute," "So Red the Rose," "Steamboat Round the Bend," "Robin Hood of El Dorado," "Barbary Coast," "Little Big Shot," Untitled William Powell Film, "A Tale of Two Cities," "Freckles," "Mutiny on the Bounty," "The Three Musketeers," "A Feather in Her Hat"* 67

Monthly publication issued by Street & Smith Publications, Inc., 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y. George C. Smith, Jr., President; Ormond V. Gould, Vice President and Treasurer; Artemas Holmes, Vice President and Secretary; Clarence C. Vernam, Vice President. Copyright, 1935, by Street & Smith Publications, Inc., New York. Copyright, 1935, by Street & Smith Publications, Inc., Great Britain. Entered as Second class Matter, March 6, 1916, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Subscriptions to Cuba, Dom. Republic, Haiti, Spain, Central and South American Countries, except The Guianas and British Honduras, $1.75 per year. To all other Foreign Countries, including The Guianas and British Honduras, $2.25 per year.

We do not accept responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts.

To facilitate handling, the author should inclose a self-addressed envelope with the requisite postage attached.

STREET & SMITH PUBLICATIONS, INC., 79 7th AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

SCOOP! EXTRA!

BERGNER: THE RIDDLE WOMAN IN DECEMBER PICTURE PLAY

What do fans know about Elisabeth Bergner? What does any American admirer of her great acting on the stage and the screen know about this mystery woman from Europe?

That she is shy, that she lives a secluded life, that Shaw permitted his "Saint Joan" to be filmed because she would play it, and that Barrie has written a play for her to perform on the London stage. Everything of the present Bergner, but nothing of the Bergner of the past.

Nothing to explain her genius, nothing that has ever brought Bergner to you as an individual. You do not know where she comes from, really, or where she has lived in Europe. Such talent as she possesses does not flower overnight. It comes from contact with life, from knowledge of people, from insight into minds and hearts.

THE RIDDLE SOLVED

Elisabeth Bergner's story will be told in next month's Picture Play, the first article ever to be published that gives impressions of her in Germany many years ago when she was even then the idol of theater-goers, long before she entered pictures to be proclaimed the greatest actress in the world. You mustn't miss this. It's immense!

WHAT STARS EAT

Haven't you often wondered just what sort of food is served and eaten at stars' parties? Aren't you tired of recipes, a little weary of the traditional lettuce leaf we are told is sufficient to kindle genius? Well, we are!

That's why Picture Play offers the most amusing and comprehensive article about food in Hollywood that has ever been written. Next month!

"So Red the Rose!"

The Flower of Southern Chivalry
Dewed with the Shining Glory
of a Woman's Tears . . .

"SO RED THE ROSE," starring MARGARET SULLAVAN and Walter Connolly with Randolph Scott. Directed by King Vidor. From Stark Young's novel. A Paramount Picture.

WHAT THE FANS THINK

Unheralded Genius.

SOME one in the movie business far the last two years has been displaying a decided lack af intelligence. Ditch diggers are caached, policemen are taken aff the

"I can watch Fredric March or Clark Gable go to the gallows and enjoy a candy bar meanwhile, but when Colin Clive dies he breaks my heart," writes Leslie Flood.

beat ta became the latest movie "finds." But darn it all if yau don't let a genius run araund Hallywaad unheralded! And Colin Clive is a genius. I can watch Fredric March or Clark Gable ga ta the gallows and enjoy a candy bar meanwhile, but when Clive dies he breaks my heart.

Who else being practically unknown on the screen cauld have held his awn with Katharine Hepburn in "Christapher Strong"? Since then some one has had visians of making him the champion unwanted husband an the screen. Warse than that, he was literally wasted in an insignificant rôle in "Clive af India." But I must say, fram harried husbands to gary scientists resurrecting the dead, he's been splendid. I, for ane, say "Let's give Calin Clive a chance and stop this infernal raving abaut aur splendid 'actars.'" We dan't knaw what the word means —yet. Leslie Flood.

Hotel Claytan,
Chicaga, Illinais.

Junior Michel feelingly describes his disappointment in Richard Cromwell, who, we hope, will reinstate himself.

Thirty London working girls of unusual intelligence vote Norma Shearer their "first lady."

The Voice of Thirty Londoners.

AFTER many lengthy discussians around club fire, camp fire, and caffee stall, a graup of London warking girls beg ta offer their apinions af same af yaur female tap-liners. We are all ardent fans and regular readers af Picture Play, and being peace-laving by nature, we trust those fans wha da nat agree with us will not take affense. Sa here goes!

Greta Garbo. A genius, whose wanderful persanality rather avershadaws her chances as an actress. Taa cald, aloof and mysterias far us ta have any warmer feeling far her than a great admiratian.

Katharine Hepburn. A great actress whose undaubted talent is marred by theatrical pasing and a selfish, "spailed-little-girl" attitude taward her public.

Helen Hayes. A brilliant artist both an stage and screen. Human, lovable and wholly delightful.

Dorothy Ross takes issue with the published ages of stars, citing Loretta Young's twenty-two years as unbelievable.

Marlene Dietrich. Once a very beautiful and pramising actress, naw degenerated inta a painted, arragant showwoman, about as animated as a piece af ice.

Mae West. Another shawwoman, whase crude vulgarity has lang since

Continued on page 10

An admirer of Ricardo Cortez writes from Edinburgh to deplore Hollywood's neglect of his ability.

THREE HOURS OF ENTERTAINMENT
THAT WAS THREE CENTURIES IN THE MAKING
"From heaven to earth, from earth to heaven . . . imagination bodies forth the forms of things unknown"

WARNER BROS.
will present for two performances daily, in selected cities and theatres,

MAX REINHARDT'S
first motion picture production

"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM"

from the classic comedy by
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
accompanied by the immortal music of
FELIX MENDELSSOHN

The Players

JAMES CAGNEY JOE E. BROWN DICK POWELL
ANITA LOUISE OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND JEAN MUIR
HUGH HERBERT FRANK McHUGH ROSS ALEXANDER
VERREE TEASDALE IAN HUNTER VICTOR JORY
MICKEY ROONEY HOBART CAVANAUGH GRANT MITCHELL

AUGMENTED by many hundreds of others in spectacular ballets directed by BRONISLAVA NIJINSKA and NINI THEILADE. The music arranged by ERICH WOLFEGANG KORNGOLD. The costumes by MAX REE. The entire production under personal direction of MAX REINHARDT and WILLIAM DIETERLE.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

Since there has never been a motion picture like A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, *its exhibition to the public will differ from that of any other screen attraction. Reserved seats only will be available for the special advance engagements, which will be for a strictly limited period. Premieres of these engagements will be not only outstanding events in the film world, but significant civic occasions.*

Information, Please

Your puzzling questions about players and pictures are answered by the man who knows.

By The Oracle

THELMA MANSON.—I hope you are as delighted with the additional rotogravure pages as we are to give them to you. Those birthdates are: Jack Buchanan, April 2, 1891; Julie Haydon, June 10, 1910; Allan Hale, February 10, 1892; Henry Hull, October 3, 1890; Majorie Rambeau, July 15, 1889. Hal Skelly, deceased, May 31, 1891.

C. M. DAVIS.—When requesting photographs of the stars, it is customary to inclose twenty-five cents to cover the cost. Glen Boles is a free-lance player.

MONICA.—Mary Brian completed "The Man on the Flying Trapeze" before accepting the lead in Andre Charlot's London stage revue. She was born February 17, 1908; five feet two. Helen Vinson, September 17, 1907; five feet six; Virginia Bruce, September 29, 1910; five feet six-and-a-half. Frances Drake is five feet two-and-a-half.

GENEVIEVE R.—For stills of "Naughty Marietta," you might write Metro-Goldwyn's Publicity Dept., 1540 Broadway, New York City. They cost ten cents each.

LOIS AGNEW.—George Raft is a New Yorker, born September 26, 1903; five feet ten, weighs 155, black hair, brown eyes. Right name is Ranft. His latest is "She Couldn't Take It," with Joan Bennett, to be followed by "I'm Coming Back to You," with Marsha Hunt.

A. PERKINS.—Claudette Colbert and Norman Foster aren't divorced. It is just that they maintain separate apartments. They are still the best of friends. Alice White and Sidney Bartlett are separated. Gwili Andre was divorced last March. Anita Page's marriage to Nacio Herb Brown was annulled in April.

BUBBLES.—Nelson Eddy's next film for MGM is "Rose-Marie." He was born in Providence, Rhode Island, in 1901; six feet, weighs 170, blond hair, blue eyes.

LOUISE M. COZINE.—Sorry to disappoint, but it is our policy not to disclose the home addresses of stars. This rule was established at their own request.

J. B. S.—Gail Patrick is five feet seven. Rosemary Ames, five feet six, weighs 128. Tala Birell, five feet six, weighs about 115. Billie Seward, five feet five, weighs 120. Virginia Bruce, five feet six-and-a-half, weighs 128.

J. A. H.—The cast of "Lily Christine" included Corinne Griffith, Colin Clive, Margaret Bannerman, Miles Mander, Jack Trevor, Anne Grey. However, I've been unable to unearth any cast for "The Stronger Sex."

R. J. D.—Kermit is Ken Maynard's brother. "Timber War" and "His Fighting Blood" will be his next. Frankie Darro was five feet three last January, but it is very likely that he has since grown. Yes, that was he in the Robert Young rôle as a boy in "Tugboat Annie."

LOUIE SAUNDERS.—Before she made "Kick In," Wynne Gibson appeared in "Nothing But the Truth," "Children of Pleasure," "Fall Guy," "June Moon," "Gang Buster," "Man of the World," "City Streets." In October, 1933, we published an interview with Toby Wing, which may still be had by sending your order with remittance of ten cents to our Subscription Dept.

M. D.—Since you live in New Zealand, a copy of December, 1932, Picture Play will cost twenty cents. Our Subscription Dept. will be glad to mail it to you upon receipt of your order and remittance. The play of "Smilin' Through," by A. L. Martin, was brought out some time ago by Samuel French, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, in a seventy-five-cent edition.

C. M. F.—Frankie Darro's next picture is "The Payoff," with James Dunn and Claire Dodd. A letter may reach him at Warners. He will be seventeen on December 22nd.

JERRY DELANE.—Robert Montgomery has been married to Elizabeth Allen since 1928. Joan Bennett was born February 27, 1911. I'm sure she'd like *anything* you may send to her in the way of a gift.

RUTHE KEMPF.—Jack Holt is now under contract to Universal. There is no "story" in his break with Columbia, so naturally we see no reason to print anything about it.

SWELT SIXTEEN.—It was Frankie Darro who played the rôle of the crooked jockey in "The Unwelcome Stranger." See "C. M. F." for his next film and birthdate.

SHEARER-BROOK-MACKAILL ADMIRER.—Mabel Ballin has been happily married for a number of years to Hugo Ballin, mural artist, and has many star friends, one of whom is Dolores del Rio, a neighbor. The Ballins live in Santa Monica, California. Mabel hasn't appeared in films since 1925. Josephine Hutchinson was born in Seattle, Washington, October 9, 1904; five feet four-and-a-half, weighs 110, red hair, golden-brown eyes. Gertrude Michael, Talladega, Alabama, 1911; five feet five, weighs 120, light hair, blue eyes. Ida Lupino, London, England, 1917; five feet four, weighs 110, blond hair, violet eyes. Clive Brook's latest picture is "Dressed to Thrill"; Elissa Landi's, "Without Regret"; Elizabeth Allan's, "A Tale of Two Cities"; Maureen O'Sullivan's "The Capture of Tarzan" and "The Bishop Misbehaves," with Lilian Bond also in the latter. Norma Shearer is to make "Romeo and Juliet."

DOROTHY LINDGREN.—The stills from "Journey's End" are no longer available, since Tiffany Productions, which produced the films, has since been dissolved. The music for "The Bride of Frankenstein" was by Franz Waxman, but I have no record of the selections played throughout the film. A letter to Universal may bring the desired information. The May, 1933, issue of Picture Play may be had by sending your order with remittance of ten cents to our Subscription Dept.

DICK.—Mary Brian was born in Corsicana, Texas, February 17, 1908. She has an important part in "The Man on the Flying Trapeze." I guess Dick Powell reads as much of his fan mail as any of the stars do. You can't expect the players to read and answer *all* the letters they receive. That is why the studios maintain fan mail departments. Mary Blackford is in the Good Samaritan Hospital, Hollywood, California.

AN ADMIRER.—Loretta Young was christened Gretchen Young. She is the youngest of her two sisters, Polly Ann Young and Sally Blane. [Continued on page 97]

SMART · MODERN · FICTION

UP-TO-THE-MINUTE
ILLUSTRATED
FIFTEEN CENTS

AINSLEE'S

A STREET & SMITH PUBLICATION

Continued from page 6

ceased to be amusing. We are not prudes by any means, but Miss West leaves us quite cold. She may be the darling of America, but in England her box-office power is decidedly small.

Margaret Sullavan. A talented and charming young actress with a great future. Her natural and sincere acting is a delightful change from the posing artificiality of some of the stars.

Joan Crawford. A painted clothes-horse, with a passion for publicity. We should like her a lot better if she would only wash her face clean of that awful make-up and stick to light comedy. We have read of your dream of occupying Garbo's throne, Miss Crawford, but forgive us, please, as your dramatics always awake in us an overwhelming desire to laugh.

Norma Shearer. Our beloved first lady, best loved star in England. At the bottom of our list because "the last shall be first." There's generally a fight for seats when her pictures come to London, but they are always worth it. Her portrayal of *Elizabeth Barrett* was something to cherish and remember. A brilliant and talented actress, a charming woman, and a glowing, radiant personality. "THIRTY OF US."

London, England.

Clear Yourself, Dick Cromwell!

THE Richard Cromwell of the screen and the everyday Richard are vastly different, so I've discovered. However, I never realized the difference would bring disillusionment to me.

On the screen, Dick seems to be the typical American youth—friendly, courteous and well-mannered. In real life one would imagine him to be the same sort of fellow, one who appreciates the loyalty and interest shown by his fans. A recent experience has taught me otherwise.

In order that Dick might learn of my great interest in him and his career, a friend gave me his home address in La Jolla, California, so that I could write to him personally.

I took pains to type him a long, interesting letter, explaining all about my interest in him and his career. I inclosed a photograph, reproduction of a still, I had made for him, showing a favorite scene from one of his plays. Imagine my shock when my letter and photo were returned with this written on the envelope: "Opened and returned by R. Cromwell"! The handwriting and signature were his, according to specimens of his penmanship.

Still unable to believe my eyes, I returned the letter and photo with a note explaining there must be some mistake, being sure Dick wouldn't treat a loyal friend in such a manner. And, believe it or not, *again* the letter and photo were sent back to me, with a notation above his signature showing the letter had been opened by him. Imagine my chagrin! My letter had been read—and returned!

This time, however, Dick sent the letter to the Dead Letter Office after reading it, because I neglected to put my return address on the envelope, although it was on the letter inside. Therefore, I had to pay "postage due" for the pleasure of getting my letter back. I was cured.

Of course I realize that perhaps he doesn't like to be bothered with mail at home, but he could have acted a bit more decent. Very few know his home address; and at least he could have made an exception, after reading my letter of admiration and loyalty. But doing what he did!

They say Dick is quite sensitive; but that should be all the more reason why he should be careful about hurting the feelings of others—his fans and stanch supporters—who were instrumental in bringing him to his present place on the screen.

Certainly Dick is in no position to be snooty to fans, when greater stars than he are gracious. Perhaps that old saying, "the bigger they are, the nicer they are," has more than a grain of truth in it. JUNIOR MICHEL.

11724 Kilbourne Avenue,
Detroit, Michigan.

Those Who Remember.

WHEN one has been a regular movie fan for over twenty years, it certainly is irritating to note the ages that some of our fading stars assume.

A few months ago, Bebe Daniels appeared here in person and in the course of an interview coyly admitted to thirty-five. Now, Bebe is one of the first movie actresses I saw as a ten-year-old school kid. She was Harold Lloyd's leading woman and I mean "woman." She was no Shirley Temple, that is twenty-two years ago, and as I am thirty-two, Bebe must be—well, figure it out for yourself.

Note the ridiculous ages given out by the following, in view of the long years they have been before the public.

Gloria Swanson. Over twenty years in pictures. Married four times. Has a grown daughter. Thirty-five.

Norma Shearer. Was commercial model sixteen years ago in New York. Thirty.

Joan Crawford. Was chorus girl thirteen years ago in New York City. Twenty-six.

Colleen Moore. Started eighteen years ago in pictures. Thirty-one.

Loretta Young. Leading woman for eight years. Married five and one-half years ago. Twenty-two.

Charming, all of them, and they may fool the youngsters, but not us older gals. DOROTHY ROSS.

Broadview Apts.,
Toronto, Canada.

Repeatedly Buried Alive.

IT would appear that Hollywood has a man by the name of Ricardo Cortez who is one of the ablest actors on the screen to-day. But what are they doing with him? Ever since he appeared in "The Melody of Life," where he proved, beyond doubt, his ability to act, I have been waiting for him to appear in rôles equal to that one. But, alas, I have been doomed to disappointment.

He has been so badly treated, so unfairly treated that over here his name is not boomed in the same way as, say, Fredric March, Leslie Howard, Herbert Marshall, Franchot Tone or Gary Cooper, and the fault is not his. He has been given pictures that were not even worth while; but in spite of that he has never once turned in a bad performance.

I have read that he is to get the part of *Ouvrard* in "Anthony Adverse." I hope with all my heart that he does. While he may not dominate the story, here is a part where he will be called upon to give some superb acting, where he could even steal the picture. The eccentric, whimsical, and simple-minded banker. What a character!

Don't you think Hollywood is rather foolish to bury alive, so repeatedly, such a fine actor instead of exploiting him in suitable rôles? I know, so far as Britain is concerned, it would be a paying proposition. He always gets good press notices over here, but it needs a lead from Hollywood to put him in the limelight. MRS. E. LAING.

5 Leith Street Terrace,
Edinburgh, Scotland.

Miss Hollis, Take Note.

WHAT did George Raft do or say to Karen Hollis to ruffle her so? I'm referring to the subtle cattiness she indulged in at his expense in July Picture Play.

I know that people either like Raft or loathe him—no in-between feelings. To me, Raft's personality on the screen—and the camera is a merciless judge of character—is fundamentally decent and fine. He may look like somebody you wouldn't care to meet round a dark corner at night—he's not a pretty leading man—but I'll swear he's kind and generous and a gentleman.

There'd be a few much needed gaps among the gossip-writing fraternity if we fans had our way. They, too, often choose a low-down way of turning on actors and actresses who have hipped them in some way. ELLA MILESTONE.

73 Red Lion Court,
London, E. C., England.

The Spirit of Youth.

HE is the fellow who improves with each succeeding picture. He is the boy who makes you forget your troubles and smile, whether you want to or not. He is the spirit of youth incarnate; the lad who makes the old sigh for their lost youth and the young appreciate the gift which is theirs. Of whom am I speaking? Dick Powell, of course.

Smiling infectiously, laughing, fairly exuding friendliness, good spirits and the joy of living, he sings his way into your hearts and makes you feel that there really is "happiness ahead."

In addition to being one of the most natural actors, most lovable personalities, and grandest singers on the screen to-day, Dick seems to exemplify the kind of sweetheart every girl dreams of.

Long may Dick Powell continue to delight us from the silver screen and the ether waves! MISS M. L. D.

Racine, Wisconsin.

Tut, Tut, Mr. Lusk!

JUST a word about your reviewer, Norbert Lusk. He has always shown such extreme impartiality and very good

Continued on page 12

VOLUME XLIII
NUMBER 3

STREET & SMITH'S

PICTURE PLAY

NOVEMBER
1935

Another important singer makes a film début. She is Gladys Swarthout, favorite contralto of radio and the Metropolitan Opera, who is starred by Paramount in "Rose of the Rancho," with John Boles. The famous play of early California has been given a musical setting for the advantage of the singing stars, a splendid cast including Charles Bickford and Don Alvarado, and a picturesquely lavish background.

Continued from page 10

judgment in his criticisms, that I was extremely shocked when I read his review of "Les Miserables." How any one could have seen that picture and then written a review of it, never mentioning the fact that Fredric March was in the picture, is beyond me. I've had various friends tell me that Mr. Lusk is prejudiced against attractive men, but I never believed it until I read the above mentioned review. I can think of no other reason for such an oversight.

WANDA WHITMAN.
1408 North Detroit Street,
Hollywood, California.

Inexcusable Criticism.

IT is absolutely disgusting the way some people criticize the stars. I have always heard that no one has a right to criticize another person unless he can do better himself.

Joan Myall and Lewis W. Delafield, writing in the July issue, would do well to practice this old saying. I agree with Miss Myall in her belief that Norma Shearer and Elissa Landi will never become monotonous, but it is inexcusable for her to say that Greta Grabo, Ann Harding, Claudette Colbert, Joan Crawford, and Irene Dunne are dull, monotonous and without animation or charm. True, Mae West and Marlene Dietrich do portray characters that are alike, but some people like that kind of character and never tire of it, but Miss Myall should at least be decent enough to admit that they portray the type wonderfully.

Lawrence Tibbett at one side of the music-recording stage as he listens to a rehearsal of the sixty-piece orchestra which accompanies him in his latest picture, "Metropolitan."

And now about Mr. Delafield. It would be good riddance if all people of his type were exiled to some desert isle to eat coconuts for the remainder of their lives. I agree with him that Elissa Landi, Francis Lederer, David Manners, Brian Aherne, Paul Lukas, Chester Morris, and Heather Angel should be given better rôles, but in his other criticisms he shows that he doesn't know the meaning of the words "beauty," "singing," or "acting."

If both Miss Myall and Mr. Delafield think they can act better than the stars they dislike so much, let them go to Hollywood and give us two wonderful new stars, or if they know that they can't do as well, let them keep their prejudices to themselves and stay away from theaters showing the stars they dislike, for unless they can do better, they have no right to criticize.

MACK CAMPBELL.
915 20th Avenue, South,
Nashville, Tennessee.

How She Rates Them.

WHILE reading the July issue I became aware that I disagree with the opinion of other fans because:

I think Greta Garbo clumsy and crude.

Lyle Talbot insipid.

"David Copperfield" is too old. Why do we have to turn back the clock?

"It Happened One Night" was intended for a modern generation. If people insist on looking backward and being narrow-minded, of course they wouldn't like it.

Loretta Young's one of Hollywood's loveliest actresses.

Ann Harding is homely.

Claudette Colbert is abused. She is not a "clotheshorse," and turned out a magnificent performance in "Private Worlds." She has a marvelous voice.

Irene Dunne is not dull and was a dazzling success in "Roberta."

Ruby Keeler does not depend on Dick Powell. "Go Into Your Dance" proved this.

After all, Americans aren't supposed to have English accents so thick that they can be cut with a knife.

There is nothing to Lilian Harvey, who made a flop of "Let's Live Tonight."

Loretta Young and Dolores del Rio have more than beautiful figures.

I don't see why people go for Hepburn. I know that every one has a right to his own opinion, and I'm sending my answers to the July letters.

PATRICIA HANSEN.
Tacoma, Washington.

No Future for Joan.

I HAVE never taken enough interest in stars to submit an opinion, but after reading comments of readers I am pretty sure some are right. I agree whole-heartedly with Harry Browning's letter about Joan Crawford in July Picture Play.

She has no special talent for acting. She has only a fascination that lures a novice who attends picture shows. For connoisseurs and for people who like real acting, she's nothing. Claudette Colbert is her superior in any type of acting.

Jane Wyatt demonstrates the proper way to handle a water horse on land. Miss Wyatt has returned to the Coast after a long and successful stage engagement in "The Bishop Misbehaves."

Joan cannot appear in a part that requires brain work; she only appears as outside show. All her pictures are of the same type, petty love scenes, sex imitations, et cetera. No dramas like "Cleopatra," "The Crusades," or "The Count of Monte Cristo." She's a shallow, hollow actress with no insides.

She has no future in movies because, as you know, the classics are being filmed now—"The Crusades," "Les Miserables," "She," and "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," and she certainly would not have a chance in these.

ADELENE ESTELLE LEWIS.
1303 West 12th Street,
Little Rock, Arkansas.

Combining Music with Stars.

THE idea of combining personalities with music that Iris Billing suggested in the July issue, captured my fancy and I herewith offer my combinations of music and movie stars. Being the stars they are, they might well be called the terrestial Pleiades, the "seven sisters," whose personalities are "the music of the spheres brought down to earth."

"Liebestraum" by Liszt. As delicate, fragile and graceful in its musical tones as is the loveliness of Vilma Banky.

"Malagueña" by Lecuona. Throbbing with all the suppressed fieriness so typical of the Latin race and so expressive of the inner glow of Dolores del Rio.

"Roses of the South" by Strauss. Its old-fashioned waltz rhythm and its lilting grace suggests the youthful, sprightly sweetness of Jean Parker, a modern young lady with a charming air of the old-fashioned about her.

Continued on page 94

SOFT AND SHARP FOCUS

BY NORBERT LUSK

THE first appearance of this new page in Picture Play answers the demand for a corner where The Editor may talk to readers as informally, as sincerely as he would if they called on him. Often he has wished to express opinions or cite cases in praise of blame which he believed would interest fans, but there has been no room for such confabulation. Now he has cleared a small space for that purpose which he means jealously to guard against encroachment.

Alive to the privilege of meeting readers on a more intimate and freer basis than before, he intends to be neither heavily editorial nor anxiously flippant; neither a pulpiteer nor a gossip.

Mostly he wishes to interest and entertain. If he perhaps enlivens and enlightens, so much the better. Now for an honest enthusiasm!

IN bringing Shakespeare to the screen with taste, feeling for the humanities and with rich imagination, Warner Brothers have taken a forward stride as echoing as their introduction of the Vitaphone eight years ago.

Now they give the lord of language to a world vaster and more listening than ever heard the beauty, wit and wisdom of his words before.

"A Midsummer Night's Dream" will do more to cause enemies, censors and critics of the screen to throw down their arms than a vehement and aggressive clean-up campaign, with its inevitable rankling defeat or doubtful victory.

Why? Not because Shakespeare's pagan revel is awesomely literary or high-brow. Not because it will throw art theater groups into ecstasies. Not even because it films a schoolroom classic. But solely because it is delicious entertainment.

A DOZEN reasons for enthusiasm spring to mind after seeing "A Midsummer Night's Dream." All are worth discussing. But above all I single out the remarkable adaptability of the players in responding to Reinhardt's coaching. They speak Shakespeare's lines as smoothly and familiarly as if they had never made their mark in modern stuff; as if not one of them had ever uttered a Warner wisecrack.

THIS proves that our Hollywood favorites are not as limited as their accustomed rôles have indicated. That, if given a chance to step out of routine, they can demonstrate a gift for acting far more worthy of respect than sticking to type and playing the same rôle again and again. Producers find it safer and more profitable to keep money-making players in a groove, but from the standpoint of longer life on the screen and larger stature as artists, there is nothing like changing rôles. There isn't one star in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" who will not be *remembered* longer for his part in this picture than in any of the ordinary ones, no matter how much money they may have made.

NEXT month I shall tell you what you have never read before of Gary Cooper.

Carol Lombard has the most beautiful body in Hollywood, according to the majority of votes. "Perfect symmetry and the most womanly," they say.

THE

By Dorothy Wooldridge

SINCE Adom dowdled aver the apple there have been juries, thausands of them. Juries far motricide, potricide, homicide, suicide, psychiotric ond kleptomoniac cases.

But here is o jury so unique, sa colorful, thot there is nothing shabby or shapworn about it.

The jury af beauty!

Twelve judges ta select the perfect high lights, the perfect prapartians, the perfect assets fram all the stars of screenland for a camposite of perfection.

Without shom, unbiased, costing oside any farm af favaritism, these twelve men, internotianally known outharities an feminine pulchritude fram Hollywood ta New Yark, fram Poris to Timbuktu, have sought from the covalcade af charm amang the greotest af the greot stars, ond hove emerged with whot con be honestly termed a verdict!

Beauty persanified, perfected, free fram artifice, unadorned!

The prevailing opinian is that there are na beauties on the stoge or screen.

Cecil DeMille lends his nome to the stortling pranauncement thot "There ore no perfect beouties on the stage or screen; no great actress has been a perfect beouty. The case of the peacock is exactly thot of modern feminine beouty," he opines. "Noture is inexorable in the monner with which she fallows Emerson's much-quoted Low of Compensation. If ot ony time she gives too much of any one quality, she reduces the omount of onother."

Eugene Robert Richee, partroit photographer, is quoted as saying, "Of oll the beoutiful women in Hollywood, there is

Kay Francis ties with Carol Lombard for the most beautiful back. Here it is in all its glory.

Jean Harlow has the smallest feet among MGM stars, and shares votes with Marlene Dietrich and Ginger Rogers.

JURY of BEAUTY

Twelve well-known Hollywood authorities cast honest votes for perfection of face and form among the stars they know well. Their judgment is surprising, sensational. And remember, their verdict is based on personal inspection.

not one who passesses a perfect face, photographically speaking."

Penrhyn Stanlaws stated in an interview, "There is not one perfect beauty in Hollywood."

On his return to New York after a stay in Hollywood several years ago, McClelland Barclay, noted artist, likewise revealed in an interview that not one star fulfills his ideals of a true beauty. However, he later declared that Claudette Colbert's figure is "nearer artistic perfection" than any he ever has seen.

The subject, however, is a debatable one, and no doubt will continue until the curtain falls and the world calls it a day.

With the cavalcade heading toward the bar of judgment, filmdom may be prepared to renew an old argument as the commentators name, in

The hands of Rosina Lawrence, a Fox newcomer, are voted most beautiful by one third of the jurors.

Marlene Dietrich runs away with honors for the most thrillingly perfect legs. She would!

Irene Dunne's nose is pronounced "pure Grecian and clear-cut like a cameo, not only beautiful but patrician."

Loretta Young received most votes for the beauty of her eyes.

their opinion, the most beautiful hair, eyes, nose, mouth, teeth, hands, legs, ankles, feet, back and body.

The jury of twelve men selected by Picture Play is composed of the following:

Juryman No. 1: Mitchell Leisen, Paramount director.

Juryman No. 2: Busby Berkeley, director of dances and ensembles for Warners.

Juryman No. 3: Bernard Newman, of Paris, New York, and Hollywood. Designer for RKO.

Juryman No. 4: Orry-Kelly, stylist for Warners.

Juryman No. 5: René Hubert, famous French costume designer who superintends the wardrobes of Fox stars.

Juryman No. 6: Robert Kalloch, creator of fashions for Columbia.

Juryman No. 7: Omar Kiam, designer for Samuel Goldwyn's stars.

Juryman No. 8: Perc Westmore, Hollywood's dean of make-up and hair styles; chief make-up artist for Warners.

Juryman No. 9: Wally Westmore, head of Paramount's make-up department.

Juryman No. 10: Mel Berns, for ten years director of make-up for RKO.

Juryman No. 11: Charles Dudley, noted American hair stylist, director for make-up department of Fox.

Juryman No. 12: Jack Pierce, head of Universal's make-up department.

Votes

Mitchell Leisen prefaces his votes with the following deductions: "Having found that nature was unusually wiser than man in building human beings, I quit trying to take people apart to make them over. When you start to analyze a face, feature by feature, you are suddenly confronted with the problem, 'What is a beautiful eye, mouth, nose?' After all, the shape is fundamentally the same, and to a degree its beauty is largely dependent on the other features of the face, and I find it almost
le to pick out an eye and say, 'This is beautiful.' My
on viewing an eye on my desk finds nothing beautiful
a hand detached from an arm inclines me more to
han rapt admiration of its slenderness.
these reservations, and warning you that much sur-
territory is also included, I cast my ballot as follows:"

Continued on page 85

rine Hepburn's teeth received most votes.

Photo by Wide World

RAMON NOVARRO and JEANETTE MacDONALD

THROUGH Picture Play, Ramon Novarro greets his loyal friends among our readers who have come to look upon this magazine as his friend and theirs—and doesn't he know it! "So many kind letters from dear friends, it is impossible to answer them all. Won't Picture Play let them know for me how deeply grateful I am for every thought and feeling?" he asked. It was a "new" Ramon who made this request. No less animated and charming, but with greater poise and depth, and with new understanding of himself and life. This picture was taken at the preview of the film he wrote and directed, with Jeanette MacDonald congratulating him.

FOR LOVERS OF *Music* AND LOVERS OF *Love*

The romantic idol of radio and opera comes to the screen — and triumphs in a sensational debut! Millions will thrill as Martini portrays a struggling young tenor who sings a song of love on the heart-strings of one woman and the purse-strings of another!

Here is a cast of famous names from the opera, the radio, the screen, the concert stage. Here is romance at its happiest, songs at their brightest, dances at their gayest!

NINO MARTINI, idol of the Metropolitan Opera and popular radio programs. With his magnetic personality, his magnificent voice, he flashes to stardom as the screen's new romantic hero.

HERE'S TO ROMANCE

MARIA GAMBARELLI, famous ballet dancer and protegé of Pavlowa.

SCHUMANN-HEINK, best loved of all operatic prima donnas, now brings her inspiring voice to the screen.

Beautiful **GENEVIEVE TOBIN**, sparkling in another sophisticated rôle.

A FOX PICTURE

A JESSE L. LASKY PRODUCTION with

NINO MARTINI

GENEVIEVE TOBIN

ANITA LOUISE

MARIA GAMBARELLI

MME. ERNESTINE SCHUMANN-HEINK

REGINALD DENNY

VICENTE ESCUDERO

world's greatest gypsy dancer!

Directed by Alfred E. Green

FAVORITES of the FANS

KATHARINE HEPBURN

Photo by Ernest A. Bachrach

Photo by William Walling

FRANCES DRAKE

ATTENTION was first focused on husky-voiced Frances Drake because of her dancing ability. However, she soon proved that she could handle dramatic rôles with ease, and that is why she was cast for an important part in Elissa Landi's "Without Regret."

GERTRUDE MICHAEL

HE frankness and arm which is evi-ent in every part e portrays is so ry much the real ertrude Michael, it no wonder she has ecome such a fa-rite with the fans. ith Cary Grant d Claude Rains, "The Last Out-post."

to by William Walling, Jr.

Photo by Ernest A. Bachrach

MOLLY LAMONT

STILL another newcomer is Molly Lamont, South African beauty-contest winner. The brunette lovely has forty English films to her credit, but it is the Hollywood-made "Jalna" which introduces her to American audiences.

CLAIRE DODD

MANY players are tagged with the label of sophistication, but few have Claire Dodd's finesse for putting over the type of rôle with which she has become so popular. This is particularly true of "The Payoff," opposite James Dunn.

Photo by Scotty Welbourne

Photo by Ray Jones

KATHERINE ALEXANDER

REFINEMENT and culture are the two most outstanding characteristics of Katherine Alexander, whom you will remember as the society matron in "Ginger," and who is now in the Claudette Colbert film, "She Married Her Boss." In the latter she wears this stunning dinner gown.

IRENE DUNNE

THE fans are as eager for Irene Dunne's each successive appearance on the screen as the various studios are for her services. With the completion of "Magnificent Obsession," Universal has "Show Boat" lined up for her, which should be good news to her constant admirers.

HERBERT MARSHALL

OF course, Herbert Marshall might be fascinated by the diamond-shaped lighting fixture suspended from the ceiling, even though it would appear that the blond Jean Harlow, on the page opposite, held his gaze. But chances are he is reflecting on "The Dark Angel," which he has just completed.

Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull

JEAN HARLOW

CERTAINLY no player is more capable of holding her place in the cinema limelight than the vivacious Jean Harlow. She came through with colors flying in "China Seas," with Clark Gable and Wallace Beery, and promises to equal this in her next, "Riffraff," with Spencer Tracy opposite.

Photo by Hurrell

JANE WITHERS

NO, Jane Withers hasn't gone high-hat on us. This is just one of the costumes she wears in her latest offering, "This Is the Life." And already Fox has "The Immigrant" set for the talented young lady's next production. The kid's made of the real stuff!

EANETTE
MacDONALD

; you will see, Jeanette Mac-
nald doesn't concentrate all her
ne on singing and pictures.
nce she has taken up swimming
a very serious way, she wouldn't
nk of beginning the day without
dip in her pool before break-
t. Next is "Rose-Marie," with
Nelson Eddy.

to by Clarence Sinclair Bull

in for Magnificent Obsession.

Photo by Robert W. Coburn

Cary Grant's career is his
lead opposite the inimitable
tt." We know Cary will do
is the beginning of a long
les for him.

Photo by Hurrell

IN just a few short months Robert Taylor has become one of the screen's most popular leading men. You've enjoyed his acting, and when you see "Broadway Melody of 1936," you will agree that he can sing and dance too. And now Irene Dunne has him for "Magnificent Obsession."

ROBERT TAYLOR

RUBY KEELER

Photo by Elmer Fry

SOMEHOW Ruby Keeler has never lost her simplicity and little-girl charm, and that's why she has endeared herself to so many. This, in addition to her unusual talent, is why you'll not want to miss her latest with Dick Powell entitled "Shipmates Forever."

ANITA LOUISE

Photo by Elmer Fryer

WHEN Oliver Goldsmith wrote: "Her modest looks the cottage might adorn, sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn," it must have been some one very much like Anita Louise who inspired the words. In Paul Muni's next picture, "The Fighter."

MARY ELLIS

YOU saw and admired Mary Ellis in "Paris in Spring," but did you know that she sang with the Metropolitan Opera at sixteen and starred in plays ranging from Shakespeare to musical comedy subsequently? You must read all about this exciting newcomer on the opposite page.

Photo by Eugene Robert Richee

Tornado IN Leash

The dazzling career of Mary Ellis may be cited to prove almost anything. The point is: read about it and draw your own conclusions.

By
Louise Williams

From her earliest girlhood every one predicted a brilliant career for Mary Ellis—if she didn't crack up from a superabundance of energy. But she has achieved fame, three husbands, and composure and graciousness.

AT the oge of fifteen, Mary Ellis was rushing like o cyclone through doncing, singing ond pointing lessons, leoving her teochers limp ond exhousted, but orriving home with such o superobundonce of energy thot she promptly looked oround for something else to do.

Flocks of beous tried to distroct her, but while Hermon Elsos, her fother, delved into reseorch in his study, and her mother procticed her repertoire on the piono, Mory studied longuoges.

No one, opporently, ever doubted thot she hod greot tolent, but mony omoteur prophets insisted thot she would soon lond in o podded cell, spontoneous combustion hoving cloimed her nervous system, or in o side show billed os the humon dynomo who will try anything once.

The prophets were wrong. Not only did she sing ot the Metropolitan Opero ot sixteen ond stor in ploys ronging from Shokespeore to musicol comedy in the yeors following, but she developed such composure ond grociousness meonwhile thot she is o downright restful person to meet now.

She hod only one doy in New York en route from Hollywood to London, but she hod plenty of time to see on interviewer. Except for o few boggoge togs on o desk, there wos no evidence of on imminent deporture. In her monner there wos no flurry. She hod finished "Poris in Spring" but o few doys before ond wos foced with rushing from the ship to reheorsols for o London stoge ploy, but she looked os rodiont ond blooming os if vocotions stretched behind ond oheod of her.

She tolked not only freely but with gusto on ony subject from ortificiolities of opero to the temper of on ex-husbond, but not with the deep eornestness she shows in o book she inscribed to o student who hod hopes of o dromotic coreer.

"Be true, Marion," she wrote in o volume of Shokespeore which she gove to the girl. "If you ore true you will find simplicity, ond thot is the keynote to being o greot person. And then you hove the key to being o greot ortist. Be sure of your dreom ond then moke it hoppen. Above oll, concentrote ond work, not on yourself, but on becoming the perfect medium through which greot thoughts ond ideos moy find expression."

Somewhot wryly the Morion in question observed to me

Continued on page 91

Photo by Jones

Travis Banton designed Claudette Colbert's clothes for "She Married Her Boss," which are conservative enough to fit the purse of any secretary.

They Say in

This year Myrna Loy is elected to set the fashion styles. And Eleanor Powell is destined to become known as the female Fred Astaire of the screen.

By Karen Hollis

AN imposing battery of lawyers have not, at this writing, untangled the dispute between Myrna Loy and MGM, so who am I to render a verdict? It looks at this point as if she were the winner, since she has arranged to make a picture for Hecht and MacArthur engagingly called "Sack the Rich."

Her second blooming, when she escaped from exotic rôles and romped through "The Thin Man," was as nothing to the current change in her.

When she publicly announced that MGM had broken their contract with her—their contention being, of course, that she broke it—she was positively radiant.

Cameramen and reporters caught up with her strolling on Park Avenue, learned that she was amusing herself these days reading in the papers that she is insufferable, temperamental and full of whims. She has been so busy making fifteen pictures in two years that she hadn't noticed it.

Myrna Will Be the Fashion.—Each year after the Paris and New York showings of first fall fashions, various manufacturers get together and decide which picture star is most likely to influence mass fashions. Then they feature clothes suited to her type. Not seeking any obvious tie-up such as having her pose in them, but merely presenting clothes suited to her.

For years Lilyan Tashman was the idol of the rag business; Joan Crawford had her day, and last year Katharine Hepburn influenced styles. This year Miss Loy is elected. A girl who can be swathed in Oriental splendor by night, who can wear saucy hats and conservatively casual tailored suits by day, a girl who is slim and straight and vivid in coloring. Hepburn clothes were streamlined, windblown, and looked best in motion. Loy clothes are to be more dainty, look best in repose.

Directors' Choice.—For some years Hollywood clothes have been the last word in fashion. Usually the wrong word.

After making "The Crusades," Henry Wilcoxon is pleased that he is to play opposite Mae West in her next picture.

NEW YORK—

but the lost one, onywoy. This wasn't the designers' fault, but the directors', who withheld their O. K. from clothes thot didn't screom the prosperity of their wearers with dripping sobles ond brillionts.

Now every one con be hoppy, for foshion leoders hove decided to obondon severely simple clothes and lounch an ero of opulence. For the extremists there will be fur gloves thot look like muffs, shirred breostplotes studded with jewels on evening dresses. For the more conservotive there will be full sleeves, shorter skirts, droped necklines, hooded coats ond copes. There will be furs ond feothers, rich velvets ond sequins. And, too, there will be metol cloths that shimmer in movement.

Wardrobes to Copy.—If your clothes budget is thot of o manicurist or o secretory, two pictures soon to be released will show you how well you should be oble to dress in spite of penny-pinching.

Carol Lombard, in "Honds Across the Toble," will wear o street outfit which con be duplicoted in ony department store for twenty-five dollors. This includes hondbog, gloves, shoes ond hot os well os dress. Trovis Bonton designed these clothes, olso those which Cloudette Colbert weors in "She Morried Her Boss."

And just look at the slimness of Charles Laughton! By swearing off starchy and sweet food for one year, he brought his weight down from 225 to 167 pounds.

Photo by Metropolitan

Pausing only a few days in New York en route to England, Margot Grahame, right, looks quite as lovely and impractical as a lotus flower.

Eleanor Powell, below, has the faculty for doing difficult tap steps in a most modest and ingratiating manner.

Photo by Bull

In thot the budget is o little higher, os befits o secretary's dignity, if not her purse. There is only one flow in the orgument thot you, too, con look os sleek ond well-groomed os the stors. After oll, you would have to get reody-mode clothes, and theirs are made especiolly for them. And every one knows thot the lines and fit of o dress are more important thon fobric or style.

Handle With Care.—Those grim pessimists who believe thot on exquisite creature on the screen is opt in reol life to be just like the sturdy, sensible girl next door, ought to meet Morgot Grohame. She looks quite os lovely ond impracticol os o lotus flower. Her very blond hoir is

Continued on page 62

FRANCHOT tells on

"The first thing that hits my eye when I see myself on the screen is my big Adam's apple. Can you imagine a surprised-looking turtle with a huge lump in its throat? That's the way I look to myself," says Franchot.

In this amazingly frank discussion of himself, Mr. Tone dispels forever any suspicion that he is pleased with what he sees in his mirror or upon the screen. And in doing so he inadvertently makes us better acquainted with him than ever before.

By Jerry Asher

Franchot Tone paused between scenes of "Mutiny on the Bounty" to say, "I dislike my superficial knowledge of a great many things and my lack of real knowledge of any particular one."

SO Franchot Tane won't tolk! Sa he's the very smug young man who is perfectly satisfied with himself and bored with it all!

So he's the one who is said ta be high-hot, conceited, just tao, toa indifferent to be onnoyed by what others think af him! Well, moybe, if yau judge him by most of the râles they've given him, and mast of the interviews thot hove been written.

But why nat judge the man far what he really is? It's true that he hasn't gane about being Hallywood's polsy-wolsy.

If you know anything abaut Franchot's background, his breeding, his fine sensitivity, yau know he cauldn't ga in for thot sort af thing.

He is ane af the most regular guys in the world. But only his clasest friends hove ever had a chonce ta knaw him that woy. At heart, Franchot is an extremely shy person. From childhood he hos found it easier to go his way alone, rather than try to make peaple understand his retiring nature.

Becouse the averoge person hos been unable to break down Franchot's woll of reticence, mony of them have the impression that he is canceited. Becouse they do not know every quirk af his nature and every trend of his thoughts, os they do most Hallywood actars', they've branded him as dull and superficial.

Franchat himself does nat think he is very exciting. And it's difficult for him to understond how any one else con be interested in the things that could only affect his awn welfare. But if you think he's a smug young man with a bored expression, this will give you o small idea of whot he thinks obaut himself.

"I dislike my so-colled ease af monner," says Franchot. "I

HIMSELF

dislike it on the screen and I dislike it in real life. It stands in the way of my creating a character on the screen, instead of just playing myself over and over again. If I'm portraying strong, true emotions, instead of giving subtle indications of what the emotion might be, it stands in the way of my ever doing any really fine work, such as in Shakespearean rôles. Some day I hope to go beyond it.

"Of course, it's fine for those Park Avenue playboys I've done to death. I dislike that kind of part intensely. I've played so many, people actually think I'm that kind of smug chap. I agree with them, and if I weren't so lazy I'd have done something about it long ago.

"Speaking of laziness, this is another thing I dislike about myself. For instance, I put off writing letters for weeks at a time. I hate to delegate them to some one else, especially my fan mail. It takes about four or five hours a week to do it, but somehow I seldom get around to it. But when I do write or send photographs, I send them myself. I feel it is cheating to let some one fake my signature, so at least I do it right when it is done.

"My family back in Niagara Falls likes to hear from me every week. A few hastily written lines to let them know I am well is all they expect. But I put off writing, and then have to go to the expense of a long-distance call, when a three-cent stamp would have done the work.

"People may think I'm conceited, but that doesn't prevent me from disliking my looks in general. The first thing that hits my eye when I see myself on the screen is my big Adam's apple. Can you imagine a surprised-looking turtle with a huge lump in its throat? Well, that's exactly the way I look to myself.

"I dislike my superficial knowledge of a great many things, and my lack of real knowledge of any particular one. I dislike it because it gives the impression of being well read and intellectual. The truth is, I went to college and happen to have a good memory for stray facts, which gives me a superficial knowledge of a great many things.

"Generations of a legal family behind me have made me pedantic. I dislike this in myself. I argue about dates, exaggeration of facts, wrong descriptions, et cetera. Often they are not important, and the inaccuracy usually makes better conversation. But so many of my ancestors were lawyers that it has made me a stickler for the exact statement about everything.

"I think there's too much vanity in my general make-up. If I weren't so vain I'd make those playboy rôles mean something as in 'Dancing Lady' and 'Reckless.' But vanity kept me from doing anything unusual with these rôles. I thought it was more important to look well. If I hadn't been so vain, I could have played the parts drunk and disheveled and really kept myself in character. Vanity enters into it when I talk with people. Somehow I never can bring myself to admit my superficial knowledge, even if I only have a vague idea what we are discussing.

"At heart I am timid. But I dislike myself for being that way. I am an actor, and people expect me to be

Mr. Tone even confesses to being pedantic and disliking himself for it. He argues about dates, exaggeration of facts, wrong descriptions and inaccuracies when he knows they don't matter. He accuses himself of vanity, too.

colorful, self-assured and amusing. I feel they expect these things, and they should be carried off with a flourish and an air. When I feel some one looking at me I get terribly self-conscious.

"I dislike myself for not living up to my screen personality. I haven't a right to do this to the people who go to see me. I really should have an act. It would be much more intriguing and interesting. It's easy to put on an act on the screen, but off the screen there just isn't any act. I know it's disappointing, but I can't help it.

"One of my pet dislikes is that I am such a sane fellow. I don't want to be sane, but I'm so colorless I just never think of crazy things to do. I don't seem to have that magnificent abandon that makes a man suddenly make up his mind to jump in a plane and fly to Alaska, or go tramping off to some desert to dig for gold. If I contemplated giving way to an impulse, I'd first figure out how long it would take, and which would be the best way to do it.

"On the stage, and on the sets, especially, people are always playing jokes and ribbing each other. I never think of anything that's hilariously funny. When I first came to Hollywood, I saw some young actors drive up to a première in an old battered Ford. These kids were

Continued on page 64

ONE MORE HUMAN:

By nature mischievous, Myrna was seldom a "bad" child. Each phase of her young life recalls a memorable event—that first day in kindergarten, having the measles, and her first great tragedy, the breaking of a beautiful doll.

PART II.

Myrna, not a care in the world, atop her father's shoulders, with two neighboring children on David Williams's lap.

MYRNA was just about halfway between two and three when she became known to all members of the family as "Alibi Ike." Psychologists tell us that the alibi is a self-defense mechanism, and in the case of little Miss Williams it was obviously so.

She was going on a visit to her Aunt Nettie Qualls, who lived on a ranch just a few miles away. They were in a buggy, and Myrna was riding in the little space back of the seat. It was her favorite riding place, for it was fascinating to watch the road recede, narrowing into a little strip as it did so.

Arriving at Aunt Nettie's, she refused proffered help and started down quite daintily. Her little foot went forward to step on the iron contrivance placed there for that purpose; but the little foot miscalculated, and Myrna tumbled inglariously from the buggy onto the ground. Mrs. Williams and Aunt Nettie ran to her fearfully, but Myrna was already picking herself up. Not a whimper, not a word, though she must have been hurt.

"Darling, did you fall?" cried Mrs. Williams anxiously.

Myrna stood up very straight and looked her mother in the eye. "I didn't fall," she said. "I jumped!"

It was a flagrant falsehood. No child would have taken that chance. But it would have hurt her youthful pride too much to have admitted that she was so unsure, so ungainly, that she couldn't keep her balance. The only way to preserve dignity in the face of possible humiliation was to convert the situation into one reflecting bravery on herself. So—"I jumped!"

She fooled no one, and it was the first manifestation of a characteristic that persists even to-day. And from then onward, whenever this trait asserted itself, she was greeted with looks of disbelief and the words, "Alibi Ike!"

Ranch life is not conducive to drawing-room manners in the rearing of a child. Consequently, Myrna was something of a tomboy. She learned to ride Dolly—that is, to stay on the horse's back—before she was four. She frequently came into the house with knees and elbows skinned from climbing trees. She took to wandering far afield on the ranch, returning hours later with an armful of flowers, for her father loved flowers and could not have too many in the house. And she was a busybody, never satisfied unless she was doing something or "into" something.

Don't you recognize the Loy expression on the growing Myrna seated in the tree? Here she is with two young playmates.

By nature mischievous, she was seldom "bad," and escaped the switch. Only once was punishment threatened, and she bowed before the threat. She was still short of four. Her father told her not to go out of the house, for it was a blustery day. But she chose to go out. Mr. Williams saw her leave, and followed quietly. In the yard he called her name, and she stopped. He reached down and picked up, of all things, a hay straw.

Myrna did not stop to reason that the straw in itself was harmless; instinct told her what the gesture meant: it signified authority and perhaps a heavier weapon to come. So, with all the speed of a scared rabbit, she scuttled back into the house and made no further move to walk out that day.

The Williamses couldn't look at their daughter for hours after the incident without bursting into laughter. She had

MYRNA LOY

By Dudley Early

presented a very funny picture running before the threat of an upraised straw.

She had known no illness during this time, the hard winters giving her not even so much as a head cold. But in the third spring of her existence she very suddenly became ill. Doctor Gilham, whom one imagines to be a counterpart of Doctor Dafoe of quintuplet fame, was sent for from Helena. He took one look at the sick child and told her parents that she must be rushed to Saint Peter's Hospital in Helena. She was desperately ill of pneumonia.

There was still no means of travel over those ten miles from ranch to railroad in Toston other than the transportation one was able to furnish oneself. So Mr. Williams hitched a horse to a buggy hurriedly, and Myrna was carried on a pillow, sick nearly to death, over the rough stretch of road and on by train to Helena.

Fortunately she was a strong child, and once under the proper care, she rallied and threw off the dread disease without a great deal of effort. Less than two weeks later she was well again and driving back over the road from Toston to the ranch. Again she was on a pillow, but in her favorite compartment back of the seat, watching the road fall back an an unpleasant experience.

The ranch was sold when Myrna was five years old. She left it with no regrets, for a roomy, two-story house on Fifth Avenue in Helena, not far from grandmother Johnson's. Her father had been right—she would never make a rancher.

Once in the city, the matter of her education became important. Too young for regular schooling at the public school, she was entered in Miss Mattie Hibbard's kindergarten.

That first day! Mrs. Williams dressed her in a little white dress, white stockings, black shoes, and tied around a curl of red hair a big, spreading blue ribbon. It was all very pleasing to Myrna, all but that ribbon. She hated blue, because she wanted to wear no color in the world but pink. Now, red hair and pink ribbons in conjunction is enough to call out the fire department, but Myrna didn't care; she wanted pink. She didn't get it, however, and went to school with the blue ribbon adorning her head.

Mrs. Williams left her at the school door, in the good care of Miss Hibbard. Mother and daughter looked a fond farewell at each other. To Mrs. Williams it was an epochal occasion; her daughter was going out into the world for the first time. It is doubtful that Myrna attached any such significance to the occasion, but she did know that it was all very strange. However, she tried her best to fit into this new scheme of things, and didn't shed a single tear all day. Her mother called for her in the afternoon, and found Myrna playing with the other children as if she'd known them all her life.

The author tells of Myrna's aunt discovering her first freckle, the first of many that threatened to become just one big one. But it's what lies behind the freckles that counts.

All the way home she could talk about but one thing, a beautiful blond child named Ruth Ray whom she had met. The thing that made Ruth such an object of attraction to her was that Ruth was dressed all in pink. Had she known that Ruth was to be instrumental in breaking her heart just a few years later, she might not have been so enthusiastic that day. But Johnny Brown hadn't come upon the scene as yet.

(Continued on page 93)

THE PUBLIC

Katharine Hepburn strives for variety through pictures that differ in story and locale, but her characterization is much the same in them all.

Mae West is even less versatile. She plays one character, depending on casts, costumes, and dialogue for novelty. So far she has succeeded.

The cry for new faces on the screen comes from audiences, not the producers. How to retain one's popularity is the problem that faces every star. This article tells how some of them have succeeded and why some have failed.

Colleen Moore popularized the flapper of the "Flaming Youth" era, and tried to become serious too late.

HOLLYWOOD says that the average life of a star is five years. After the fifth year of reigning as queen in the hearts of her adoring public—unless she is wise—the box office, that barometer of popularity, begins to weaken in its monetary return and flicker, flicker goes the little star into oblivion.

Why? Not because she has grown crow's feet and settled into old age. No, Marie Dressler, the biggest box-office attraction of her day, proved that youth doesn't count in popularity with the movie public. And don't say that the beloved Marie was an exception, that she gained followers through her superb acting of character rôles, because we have other queens who support our contention that every age has its appeal.

The four outstanding new stars who have come into the cinematic heavens within the last three years represent the four ages of life. Shirley Temple is glowing childhood. Katharine Hepburn, twenty years older, is impulsive youth. Mae West, about twenty years older than Hepburn, is blazing maturity, and May Robson, twenty years older than West, is smoldering age. They are all hits. So I'm afraid that the reign of Hollywood queens, and kings too for that matter, is brief because the public is fickle.

"Variety is the spice of life" is a recognized truth. But notice that the truism doesn't say variety is the staff of life, but that change is the thing that gives life a kick. And in discussing the career of a star we are dealing with people who make a business of putting zest into the lighter moments of a workaday world.

All of which brings us back to the fact that the average star has a brief life because the public is fickle. It takes to a new face simply because it is different. The actor, in his capacity for supplying pleasure to man, should not criticize this quality but cater to it. And we, in turn, should not be too analytical of how he adds spice to his art. We grow weary of the same face on the screen unless an old favorite is smart enough to give us a new personality angle.

I do not agree with the fan who censures an actress who has made over her personality by "the addition of glamorous raiment, artificial eyelashes, and a huskier voice." In the land of make-believe, paint and costuming are a part of the art of acting. Lon Chaney's reputation was based largely on his talent to achieve through costume and

Though Gloria Swanson's career is at a standstill, she held her own much longer than the five years usually expected of a star. This was because she offered variety and contrast. What a difference between her "Sadie Thompson" and the prima donna in "To-night or Never"!

IS FICKLE

By Dana Rush

Kay Francis, too, realizes the value of change and she accomplishes it smoothly but surely. The picture on the left is Kay early in her career; the other, as she is to-day.

moke-up different characters. They honored this ability by giving him the title of "The man with o thousand faces."

Let's analyze the stors who have held their public beyond the fatalistic fifth year. Joan Crawford and Norma Shearer are in the tenth year of their stardom. Greta Garbo likewise is in the tenth. Gloria Swanson is in the sixteenth year of her career. Kay Francis has successfully passed the critical fifth year of her reign as a Hollywood queen.

Gloria Swanson, veteran of the group, has outlived Bebe Daniels, Mary Pickford, Betty Compson, Colleen Moore, Pola Negri, Laura La Plante, Lillian Gish, and Norma Talmadge. Why hos she survived her contemporaries?

Of course she has developed greatly from her Mack Sennett days. But Miss Daniels and Miss Compson also began their careers in low comedy and evolved into dramatic artists. Betty Compson's work in "The Miracle Man" would have won her an Academy award if that institution hod existed when the picture was made.

When I interviewed Miss Compson in 1933, she said in explanation of her lost popularity, "The public grew tired of me because I appeared in too many pictures in the some year." Gloria Swanson in her Paramount days equaled Betty's record and still held her public. In that phase of her career Gloria was the Joan Crawford of to-day. Like Joan, she has the dramatic instinct for clothes.

Having exhausted her resources for presenting her adoring but fickle public with variety in modern dress, Glorio went to France to make the costume picture, "Madame Sans-Gêne." Incidentally, during the making of this picture Gloria married the Marquis de la Falaise. The first movie queen to capture a foreign title. The clever Gloria returned home not only with a title but a new screen face in her rôle of Napoleon's laundress.

She followed "Sans-Gêne" with another character rôle, "Sadie Thompson." And when the public had tired of Gloria in character rôles she drew another personality from her bag of tricks. This time it was the prima donna of "To-night or Never."

You may call it versatility or whatever you like, but I call it good showmanship. Like the world's greatest showman, P. T. Barnum, she knows the secret of holding the attention of the American public.

Showmanship, the ability to be spectacular, like the ort of make-up and costuming, is an essential part of histrionic art.

Colleen Moore made the Dutch bob famous. In foct, those bangs hanging over Colleen's big, brown eyes were about the cutest things thot ever flashed across the screen until we had seen them once too often. Then we wanted to snip them off. They made and unmade the little star. No, it was not the talkies which ousted Colleen from her queenly throne, it was too much of the bangs.

Norma Shearer is a shining example of how an actress can hold the capricious public by presenting a new personality through surface changes. And this is not a reflection on her art. I don't believe she has ever surpassed her work in "He Who Gets Slapped," one of the first pictures she made after graduating from the quickies of the East to major rôles in California.

In the first place, Norma is a commonplace type. Wholesome and pretty, but in a way the girl next

Continued on page 90

Norma Shearer has enjoyed stardom ten years. The reason is found in her constant changes. Compare her in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," below, with her rôle in "He Who Gets Slapped," at the right.

THIS FARMER

Here Henry Fonda is seen with Rochelle Hudson in "Way Down East," which is expected to set forth Mr. Fonda's unusual appeal to fans even more emphatically than in his first picture, "The Farmer Takes a Wife."

KNOWS his ONIONS

Henry Fonda planted cautiously, tended his crops and now is reaping the harvest of whirlwind success after appearing in only one film. You will want to know all there is to know about this important newcomer, and here it is.

By
William H. McKegg

JANET GAYNOR'S new leading man."

"Margaret Sullavan's ex-husband."

They were the only comments Hollywood had to make at the appearance of Henry Fonda. He was summed up in two sentences. Eight words in all.

Instead of giving them something to call attention his way, Henry remained quiet. But it seemed obvious to the discerning that he had a card up his sleeve.

Now, after his first six months in the film capital, considerably more than a few words are needed to describe him. Some studio circles were aware of his having been in the Broadway stage production of "The Farmer Takes a Wife." Quite a few others, on hearing this, said, "The stage is not the screen." Then waited for the worst to happen.

With the showing of the picture version they were forced to alter their opinions. If there were stubborn ones in the mob, they could stick to their ideas about the newcomer. But all had to admit that Henry Fonda knew his job and did it.

He did it so well that Fox signed him for a second picture, once more with Janet Gaynor. "Way Down East" went under way, until Janet had an accident on the set. Rochelle Hudson replaced her. But the decision still held good about Henry being in the picture. Every one seems happy about it now.

Except, I might add, RKO, who are anxious for him to fulfill his contract with them as costar with Lily Pons in her film début, "Love Song."

That's what was worrying Henry when I dropped in to see him. We had met before and didn't stand on ceremony. He did not have to be wary or cautious. He knew he could say what he thought. And he did.

"I wish this picture would end," he said, alluding to "Way Down East." He was not cheerful. He was annoyed, and wanted me to share his annoyance.

"They are waiting for me at RKO, and I can't expect them to wait indefinitely. I really could go now, for after this sequence I am not needed. But the studio is holding me. I have to stand by in case of retakes. I'm afraid that when I do get to play with Miss Pons I won't know what the picture is all about. The others have had several weeks' start on me."

It was the penalty of popularity, I told him. But even that did not liven Henry. He is no novice at acting, having been at it for seven years out of his thirty. That's why he's his own safeguard against flattery. He's known all the heartaches and small glories of the theater world.

One regret has never left him. His mother always longed to see him on Broadway—a real actor, with his name in lights. She often foretold the event. And it is only natural for any actor to make good for his parents' sake. But Henry's mother passed away just a few weeks before he was cast for his big Broadway break.

Just before I spoke to him this last time, he'd flown to Iowa to see his father, who was ill and not expected to live. So it seems that his dad is not to see his success on the screen.

These little ironies of fate disturb Henry Fonda. He never speaks of them to strangers. But they crash down on him with thunderous weight. They make him guarded and secretive about all things, even about himself.

Nevertheless, Henry worked like a Trojan. The day before, he had to swim in the river, filled with blocks of floating ice—all stage properties, but the water was real. He dove and swam, now down, now up. Leaping

Continued on page 64

Critics and fans pronounce Henry Fonda a fine, unassuming actor, and a natural personality that will last long on the screen.

HOLLYWOOD

A tree of tiny mirrors, with drooping boughs of crystal, is the exquisite setting for a ballet in "Broadway Melody of 1936."

Lily Pons is something new in prima donnas. She's as cute in a bathing suit as she is in the robes of a grand opera heroine. You'll see her in "Love Song."

By Edwin and Elza Schallert

WHAT is the future of Janet Gaynor? This question rises above all others at the moment. Her dressing room at the Twentieth Century-Fox studio was recently given over to Ronald Colman. The stanch impresario of her career, Winfield R. Sheehan, recently resigned from the organization. She herself has never worked for any other company. She has led one of the most sheltered lives among stars, and been queen of the lot besides. The Twentieth Century-Fox merger has brought on entirely new régime of management. They may have different ideas about her pictures.

One can't tell yet what's going to happen with Janet, because after her retirement from the cast of "Way Down East," owing to her famous head-on collision with Henry Fonda, she went to Hawaii for a long sojourn. She's not expected to appear in another film until about the first of the New Year.

Katharine Hepburn shingles her hair for her masquerade as a boy in "Sylvia Scarlett." It is the most severe hair cut since Anna Q. Nilsson's "Ponjola" bob. Remember? Photo by Wide World

Paul Cavanagh, everybody's favorite Englishman, is all set to play opposite Miriam Hopkins in "Splendor."

HIGH LIGHTS

Skimming the studio world for morsels of news, gossip and comment.

Her box-office popularity is terrific, but that has its advantages and disadvantages. Stars who reach the peak often drop into sudden obscurity, unless they are kept right there by the most skillful manipulations. So hers will be a mighty interesting case to watch in the near future.

The Rogers Tragedy.—Fate seems to have struck peculiarly in the Twentieth Century-Fox organization. For Will Rogers was one of their stars, though he never made a picture under the company's new nabobs. His tragic death left two films unreleased, in which approximately $1,000,000 was invested. What's going to happen to these films in the theaters? Fundamentally, audiences don't like to look at stars who have passed on, yet Rudolph Valentino was an exception. His posthumous pictures made money, and even old ones were revived. Valentino's films were romantic and serious; those of Rogers stress comedy.

Will his throng of followers, for he was the male box-office champion before his death, enjoy the strange reviving of his personality and his humor, or will the fact that he is on the screen touch them too deeply to permit of such enjoyment?

Great discretion is being used in the actual releasing of the films because of this delicate situation.

The Loy Revolt.—Myrna Loy's salary revolt met with greatly mixed reactions in Hollywood when it occurred. The star was receiving $1,500 a week, and had been negotiating for an increase to $3,000 for some time. Then the company took her off salary when she went to Europe, saying they had notified her that she should come back to work. Whereupon she announced that her contract had been terminated by their action.

Of course, $3,000 a week sounds like a lot of money, though naturally, Myrna receives it only forty weeks in the year. Also, her salary doesn't compare with some of the others demanded and paid in Hollywood. For example, Sylvia Sidney's contracts were being negotiated just about the same time at around $6,000 a week. Between the popularity of the two, Myrna would seem to have an edge. The main trouble was that an issue

Continued on page 88

Photo by International

There's nothing like a divorce for bringing out the loveliness of a star's face. Nancy Carroll never looked prettier than when she hopped off to Reno. Yes, she got her divorce.

That radio broadcast of "China Seas," which everybody enjoyed, found Rosalind Russell, Clark Gable, and Jean Harlow delighted with the messages of congratulation they received.

Photo by Wide World

Dick Powell as he appears in the rôle of "Lysander" in "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

A BACHELOR BUDGETS HIS

Being one of the higher paid stars of the screen, besides earning a neat sum from radio activities, Dick Powell might well live in luxury. But good common sense manifested itself even when it came to a specially built home of his own. Give the boy credit.

By Maude Lathem

DICK POWELL, as you likely know, is one of the most popular young men on the screen to-day. For his picture work, he draws a weekly salary running into four figures. In addition, he is allowed to make his own radio contracts, besides which he has several weeks off each year to make personal appearances or do a stage production. Enough to delight the heart of any actor!

Yet he lives exactly as he lived when he made five hundred dollars a month.

"If I were making five thousand a day, my manner of living would not change in the least," he said. "As the salary increases, however, one is able to look after a few more relatives and friends."

Few players have gone to Hollywood as well fortified as Dick and as little likely to "go Hollywood." You see, he had already been inoculated. Being master of ceremonies at the Stanley Theater in Pittsburgh, Dick not only became a habit with theater-

The especially made bed in Dick's own bedroom, to the left, which boasts of every convenience, even a radio-victrola.

goers. He become a croze! Thousonds of women, ond men, too, flocked to heor him. Hundreds woited for outogrophs. So when this experience wos repeoted in Hollywood on o lorger scole, he didn't lose his perspective.

Even in Pittsburgh, he wos eorning seven hundred ond fifty dollors o week, ond thot's o good solary in ony business, so you con't point to Dick ond soy "He couldn't earn a dime in onything except pictures."

As o motter of foct, this young mon sow so clearly the future of sound pictures thot he occepted o controct with Warners ot four hundred ond fifty dollors a week less than he wos eorning. His present controct proves how right his judgment wos.

But I wonted to pin him down to octuol focts obout how he uses his time ond his money.

"I don't octuolly budget either my time or my money," he replied, "if you ore referring to the doy or the week, but I do budget both for the yeor. My time and my expenditures hove to be flexible, else I would be bound by my own rules."

This mode me wonder if he were fooling himself, os mony before him hove done, but soon he convinced me thot he knew exoctly whot he wos doing.

"In the motter of time," he odded, "there is none wasted. But I chonge my schedule eoch doy. I broodcost only one night eoch week, so I hove more leisure on some doys thon others. I couldn't pretend to soy eoch doy 'I'll ride two miles to-doy; I'll ploy nine holes of golf to-morrow, ond ot three this ofternoon I'll leorn my lines for rodio; ot four I'll hove o cup of teo; ot six I'll write my mother ond ot seven I'll feed my dogs, ond so on.' Any octor who tells you he works out thot kind of budget is crozy. It con't be done in the picture business. I think there even must be flexibility of one's purpose; otherwise one might be cheated out of a greoter good thon might hove come to him.

Though he has two servants, Dick likes to putter around the kitchen and try his hand at making a cake once in a while.

"But this much I do: I keep o list of oll the things thot ore ohead of me and os neorly os possible I toke core of them in the order of their importonce. This is the extent to which I budget my time. But, in addition, I toke on inventory ot the end of the month, ond if I find that I have slipped up on something importont, I don't do thot the following month. I am likely to pay no ottention whotever to recreotion, so I hove to check myself up on thot."

Dick hos just built himself o home, the first one he hos actuolly owned in Colifornio, ond naturolly this hos given rise to the inference thot he is thinking of morrioge, notwithstonding thot there are more bochelor domiciles in Hollywood thon olmost ony other city.

We hove to toke this house into consideration. Did Dick lose his head in building it? Did he tie himself up in o monner thot might couse him to lose it all, if ond when his contract is ended? Did he build to outdo his neighbors? Did he pay more for his lot thon the overoge mon con sove in a lifetime?

He did none of these things.

The fashionoble districts of Beverly Hills, Bei Air, ond Holmby Hills will see none of Dick Powell. Insteod, he bought o "level" lot, 260 x 220, surrounded by beoutiful full-grown English wolnut trees, in the Toluca Loke estotes. The lot, his house, ond his furnishings, have cost him for less than such o lot olone would have cost him in the more foshionoble districts. Don't minimize the importonce of this locotion, though, for lots neor by on the loke front sell for ten thousond dollors ond Dick has for his neighbors the Richord Arlens, the Bing Crosbys, Jim Tully, Virginia Bruce, Mory Brion, ond others.

The house is not built for disploy. It is o whitewoshed brick, somewhot on the Monterey style, oll built on one floor, even the outside of the severol goroges oppearing os o continuo-

LIFE

Dick is happy because he knows that his house and everything in it have all been paid for.

Photo by Fryer

Dick says he is willing to work hard now and save his money to be assured of economic independence later on.

tion of one side of the house. There are three bedrooms and baths, a large living room and dining room, a library, a commodious kitchen, butler's pantry, and three servants' rooms.

The entire place is definitely masculine, except the guest room, which is decidedly feminine. This room is done very simply in blue and white. The twin beds, dressing table and chest of drawers are white, with a suggestion of gold antique trimming. The rug is solid white like whipcord and the curtains are blue-and-white-striped material, looking for all the world like denim but actually of a very heavy silk. But even here there are no gold moiré silk walls nor beds with ermine spreads. The adjoining dressing room and bath are done in pastel shades to match. The bathroom fixtures are chromium, in startling contrast to those of Corinne Griffith and Jeon Harlow, in solid gold.

Dick's own bathroom was given particulor attention, for he wanted a place for everything and had the shelves built of tile instead of glass. At one end of his bathtub is a shower and at the other an electric cabinet. The doors of both are of frosted glass with original marine designs. The triple mirror over his dressing table has daylight lighting, as he often makes up at home.

His dining room is French provincial, with curtains of heavy gold and black, and lighting fixtures of especiolly designed pewter. The kitchen is filled with things that Dick designed himself.

The living-room is large, with comfortable furniture and homy glazed chintz draperies. Couches, desks, lamps, and occasional chairs give this a very livable air. His own bedroom is distinguished mostly by the enormous, especially built bed, at the head of which there are all sorts of receptacles, book cases, a telephone booth, a radio-victrola. It is one of those extra wide beds for which everything has to be made to order.

There is a swimming pool, a Badminton court, a play room, where he has a punching bag, as well as a piano for practice when needed.

This is a sketchy outline of his home, but it is given to show that he has built a house such as he would have constructed on a fair salary were he a business man in Arkansas, his home town.

Dick loves animals but he allows himself only a few dogs, some birds, and a couple of broken-down polo ponies. The studio will not allow him to play polo any more, but he practices a bit on his own lot. He has enough space to raise chickens and would like to do so, but that would mean another man and he intends to have his place run entirely by one couple, a Jopanese and his wife. He pays them one hundred and twenty-five dollars a month, though many of his neighbors are getting good cooks for thirty dollars.

There are dozens of players who think no house can be run on less than seven servants. Dick never wants a home to become a burden

Continued on page 92

Photo by Elmer Fryer

DOLORES DEL RIO

COLORFUL, glowing, vivid—these are adjectives most used to describe Del Rio. They are all good, though overworked, words. But there are others that may be accurately applied to her. She is more exquisite and fragile off screen than on, more elegant and reserved and distinguished. But if you love her for her screen self, you will see it in "I Live For Love."

WHO SAID

"I didn't come to Hollywood to say silly things for the magazines and pose for silly publicity pictures," says Margaret Sullavan. "I came to act." She certainly has acted, and no one could call this photograph silly. It's charming.

This revealing description of Margaret Sullavan, the girl who refuses to be spied upon by press or public, is not to justify her attitude but to bring you closer to the realness of an important actress.

By Jeanne de Kolty

Miss Sullavan believes in doing as she pleases, not acting to please others. She is exquisitely feminine, but on occasion can be more of a tomboy than most men.

MARGARET SULLAVAN, gorbed in sailed slacks ond on old sweater, fishing for her dinner.

Morgaret Sullavon, curled up behind a set reading o baak.

Morgaret Sullavan, chatting with prap bays and grips ond running away in annayonce fram prying fans and publicity writers.

Such are the things you will see if you ever happen to be working with the star wha won instant success in her first picture and is still on the woy up.

Sa mony things have been written about the Sullavan private life; her love affairs, her elusiveness. Sa little has been written obaut the real Morgaret.

There is only ane woy to know this girl. That is ta wark with her, to see her on the set and ot ease day after day, to tolk with her.

Hoving just returned fram location an "Sa Red the Rose," Margaret's lotest picture, I am convinced that thase in Hollywood who know her best are her cawarkers.

The myth af her elusiveness is pish, tosh ond balderdash to her friends. It is simply the pipe dream of a magazine writer wha, seeking an interview, met with disappaintment. More than anything else, Margoret hates ta hove her personol life scrutinized.

"I didn't came to Hollywaad to say silly things for the mogazines and pase far silly publicity pictures," she exploins. "I came here to act."

There is nothing elusive abaut the actress as for as her fellaw-workers are concerned. She will spend hours discussing her beloved New Yark with a lowly assistont prap boy, but may shun same one who has reached the heights. She selects her ocquointances for what they are, not for the jabs they hald.

HIGH HAT?

On the "So Red the Rose" set she was particularly friendly with the girls who handled her wardrobe and make-up. They spent hours of labor in making her as beautiful and charming as possible, and Margaret truly appreciated their efforts.

One evening she invited a group of wardrobe women to her cottage on location. Headquarters for the company were at lovely Lake Malibu, and the main portion of the troupe was stationed at a hunting lodge while Margaret and a few others were given private cottages on the surrounding hillsides.

Margaret wore slacks and blouses when not on the set. "I'm having so much fun," she told the girls. "This cottage is grand. It's so far away from everything that I can be just as dirty and comfortable as I wish and nobody near to stare at me. If it gets too noisy down at the lodge, why don't you girls come up and stay with me? You'll love it!"

The girls, who had never before met Sullavan, were amazed at this obviously sincere and enthusiastic invitation. Before beginning the picture they had heard all the current stories of the star's temperament and unfriendliness. That she was warm, generous and considerate proved a pleasant surprise. Naturally, she was their darling for the rest of the time, and got even more service than before.

When not working she dresses simply, hates being fussed over, and prefers doing things for herself rather than having a maid always within call. She gladly autographs fan photos for studio mail boys, but may turn down the request of a visiting celebrity.

She believes in doing as she pleases, not acting to please others.

Once she was working at the Universal "back ranch" near the Los Angeles river bed. A group of boys came wading, barefoot, up the river. Coming into sight of the set, they stopped, abashed at the presence of the famous Miss Sullavan. Margaret promptly engaged them in conversation, took off her shoes and stockings, lifted her skirts and waded into the river to join them.

Such incidents may be responsible for her reputation as "unusual" and "peculiar," but actually they prove her genuineness. If she wants to wade and is not busy in a scene, why shouldn't she? It's her business, and she doesn't expect her every action to be flaunted before the public. After all, wading is fun!

She is one of the most definite personalities on the screen. She knows what she wants and demands it. Whatever she does, she takes seriously. She works at her work, and when she is finished she makes a point of enjoying her leisure. She hates idleness.

When she is called to the set at eight o'clock she expects to begin shooting immediately, not sit around hours waiting for something to happen. Contrary to the popular belief that she is hard to handle, she is gentle and tractable, except when she feels she is not being fairly treated. Then she can give as stirring an exhibition of anger and disgust as ever you saw.

The high quality of Margaret's pictures is in many ways due to her own efforts. To date she has starred in three released films: "Only Yesterday," "Little Man, What N

Sullavan is gentle and tractable except when she feels she is not being fairly treated. Then she can give as stirring an exhibition of anger and disgust as ever you saw.

THUMBNAIL

"A Midsummer Night's Dream."

"Anna Karenina."

"A Midsummer Night's Dream."—Warners. Ravishing spectacle, human comedy and marvelous technical achievement make Shakespeare's fantasy gloriously memorable. Every one in it is to be envied for his part in a milestone in the advancement of the screen. Don't shy away because it is Shakespeare. It is Shakespeare, of course—with Mendelssohn's immortal music—but it is not Shakespearean. There's a vast difference. It is neither highbrow nor arty. It is gay, lilting, rollicking and simple because Max Reinhardt has clarified and humanized it. The spectator is held by a smoothly flowing continuity, dazzled by Reinhardt's imagination and absorbed in his tutoring of players accustomed to far different acting. But gorgeous as scenes and costumes are, spectacle is never permitted to overwhelm character nor to subordinate speech. Every performance is notable. Many are surprising. And the boy Mickey Rooney's "Puck" is truly astonishing.

"Anna Karenina."—MGM. Garbo's greatness as supreme star of the screen is here exhibited for all who have eyes to see, ears to hear and imagination to be stirred. And, as always, the play is made to seem less important than the talent. It is the old story of the tempting, yielding wife. So old, indeed, that it served Garbo before she broke her silence and lapsed into her present perfect speech. Then it was called "Love." The new version is more interesting because it is more painstakingly done, speech giving it new refinements and subtleties. Meticulous costumes and settings complete a marvelous reproduction of St. Petersburg society in the '70s. But dignified acting doesn't altogether disguise the Russian "East Lynne."

"Top Hat."—RKO. So delightful that it seems to top all their prior efforts, the new picture which stars Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire lilts, amuses and dazzles. Strange that no one else has achieved this quality and mood in musical films, isn't it? Sophistication without striving, grace and smoothness minus strain or self-consciousness. Everything blends, holds together and flows as suavely as a fine old cordial. Never mind the story. It is typical of other Rogers-Astaire films. Which means that it is light and right. The songs are even gayer and better than usual and the background for the climactic dance number, "The Piccolino," is superb, as is the dance itself. This picture is as festive as a perfect Christmas.

"Annapolis Farewell."—Paramount. This is Sir Guy Standing's picture. Splendidly he dominates it, completely he runs away with it. Ostensibly it's about youth in training at the United States Naval Academy. As such, it echoes all the other West Point and Annapolis films. It has the boyish cad, his noble roommate and the plain-faced comic working out their respective destinies in words of one syllable, with a palely drawn ingénue somewhere about. It is all conventionally naïve, all indubitably appealing to the majority. But Sir Guy plays a real character that appeals to the mind and emotions. He is "Commander Fitzhugh," retired, who lives in the past when the Battle of Manila Bay brought him renown and President McKinley congratulated him. How Sir Guy makes the picture a personal triumph is worth seeing.

"The Gay Deception."—Fox. A delightfully frothy comedy elaborately and tastefully produced brings forth Francis Lederer and Frances Dee at their best, which happens to be very fine indeed. They are concerned in a light, mocking romance that is irresistibly appealing. The story is reminiscent of O. Henry. Miss Dee, passing herself off as an heiress, is impudently courted by a good-

"Annapolis Farewell."

REVIEWS By Norbert Lusk

"The Gay Deception."

"The Crusades."

looking bell boy who happens to be a prince learning the hotel business from the bottom up. The picture combines dash and charm to an unusual degree and should please everybody, especially those who have waited for Mr. Lederer to get a real break.

"The Crusades."—Paramount. Cecil DeMille's unique talent for generalship, pomp, pageantry and minute detail finds outlet in a costly spectacle that disappoints. It lacks the human touch, the throb of life, though it certainly is physically impressive, especially in the crashing battle scenes when the forces of Christianity and Islam meet in twelfth-century warfare. And again when hordes of armored horsemen come together at full speed with terrific impact. But the story that inspires these spectacles is dull and the characters never awaken curiosity or capture imagination. This is the most pretentious of current pictures—and "pretentious" is exactly the word that describes it—but for all its magnificence it is disturbingly old-fashioned.

"Alice Adams."—RKO. It took that great story-teller, Booth Tarkington, to give Katharine Hepburn what was needed for her peculiar genius. His novel provides her with material as appealing as "Morning Glory" and "Little Women." With extraordinary feeling and sympathy Miss Hepburn brings to life a heroine who is a composite of girls everywhere. A small-town belle, pinched by poverty, inhibited by dreams she cannot realize, she makes a grand play for a handsome newcomer, the climax of her maneuvers coming at a family dinner. Laughable yet heartbreaking, it is human nature written by a master and acted by a star. Yes, Katie gets her man.

"Diamond Jim."—Universal. Recapturing the lush life of the '90s with authentic feeling for the fullness of the period, especially on gaslit Broadway, this is as hearty as a circus. Interest centers on the fabulous figure of James Buchanan Brady, nicknamed "Diamond Jim," splendidly visualized by Edward Arnold. His shrewdness in finance, his passion for diamonds for personal adornment and his huge appetite are exploited in a partly fictional account of a colorful life sentimentalized for the screen.

"In Old Kentucky."—Fox. Clean, honest, wholesome comedy clipping along at a fast pace is what will endear this picture to fans of the lamented Will Rogers. They will find it one of his best. It is a modernized version of the old play that thrilled your fathers—or was it grandfathers?—in the middle '90s. Then it had the slightly shocking innovation of a heroine named "Madge"—she's renamed "Nancy" now—donning the trousers of a jockey and riding a horse to victory. She still does, but it isn't Dorothy Wilson's pants that entertain so much as the unexpected and magnificent surprise that comes at the end of her triumphant ride. Only the marvel of the screen could do this.

"Accent on Youth."—Paramount. Herbert Marshall, a playwright in his forties, is in love with his girlish secretary, Sylvia Sidney, without knowing it. She must go on the stage, marry Phillip Reed and become tired of an athletic nitwit of a husband before Mr. Marshall wakes up—and she has to tell him then. Ernest Cossart, of the stage, is capital as an English butler. But the picture is talk, talk, talk.

"The Return of Peter Grimm."—RKO. Don't think that this is a spooky subject or that it has to do with the usual spiritualistic manifestations. It is tender, touching and very human, serious but not gloomy. A kindly old

"Alice Adams."

"Diamond Jim."

THUMBNAIL

"In Old Kentucky."

"Accent on Youth."

horticulturist argues with his cronies about life after death and vows that the end of his physical life will not prevent his communicating with them. When he does die he becomes aware of much that he did not know in life, his mistakes and the dangers that threaten his loved ones. Desperately he tries to speak, to warn, as he stands near, seeing all but unseen by those who love his memory. This picture is notable for restraint, taste and acting that is sound and true.

"The Irish In Us."—Warners. James Cagney and Pat O'Brien, brothers, the latter a policeman, are in love with Olivia de Havilland, daughter of a police captain. Constantly at odds, their homy mother acts as peacemaker, matchmaker, presiding genius of a turbulent household. The brothers become estranged when Mr. Cagney wins out over Mr. O'Brien as Miss de Havilland's choice. A rousing prizefight ends the feud when Mr. O'Brien steps into the ring and pinch hits for Mr. Cagney. The familiar story becomes lifelike, touching, exciting, because of feeling, understanding and skill in writing, direction and acting.

"Page Miss Glory."—Warners. Marion Davies's reëntry into the arena has her the heroine of a rollicking comedy with obvious, though amusing, values, the result wholly pleasing and the star's gift for the farcical as admirable as usual. She is a plain maid at a hotel and is forced into nation-wide fame as the original of a prize-winning composite photograph labeled "Dawn Glory," a sly promoter glimpsing her in an exquisite gown belonging to a guest and deciding on the deception. A dashing aviator, Dick Powell, falls in love with the newly discovered beauty and everything is rosy make-believe.

"Without Regret."—Paramount. Elissa Landi appears in a murder mystery, playing with elegance a rôle once assumed by Evelyn Brent in the same story when it was entitled "Interference." Miss Landi is the ultra-conservative wife of Paul Cavanagh, a great London physician who has just been knighted. Newspaper pictures of her inspire an adventuress, Frances Drake, to blackmail her on the score of her former marriage to a man who still lives. She calls on the adventuress and her husband comes to settle the score, each without the other's knowledge. Then the villainess is found dead. Evidence points to the two visitors, and the mystery is cleared up after a good deal of talk. All this is heavy drama and not particularly interesting, except for excellent acting.

"The Farmer Takes a Wife."—Fox. Quaint charm, but not too much of it, makes the unusual background of the Erie Canal in 1853 interesting, and fine acting raises the picture to importance. Slight though full of character, the story tells of the gentle conflict between Janet Gaynor, born on the canal and loving it, and Henry Fonda whose love of the soil causes him to work on the canal only long enough to earn money to buy a farm. Time proves to Miss Gaynor that settling down with Mr. Fonda means more to her than being hauled from place to place. Miss Gaynor's best performance to date competes with the reserved and unassuming acting of the newcomer who, fortunately, will be seen often from now on.

"China Seas."—MGM. Good, open-faced melodrama passionately acted, has Clark Gable and Jean Harlow nagging and snarling at each other to prove a great love. She is the notorious "China Doll" and he is a dissipated, hard-boiled skipper whose ship carries gold and colorful passengers from Hongkong to Singapore, with Wallace Beery aboard and in league with lurking pirates. Miss Harlow, jealous of Rosalind Russell, steals the key to the ship's arsenal and gives it to Mr. Beery. The pirates are blown up, the treasure saved, and somehow Miss Harlow's betrayal qualifies her for marriage to Mr. Gable.

"The Return of Peter Grimm."

"The Irish In Us."

REVIEWS

A glance tells what may be found in current films.

"Page Miss Glory."

"Without Regret."

"Bright Lights."—Warners. The institutional Joe E. Brown energetically stars in a piece that is a medley of many familiar stories. He is the comedian of small-time vaudeville who "makes" Broadway, falls hard for its lures and neglects his pretty wife for a society amateur actress. Discovering his mistake, he tries madly to retrieve a letter he has mailed to his wife telling her of his preference for the other girl. The most original episode has Mr. Brown locked out of the theater on the night of his opening and having to pay $20 to gain entrance through the front door. Though often funny, he gives a curious exhibition of immodest acting.

"The Keeper of the Bees."—Monogram. Gene Stratton-Porter's stories are simple, direct, and through their virtual absence of plot they achieve a quality of naturalness that more calculated stories often lack. This is adapted from one of the most popular of them and expresses the talent and ideals of the author in terms that every one can understand. The picture is unexciting, of course, but the narrative holds the spectator and is well acted. A soldier gassed in the War overhears the doctors say that he has but six months to live. He determines to have a riotous time in the short span left him. He stumbles into a garden where "The Bee Master," an old man, is dying and the responsibility of tending the bees is forced on the soldier. Clean air, wholesome living, and unselfishness bring him health, strength, romance, and new life altogether. Neil Hamilton, as the hero, gives his soundest and most ingratiating performance in a long time.

"Orchids to You."—Fox. Jean Muir, smartly gowned and cool-mannered florist who delivers her orders in transparent boxes, becomes aware that the wife of her favorite customer, John Boles, is carrying on an intrigue with Harvey Stephens. He sends her orchids daily at five. In the language of flowers at this shop, orchids mean illicit passion. But Miss Muir refuses to tell in the divorce court. Mr. Boles finds out, though, and you are thankful for the end.

"Dante's Inferno."—Fox. This inferno is a side show at Coney Island presided over by Spencer Tracy who begins as a barker and progresses to the biggest shot on the midway. He is fast-talking, unscrupulous, money-mad. Flimsily built, the inferno collapses and kills many, but Mr. Tracy escapes the penalty and turns his attention to a gambling ship. Fire breaks out on the opening night, Mr. Tracy discovers his infant son aboard and redeems himself by saving the lives of some of the passengers. Penitent, he supposedly settles down to legitimate work. Constant action, spectacular settings and Mr. Tracy's good acting give life and interest to this.

"Curly Top."—Fox. Shirley Temple takes Al Jolson's indorsement of himself, "the world's greatest entertainer," and makes it her own. And without effort, either. She's immense in her antidote to "Our Little Girl." A winsome inmate of an orphanage, she is adopted by John Boles, a trustee, who takes along Rochelle Hudson, her sister, too, pretending that he is acting for "Mr. Jones." Besides singing, dancing, and impersonating a débutante, a bride, and a grandmother as well as a number of characters in famous paintings, Miss Temple busily arranges a match between Mr. Boles and Miss Hudson.

"Mad Love."—MGM. Peter Lorre, star of "M" and "The Man Who Knew Too Much," is an insane surgeon in his first Hollywood venture. The husband of the woman he loves loses his hands in a railroad wreck. "Doctor Gogol's" revenge for the wife's repulses is to graft the hands of a knife-throwing criminal onto her sensitive pianist-husband's wrists. Fantastically, he has the impulse to hurl knives and "Gogol" causes him to believe that he is a murderer. Ingenious, if artificial, but absorbing always.

"The Farmer Takes a Wife."

"China Seas."

All photos by Bull

LOOKING at LUISE

By Mark Dowling

Minus the mask of glamour so often associated with newly imported stars, Luise Rainer startles by being a definite personality of a brand-new kind. This is an intimate glimpse of her colorful self.

Since her amazing reception in "Escapade," Miss Rainer has become the newest addition to Hollywood's brilliant roster of stars.

Luise's soft round face has a little-girl charm in its varying moods.

As Miss Rainer appears in "Escapade," her first American film.

SHE'S o hoyden, with nane af the self-consciausness of a Hepburn. Reviewers lavished praises an her first screen rôle, crying "Rainer occlaimed the Bergner af light comedy!" "o dark and flashing type," "a find without question," "Bergner in scherzo mood." Personolly, she is even more colorful.

Already Hollywood is repeoting, in whispers, omusing stories obout her, proving her a personolity which has landed. The time she went ta May Rabsan's birthdoy party. Other guests braught boxes af archids. Rainer struggled through the crowd for holf on hour before she could reoch the guest af honor. Then she thrust out o firm little hond, clutching three rother wilted flowers from her own garden. "For you I peek them!" she soid shyly.

At o luncheon given for one of Hollywood's most glomorous beouties, she filled, startlingly, that pause after cocktails when every one sizes up every ane else. Mostly, the ladies were sizing up Lo Rainer.

"Vy ore you not in chail?" she demanded suddenly of the guest of honor.

It turned out that she had reod something of the lady being orrested for speeding, ond had reolly expected her to be thrown into the nearest hoosegow.

Such toles hove olreody endeored her to those who con recoll the fiery, colorful doys of Negri ond Swonson ond other stors who weren't ofroid to be whot they chose.

Seeking the individuol behind the onecdotes, you hove ta visit her home in Sonto Monico, a large, cothedrollike ploce with high wolls ond huge windows looking out onto o gorden which is wild, spocious, and unkempt, with tall eucolyptus trees shivering in the solt breeze.

(Continued on page 66)

CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES

"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM"—Warners. From the play by William Shakespeare. Adapted for the screen by Charles Kenyon and Mary C. McCall, Jr. Directed by Max Reinhardt.

CAST:

Thescus, Duke of Athens.....Ian Hunter
Egens, Father of Hermia.....Grant Mitchell
Lysander.....Dick Powell
Demetrius.....Ross Alexander
Philostrate, Master of the Revels
Hobart Cavanaugh
Quince, a Carpenter.....Frank McHugh
Snug, a Joiner.....Dewey Robinson
Bottom, a Weaver.....James Cagney
Flute, a Bellows-mender.....Joe E. Brown
Snout, a Tinker.....Hugh Herbert
Starveling, a Tailor.....Otis Harlan
Hippolyta, Queen of the Amazons
Verree Teasdale
Hermia.....Olivia de Haviland
Helena.....Jean Muir
Oberon, King of the Fairies.....Victor Jory
Titania, Queen of the Fairies...Anita Louise
Puck.....Mickey Rooney
First Fairy.....Nini Theilade
Mustardseed.....Billy Barty
Ninny's Tomb.....Arthur Treacher

"ANNA KARENINA"—MGM. From the novel by Count Leo Tolstoy. Screen story by Clemence Dane and Salka Viertel. Directed by Clarence Brown.

CAST:

Anna Karenina.....Greta Garbo
Vronsky.....Fredric March
Kitty.....Maureen O'Sullivan
Countess Vronsky.....May Robson
Lidia.....Constance Collier
Stephan.....Reginald Owen
Sergie.....Freddie Bartholomew
Karenin.....Basil Rathbone
Dolly.....Phoebe Foster
Yashwin.....Reginald Denny
Levin.....Gyles Isham
Grisha.....Buster Phelps
Anna's Maid.....Ella Ethridge
Vronsky's Valet.....Sidney Bruce
Tania.....Cora Sue Collins
Butler.....Olaf Hytten
Butler.....Joe E. Tozer
Tutor.....Guy D'Ennery
Cord.....Harry Allen
Princess Kartasoff.....Ethel Griffies
Matve.....Harry Beresford
Governess.....Sarah Padden

"TOP HAT"—RKO. Screen story by Dwight Taylor and Allan Scott. From the adaptation by Karl Noti, Alexander Farago, and Aladar Laszlo. Directed by Mark Sandrich.

CAST:

Jerry Travers.....Fred Astaire
Dale Tremont.....Ginger Rogers
Horace Hardwick....Edward Everett Horton
Madge.....Helen Broderick
Alberto.....Erik Rhodes
Bates.....Eric Blore

"DIAMOND JIM"—Universal. From the biography by Parker Morell. Adapted by Harry Clork and Doris Malloy. Screen story by Preston Sturges. Directed by Edward Sutherland.

CAST:

"Diamond Jim" Brady.....Edward Arnold
Emma Perry.....Jean Arthur
Jane Matthews.....Jean Arthur
Lillian Russell.....Binnie Barnes
Jerry Richardson.....Cesar Romero
Horsley.....Hugh O'Connell
Pawnbroker.....George Sidney
Harry Hill.....William Demarest
Sampson Fox.....Eric Blore
A. E. Moore.....Robert McWade
Mrs. Perry.....Maidel Turner
John L. Sullivan (as a young man)
Bill Hoolahahn
Secretary to Horsley.....Fred Kelsey
Drunk.....Otis Harlan
Station Agent.....Charles Sellon
Railroad President.....Henry Kolker
Brady (as a boy).....George Ernest
Physician.....Purnell Pratt
Brady's Mother.....Helen Brown
Brady's Father.....Robert Emmet O'Connor
Bartender.....Lew Kelley
Jewelers.....Albert Conti, Armand Kaliz
Also: Dorothy Granger, Dot Farley, Barbara Barondess, Arthur Housman, Matt McHugh, Del Henderson, Irving Bacon, Mary Wallace, Richard Tucker, John Miltern.

"ANNAPOLIS FAREWELL"—Paramount. From a story by Stephen Avery. Screen play by Dale Avery and Frank Craven. Directed by Alexander Hall.

CAST:

Commander Fitzhugh.....Sir Guy Standing
Madeline Deming.....Rosalind Keith
Morton "Click" Haley.....Tom Brown
Boyce Avery.....Richard Cromwell
Duncan Haley.....John Howard
Zimmer.....Benny Baker
Miranda.....Louise Beavers
Doctor Bryant.....Samuel S. Hinds
Jim Stockton.....Richard Brodus
Porter.....John Darrow
Adams.....Ben Alexander
Commodore Briggs.....Minor Watson
Clayton Beale.....Oscar Rudolph
Inspection Officer.....Frank Losee
"Bumboat" Charlie.....William Collier, Sr.

"THE CRUSADES"—Paramount. Screen story by Harold Lamb, Waldemar Young, and Dudley Nichols. Directed by Cecil B. DeMille.

CAST:

Berengaria.....Loretta Young
Richard.....Henry Wilcoxon
Saladin.....Ian Keith
Alice.....Katherine DeMille
The Hermit.....C. Aubrey Smith
Conrad of Montferrat....Joseph Schildkraut
Blondel.....Alan Hale
Philip of France.....C. Henry Gordon
Sancho, King of Navarre....George Barbier
The Blacksmith.....Montagu Love
Robert, Earl of Leicester.....Lumsden Hare
Hugo, Duke of Burgundy...William Farnum
Frederick, Duke of the Germans
Hobart Bosworth
Karakush.....Pedro de Cordoba
John, Prince of England.....Ramsey Hill
Monk.....Misha Auer
Alan, Richard's Squire.....Maurice Murphy
Leopold, Duke of Austria.....Albert Conti
Sverre, The Norse King.....Sven-Hugo Borg
Michael, Prince of Russia.....Paul Satoff
William, King of Sicily.....Fred Malatesta
Nicholas, Count of Hungary
Hans Von Twardowski
Duenna.....Anna Demetrio
Soldier.....Perry Askam
Ship's Master.....Edwin Maxwell
Archbishop.....Winter Hall
Mother of Alan.....Emma Dunn
Amir.....Jason Robards
Slave in Saladin's Garden....Jason Robards
Nun.....Georgia Caine
Arab Slave-seller.....J. Carroll Naish
English Chamberlain.....Robert Adair
Philip's Squire.....Oscar Rudolph
Leicester's Squire.....Pat Moore
Christian Girl.....Ann Sheridan
Cart Man.....Edgar Dearing
Priest.....Alphonz Ethier
1st Lady-in-waiting to Alice.....Gilda Oliva
2nd Lady-in-waiting to Alice
Mildred Van Buren
Knight.....John Rutherford
Stranger (Messenger).....Colin Tapley
Amir.....Harry Cording
Amir.....Stanley Andrews
Sentry.....Addison Richards
Amir.....Maurice Black
Amir.....William B. Davidson
Grey Beard.....Guy Usher
Templar.....Boyd Irwin
Templar.....Gordon Griffith
Templar.....Guy Usher
Captain of English Men-at-arms
Kenneth Gibson
Chanting Monk.....Vallejo Gantner
Captain of Templars.....George MacQuarrie
Captain of Hospitalers.....Sam Flint
Wounded Man.....Harold Goodwin

"ALICE ADAMS"—RKO. From the novel by Booth Tarkington. Screen play by Dorothy Yost, Mortimer Offner, and Jane Murfin. Directed by George Stevens.

CAST:

Alice Adams.....Katharine Hepburn
Arthur Russell.....Fred MacMurray
Mr. Adams.....Fred Stone
Mildred Palmer.....Evelyn Venable
Walter Adams.....Frank Albertson
Mrs. Adams.....Ann Shoemaker
Mr. Lamb.....Charley Grapewin
Frank Dowling.....Grady Sutton
Mrs. Palmer.....Hedda Hopper
Mr. Palmer.....Jonathan Hale
Henrietta Lamb.....Janet McLeod
Mrs. Dowling.....Virginia Howell
Mrs. Dresser.....Zoffie Tilbury
Ella Dowling.....Ella McKenzie
Malena.....Hattie McDaniels

"ACCENT ON YOUTH"—Paramount. From the play by Samson Raphaelson. Adapted by Claude Binyon and Herbert Fields. Directed by Wesley Ruggles.

CAST:

Linda Brown.....Sylvia Sidney
Steven Gaye.....Herbert Marshall
Dickie Reynolds.....Phillip Reed
Frank Galloway.....Holmes Herbert
Miss Darling.....Catharine Doucet
Genevieve Lang.....Astrid Allwyn
Flogdell.....Ernest Cossart
Orville.....Donald Meek
"Chuck".....Lon Chaney, Jr.
"Butch".....Nick Foran
Benham.....Samuel S. Hinds
Mrs. Benham.....Florence Roberts
Mrs. Galloway.....Laura Treadwell

"PAGE MISS GLORY"—Warners. From the play by Joseph Schrank and Philip Dunning. Screen story by Delmer Daves and Robert Lord. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy.

CAST:

Loretta.....Marion Davies
"Click" Wiley.....Pat O'Brien
"Bingo" Nelson.....Dick Powell
Gladys.....Mary Astor
Ed Olson.....Frank McHugh
Slattery.....Lyle Talbot
Betty.....Patsy Kelly
Petey.....Allen Jenkins
Blackie.....Barton MacLane
Joe Bonner.....Hobart Cavanaugh
Mr. Freischutz.....Joseph Cawthorn
Mr. Hamburgher.....Al Shean
Yates.....Berton Churchill
Loretta's Mother.....Helen Lowell
Beauty Operator.....Mary Treen
Kimball.....Harry Beresford
Metz.....Gavin Gordon
Nick.....Lionel Stander
Detective Chief.....Joseph Crehan

"THE FARMER TAKES A WIFE"—Fox. From the play by Marc Connelly and Frank B. Esler, and the novel, "Rome Haul," by Walter B. Edmonds. Directed by Victor Fleming.

CAST:

Molly Larkins.....Janet Gaynor
Dan Harrow.....Henry Fonda
Jotham Klore.....Charles Bickford
Fortune Friendly.....Slim Summerville
Elmer Otway.....Andy Devine
Sam Weaver.....Roger Imhof
Della.....Jane Withers
Lucy Gurget.....Margaret Hamilton
Blacksmith.....Siegfried Rumann
Sol Tinker.....John Qualen
Ivy.....Kitty Kelly
Freight Agent.....Robert Gleckler

"CHINA SEAS"—MGM. From the book by Crosbie Garstin. Screen story by Jules Furthman and James Kevin McGuinness. Directed by Tay Garnett.

CAST:

Alan Gaskell.....Clark Gable
"China Doll".....Jean Harlow
Jamesy MacArdle.....Wallace Beery
Davids.....Lewis Stone
Sybil.....Rosalind Russell
Dawson.....Dudley Digges
Sir Guy.....C. Aubrey Smith
McCaleb.....Robert Benchley
Rockwell.....William Henry
Mrs. Vollberg.....Live de Maigret
Mrs. Timmons.....Lilian Bond
Timmons.....Edward Brophy
Yu-Lan.....Soo Yong
Carol Ann.....Carol Ann Beery
Romanoff.....Akim Tamiroff
Ngah.....Ivan Lebedeff

"CALL OF THE WILD"—United Artists. From the novel by Jack London. Adapted by Gene Fowler and Leonard Praskins. Directed by William Wellman.

CAST:

Jack Thornton.....Clark Gable
Claire Blake.....Loretta Young
"Shorty" Hoolihan.....Jack Oakie
John Blake.....Frank Conroy
Smith.....Reginald Owen
Groggin.....Sidney Toler
Marie.....Katherine DeMille
Kali.....Lalo Encinas
Francois.....Charles Stevens
Ole.....James Burke
Frank.....Duke Green
Buck, the dog.....Himself

Dashing

He's Ray Milland, whose exciting, devil-may-care life is more colorful and unusual than any part he has played on the screen. But now that he has caught the fancy of Picture Play's readers, he's settling down to the serious business of being a success.

RAY MILLAND can best be described by the word "boyish." Fifty years from now, if he lives that long, I'm sure the word will still apply, for he has that illusive quality of youth, both mentally and physically, and, at twenty-eight, admits he looks no older than he did at eighteen.

All his life he has made a habit of doing things pleasantly. Which gets him just as far and just as quickly, he thinks, as a more aggressive mode of procedure. And is much more fun!

In his hands, slightly unpleasant rôles become pleasant ones, which fact has been noted by his employers, and from now on he is not to be handicapped by pictures which might even faintly challenge his rising popularity.

He is mild-mannered, soft-spoken, a gentleman in every sense of the word, and, disarmed by his charming smile, one finds it difficult to believe that, in a blinding rage, he nearly shot the Prince of Wales in his fight to become an actor!

Ridiculous as it seems to picture this handsome Englishman in any such lurid real-life rôle, it is a true story, and this is the way it happened:

In London, in 1928, he had made one picture, was then out of work and, as usual, broke. Unable to obtain any kind of acting, he took a job sharpshooting in the British film, "The Informer." An excellent marksman, he had won this rôle by hitting a small coin at a distance of one hundred feet, fourteen out of fifteen times with an unfamiliar gun. In one scene he was required to hit a tiny mirror which Lya de Putti held in her hand.

This job enabled him to eat, but didn't do much for his career as an actor, and when the director of another picture, which was being made at the same studio, asked him to make a test for the leading rôle in his film, Milland jumped at the chance. Cyril McLaglen, the leading man, had broken his leg the day the picture was to start, leaving the director minus a hero.

Milland made the test at noon, and before his own company

Ray Milland's expert horsemanship eventually won him a place in the ranks of the Royal Horse-guard, the King of England's personal bodyguard.

When Mr. Milland was eighteen he was left a legacy by an aunt, so he promptly cut short his army career in order to give his undivided attention to spending the money. He spent the last of it taking Estelle Brody, the English actress, to dinner.

Adventurer

By Franc Dillon

All his life he has made a habit of doing things pleasantly. In his hands, slightly unpleasant rôles become pleasant ones. He will next be seen with Carol Lombard and Fred MacMurray, in "Hands Across the Table."

had returned from lunch, was told that the part was his. He thought getting out of his job as a gunman was a mere formality, but the director refused to release him.

"But don't you see," Milland orgued. "It's my big chance. If I make good in this port I'll be made."

A sharpshooter as good as Milland was too hard to get, and the director refused to release him.

"I'll work in both pictures. I'll finish my port for you," he begged. But still the director refused.

"All right," Milland told him in a rage. "Either you'll let me play thot port or I'll shoot you full of lead."

Picking up one of the loaded guns, which loy on a near-by table, he painted it at the director.

"We'll shoot it out," replied the director, in same temper himself. And he picked up the other gun.

The armed pair stepped bockward, focing each other, and aimed just as the stage door opened and the Prince of Wales, with the Duke of York and a party, being shown around by the studio manager, stepped directly between the two guns.

"Put those guns down!" ordered the panic-stricken manager.

"I'll not put my gun down unless he lets me work in that picture," Milland insisted. Whereupon the manager, to avoid a further scene before his royal guests, quieted the two enraged men by promising to arrange matters to suit them both.

He kept his word. Milland finished his job of shooting in "The Informer," and at the same time, by running back ond forth between the two sets, played his first leading rôle in "The Flying Scotsman."

Shortly ofter that on American picture scout saw him in a London stage revue and offered him a Hollywood contract. He was not forced to shoot his way out of the revue, for Anita Loos interceded for him ond he was released.

He went to Hollywood with an MGM contract, but he soon learned that having a contract doesn't necessarily mean that you are in pictures. He was given but a few minor rôles until he was lent to Warners to play opposite Constance Bennett in "Bought."

But even that rôle didn't seem to help his career as he had hoped, and one day, after eighteen months, to use his own words, "I got sick and tired of it and packed up and went home, leaving only o note to the company saying he had gone.

His American contract had made him important to British producers, and after his arrival in London he immediately made two pictures. He then returned to Hollywood, where his first work was in "Balero," with George Raft and Carol Lombard. His work in thot picture gained him a Paramount contract, and there he hos worked ever since, his ability as an actor increasing with the importance of his rôles.

His poise and easy monner on the screen are natural. He has olways lived easily and well. He has mingled always with the best people, ond the good things of this eorth have come to him easily.

He was born the son of a wealthy industrial engineer in Neath, Glamorgon, Woles. An adventurer at heart, he made his first trip in search of experience at the age of seven when, one Sunday, dressed in his first long

Continued on page 83

Continued from page 37

feathery like a baby's first locks. Distinctly green-eyed, there is no feline intentness in her gaze, but just smoldering repose.

Pausing only a few days in New York en route to England, she received me, somewhat unwillingly, in her suite at the Ambassador. A representative of RKO hovered about as if ready to repel an attack by rattlesnakes. Miss Grahame and I murmured polite nothings about her career, while I gazed in fascination at her feet, exposed by sandals that were a mere wisp of gold kid. White and flawless, they looked much too fragile for any practical use.

As I left, she apologized for being dull and listless.

I never would have noticed that she was, and I am sure she could get along brilliantly in pictures, giving no more than her sultry looks and her remarkably alive voice.

No Dead Ends For Him.—At the risk of seeming an Anglophile or a green-eye fancier, allow me to present Henry Wilcoxon, six feet two and one hundred and ninety pounds of amiable charm.

He can talk to you with gusto about yachting, old furniture, rare books, antique glass and china, and English gardens. Prodded with questions continually, he will tell about his early career, which is more fun.

He almost came to America as a chauffeur, but immigration authorities decided there were more than enough chauffeurs here already. So, he and his elegant wardrobe, which he had earned by working for a tailor, called on an agent whose name he had found in a phone book, and to his never-to-be-forgotten surprise he was put to work at once as a film extra.

Having no theatrical acquaintances, he consulted a policeman on such vital matters as make-up. On the advice of fellow players, he joined a theatrical club. He turned into a glutton for work, acting as assistant stage manager and general understudy as well as juvenile in a touring company.

As soon as he began to feel sure of himself in a job, he would announce that he had reached a dead end, and leave for something harder. At the height of a long run in London, he left to join the famous Birmingham Repertory Company.

Wilcoxon likes rôles such as he just played in "The Crusades." It is a challenge to his ability to make a man human when a coat of mail makes any one want to swagger. He is pleased

They Say in New York——

at the prospect of playing opposite Mae West in her next picture.

Sometimes the Melody Turns Sour.—Right on the heels of the rumor that "Broadway Melody of 1936" proved a knockout at its preview, Eleanor Powell breezed into New York just two weeks late for rehearsals for a stage job. Just let any one tell her that it takes only one great picture to cinch a glorious screen career for a girl, and she will smile wryly.

It seems that she played in a picture-house vaudeville unit with Anita Page and Charles King just a few months after they had made their great success in the first "Broadway Melody" and already had worn out their welcome in Hollywood casting offices. She is playing safe.

Before she went to Hollywood to make the picture, she signed a contract to come back to a show in New York. Before going into the show, she signed a contract to go back to pictures. Incidentally, all the dance maniacs will be present to give her a rousing welcome to pictures. She does unbelievably difficult tap and acrobatic routines in a most modest and ingratiating manner.

Helen Gahagan is pleased with the impression she made in "She," and is telling Melvyn Douglas all about it. They're husband and wife, you know, and he's just finished "She Married Her Boss," with Claudette Colbert.

The New Hero on the Air.—All those girls who have been bothering Columbia with complaints because Michael Bartlett sang so briefly in "Love Me Forever" will please take out their calendars and put down a date for every Sunday night from early fall until next spring.

He is to sing on the Jack Benny hour. Furthermore, he'll get fine training for the light comedies that every director yearns to put him in, for Jack Benny makes his singers join in the rapid-fire humor that has made him first in the hearts of radio listeners.

Transatlantic Commuter.—Charles Laughton left on his ninth trip across the Atlantic in two years, beaming with good humor. He is used to ship news reporters now, doesn't shy away from them like a clumsy Saint Bernard, but meets them genially, ready to volunteer information about himself. He has renounced his claim to the title of world's worst sailor. Seven weeks on the Pacific for "Mutiny on the Bounty" gave him confidence and a rolling gait.

By swearing off all starchy and sweet food, he reduced from 225 to 167 pounds, but it took him a year to do it. He hopes to be quite a bit lighter by the time he starts playing "Cyrano" before cameras in England.

All Around the Town.—Gary Cooper, arriving with his wife on the same plane with Lupe Velez, refused to pose for photographs with the Mexican firebrand. "What does Gary Cooper think he is, anyway? He's no oil painting. He may be an idol to his mother, but he's nothing to me," Lupe sputtered. Lupe is off to South America for personal appearances. Cooper and his wife will motor through New England as soon as he gets word from the studio that there are no more retakes and the "Peter Ibbetson" sideburns can come off.

Mary Pickford's first novel, "The Demi-Widow," is out, revealing a much more realistic wit than her fans would expect. She hopes Grace Moore will film it. Miss Pickford came East to do a little hand-shaking at the time of its publication, but hearing that Thomas Meighan was seriously ill, called off all engagements and rushed to the hospital. To the intense relief of every one who can remember Meighan in his great days as a film star—and there was never any one more lovable on or off the screen—he is not going to be a helpless invalid, as doctors feared. Tommy walked out of the hospital without even leaning on his wife's arm.

Now that Robert Montgomery has returned from a European jaunt, he is going to his farm near Brewster, New York, to recuperate.

Josephine Dillon Gable, ex-Mrs. Clark, is completely swamped by young folks eager for her services as dramatic coach. She is training Julie Haydon and Lyda Roberti now.

Continued from page 53

once it would be too late. Margaret insisted on waiting until next morning to finish the shot. She might have let it go by had she been alone in the scene—I don't know—but there were children working with her and she didn't want them photographed to disadvantage. As a result, the entire troupe was called back the following day to make that single scene.

Margaret takes great joy in making others happy. Being a true belle of the old South, she loves Southern cooking.

A few months ago her mother sent her a young colored girl from Virginia to act as cook in the Sullavan-Wyler household. Elvira was tremendously thrilled at being in Hollywood, and wished nothing more than to see a film company in action. She gradually convinced Margaret that she needed a maid on the set and, to please her, Margaret graduated her to double duty as cook and maid. Daily Elvira went with her mistress to the studio, thrilled as could be.

Then she expressed a desire to act. Margaret obligingly obtained her a bit in "So Red the Rose." Walking around the set, all decked out in the costume of a plantation slave of Civil War days, Elvira is positively jittery with the excitement of being a movie queen.

Margaret gets a great deal of pleasure out of watching her having such a good time. "But," she laughs, "I don't get a bit of service any more. Elvira's so busy whitening her teeth and fixing her hair for her movie job, she can scarcely find time for me!"

At a very early age Margaret acquired a will all her own. She was a delicate child, and would take absolutely nothing but milk until she was five years old. Not only that, she insisted upon having her milk out of a bottle! Any attempt to feed her any other way always ended in smashed crockery and tears.

She attends strictly to business when at work, but few persons enjoy their playtime more than she. Were she less level-headed, she would probably cop honors from Katharine Hepburn as the village hoyden. She is an excellent driver, and one of her chief delights is to drive like mad across the studio lot, terrorizing every one in sight.

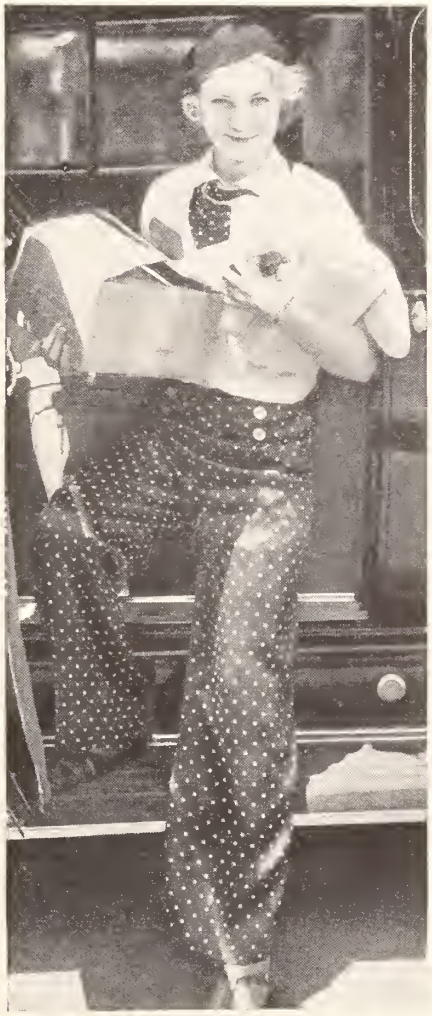
She loves speed, and is always ready to go on a trip at the slightest provocation. When she took aviation lessons she kept airport officials in a panic with her antics. In the midst of a lesson she turned to the pilot and asked: "How much gas have we?"

"Oh, about enough to get to San Francisco," he answered noncommittally.

"O. K. That's where we're going," Margaret called.

For several hours harried airport employees were in a stew wondering what had become of their pupil and her pilot.

Margaret is good at disappearing. She feels that her whereabouts is her own concern. So long as she keeps her appointments, is on the set when called, and does not keep any one waiting for her, she sees no reason why she shouldn't go where she pleases.



Una Merkel likes to shop now and then for practical things. The camera caught her on her day off in the midst of filming "In the Bag," which stars Jack Benny.

"So Red the Rose" was in production several days before Margaret was scheduled to work. The company of several hundred were all on location, living at Lake Malibu, shooting at Sherwood Forest, six miles away.

The day before Margaret was to begin work, the studio tried to call her. She was not at home. Nobody knew where she was. All day long and half the night department heads continued to call her home, all to no avail. Finally they telephoned to Malibu Lake. At four o'clock in the morning, Assistant Director MacDonald awakened the entire troupe, trying to find out if any one had seen Margaret. Not a soul knew where she was.

Finally some of the crew climbed the hill to Margaret's cottage. There she was, fast asleep! She had arrived on location at eleven o'clock the previous morning. Dressed in slacks and an old shirt, she had spent the day in a boat out on the lake, fishing. That evening she had twelve fish for dinner, every one of which she caught alone and unaided.

"Fish are funny things," she says. "They taste so much better when you catch them yourself."

Most girls would be too tired to move after a strenuous day's fishing, but not Margaret. She was on the set at eight o'clock in the morning, ready to start work at the exact moment she had been scheduled to appear.

Margaret's greatest ambition is to be a fine actress. Public opinion notwithstanding, she feels that she has not yet reached that goal. She is not, and probably never will be, very excited about film work. Her forte, she says, is the stage. She would like to do a good play a season on Broadway and travel between times.

She hopes some day to have a chalet in Switzerland where she can spend part of the year, and a farm in New England to call "home." She believes that motherhood is the greatest of all careers, and hopes some day to have children—seven, she says, if possible.

She is artist, tomboy and business woman all rolled into one. She is the most exquisitely feminine person I know, but on occasion can be a better sport and more of a tomboy than most men.

Perhaps it would be best to describe her simply as plain Margaret Sullavan—a grand, unaffected, natural girl.

A publicity man once said: "The reason Hollywood doesn't understand Margaret Sullavan is that she's an entirely normal woman who refuses to let an abnormal town affect her."

I think that statement is the truest ever made about Margaret Sullavan.

Franchot Tells On Himself

Continued from page 39

all decked out in tails and top hats, and the stunt got a great roar from the crowd.

"Once in New York, when a party of us were coming out of a speakeasy, some one in the crowd made a bet with some one else that he couldn't make a street cleaner dance with him. Imagine dancing with a street cleaner at five o'clock in the morning! And another time two friends of mine, on a dare, put up a little fence in the center of Park Avenue and dug a hole inside it. I wish I had thought of one of those things."

And there you have a life-sized portrait of Franchot Tone, the young man who Hollywood would have you believe is perfectly satisfied with himself. If he were perfectly satisfied at the present moment, one might be inclined to grant him that right. Of all the leading men on the screen, there is none who is quite the man of the hour that Franchot is. In the three years that he has been in Hollywood his life has been one metamorphosis after another.

In the first place, Franchot went to Hollywood for one purpose. He had heard that the movies paid much more money than the stage. Being interested in the Group Theater, he sacrificed being with his coworkers and the career he loved to go to Hollywood for one year. In that time he hoped to live carefully, save earnestly, and take his money back to the Group and help finance their plays.

In that year's time Franchot became a screen success, increased his fan mail from a few dozen letters a week to hundreds a day, and fell in love with the most glamorous of Hollywood stars.

In "Music Is Madness," Bebe Daniels looks as radiant and charming as she did in any of her silent pictures. Note the novel jewelry.

It's taken a while for Franchot to get on to the Hollywood way of doing things. He had to get used to being photographed from every angle when he was out in public. He had to accustom himself to carrying a pencil and autographing everything. Cherishing privacy and being used to it, the realization had to jell that he was a nationally known figure, and no longer belonged to himself. The very fact that how he lives, walks and breathes is news to people is still dismaying to him.

After his sensational work in "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer," every studio in Hollywood wanted him. And, typical of Hollywood, his own studio, who had lent him several times before, suddenly found so many parts for him that he'd have to be quintuplets to play them all. Recently he finished a nine weeks' location trip at Catalina, where he played in "Mutiny on the Bounty." Spending ten hours a day on a rolling ship, acting in the blistering sun, is a far cry from the Franchot Tone who used to be the best customer in Tony's speakeasy.

So even though there are a number of things he dislikes about himself, it doesn't seem to be hurting him any. In fact, it just helps to make him more human.

This Farmer Knows His Onions

Continued from page 45

from one ice block to another. After it was over, the hardened stage crew gave him an honest hand.

"If he sees he has to do a thing, he does it, and does it darn well," an executive informed me. I ought, perhaps, to have compared Henry to a Greek rather than to a Trojan. So let's compare him to an ancient Greek. Isn't that better?

Of course, he was born in the State of New York, in the town of Fonda. It was named after its early settlers, Henry's ancestors. He is of Irish-Dutch descent, with the Irish on top. But obviously there is a strain of Spanish in him.

He was not, like the majority, "crazy" to act. Just before he left college, a friend of his was directing a Little Theater production of Philip Barry's "You and I." Henry happened to be watching rehearsals the day the juvenile failed to turn up. To be useful, he read the juvenile's "sides" to cue the other players. So well did he read lines that he was asked—nay, urged—to play the part.

A writing career had tempted him, and still did. As soon as he left college he meant to set about story writing in earnest. Then painting reared its hypnotic head as a possible means of existence. But acting pushed both aside and held the lad close.

"Yes, it got me," Henry declared, without any gush or enthusiasm. Indeed, he might have been thinking of something else. Acting with Lily Pons, for instance. "I had had the stage in mind. But I never expected to get around to it so soon. Of course, my first bits could hardly be called acting. But I soon got on to the work."

Playing in stock in Connecticut, Henry met a pretty girl named Aleta Freel. Without being romantic, they became good pals. Both were out for stage fame. Aleta's break came first. She became a leading lady.

Though Henry only got bits, temptations were flashed before his eyes. Five years ago he was offered a contract by Fox to go to Hollywood. He declined.

"I had no exaggerated opinion of my standing at that time," he said. "I had done nothing, and was unknown. The offer was tempting, for it meant a possible break and a steady salary. But I did not want to be one of those poor unfortunates, sent to Hollywood, kept waiting in an outer office for six months, then shipped back to New York.

"Perhaps it was egotistic of me to say so, but I vowed I'd never go to Hollywood until there was a leading rôle ready for me. A contract doesn't assure one of a film career. And I knew it."

Henry's stage break came with "The Farmer Takes a Wife." Under contract to Walter Wanger, he was signed by Fox to play the same rôle in the screen version.

So Henry Fonda kept his vow.

Hollywood still does not know just how to regard him or understand him. Not that he is a mystery. But he has the town guessing. And Hollywood always is a poor guesser. Henry is an

actor, a good one, but does not do as other actors do.

Right now he is at the most crucial point of a player's life. He is being praised and congratulated on all sides. He is likely to be lionized at any moment.

Most newcomers start out by being overeager to win friends, and to be liked. With popularity, they withdraw, separating the chaff from the wheat. And that's where they annoy their former friends with whom they were at first familiar.

Henry started out right. Instead of going into the film Mecca like an army with banners, he was already in town before Hollywood knew it. For the first six weeks he stayed with his friends, the Ross Alexanders. Aleta—you recall his old pal of Connecticut days—met Ross on Broadway. That is, while both were acting there. Love smote them all of a heap. Marriage was the only thing for them.

Henry stayed with them, at their hilltop home, until "The Farmer Takes a Wife" was ready. As if to live up to his picture début, he saw to the upkeep of the Alexanders' livestock. You see, they have a dog, a cat with kittens, ducks, pheasants, goats with a kid, chickens. Besides these, there are fruits, flowers and vegetables.

To be with Ross, Aleta, and Henry at that high abode, you feel back in ancient Greece. They live rustic lives, glossed over with theatrical glamour. It's original and swell. Among oranges and lemons, roses and lettuce, with the various cries and noises of the divers animals, they talk of the theater and art.

However, things too theatrical do not please Henry. Such as his part in his second film to be. As well as the whole film.

"Everything about it seems so stagy," he remarked. "The dummy ice blocks in the water. The imitation falls!" But as I told him, you could hardly expect Fox to demand Rochelle Hudson to go floating over Niagara, Henry in swimming pursuit.

He saw the sense of this, but still felt that the picture would look too much of a fake on the screen. Such little worries are the annoyances of a Hollywood career.

"What does annoy me," Henry declared, denying that anything else did, "is to get fan letters before my first picture has been released."

It seems there are certain types of fans who collect stars' photos for collection's sake. Learning from advance publicity that a certain Henry Fonda was to play with Janet Gaynor, many wrote him, even congratulating him on giving so excellent a performance. Some wrote even before the picture was finished.

"Now, after the picture has been shown over the country, and my work seen and liked, then I'd highly appreciate any fan letter sent to me. I'd see to it that the writer received a picture of me, if one were requested. But I don't intend to pay the least notice to those insincere letters.

"On the stage, we are seen, but only by the citizens in and around New York. We never get much attention. In Hollywood one receives quick recognition. A single picture will afford us a world-wide audience. Getting letters from all the continents might do anything to the most self-possessed actor."

To clear the air of this approaching shadow, Henry went up to the Ross Alexanders for Ross's birthday. Ross and Aleta had taken care of "George," the black cat you saw in "The Farmer Takes a Wife." It was given Henry for luck. Believing it to be female, Henry and the rest of us got a shock when George turned out to be what his name indicated.

Male or female, so attached to George have Ross and Aleta become that they won't let him go from their bucolic retreat. So he's joined the farmyard stock.

If Henry was uncertain about George's sex, so was Hollywood uncertain about the film career of Henry Fonda. But to-day things are straightened out most pleasantly.

"Henry Fonda?" Hollywood says, when asked. "Why, yes; he's a fine young actor, with a bright future in pictures."

And though Hollywood seems pretty sure of its opinion, it leaves Henry neither hot nor cold.

You see, Mr. Fonda is pretty sure about himself.

Nick Long, Jr., featured dancer in "Broadway Melody of 1936," takes a workout with the aid of some of the girls in the show. Nick's parents were famous in vaudeville long before the MGM studio was built, so he comes by his unusual talent naturally.

Continued from page 58

Looking at Luise

Rainer greets you at the door, highly excited. "See what I have!" she cries, leading the way proudly to a new victrola which, she announces with awe, changes records all by itself.

Wearing no mask of glamour so often associated with newly imported stars, she startles by being a definite personality of a brand-new kind.

Her soft round face has a little-girl charm in its varying moods. In the presence of reporters, she looks shy, as if she wanted to run away. Sometimes she does.

Because of this habit, each representative of the press is introduced as the "dear friend" of some studio worker. Then she opens up, talks vivaciously and dynamically, betrays a highly amusing individuality.

Compared to other Hollywood damsels she seems a tomboy trying hard to be ladylike and orderly. She wears trim slacks, wooden sandals, a neatly pressed tailored jacket. Invariably she is accompanied by a small black Scottie, her Johnny. "Chonny," she tells you, "has a beautiful face!"

All during lunch, for two hours, the music of a Beethoven symphony drifts from the victrola to the porch—overlooking a pool of lilies—where she prefers to dine. "Music is my inspiration," she says, suddenly serious. "In Europe I often went to visit Beethoven's little house, and walked along the same trails he did while those immortal chords were shaping in his head."

She adores music, she tells you. And long walks, and nature, and children. "Children are so completely natural," she explains. "A friend of mine runs an experimental school, and sometimes I spend an afternoon there, watching and studying them. They know the secret. They do what they want, and say what they feel like saying."

So does Luise.

"It's criminal when people put borders around themselves!" she cries with a flash of dark eyes—the most beautiful eyes in Europe, they were called.

Lunch is served on black dishes, the main course a concoction of croutons, eggs, tomatoes, and cheese which she originated herself. She loves experimenting with foods, and follows no set rules. Color scheme is most important; the right colors on a plate make her happy. The wrong upset her.

For dessert, like as not she will blissfully put away three large pieces of apple pie.

She cares nothing for the rules of a beauty: diets, regular hours for eating. She dines when she's hungry, whatever the hour.

At the moment she would rather talk of her recent trip to Mexico than of the business of being Hollywood's newest and most exciting discovery.

She lost her money, she relates quite happily, and was refused readmittance to the States by border officials who thought her a girl hobo. She took refuge in an auto camp and washed out her clothes. "But I had nothing with me to make them smooth." Finally she was allowed to cross the border. "For the first time in this country I am really happy."

Bohemian and unconventional, there's a mature intelligence under her bright flashes of surface wit. "I believe a soul cannot die," she said once, "because there's nothing physical about it to die. It isn't so hard to lose people when you know they must go on. Sometimes you meet people and try to place them. Perhaps they have something of some one you have known and loved."

Katherine DeMille makes friends with a love bird, but Squeezix, a toy Boston Bull, goes her one better and allows a canary pal to perch on his head.

In her childhood, her family was wealthy. She went to good schools and studied writing and art. Her father, a merchant, spent some years in this country, and even became a naturalized citizen, but then he returned to his native home.

When the family fortunes failed, Luise suddenly decided to try the stage. She applied for an audition at the Luise Dumont Theater in Dusseldorf, an inexperienced girl of sixteen. Ten minutes later she was under contract. Her first stage play was an immediate success Reinhardt invited her to his theater. She was acclaimed the greatest emotional actress of the day in Vienna, Berlin, Paris, and London. She played Shakespeare, Ibsen, Pirandello.

Arriving in America with a Metro-Goldwyn contract, she spoke no English at all, but learned hectically in the three months before "Escapade." She learns the more quickly because she has no hesitancy at all in asking questions about whatever she fails to understand.

Romances have not been discovered by Hollywood's most alert gossips, although her friends include men of Hollywood's interesting foreign group. She has been seen with Reinhardt, Lubitsch, and an American composer Herbert Stothart. Despite her naïveté, there is a dignity about Luise which keeps you from asking personal questions.

She is writing a difficult pantomime dance of a boy's life, and will present it on the stage herself. You see her standing on a street corner at the studio, discussing art or music with bushy-haired gents from the music department. Much waving of hands and frenzied gestures! When she greets a friend, she throws her arms around him gayly, an elfin madcap from Vienna.

Her chauffeur, in a chance conversation outside the studio, turned the tables by giving his mistress a naïve character reference.

"She's the most thoughtful lady I've worked for," he said. "You see," he added judicially, unaware that he was talking to the press, "in Europe stars aren't treated as they are here. They're not courted and made a fuss over. They don't get into society. So they aren't spoiled."

That's Luise Rainer—clumping about her house on her smart, severe sandals, with wooden heels and leather straps—speeding over California's highways in her Ford convertible, and bewitching motor police out of giving her tickets—becoming, since her amazing reception in "Escapade," the newest addition to Hollywood's brilliant roster of stars.

REVIEWS

Photo by Malcolm Bulloch

ROBERT YOUNG and Barbara Stanwyck are paired in a modern romance called "Red Salute." It is a striking story because it deals with a timely issue—radicalism, and its effect on the young people of America—and is Miss Stanwyck's first film in a long time.

UNDER SOUTHERN

"SO RED THE ROSE" comes to the screen in a marvelously true picture of the South as it really was before and during the Civil War, with a hero and heroine as only Randolph Scott and Margaret Sullavan could play them. Both are bona-fide Virginians. The stately, hospitable Bedford mansion is on the opposite page. Below it are Miss Sullavan and Mr. Scott. On the right of them are Daniel Haynes, serving delicious juleps to Walter Connolly and Janet Beecher. On this page, Miss Sullavan and Mr. Scott again. Below, Mr. Haynes, Miss Sullavan, Dickie Moore, Miss Beecher, and Elizabeth Patterson by candlelight.

SKIES

GOOD-BY, WILL ROGERS

These scenes from Will Rogers's last picture and one of his best, "Steamboat Round the Bend," are a more eloquent memorial to a beloved national character than anything that could be written. Mr. Rogers was as American as the Mississippi River, as much a part of contemporary life as the newspapers, and was held in affectionate esteem by more of his fellow citizens than usually falls to the lot of any man.

THE thrilling race of the river steamboats is seen, above, and the charming girl with Mr. Rogers is little Ann Shirley.

CALIFORNIA, during the gold rush of 1849, was colorful, picturesque and lawless. That is when this Spanish bravo loved and lived adventurously. Warner Baxter is seen in this rôle, left, and with him in the smaller picture is Margo, the interesting Mexican actress.

LOVABLE OUTLAW

He is the historic "Joaquin Murietta" hero of the stirring new film, "Robin Hood of El Dorado."

DOVE IN THE HAWK'S

NEST

In the early days of San Francisco's history a roistering, lawless colony sprang into being—the "Barbary Coast," which title has been taken by Samuel Goldwyn for his new picture. It describes the perils of living dangerously and romantically, in defiance of law and order. It also shows the birth of the Vigilantes and their success in rationalizing the community.

THE star of the picture is Miriam Hopkins in her first venture for Mr. Goldwyn. She plays a girl who comes to the Barbary Coast in ignorance of its true character. The man she intends to marry is dead. She is befriended by Edward G. Robinson, a rich gambler, and becomes "Swan," chief attraction of his saloon. She is seen with him, left. Just when life becomes most difficult for her, Joel McCrea crosses her path, and you know what happens. Mr. McCrea, above.

NEW CHILD STAR

THE latest entrant in the race for little-girl supremacy on the screen is Sylvia Jason, who came all the way from England to show what she could do in "Little Big Shot." Veteran troupers such as Robert Armstrong, Glenda Farrell, and Edward Everett Horton support her. Good luck, Sylvia.

NICE TEACHER

WILLIAM POWELL is a good egg. Not only did he introduce Luise Rainer to the public in "Escapade," but he put her at her ease and stood aside to give her the breaks. Now he's being gallant to Rosalind Russell in the same way. Not that Miss Russell is unknown. Far from it. She's a coming star. But playing Bill's heroine is helpful. The other beneficiaries are Binnie Barnes and Cesar Romero. Too bad MGM can't decide what to call the film.

HE CHOSE

THE GUILLOTINE

RONALD COLMAN is ideally cast as Dickens's lovable hero, "Sydney Carton," who nonchalantly gives his life to the rival beloved of "Lucy Manette," the girl he adores in "A Tale of Two Cities." On the opposite page, top, are Fay Chaldecott, Edna May Oliver, Elizabeth Allan, Mitchell Lewis, and Blanche Yurka. Center, Mr. Colman with Donald Woods. Below them, Mr. Lewis, Claude Gillingwater, and Miss Allan. On this page: top, the revolutionary tribunal. Right, Miss Allan and Mr. Woods united after tears and tragedy.

DEEP FORES

"Freckles," Gene Stratton Porter's story that has achieved a circulaɔ
of two million copies, is once more given to us by the screen, this tı
with Tom Brown in the title rôle.

WHO has not read at least one of Mrs. Porter's novels? They have a simple, human appeal all their own, indescribable, irresistible. "Freckles" is an Irish lad who wanders to the timber country of Indiana. There he finds his soul and his character, his life and his love. Mr. Brown, at top of page, with James Bush. Above, with Carol Stone and Virginia Weidler, that earnest little busybody who was adorable in "Laddie." The outer picture is of Virginia, too.

"MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY" is a rousing story of men at sea who fight their lives out among themselves without benefit of love, for there isn't a woman aboard "The Bounty." There's a strange assortment of characters on the memorable voyage. In the upper picture you see Vernon Downey, Clark Gable, Douglas Walton, and Franchot Tone. On the right, Mr. Tone and Charles Laughton, who is, of course, the high—or low—villain in the case. Mr. Gable again, below, and on the outer right, Mr. Laughton and David Torrence.

HARD-TACK

GLEAM OF DIAMONDS

GORGEOUSLY the age of romance, chivalry and carefree adventure is recaptured by the screen in a superb revival of "The Three Musketeers." The exploits of Dumas's immortal Gascon, his brave and daring recovery of a queen's diamonds, his tender love for her lady-in-waiting, and his victorious admission to the troop of picked guardsmen known as the king's musketeers. Left, Walter Abel as "D'Artagnan"; Heather Angel as "Constance." Below, Nigel de Brulier, "Cardinal Richelieu"; Ian Keith, "De Rochefort." The lower strip shows Onslow Stevens, Moroni Olsen, Mr. Abel, and Paul Lukas.

FLASH OF SWORDS

THE king's ball is pictured at the top, with Rosamond Pinchot as "Queen Anne of France." Below, Margot Grahame as the beautiful spy, "Milady de Winter." Left, we have an exciting scene between Mr. Abel, Miss Angel, and Ralph Forbes as "The Duke of Buckingham."

WENDY BARRIE and LOUIS HAYWARD

THEY are the young lovers in "A Feather in Her Hat," which brings forward a great actress of the stage, Pauline Lord, in the starring rôle. Mr. Hayward is that unusually intelligent and individual newcomer who impressed in "The Flame Within." They are concerned in a touching, dramatic story of a cockney mother's desire to make her son a gentleman, and what her success costs her.

Continued from page 61

trousers, he was allowed to go to Sunday school alone. Although Sunday school was honestly his destination when he left home, he no sooner found himself alone on the street than he began to speculate on the probability of finding the sea if he walked far enough in another direction than the one which led to church. He tried it, and eventually reached the water, where he swam until dusk.

As the shadows began to fall, Ray became acutely aware of hunger, sunburn and weariness. And before he had gone far on the long trudge home, fear overcame him and he sat down by the road in tears. There a mounted policeman found him, lifted him into the saddle, and returned him safely home.

Soon after this episode he moved with his parents to London, and from then until he was sixteen attended Kings College, intending to enter Cambridge later. He wanted to go to sea, however, and, unable to get work on a deep-sea vessel, worked for six months on a potato boat.

His uncle, a breeder of fine horses, offered the lad a job on his stock ranch, and for a year he worked there, rising at six in the morning to begin his day's work. He broke, trained and exercised racers and jumpers, winning cups and medals in many contests. He is one of the few gentlemen riders in England who has raced over the Grand National course at Aintree without being jolted from the saddle.

His expert horsemanship won him a place in the Cheshire Yeomanry, a territorial cavalry corps, and later in the ranks of the Royal Horseguard, the King's personal bodyguard. It was while a member of the royal troops that he learned to shoot, to box and to fence.

When he was just eighteen years old he was left a legacy of $18,000 by an aunt, so he promptly left his army career in order to give his undivided attention to spending that money.

He became a member of the younger set which frequented the gay spots of Europe. He visited every Continental capital. Ten months later he was back in London, broke.

"But I had the best time any one ever had," he told me. "I went everywhere and did everything, and with the nicest people," he added. "I don't regret one penny of the money or one minute of the time.

"What could be more wonderful," he asks, "than to be in the right place at the right time with plenty of money? The most any one can get out of life is a good time. Money and fame mean nothing if you have no fun with them."

He spent his last fifty dollars at Ciro's taking Estelle Brody, the actress, to dinner. She invited him to visit her at the studio the next day. He drove to the studio in a luxurious car, with not one dollar in his pocket.

Miss Brody introduced him to the casting director, who asked him if he would like to put on make-up and work with the crowd for a lark.

"He told me they paid only about five dollars," Milland laughed, "but, oh, boy, if he only knew how I needed that money!"

Before his first day's work was over he was offered a job in a picture

Jackie Cooper is glad to get this cup of hot chocolate and cookies after completing a scene for "O'Shaughnessy's Boy" requiring him to be out in the rain.

which was to be made on location in Scotland, and he left the studio treading on air. Outside he found his car stripped of everything on it that was worth a thin dime. However, he got around to some friends and borrowed enough money with which to purchase a wardrobe suitable for Scotland. He spent four weeks there on the picture, and not one scene was shot, but the trip had helped out his finances, if not his career.

However, as things come easily to Milland, he soon was given a good rôle in a picture. By this time he had been bitten by the acting bug. He wanted to be a good actor. He joined a company and toured the provinces in "The Woman in Room 13." It was upon his return from this tour that he became a temporary sharpshooter and nearly shot the Prince of Wales.

When he went to Hollywood he was told his English accent was a bit too thick, so, characteristically, he set about correcting this defect in the most pleasant way. He got himself a girl friend. Which would have been all right but for the fact that he began speaking with a decidedly Southern accent, because the girl he had chosen was from South Carolina!

He had been under contract to Paramount but a short time when "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer" went into production. The first day on location, the rôle later played by Franchot Tone was without an actor to play it. Milland was sent out.

"I thought it was my big opportunity," Milland said. "Riding and shooting are what I do best, and I was thrilled. The horses were there, saddled and ready, and I decided I would be a strategist. I asked for a good jumper. I tried the horse out, and he was pretty good, so I jumped him. I did trick riding. I picked things off the ground. I did shooting tricks. I put on a show which the director couldn't help but see. I was sure I would get that part, but I didn't, and it was a great disappointment to me at the time.

"Now I'm glad I didn't get it. Franchot was grand in the part, and really, I couldn't have done it. I wasn't ready for a big rôle like that. I would have been terrible, and my career would be over."

Since then things have been looking up for Mr. Milland. His rôles have been increasingly important. Other changes are taking place, personal changes. For the first time he is taking life more seriously. He has acquired a home, and the business of furnishing it is occupying his spare moments.

"The place has a grand garden in the back!" he exclaimed enthusiastically. "I'm anxious to get at it. It needs a lot of work."

I fear his days as an adventurer are over; that he is settling down. My worst suspicions were confirmed one day recently when, in the midst of a gay party, he suddenly glanced at his watch and made a dash for the door. "Pardon me," he said, "I have a date to buy a cook stove with my wife!"

ALICE FAYE and RAY WALKER

THAT talented young comedian, Ray Walker, gets a deserved break in "Music Is Madness," which teams him with the glamorous Alice Faye. It is a brisk romance of back-stage life, with Bebe Daniels returning to play a screen star whose supposed sister turns out to be her daughter. Frank Mitchell and Jack Durant supply the fun and Miss Faye, of course, sings typical numbers as only she can.

Continued from page 16

Hair—Norma Shearer. Because it is thick and natural, with a well-brushed gloss, and is untortured by trick ironing.

Eyes—Marlene Dietrich. They contribute much to her alluring quality.

Nose—Irene Dunne. A lovely nose adds to the sensitive, finely chiseled, aristocratic quality of her face.

Mouth—Claudette Colbert. Soft, alluring, well-shaped, humorous, with intriguing quirks at the corners.

Teeth—Katharine Hepburn. Strong, even, beautifully shaped.

Hands—Carol Lombard. Slim, pliable, typically feminine, very expressive, and full of personality.

Legs and Ankles—Joan Crawford. Legs are firm, well developed, and beautifully shaped, with pretty knees and ankles.

Feet—Ginger Rogers. Slim feet that are not only attractive, but used gracefully.

Back—Dolores del Rio. Her back is slim, graceful, smoothly flowing into the waistline, with no bad angles.

Body—Carol Lombard. Slender, yet alively feminine.

Busby Berkeley votes:

Hair—Norma Shearer. Because of its lovely texture and always beautifully groomed look.

Eyes—Anita Page. Expressing madonnalike loveliness combined with a certain wistful sweetness.

Nose—Ann Harding. Resembling fine Grecian statuary.

Mouth—Marion Davies. Curved to suit a delightful personality, blending from a more than pleasant smile into infectious laughter.

Teeth—Ginger Rogers. Evenly carved, like the finest pearls.

Hands—Marlene Dietrich. Slender, beautifully shaped.

Legs, Ankles, Feet—Marlene Dietrich. They stand out from the crowd with their matchless beauty.

Back—Carol Lombard. Strikingly graceful, and proportioned with a certain definite ease.

Body—Claudette Colbert. Possessed of infinite poise, grace and statuesque beauty.

Bernard Newman votes:

Hair—Virginia Bruce.
Eyes—Loretta Young.
Nose—Irene Dunne.
Mouth—Katharine Hepburn.
Teeth—Claudette Colbert.
Hands—Carol Lombard.
Legs, Feet, Ankles—Marlene Dietrich.
Back—Kay Francis.
Body—Jean Harlow.

Orry-Kelly votes:

Hair—Norma Shearer. Because it is always beautifully groomed.

Eyes—Marion Davies. One minute they express roguishness and the next are very soulful.

Nose—Greta Garbo.

Mouth—Claudette Colbert for its sweetness.

Steffi Duna on her way to the studio to step into the leading feminine rôle in "Hi, Gaucho." This is an Argentine operetta, which offers Steffi her best rôle so far.

Teeth—Joan Blondell. Her frank smile makes a perfect setting for her beautiful teeth.

Hands—Joan Crawford. Beautifully formed, and she uses them gracefully.

Legs—Ruby Keeler. Every one else will say Dietrich, but I say Keeler.

Ankles and Feet—Jean Harlow for her extremely slim ankles and well-shaped feet.

Back—Kay Francis. The most divine back and shoulders in the world.

Body—Carol Lombard. Because of its perfect proportions.

René Hubert votes:

Hair—Janet Gaynor.
Eyes—Greta Garbo.
Nose—Dolores del Rio.
Mouth—Loretta Young.
Teeth—Loretta Young.
Hands—Rosina Lawrence.
Legs—Marlene Dietrich.
Ankles—Claudette Colbert.
Feet—Gloria Swanson.
Back—Kay Francis.
Body—Dolores del Rio.

Robert Kalloch votes:

Hair—Merle Oberon. Because it is vital, lustrous and normal in color, with satin high lights.

Eyes—Claudette Colbert. Large, beautifully set; young and mischievous, or very worldly.

Nose—Ann Sothern. Piquant, with fine nostrils. A gay little nose.

Mouth—Marlene Dietrich. Full and gleaming, and a little sad.

Teeth—Grace Moore. Well-shaped and beautifully proportioned.

Hands—Norma Shearer. Small and fluttery, expressing many moods.

Legs—Marlene Dietrich. Of course.

Ankles—Joan Crawford. Slender and beautifully groomed.

Feet—Ginger Rogers. Important little feet, high instep, narrow and musical.

Back—Jeanette MacDonald. It is smooth, with charming dimples.

Body—Carol Lombard. Slim, well-proportioned, flexible. A figure that adds chic to any costume.

Omar Kiam votes:

Hair—Miriam Hopkins. Beautifully blond and naturally curly.

Eyes—Loretta Young. Soft and liquid.

Nose—Irene Dunne. Not only beautiful, but patrician.

Mouth—Grace Moore. Perfect shape and size.

Teeth—Merle Oberon. So perfect they look artificial.

Hands—Merle Oberon. Beautiful and tapering, neither too large nor too small.

Legs—Marlene Dietrich.

Ankles—Ginger Rogers. Small ond shopely.

Feet—Mary Baland.

Back—Caral Lambard.

Body—Joan Crawford.

Perc Westmore votes:

Hoir—Kay Francis. Becouse af its natural lustrous beauty and perfect simplicity.

Eyes—Laretta Yaung. Becouse af unplucked eyebrows, and withaut doubt the mast beautiful eyes ever to reflect soul ond beouty.

Nose—Greto Garbo. Perfect dilation of the nastrils.

Mouth—Ginger Ragers. Valuptuous and shaped perfectly.

Teeth—Jeonette MacDanald. Perfect in farm, size ond shope.

Honds—Joan Blandell. Groceful, and taper ta the nth degree in impeccoble exquisiteness.

Legs and Ankles—Ruby Keeler. Infallible shope, carrect contaur af calf, ond consummated measurements.

Feet—Jeon Harlaw. The petite size for a waman. She hos the smollest feet on the MGM lot.

Bock—Caral Lambord. Perfectly propartioned contaur af torso.

Bady—Dalares del Ria. She hos that elixir of immortality surraunding the perfect cantaur of her body.

Wally Westmare votes:

Hair—Marlene Dietrich. A notural blonde, beautiful quality. Wellgraamed ot oll times.

Eyes—Cloudette Colbert. She has the mast perfectly spaced eyes on the screen, and lorgest, most beautiful eyes.

Nase—Normo Sheorer. A perfectly balonced nose. Length, shope, width conforms with perfection to contaur af her foce.

Mauth—Sylvia Sidney. Youthful, sensuous, full-blown with vitolity.

Teeth—Cloire Dodd. Symmetrical, perfectly shoped, strang, cancisely portraying a heolthy person.

Honds—Gracie Allen. The gesture of genius to her finger tips.

Legs ond Ankles—Joon Blondell. So unique in movement; neorest ta onotomical charts af perfect measurements.

Feet—Loretta Yaung. A combination of saftness and raguishness.

Bock—Jeanette MacDanold. The only woman who con turn her bock to the comera ond maintain the grace and carriage sa difficult for o star when not focing it.

Bady—Caral Lambard. Perfect symmetry, and ane af the mast wamanly.

Mel Berns vates:

Hair—Miriam Hapkins. Fine as silk in texture; never has been tauched by chemicals.

Eyes—Frances Dee. Vialet-blue in calar. Braws perfect withaut artificial arching. Eyes are large, but nat taa large, and are unusually expressive.

Nase—Irene Dunne. Pure Grecian and cleor cut like a cameo.

Mauth—Myrna Lay. A natural cupid's baw, but nat too small. When she talks her lips foll into beautiful lines ond curves.

Kitty Carlisle gets her wish to sing opera on the screen, even if it is in a side-splitting picture, the Marx Brothers' "A Night at the Opera."

Teeth—Katharine Hepburn. Absolutely perfect in shape and calor. They have the burnished mother-af-peorl look thot is considered the most beautiful. In oddition, her teeth are perfectly fitted to her facial lines.

Hands—Morlene Dietrich. The most expressive an the screen. Long and graceful.

Ankles ond Feet—Marian Nixon. Feet are small, highly orched, and ankles ore small and slim.

Back—Dolores del Ria. Stroight, ond os smaath as satin bath in texture and outline.

Body—Ginger Ragers. The mast beautiful bady, slim, rounded, with narraw hips and small waist, but o full bust.

Legs—Decision reserved.

Charles Dudley vates:

Hair—Claire Trevar. It is like spun gald, af fine texture, and has a natural wave.

Eyes—Janet Gaynar. Dark-brown. They can claud pensively ar shine with joy and animatian, and are set off by naturally arched eyebraws.

Nase—Joon Bennett. It is neither taa broad nor too thin. Its length is exactly ane third af her face, the classic praportian.

Mauth—Anita Lauise. Sweet ond youthful, yet mabile and expressive. The lips are well prapartioned, ond of just the right size and fullness for her face.

Teeth—Alice Faye. Gifted by nature with a perfectly matched set.

Hands—Rosina Lawrence.

Legs ond Ankles—Claudette Colbert.

Feet—Rosito Dioz.

Back—Jean Harlaw.

Body—Jean Harlow.

Jack Pierce votes:

Hoir—Morgoret Sullavon.

Eyes—Margaret Sullovon.

Nase—Irene Dunne.

Mouth—Sidney Fox.

Teeth—Jean Harlaw.

Hands—Zasu Pitts.

Legs and Ankles—June Knight.

Feet—Zasu Pitts.

Back—Binnie Barnes.

Body—Dolores del Rio.

The Perfect Campasite Beouty

(According to o majority of ballats.)

Narmo Sheorer's hair.

Laretta Yaung's Eyes.

Irene Dunne's Nose.

Claudette Colbert's Mauth.

Kotharine Hepburn's Teeth.

Choice of Morlene Dietrich's, Carol Lombard's, Rosina Lowrence's Honds.

Morlene Dietrich's Legs.

Choice of Marlene Dietrich's, Jaan Crawford's, Claudette Colbert's Ankles.

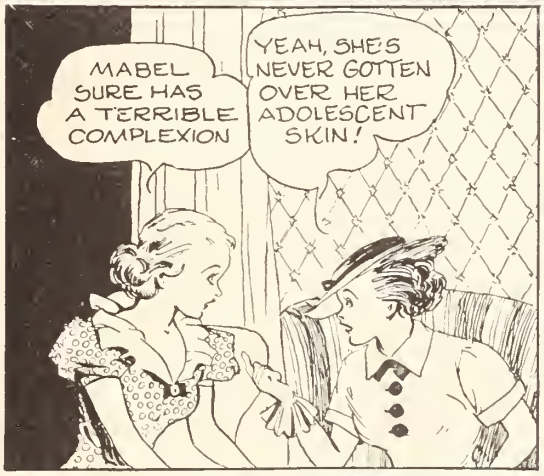
Choice of Morlene Dietrich's, Jean Horlow's, or Ginger Ragers's Feet.

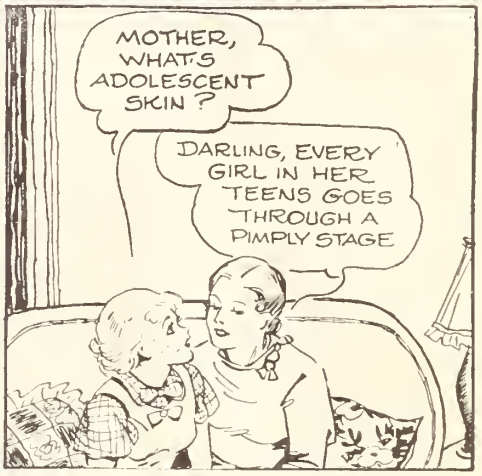
Chaice of Kay Francis's or Corol Lambord's Back.

Carol Lombard's Bady.

And now let the argument stort!

Read how Mabel won lots of new dates





Don't let adolescent pimples humiliate YOU

Between the ages of 13 and 25, important glands develop. This causes disturbances throughout the body. Harmful waste products get into your blood. These poisons irritate the skin—and pimples pop out on the face, chest and back.

Fleischmann's Yeast clears those skin irritants out of your blood. And the pimples disappear!

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast 3 times a day, before meals, until your skin has become entirely clear. Start today!

Copyright, 1935, Standard Brands Incorporated

—clears the skin

by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

Continued from page 47

Hollywood High Lights

was made of her case, and nobody wanted to give in.

Kate's Change of Heart.—Katharine Hepburn suddenly decided, probably under studio persuasion, to commence talking to the press again. She gave out a few choice interviews to choice interviewers about the time that "Alice Adams" was ready for release. She explained her attitude of silence very cleverly by saying that it was due to the fact that she didn't want to "bore" people.

Katharine's boyish bob for "Sylvia Scarlett" is a knock-'em-dead effect. Not since Anna Q. Nilsson appeared in "Ponjola" has any star quite rivaled her. "Sylvia Scarlett" has been a problem film. It was postponed, and postponed, for rewrites of the script.

Merle's Sirenic Ways.—The most seductive star in the world is Merle Oberon. All the men are cuh-razy about her. Smart and shrewd, she's superfeminine in the most delightful way, and is amazingly young and petite. She's never been shown quite as she is on the screen as yet, but hopes are entertained for bringing her more exact personality to the public in "The Dark Angel." Around the United Artists lot, where the picture was made, the mere mention of her name was calculated to send any of the masculine gentry into a rave and ecstasy over her qualities of attractiveness. David Niven seems to be her official escort, but we can't believe that it's a romance.

The Brunettes Attack.—A terrific brunette wave has hit Hollywood. It happens every once in a while, and it's mostly attributed to Luise Rainer, who, by the way, is being given the palm for one of the best performances of the year in "Escapade." Even the Screen Actors Guild, which is very choosey, tendered her an honorable mention in their report. But about the brunettes. There are Lily Pons and Gladys Swarthout, as well as Kay Linaker, among the more recently imported "finds," who are being hailed as much for their personalities as their other qualities.

Gloria Loyal Mother. — Nobody could lure Gloria Stuart away from her new baby until she wanted to be lured. She was adamant on the subject, and insisted on a trip to Honolulu with her husband and child before she would go back to work. Paramount was one studio that offered her a part in a picture within a month or so after the birth date, but Gloria refused it. Her husband, meanwhile, was working on the script of Eddie Cantor's "Shooting the Chutes"—he and about a dozen other writers, for there was no end of trouble with this particular Cantor opus. In fact, it got to be a joke that the gathering of writers looked like a football huddle.

Individual Rosalind. Rosalind Russell refuses to go Beverly Hills. She's quite an independent girl in her personal life, anyway, and she picked the old section of Hollywood, where most of the stars formerly lived, as her ideal. Rosalind rates with Aileen Pringle and Elissa Landi as one of the most adroit and charming conversationalists in the colony.

Lotus Long brought back wonderful fabrics from the South Seas, where she went to make "Typee." Here she displays pajamas made of native prints.

As you perhaps know, she has three brothers and three sisters, and three are older than herself and three younger. None is actor or actress outside of herself, and so she refers to herself as the "ham in the sandwich." Ham meaning actor, of course.

Papa Breen Spanks.—Fur flew at the studios when Joseph I. Breen, the movie censor for the Hays office, returned after his European trip. It isn't the sex appeal of pictures that is causing the trouble this time, because love scenes are quite restrained. But the "G" men stories have been causing plenty of trouble. Too much shooting on the screen is the complaint that has been raised by all hands. Also, there are squawks about the amount of drinking in the movies, especially since the prohibition lid was lifted. There's always something to worry about when it comes to the censors.

Fortunes Declining.—Joe E. Brown and Joan Crawford are getting a little richer, but other stars are poorer, according to the tax collector's report in Los Angeles. Brown showed an increase in his wealth from $55,150 to $111,155 in a single year, according to these records. Joan's increase was a purely nominal one. Her property was valued at $66,610, only $45 more than the previous year.

Decline in the wealth of various stars was shown, including Mary Pickford, Charles Chaplin, Harold Lloyd, Richard Barthelmess, Constance Bennett, and Gloria Swanson. Even Will Rogers was rated as possessing less for some peculiar reason, though his fortune at the time of his death was estimated at $4,000,000 to $5,000,000.

Engagements à la Mode.—Reports of the forthcoming marriage of Irene Hervey and Robert Taylor are described as just a lot of whoop-to-do. Taylor is getting a build-up as a romantic favorite, and of course it's nice if he appears to be engaged, but not too steadily to one lady. However, he and Irene are fairly devoted to each other, and may wed some day.

Also, we just have a hunch that that marriage of Norman Foster and Sally Blane will never come off. See if we're right!

Regrets for Joan.—We deplore quite a bit the fact that the Joan Blondell-George Barnes marriage didn't turn out successfully. Joan was pretty determined that it would be the ultimate in happiness, and she isn't the marrying and remarrying type by any manner of means. It will probably be a long while before she embarks on another venture. The curious thing is that Barnes is a very likable fellow. He had, however, been married several times before.

Strong on Buy British.—Leslie Howard and Robert Donat are two English actors who baffle Hollywood with their attitude toward the films. Howard apparently prefers the stage, and his native British soil, and Donat is very difficult to entice away from the home heath. Money isn't, it would seem, the object of the affectians of either, which is unusual nawadays. Howard probably will come aver to play in "The Petrified Forest" later on, and Donat in "Beau Brummel." But they exhibit no anxiety about starting pictures on the Pacific shores.

Temperamentally En Rapport.—Mrs. Pat Campbell is quite enthusiastic about Josef von Sternberg as a director. Now what do you think of that? She worked in the picture "Crime and Punishment" with him.

Marlene Money Queen.—Marlene Dietrich is likely to get more money than anybody yet far a picture in England. It's said she will raise the George Arliss ante, which was $200,000 plus, though the Arliss taxes abroad had to be paid out of that. Gaumont-British wants the German star for a film some time next year.

Meanwhile, Marlene seems to divide her interest between Josef von Sternberg, Brian Aherne, and others, pending the start of a Hollywood film. That is, she is never without an escort, except on rare occasions when she goes to a private party.

There's been plenty of trouble shaping up a story for la Dietrich, and Ernst Lubitsch himself has been giving it attention.

Mary Boland Eludes Law.—A process server kept Mary Boland on the jump just before she left Hollywood for an Eastern stage play. She was sued for $150,000 by the wife of her nephew, George Bernard Kummer, who alleged that Miss Boland had interfered with their marital happiness.

Miss Boland apparently heard that the law was after her, and she chartered an airplane to take her to Phoenix, Arizona, where she embarked on the regular transcontinental air liner. It wasn't the suit that warried Mary so much, she said, as the fact that she might not be able to keep her New York footlight appointment if she became involved with the courts.

Objects to Obscurity.—Warren William had a little trouble with Warner Brothers, which seemed chiefly due to the fact that he had been cast in a comparatively insignificant rôle after being starred most of the time. William argued against the procedure, and then Warner's suspended him.

William is an actor who could never be accused of being high hat in the accepted sense of that word. He has always been a hard-working actor, who indulges in little or no display in connection with his work, temperamental or otherwise.

Boles Rushes to Rescue.—John Boles is considered quite a hero in Hollywood since he saved Gladys Swarthout from being scalded. Miss Swarthout, playing in "Rose of the Rancho," was in imminent danger of having hot soup and coffee thrown all over her when a folding table slipped. Boles, with marked presence of mind, prevented the dishes from falling. He cut his hand very badly on a sharp metallic edge of the table in the process.

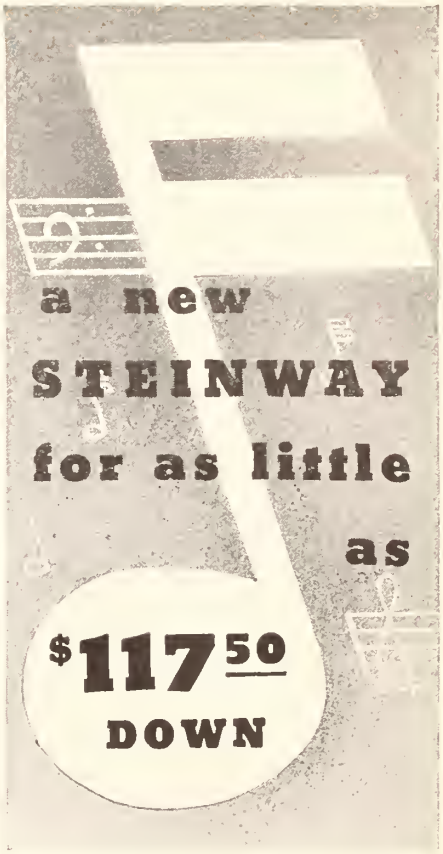
Incidentally, everybody around the Paramount studio is acclaiming Miss Swarthout as the next outstanding screen personality.

The Children's Hour.—No sooner does one child star receive his or her medal as a discovery than another shines in the film firmament. A month ago it was Sybil Jason who graduated to sudden success; and now it's Edith Fellows who is winning all the enthusiasm because of her work in "She Married Her Boss."

It's really quite surprising how many youngsters have made good, since Shirley Temple started the ball rolling. Freddie Bartholamew, the real "wunderkind," Virginia Weidler, and David Holt are among the brightest, while at the moment another youngster, William Burrud, who appears with May Robson in "Three Kids and a Queen," is expected to make the next hit.

Atmospheric Background. — How does "Misty Mountain" suit your idea of a dwelling place for Katharine Hepburn? That's where she resides. It was the home in Beverly occupied by Enid Bennett, when she was starred, and her husband, Fred Niblo, the director. They now live far from madding Hollywood on a ranch.

Persistent still is the devotion between Katharine and Leland Hayward, or are they married? Katharine won't tell, anyway.



You can own a Steinway, and you can own it now!

For as small a sum as $117.50, a new Steinway Grand will be placed in your home at once! You may then pay the balance over a period mutually agreed upon.

A piano is a most important purchase. Selected hastily, it may give you trouble ever afterward.

But when you decide upon a Steinway, you make an incomparable investment. From the moment its singing, glorious voice first sounds through your home, the Instrument of the Immortals will be a source of pleasure and delight.

Visit the nearest Steinway dealer. Play, or hear, the Steinway with Accelerated Action ("the greatest improvement in the piano in thirty years"). Decide upon the model which most pleases you, and is best adapted to your home. Then decide, together with the dealer, upon accommodating terms. Steinway & Sons, Steinway Hall, 109 W. 57th Street, New York City.

Steinway prices have not been raised above their former low level.

Steinway

THE INSTRUMENT OF THE IMMORTALS

Continued from page 43

The Public Is Fickle

door is. There is nothing exotic dramatic or strongly individual in her beauty. Likable, but the type we tire of most quickly. If she had not been well managed she would have gone into obscurity with dozens of other girls who have been stars for a short time.

Toby Wing leaves her dressing room to walk her Scottie around the Paramount lot, hoping that the big bosses will cast her in a worth-while part by the time she comes back.

I suspect Mary Brian, Fay Wray, and Joan Bennett have never reached stardom because no one has ever dramatized their garden variety of beauty.

Briefly sketching Norma's career to exemplify the good showmanship which has held her followers: In her early days she played demure, sweet young things. All soft curls and pretty smiles in fluffy ruffles. Then she went "smart" with a bang and for a time was sophistication personified. In "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney," "The Divorcee," "A Free Soul," and "Let Us Be Gay," we had Norma with curls slicked back into a smart coiffure and her gowns not only backless but clinging tight in revealing lines. Yes, she gave us the worldly woman until she knew the public had enough of her in that rôle and then presto! a change to the historical costume play as in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street."

Constance Bennett, Ruth Chatterton, Kay Francis, Joan Crawford, and Ann Harding also are of a commonplace type, but with a difference. Joan and Constance lift themselves from the everyday beauty class because of an inner spark which gives them an electric personality. Miss Harding's appearance is unique because of her long hair. Bob Ann's hair and she would lose her distinction. On the other hand, Miss Francis makes an exotic type of beauty friendly because she has the girl-next-door personality. Miss Chatterton raised the domestic quality of her looks through finesse and an ultra manner.

An attribute this group of stars has in common, and more or less to the same degree, is dramatic ability. They are all sterling actresses. Let's see how they have employed the showmanship and make-up talents of the art.

Joan Crawford is in the tenth year of her contract with MGM. She is the most notable exponent of surface change in make-up and clothes. She has been criticized for this, but when her company sees the continued profit from her films they must believe there is something to the bromide, "Every knock is a boost." Joan is marching on.

Kay Francis of to-day is not the Kay we knew in the period of her slick hairdress and severely chic gowns. Yes, Kay caters to the public's love of change, too. Not so flamboyantly as Joan. Characteristic of the aristocratic Kay is that she does it smoothly, nonchalantly.

Ann Harding has not changed her appearance, but like Mary Pickford, she originated a new style. Will her long, straight tresses equal Mary's reign in long golden curls, and then oblivion?

Ruth Chatterton suffered an eclipse in her fifth year. A great actress but a poor showman. She didn't believe that variety is the spice of life. She neither changed her rôles nor the part in her hair. Was it lack of assurance that she could assume a new personality or the complacency of conceit that her public would never tire of the same Ruth Chatterton? She is too valuable an actress to lose, but I don't believe we should worry, as Ruth has a way of surmounting defeat.

Rod La Rocque, capable and popular silent screen star, returns to active studio duty in the rôle of a gay but deadly bandit in "Hi, Gaucho."

So, don't complain if your idols resort to surface changes to satisfy our weakness for variety. The sun is always glorious, but it's not the steady glare of its noonday rays which sends the poet into raves, but rather the myriad of colors it reflects when it sets in the evening sky.

JEAN HARLOW

A snow-capped mountain in the sunlight,
  A diamond pure and bright,
A pool of crystal water,
  A lovely shining light,
A white cloud drifting
  Across a summer sky—
These are what you make me think of,
  There's no need to tell you why.

Ruth Whitman Bowers.

Tornado in Leash

Continued from page 35

that those words were all very inspiring and that they buayed her up for months. But Mary Ellis always had a prosperaus family behind her to enable her to be true ta her dream, and Marian and many others haven't.

There comes a time when a girl's shaes are wearing thin and she hasn't eaten recently, when she has to stap thinking great thoughts and take just any job that offers.

That is what happens to many, but Mary Ellis's good fairy having endawed her with the mast lavish gifts af beauty and talent, threw in a prosperaus and cultured family far good measure.

Somewhat timidly I mentioned Miss Ellis's first picture ta her, wondering if the habit af success was so strang that she wauld rail against the fate that made "All the King's Harses" a failure.

"But it was very interesting ta make that picture. I learned so much," she insisted. "I wanted a chance ta learn my way araund befare a camera and that picture gave it ta me. No one expected much of it for me, my part was sa completely subardinate ta Carl Brisson's. But 'Paris in Spring' is sa much better. I think I would rather wark with Lewis Milestone than with any one else. He knows exactly what he wants. He liked me, too. Wait, I'll show you the photagraph he gave me."

Far some eighteen years Caruso, Farrar, Belasco, and every theatrical figure of nate in America and Landon tald Mary Ellis she was wonderful, but she is still genuinely excited aver pleasing a director.

In the theater and in the studia Miss Ellis frequently terrifies people. Many of them will break down and admit that they have never seen her fly into a rage, but they are not taking any chances on unleashing that dynamic energy. Samehow the impression is abraad that the Ellis temper is not one to trifle with.

Sa ane day an the Paramaunt lat, when she was farced ta repeat a strenuous sang number aver and over fram nine in the marning until late afternoon, with all recardings reparted faulty, na ane fram studia head to saund mixer wauld tell her what was the matter. Finally she appealed ta a fellaw player to tell her what was wrang.

"They can't understand a ward yau're saying," he tald her. "Well, why an earth didn't same ane say sa," asked Miss Ellis in the mast matter-af-fact way, "instead af gathering behind scenery and whispering?" Whereupon she did her sang again, speaking each word mare simply, but retaining the galden tones as fresh and vibrant as when she first sang that marning.

Since the day I met her, Miss Ellis has returned to Landan and scared a triumph in a musical play, and she wan't ga back ta Hallywaod and pictures until late autumn.

She rarely misses a summer in England, partly because audiences there adare her, and partly because at her farm in Sussex she graws flawers, fruits and vegetables, far sale in near-by towns and far campetition in the caunty fairs.

She rides araund her acres on a spirited harse, motars dawn ta the caast for swimming, then up ta Landan far a performance and parties afterward. Life is vivid and full af pleasures far her.

She was sure of her dream and made it happen. But ane slight detail she fargat to cancentrate an. Her husbands are not a lasting success.

First there was L. A. Bernheimer, a theatrical praducer wham she married when she was very young. Then there was Edward Knopf, publisher and later stage directar. Then there was Basil Sydney, her tempestuaus costar in many stage ventures.

But like her first picture, her marriage failures have given her wisdom, and they were fun, same of the time, at least, while they lasted.

PRINCE CHARMING.

Galden-haired and galden-vaiced,
Tall and waman-wise,
Nelsan Eddy swaggers by
With laughter in his eyes.

Masterful, yet tender,
His serenades arise
Ta win a lovely lady—
And every waman sighs.

Edith Grames.

"A GOOD NAME—"

You take no chances with your health and beauty when you ask for FLIGHT products at your dealer's.

Whether it be creams, lotions, shampoos; or lipstick, powder, rouge, etc., you can be sure that the FLIGHT product you buy is safe, effective, and economical.

Over thirty superior products bear the FLIGHT label and guarantee—and all have the same sensible price—35 cents.

HOLLYWOOD Flight
WESTCRAFT LABORATORIES LOS ANGELES

TYPEWRITER ½ Price

Easy Terms
Only 10c a Day
Save over ½ on all standard office models. Also portables at reduced prices.
SEND NO MONEY
All late models completely refinished like brand new. FULLY GUARANTEED. Big free catalog shows actual machines in full colors. Lowest prices. Send at once.
Free course in typing included.
10-day Trial
International Typewriter Exch., 231 W. Monroe St. Dept. 1176. Chicago

Wife Wins Fight with Kidney Acids

Sleeps Fine, Feels 10 Years Younger—Uses Guaranteed Cystex Test

Thousands of women and men sufferers from poorly functioning Kidneys and Bladder have discovered a simple, easy way to sleep fine and feel years younger by combating Getting Up Nights, Backache, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Stiffness, Neuralgia, Burning, Smarting and Acidity due to poor Kidney and Bladder functions, by using a Doctor's prescription called Cystex (Siss-tex). Works fast, safe, and sure. In 48 hours it must bring new vitality, and is guaranteed to do the work in one week or money back on return of empty package. Cystex costs only 3c a dose at druggists. The guarantee protects you.

50 Ways to make money in PHOTOGRAPHY

Fascinating, profitable work. COMMERCIAL, NEWS, PORTRAIT, MOTION PICTURE Photography. Personal Attendance and Home Study training. 25th year. Let us show you the wonderful opportunities for a successful career in this growing field. Free booklet.

New York Institute of Photography
10 West 33rd St., (Dept. 3) New York

Remove that **FAT**

"So happy & grateful!" J. A.

● Have you a full, oversize bust? You can reduce 3-5 inches and have alluring, slim loveliness with my famous **Slimcream** treatment, which reduced my bust 4½ inches and weight 28 lbs. in 28 days! I GUARANTEE TO RETURN YOUR MONEY if your form is not reduced after applying my **Slimcream** treatment for 14 days! Full 30 days' Treatment, **$1.00**, sent in plain wrapper. The ultra-rapid, GUARANTEED way to get those slender, girlish, fascinating curves so much admired. **FREE!** Send $1.00 for my **Slimcream** treatment **NOW**, and I will send you, FREE, my world-famous, regular $1.00 **Beauty Treatment**, with a gold-mine of priceless beauty secrets never before revealed! Limited Offer—SEND TODAY!
Daisy Stebbing, Dept. P.P. 16, Forest Hills, New York

A Bachelor Budgets His Life

Continued from page 50

to him. He could actually get along with one man if he had to.

But the surprise of this story is that the house and lot and every piece of furniture were all paid for before Dick moved into it!

His only extravagance, if you want to call it such, is that he has a radio-victrola in every room in his house. You see, music is his business. These radios are built flush with the wall, with the exception of the one in his room, which is at the head of the bed.

You will not be hearing of any wild parties at the Dick Powell ménage. That is not in his line. He has been in Hollywood nearly four years and has given but one party.

"Success in pictures," he explains "means work, a little more work, and still more work. True, we make more money than in most lines of work, but we have less time in which to enjoy the simplest pleasures of life. It makes one realize how true the law of compensation is. None of us can have everything. We actors have moments when we envy the man who has his leisure just as he probably envies us."

It is a rare occurrence for Dick to spend over fifteen dollars for an evening's entertainment. More often it is one dollar or one dollar and fifty cents, which means two tickets to a picture. And twenty-five dollars an evening for two people Dick thinks is rank extravagance.

"Why work so hard for money, if you have no thought of saving it for a rainy day?" he asks. "That's why I'm willing to slave now and try to be sensible about my manner of living, so that I may be assured of economic independence when my earning power is at an end."

In an effort to do this, he puts one-third of his savings in annuities, one-third in common stocks, and one-third in bonds, though at the moment he thinks real estate is coming back.

In this connection, I must not fail to mention that his generosity keeps pace with his thrift. Last Christmas, as usual, he asked the Chamber of Commerce to furnish him with the names of twenty-five or thirty families who would like baskets, and not only did he buy the contents of these baskets, but he packed and delivered them in person. Into each basket he put something rather extravagant that the people would not likely buy, as well as the practical things, so it might really seem like Christmas to them.

I was amazed in looking over his expenditures for the year to discover that his clothing bill was less than seven hundred dollars, and his entertaining and expenses for pleasure less than five hundred dollars. If I were to tell you how he keeps household expenses down to the minimum, you would probably receive a lecture from your husband on reckless spending.

The boy is still in his twenties. It would be unfair to say "at the height of his career," for in our opinion he has only begun. With youth, good looks, fame, and almost unsurpassed popularity, he still has business acumen and rare common sense.

"Now, I'm not the perfect package that proud parents pray for," he insists. "Please don't picture me like that. I have spent about a third of my time retracing my mistakes, and thank goodness, I'm not stupid enough never to change my mind. I frankly admit I talked too much when I came to Hollywood, but we all learn as we go along."

What actually changed the smoldering purpose of his being to a motivating, driving urge was what he saw in Hollywood—the people who were once at the top and are now at the bottom; the players who were improvident in their heyday and now hardly know which way to turn. Those things made him think, made him resolve not to follow in their footsteps. So, he chose as his counselor Joe E. Brown, whom he admires more than any man in pictures. "Because he is such a fine, upright, family man," he explains, and to Joe he turns for every kind of advice.

And be it said to Dick's credit, the biggest of all his accomplishments is that he has control of himself at this age. The boy has everything, everything except a wife, but the way he and Mary Brian look at each other, it's not unthinkable that he may do something about that, too!

Dorothy Lee pranced on the stage in London, but the Piccadilly Johnnies didn't turn her head or cause her heart to flutter in the least. She was homesick for her old pals, Wheeler and Woolsey. So she returned to Hollywood as soon as possible and found them all ready to start "The Rainmakers." Of course, she's in the picture, too.

One More Human: Myrna Loy

Continued from page 41

She attended kindergarten for over a year. But Cousin Laura Belle Wilder, now ten years old, was going to regular school, and, being a diligent student, did her home work nightly.

One evening, when Myrna and her mother were at Laura Belle's house, and Laura Belle was at a table studying, Myrna took a seat at the table, too, and watched her cousin for a while. She couldn't understand why Laura Belle was studying when there was playing to be done. She even asked, and Laura Belle explained that this was required of her at school; she just couldn't play until she had finished with her books. Myrna was thoughtful for so long a time that Laura Belle thought she was resigned to the situation; but then Myrna brought forth the result of her deep thinking:

"If I ever go to school," she said with much conclusiveness, "I'll never take any books!"

To what extent she kept this promise to herself we shall see later.

But that evening was a visiting one. The Williamses and the Wilders were going out, and Myrna had to be washed and dressed. It fell to Mrs. Wilder to ready the child. She was taken into the bathroom and her face was scrubbed. Mrs. Wilder noticed a large speck of what she thought was dirt on the turned-up nose which Grandmother Johnson still deplored, and applied more pressure. She scrubbed and she scrubbed, but the spot remained. Myrna looked down at it, crossing her eyes beautifully in so doing, and said:

"You can't wash that off, auntie, that's a freckle."

Closer inspection convinced Mrs. Wilder that Myrna was right. It was a freckle of considerable size, the first of many freckles that at one time threatened to become just one big one. But as she grew, the spaces between the freckles became larger, and to-day she has hardly more than a million of them.

Shortly after this incident an epidemic of measles broke out in Helena. Schools closed, parents kept their children indoors, and house after house was quarantined despite every precaution.

Myrna escaped. She even went out on the street at a time when the very thought of such boldness horrified cautious parents. Even then she had a way of sailing along, her head in the air, oblivious to dangers practically in her face. It wasn't lack of fear, it was unconcern; as to-day she chooses to disbelieve in any power to harm her. And in some mysterious way, this attitude worked then, as now. Anyway, she did not get the measles then.

Slowly the epidemic subsided, and the tensity of fear was relaxed. Eventually not a case of measles remained in town. People started visiting one another again.

Mrs. Edwards, the wife of the mayor, was calling on Mrs. Williams one afternoon. Mrs. Edwards, before her marriage, had been Doctor Thayer, a physician. Though retired from practice, she naturally retained her medical knowledge.

What every actor knows and what no Annapolis midshipman knows anything about—the need for make-up. Dick Powell powders his nose between scenes of "Shipmates Forever." Ruby Keeler's doing the same elsewhere.

I'll PROVE in 7 Days I Can make YOU a NEW MAN!

ALL I want is *one week* to prove I can give you a powerful body of might and muscle—with my quick *Dynamic Tension* method!

Mail coupon below—and I'll send you *absolutely free*, my new book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." Reveals secrets that changed me from a 97-pound weakling to twice-winner of title, "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man". Shows how I can build you a champion body the same easy way!

I've taken thousands of flabby, no-muscle men and given them big, powerful muscles, increased measurements, amazing strength, vitality, pep! And I've got no use for pills, or for contraptions that may strain you. My *natural Dynamic Tension* method develops real men, inside and out! Banishes constipation, bad breath, pimples.

Send NOW for free copy of my book filled with pictures and body facts. Find out how I can make you the husky, big-muscled NEW MAN you can be! Mail coupon TODAY

by CHARLES ATLAS
Holder of Title: "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man"

FREE BOOK

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 1611, 115 E. 23 St., N. Y. C.
Send Free Book showing how *Dynamic Tension* can make me a NEW MAN.

Name .....

Address .....

FREE To pupil making most improvement in next 3 months.

YOUR FACE CAN BE CHANGED

Straight regular features! Charming new beauty! They can be yours. Dr. Stotter (grad. of University of Vienna) reconstructs faces by famous Vienna Polyclinic methods. Unshapely Noses, Protruding Ears, Large Lips, Wrinkles, Signs of Age, etc., are all quickly corrected. Low cost. Write or call for Free Booklet "*Facial Reconstruction*," (mailed in plain wrapper.)
Dr. Stotter, 50 East 42nd St., Dept. 37-N, New York

KILL THE HAIR ROOT

The Mahler method positively prevents hair from growing again. Safe, easy, permanent. Use it privately, at home. Brings relief, happiness, comfort, freedom of mind. Send 6c in stamps TODAY for booklet.
WE TEACH BEAUTY CULTURE
D. J. MAHLER CO., Dept. 265N, Providence, R. I.

KNOW *Your* FUTURE
AS TOLD BY YOUR STARS

What is the romance in store for you . . . destined from the day of your birth? Whom should you marry? What are your lucky days? Your lucky numbers? . . . Send full birthdate with 75c (or C. O. D. plus postage) for Complete Forecast, not less than 25 large pages. Money back if not more than pleased. Order today.
THURSTON, Dept. 331, 20 W. Jackson, Chicago.

In ST. LOUIS *it's the* HOTEL
Kennox
LOCATED DOWNTOWN
GARAGE SERVICE
Famous for Food and Hospitality
OUTSTANDING ROOM VALUES $2.50 UP

NEW DISCOVERY MAKES HAIR SOFT and FLUFFY after PERMANENT
ENDS STICKY MATTY AFTER EFFECTS

Young man discovers secret formula sought by Beauty Specialists for years. DEM-O-DEX prepares the hair for a beautiful permanent wave or marcelle, leaving it soft and fluffy—stimulates growth, stops falling hair and ends dandruff. Beauty Shops charge $2.00 a treatment. We want you to try it at home.
30 DAY MONEY BACK TRIAL
DEM-O-DEX in 8 oz. bottle is equal to 5 Beauty Shop Treatments. The marvelous results will amaze you. Try one bottle on our Money Back Guarantee. ORDER TODAY! Enclose only $1.00 and we'll include a 50c bottle of DEM-O-DEX SHAMPOO, FREE
MILLBROOK LABORATORIES Dept. A11 ROCKFORD, ILL.

Shapely Legs

MORRIS LIMB STRAIGHTENER
. . . improves . . .
BOW-LEGS and KNOCK-KNEES
Successfully used by thousands of men, women, children. Positively guaranteed construction to individual measurements. Worn comfortably day or night. Send ten cents for actual photographs sent in plain cover.
Morris Orthopedic Institute
Ward 188, 612 Loew's State Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.

Myrna was upstairs on this particular afternoon. Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Edwards heard her cough. Mrs. Williams paid no attention; children coughed all the time. But Mrs. Edwards knew differently. When Myrna coughed again, Mrs. Edwards asked:

"Is Myrna feeling well?"

"Of course," said Mrs. Williams. "You know she escaped the measles."

"Perhaps she escaped the epidemic," said Mrs. Edwards dryly, "but that sounds like a measles cough to me."

It was. Myrna had waited until every one else was well, then become sick. She has always been different.

There was no new epidemic, no new scare, simply because Mrs. Edwards did not report the case to the authorities, not caring to alarm the townspeople further. It was the only case in Helena at the time, and Myrna was soon well.

She was given a big, beautiful doll to celebrate her recovery. It was worth being sick for, she thought, and she loved that doll as she had loved no other. It was the kind with flaxen curls, and a squeaky voice that piped "Mama" when punched in the tummy.

Myrna kept the doll in bed with her during the last few days of her confinement. Most of those hours were spent in planning new dresses for it, a little house of its own which her father had promised her.

On the first day that she was allowed out of bed, she got up joyfully, talking to the doll about all the lovely things in store for her. While being dressed, she planned a lifetime for the doll and herself.

A little wabbly, she started downstairs. She had to hang onto the bannister for support, the doll clutched tightly in the other arm. One by one she made the steps downward, slowly and carefully.

She reached the third step from the bottom; her heel caught, and she reached frantically for support—but with both hands. There was a crash, and all her dreams lay in pieces at her feet! The doll had departed to the land of better things.

Myrna sat down and cried. She cried so hard that she had to be carried back to bed. And she didn't stop crying until every piece of the doll was heaped up on the bed by her pillow. It was her first real tragedy.

Mrs. Williams tried to comfort her daughter, and told her a secret—one that kept Myrna wondering and asking questions for days. Her mother had confided that soon there would be a real, live doll for her to play with for the rest of her life. A doll that grew up, just as she would; one that would not be subject to breakage.

She was going to have a little sister or brother.

To Be Continued.

What the Fans Think

Continued from page 12

"Finlandia" by Sibelius. Its opening theme seems as mysteriously desolate and broodingly disquieting as is the expression characteristic of Garbo's eyes.

"Kamennoi-Ostrow" by Rubinstein. One of the themes with its soaring, thrilling melody and its majestic background suggests Grace Moore, who will reach every height of glorious song in the days to come through the charm of her personality and voice, plus an air of majesty about her; the majesty that only a singer can possess.

"Bacchanale" from Gounod's "Faust." Tempestuous whirlwind of sound becoming temporarily subdued, then suddenly breaking out into the same unrestrained wildness that is an inherent part of it and cannot be suppressed. In other words, Lupe Velez.

And for Helen Hayes, I agree with Miss Billing in choosing Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata." Both Miss Hayes and the sonata possess a certain elusive, delicate, spiritual quality that somehow seems to have captured a bit of the unearthliness of moonlight.

CATHERINE MAYER.
5121 Warwick Avenue,
Chicago, Illinois.

Mr. Oettinger Was Right.

I'VE been interested in several references to a letter which appeared in the May issue, signed "M. L., Hollywood, California." I looked up this letter, and then I read Mr. Oettinger's article to which it referred.

My conclusions are that this "M. L." is some one who can't stand having the truth printed about Hollywood, and has decided that the only way to have the public keep its illusions about this famous city is just to deny flatly anything detrimental that is said about it.

Well, you may have put it over on Iowa, "M. L.," but you and I know that what Mr. Oettinger said about Hollywood is absolutely true and especially the "press party" reference. Dealing with the press is one of the most important functions in a star's life, for the press is in direct contact with the public, and it pays to be on good terms with them, for obvious reasons.

Still another newcomer! Marsha Hunt is her name, until recently a fashion model. Sudden discovery of her ability as an actress places her opposite George Raft in "I'm Coming Back to You."

Most of the publicity about the stars' accomplishments is a lot of hooey. To be sure, there are some talented members of the movie colony, but to listen to the publicity of each, one would think that Hollywood was composed of a lot of intellectual geniuses. They're not supposed to be intelligent, anyway, so why all the talk? An intellectual genius couldn't stand the picture business for one week.

Hollywood's night life is "in rompers" for the simple reason that there practically isn't any. There isn't a real night club in the place. We've been trailing behind New York, in this respect, for years. Why not come out and admit it? We have a lot of would-be night clubs that charge enough for a first-class trip to Europe, but the only attraction they offer is the sight of some movie stars, and we can see them around town any day.

I don't want to appear to be a crank, but it burned me up to have this mysterious "M. L." come out and, in so many words, call Malcolm Oettinger a liar, when everything the latter said in his article was the absolute truth.

DAY PUTNAM.
6716 Sunset Boulevard,
Hollywood, California.

At Least Two Ideal Marriages.

IT is pleasant to read about two swell people like Joel McCrea and Frances Dee. I enjoyed the article about them in Picture Play, but it isn't exactly astonishing that their life is so normal and sane. Why?

Because long ago I remember reading about Joel and his quaint ideas—quaint, that is, in the eyes of Hollywood—and the fine background from which he came. I also remember reading about Frances, her education, sweetness and

unassuming attitude. And, anyway, I always liked the looks of both of them. Their marriage seems to be one of the very real and happy occurences in Hollywood.

Incidentally, they prove that a successful marriage *is* possible between two players. Of course, it must be considered that there are too few people like them in the film capital—people who are sincere, honest and who think more of each other than themselves. They aren't an old married couple by any means, but I shall be awfully surprised if anything ever happens to spoil that combination.

And speaking of happy marriages, reminds me that I read that Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon are back in Hollywood, both to appear in forthcoming productions. They are another pair who have always had my admiration. Bebe is a grand actress, and I hope she comes back *strong*. Both deserve the best, and here's hoping they get it.

ELLEN W. WHITE.
5247 Florence Avenue,
West Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Don't Be Vulgar!

IT is interesting to read the opinions expressed in "What the Fans Think," but it is a great pity that some of the writers allow their acidulated feelings to stifle their discretion. A Chicago fan who, vulgarly, had called an actress a "young heifer," was awarded "a carload of onions," in the June issue, by an equally vulgar writer. Apart from the banality, how very absurd!

Another correspondent tells certain readers to "jump in the lake." How silly! Another misogynist alludes to four noted stars as "enjoyable as a bunch of puppets dangling from a string"; and of five other prominent stars this same lady says: "We can't enjoy their pictures any more than we can enjoy taking a dose of castor oil!"

Constructive criticism, free of venom, should prove acceptable and beneficial, but carping criticism may do much harm, and certainly reflects discredit on its authors. Opinions differ, but every one is entitled to his own. I can conceive of no reason, consistent with sanity, for sending imaginary vegetables to those whose opinions differ from one's own, or in asking them to jump into a body of water.

HERBERT F. TRAFFORD.
354 Bauer Place,
Mineola, New York.

Awaits Novarro's Return.

I WAS so terribly disappointed to learn that Ramon Novarro had decided to end his career as an actor that I nearly cried. All the glamour and romance of the movies seemed to fade away with his departure. I found I was no more interested in them. But, thinking it over, I've decided that I'm silly to believe that Ramon would really call it quits so suddenly and leave as his memorial an ignominious flop like "The Night Is Young." After so many years of picture-making, he surely couldn't make that awful picture his swan song.

I'm sure that when Ramon, who loves putting his finger in every pie, burns all of them in picture producing and gets heartily tired of acting on the London stage, he'll come back to his real and first love, the movies. One thing, though. I hope he'll sign up with any studio but MGM. That movie factory is enough to kill any star. It's doing its best to work the quick demise of Clark Gable, Greta Garbo, and Robert Montgomery, just as it did Helen Hayes and Otto Kruger. So come back, Ramon, and join a new studio, and you'll find thousands of us ready and waiting to do you honor. R. G. H.
Los Angeles, California.

No Credit for the Men.

I WANT to know why it is that the producers suffer so hard to put some one over, especially if it's a woman? Merle Oberon has been cast in "The Dark Angel." To insure success for the picture, she has the support of Fredric March and Herbert Marshall, two very fine actors. If the picture goes over, Miss Oberon will be given credit, although March and Marshall undoubtedly will be responsible for its success.

The same thing was done with Anna Sten in "We Live Again" and "The Wedding Night." Luise Rainer was given the support of William Powell in "Escapade." Ann Harding has been slipping—all bad actresses do—so Gary Cooper will have to give her help in "Peter Ibbetson." Jean Harlow's greatest successes were with Clark Gable, but Clark never heard about it. Connie Bennett always had the most popular man of the day with her—Franchot Tone, Fredric March, Clark Gable. And I'd like to see Norma Shearer stand on her own legs for a while, minus the assistance of the best stories, finest directors, and most popular men.

The men never get credit for putting these stars' pictures over. It's always Miss So-and-so's picture. Colbert and Hepburn seem to be the only women who can stand on their own. Give the men star parts for a change, especially Fredric March and Clark Gable.

PENNY ALLEN.
1456 North Mansfield Street,
Hollywood, California.

Right Back at Him.

MR. DELAFIELD: May I be so bold as to say that I think you're about the most insipid, pessimistic, and ignoble person that ever set foot on this earth? Not only do you insult the intelligence of millions of writers and critics when you condemn "Anne of Green Gables," but your heroic plan for saving the public from intolerable boredom just about places you at the head of the list of nincompoops.

You say that such hard-boiled cutie types as Joan Crawford should be done away with. Since when does Joan become a member of the cutie class? I've never found her "cute," and doubt if others have. She resembles, to most people, what a well-behaved American girl should be. Believe it or not, I uphold certain ideals and standards, even if I

IF You SUFFER From PSORIASIS

SEND FOR THIS BOOKLET on—
SIROIL

Siroil has brought relief to thousands of men and women throughout the country. Applied externally to the affected areas it causes the scales to disappear, the red blotches to fade out and the skin to resume its normal texture. Siroil will not stain bed linen. We back with a guarantee the claim that if you purchase a bottle of Siroil and do not receive decided benefit within two weeks—and you are the sole judge—your money will be refunded.

SIROIL Laboratories, Inc.
1214 Griswold St., Dept. Y.11, Detroit, Mich.
Please send me full information on Siroil—the new treatment of Psoriasis.
NAME_____
ADDRESS_____
CITY_____ STATE_____

Alviene SCHOOL OF THE Theatre
Graduates: Lee Tracy, Peggy Shannon, Fred Astaire, Una Merkel, Zita Johann, Mary Pickford, etc. Drama, Dance, Speech, Musical Comedy, Opera, Personal Development, Culture. Stock Theatre Training appearances while learning. For catalog, write Sec'y LOREE, 66 West 85th St., N. Y.

PILES DON'T BE CUT Until You Try This Wonderful Treatment
for pile suffering. If you have piles in any form write for a FREE sample of Page's Pile Tablets and you will bless the day that you read this. Write today. E. R. Page Co., 417-A3 Page Bldg., Marshall, Mich.

Learn PHOTOGRAPHY at Home
Make money taking pictures. Photographs in big demand. Commercial Photography also pays big money. Learn quickly at home in spare time. No previous experience needed. Write for new book, *Opportunities in Modern Photography*. American School of Photography, Dept. 1618, 3601 Michigan Ave., Chicago.

FREE VALUABLE NUMEROLOGY CHART
COMPLETE SCIENTIFIC NUMEROLOGY CHART sent FREE to you by the makers of the two famous lipsticks—REJUVIA at 10c and FLAME-GLO at 20c each. Have you an Artistic Nature? Are you Mysterious, Passionate? Are you intended for Great Love, Adventure, Success? Define your own type with this Complete Numerology Chart. Study your Sweetheart, your Friends! Does your name fit your personality? Do you vibrate to 7-9-14-6? Intriguing, Mysterious, Exciting. You will be amazed at what the numbers show. Mail your name and address on penny Post Card. No Cost, No Obligations. Send now to REJUVIA BEAUTY LABS. Inc., 398 Broadway, Dept.K-28 New York City
REJUVIA LIPSTICK 10c. FLAME-GLO LIPSTICK 20c. The only really automatic Lipstick as fine as the most expensive. America's Famous Lipstick Sensations. Three times as indelible as most other lipsticks. Why pay $1 or more? Get the finest for only 10c and 20c at most 5 and 10c stores.

am but seventeen and a member of what you would class "this damaging younger generation."

You also say that actresses who are noted only for their figures should be slaughtered. Do you mean to tell me that Claudette Colbert got the Academy award because of her ability to "slay" people with her legs? Oh, no! It was purely because of genuine talent. Kay Francis and Loretta Young also have proved their ability in many pictures.

As for letting Garbo go home and who's stopping her, well, I'll tell you. It's the fans! What actress set the standard of acting on our screen? What actress retained the title of the greatest star for the longest period of years? What actress of the screen equals Katharine Cornell and Eva LeGallienne of the American stage? Greta Garbo!

You wish the producers would give Elissa Landi perfect rôles. In my opinion, she has had rôles which have given her a chance to prove her ability. I say give the newer players, Gertrude Michael, Mona Barrie, and others a real chance. Katharine Hepburn is the one who deserves all the perfect rôles that can be found regardless of the past number of characters she has portrayed.

When you advise sending such fine players as Diana Wynyard, Clive Brook, and Herbert Marshall back to England, remember there are many people who wish you would transport yourself to a desert island, where you won't have to tolerate public opinion. E. O'Brien.

60 West Elm Avenue,
Wollaston, Massachusetts.

Garbo's Supreme Glory.

When I hear disparaging talk of Garbo it makes me sick. It is usually those who have never seen her who do all the knocking. Naturally. If one had never seen the sun or the stars, would he believe they were beautiful?

Garbo is utterly versatile and a true genius. She can be charming, bewitching, lovable and simple. That is as far as other stars' abilities go. Not Garbo. She can change from this to a woman of tremendous power and eloquence, dramatic, fiery, and passionate. Nor does her talent stop there. She can be sophisticated, world-weary, futile and haggard, if the part calls for it. I can back up all these raves with pictures in which she has actually been all these things, and more.

I hate to use trite adjectives, so instead I will say that Garbo is the supreme glory in the art of acting. Others are just shadows. They have only one asset, either beauty, acting ability, or personality, but Greta has all three of them to the highest degree.

I am eagerly awaiting her next picture. A new Garbo film to me is a rare treat that outshines everything else.

S. H.

Springfield, Massachusetts.

Loyal to Buddy.

As if S. R. Mook's article about Joe Morrison in February Picture Play were not enough to enrage any admirer of Buddy Rogers, Madeline Glass added fuel to the flame in her March article. There was no rancor in Miss Glass's story, though—she was perfectly sincere; for that we are grateful. Mr. Mook is an experienced hand at casting disparagements. We have come to expect them, and learned to ignore them. However, too much of it, and the fact that Buddy is back in Hollywood, working harder than ever to build a bigger and better picture career, has finally caused this Rogers fan of seven years' standing to voice a protest.

No, Miss Glass, Rogers has not been "given over to the block," and I'd like to say right now that those of us who have remained loyal throughout the last three years, when it has been quite the thing to refer to Buddy as being all washed up as an entertainer, are more loyal to our favorite than the fans of any other star you could name. We don't care to be classed with those who provided him with an unstable movie throne based upon mob hysteria, who called themselves Rogers fans in 1929, and proceeded to forget him for the rough, tough guys of the screen in 1933; nor with those who began to "roast" him the moment his reign in filmland ended.

Mr. Mook, I've met Buddy several times, and have yet to notice signs of "marshmallow sweetness" about him. Furthermore, you should be the first to realize that the "no smoking, no drinking" publicity given out concerning Buddy was some one's mistaken idea of a good angle.

Buddy is more than just another colorful picture personality, and I'm sure it isn't necessary to cite the classic example that proves it. He has done well with his orchestra, is liked by the patrons of restaurants and hotels, and by theater audiences. A sponsored radio series last autumn showed the skeptics that he has all it takes to become a great air favorite. We'll still go to see Buddy Rogers any time, any place, in anything. So, whenever you hear them saying that Buddy is all washed up, that he'll never come back, you can laugh heartily at such colossal ignorance, and please add several snickers from me.

Jane E. McNaught.

18 East 189th Street,
New York, N. Y.

Those who enjoy true Irish character should give Maureen Delaney a rousing welcome. She's from the famous Abbey Theater in Dublin, and gives expert support to James Barton in "His Family Tree."

Home-town Talent.

What's the matter with this "nutty" film-fan country of ours that they've got to rave about every new foreign actress that attempts to crash the gates of Hollywood? They'd better take a course in psychology. Of course the foreigner will get the headlines if every American fan immediately begins to shout her praises because she's from Over There!

Why don't a few of these wild-eyed, tousle-headed directors take a couple of weeks off and visit some of our small towns? There are girls doing their mothers' kitchen work that are ten thousand times prettier than the Garbos, Dietrichs, and Stens, and Oberons, and have more class without knowing a thing about movie make-up. Furthermore, they have education enough to do their stuff without having it dinned into them word for word, poll-parrot fashion.

Won't some one put a bee in the bonnet of half a dozen directors to scour the little towns and backwoods for the next Hollywood headliner? If these foreigners are so darned good, why don't the foreign directors hang on to them?

I'd like to see a few more American girls get a break. How about it, boys?

L. W. Kennedy.

Byron, Illinois.

Information, Please

Continued from page 8

An Admirer.—Loretta Young is five feet three-and-a-half, and weighs 100 pounds.

E. G. I.—All the available information about Eleanor Bayley and Eddie Foy was contained in "The Sweetest Story Ever Told," published in the July issue. The couple were married last April. For their photographs, address Warners.

Helen Psomas.—Their birthdates are: Robert Taylor, August 5, 1911; Fred Astaire, May 10, 1899; Dixie Lee, November 4, 1910; Joe Morrison, about 1911; Noah Beery, Jr., about 1914. The other birthdates aren't available.

L. E. S.—George Raft was a night club dancer before entering pictures. "Quick Millions" was his first film. He is five feet ten, weighs 155.

Janny.—Colin Clive was born in St. Malo, France, January 20, 1900; six feet tall, dark-brown hair and eyes. An injury to his knee compelled him to give up military ambitions. Went on the stage in 1919. Write to the Publicity Dept., Warners, 321 West 44th Street, New York City, for stills of "The Girl from Tenth Avenue" and "The Right to Live," and to Universal Pictures, RCA Bldg., Radio City, New York, for those of "The Bride of Frankenstein." They sell for ten cents each.

L. A. K. B.—My answer to "Bubbles" covers your questions about Nelson Eddy.

Mrs. M. C. Campbell.—Nils Asther did the singing in "Love Time." His most current picture is "Abdul the Damned," made in England several months ago.

Winifred M. Graham.—Sir Cedric Hardwicke's American films include "Les Miserables" and "Becky Sharp."

June Joy.—Joel McCrea celebrates his birthday on November 5th. You will find your questions pertaining to George Raft answered elsewhere in the department. Paramount will supply his photograph.

L. Conrad.—You're putting my memory to too great a test, I'm afraid, when you request a list of pictures produced during the past two years in which a girl's hair was shampooed. There may have been such a scene in any number of films, but I can recall only "The White Parade" and "Straight from the Heart."

Audrey Goode.—Joan Gardner played the rôle of the *Comte de Tournay's* daughter in "The Scarlet Pimpernel."

Kleda.—That was Judy Canova who sang "The Lady in Red" in cowboy fashion in "In Caliente."

Dick Powell Devotee.—Dick's schedule includes a picture called "Shipmates Forever," opposite Ruby Keeler.

John and Billy.—Jack Mulhall was born October 7, 1891; five feet eleven. You'll see him in "Page Miss Glory." W. C. Fields's birthdate is February 10th, and Otto Kruger's September 6th. Jimmy Butler is thirteen. Next is "The Dark Angel." Allen Jenkins in "The Case of the Lucky Legs." Jack Holt in "Riverboat Gambler," with "Tall Timber" and "Destroyer" to follow. All your questions about Frankie Darro have been covered this month.

Hopefully Expectant.—In 1934, Charles Sabin played in "Girl in Danger" and "That's Gratitude." He is five feet eleven, weighs 145, and has light-brown hair and blue eyes.

V. D.—Rosalind Russell's recent films include "Casino Murder Case," "Reckless," "Forsaking All Others," and "China Seas." Her latest is the lead opposite William Powell in an untitled film. I hope you did not miss the interview with her which we published in the September issue. She was born in Waterbury, Connecticut; is tall and slender, with brown hair, black eyes.

Estelle Sager.—A photo of Shirley Temple may be obtained by writing to the Fox Studio, Beverly Hills, California, inclosing the customary twenty-five cents.

E. M. Martin.—Frankie Darro is making "Three Kids and a Queen" at Universal Studio, Universal City, California, where a letter may reach him at this time. That was Felix Knight as *Tom-Tom* in "Babes in Toyland."

Lindy Brittain.—Monte Blue is in the cast of "Danger Ahead," which Victory Pictures are making at the Bryan Foy Studio, Culver City, California. You might write there for his photo. He was born in Indianapolis, Indiana, January 11, 1890; six feet three, weighs 195, brown hair and eyes. Married to Tove Jansen. George Hayes is freelancing, but you might try Republic Pictures Corp., RKO Studio, for a picture of him.

JOHN BARRYMORE.

I hope that I may never see
An actor quite as wild as he!
A man who takes a woman's best,
Then off, and leaves her with the rest.

Perhaps he is tops in his art,
But give me some one with a heart.
As actor he may make all proud;
For fickleness he leads the crowd.

Mary Battiscombe.

Have FULL ROUND ALLURING CURVES

Is your form flat, undersized, sagging? You can add 3 to 6 inches with **Beautipon** Cream treatment, which has given thousands a beautiful womanly form. YOUR MONEY BACK if your form is not increased after applying **Beautipon** Cream treatment for 14 days! Full 30 days' Treatment, $1.00, sent in plain wrapper. The easy, *certain* way to have the bewitching, magnetic, feminine charm you've always longed for.

Free! "Fascinating Loveliness" Free!

The world-famous Beauty Expert's Course, "Fascinating Loveliness," for which thousands have paid $1.00, will be sent FREE if you send $1.00 for **Beautipon** Cream treatment NOW. OFFER LIMITED. SEND $1.00 TODAY.

"—what **Beautipon** Cream has done in my case. I think the result is remarkable, as I have actually developed my bust 4½ inches." G. A.

DAISY STEBBING
Suite 109, Forest Hills, N. Y.

GRAY FADED HAIR

Women, girls, men with gray, faded, streaked hair. **Shampoo and color your hair at the same time** with new French discovery **"SHAMPO-KOLOR,"** takes few minutes, leaves hair soft, glossy, natural. Permits permanent wave and curl. **Free Booklet, Monsieur L. P. Valligny, Dept. 37, 254 W. 31 St., New York**

WHY BE FLAT-CHESTED?

Try my new **VENUS CREAM Method** to increase bust measure 1 to 4 ins. Wonderful for ugly, sagging lines, scrawny neck and arms, undeveloped forms, wrinkles and crowsfeet. To convince you I will send **generous 10-day treatment for 25c.** **ONLY 25¢** Money back if you are not amazed with results! **ROSE MILLER,** Box 1271-P, Birmingham, Ala.

Hair OFF Face Lips Chin

Unloved

I once looked like this. Ugly hair on face...unloved...discouraged. Nothing helped. Depilatories, waxes, liquids...even razors failed. Then I discovered a simple, painless, inexpensive method. It worked! Thousands have won beauty and love with the secret. My FREE Book, "How to Overcome Superfluous Hair," explains the method and proves actual success. Mailed in plain envelope. Also trial offer. No obligation. Write Mlle. Annette Lanzette, P.O. Box 4040, Merchandise Mart, Dept. 196, Chicago.

SOLAX *Sensational Beautifier For The Skin*

Invisible particles of freckled, pimpled or aged skin are freed—clearing your complexion beautifully, and making your face look years younger. Large jar $1.00. 4-Treatment Sample sent prepaid for 10c coin or stamps.

ADELE MILLAR PRENTISS Dept. 14, 1800 N. Western HOLLYWOOD, CAL.

NO JOKE TO BE DEAF

—Every deaf person knows that—

Mr. Way made himself hear his watch tick after being deaf for twenty-five years, with his Artificial Ear Drums. He wore them day and night. They stopped his head noises. They are invisible and comfortable, no wires or batteries. Write for TRUE STORY. Also booklet on Deafness.

Artificial Ear Drum

THE WAY COMPANY
742 Hofmann Bldg. Detroit, Michigan

HELP Wanted MEN & WOMEN $50-$180 A MONTH

for INSTITUTIONS-HOSPITALS, Etc. No Experience Necessary

All kinds of **GOOD JOBS Practically Everywhere.** Help constantly needed, so why remain unemployed? Write **now** enclosing stamp.
SCHARF BUREAU, Dept. 11-14, 145 W. 45th St., NEW YORK

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c at all drug stores. © 1931, C.M.Co.

ADDRESSES OF PLAYERS

Columbia Studio, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Jean Arthur
Tala Birell
John Mack Brown
Nancy Carroll
Ruth Chatterton
Walter Connolly
Donald Cook
Richard Cromwell
Melvyn Douglas
Irene Dunne
Edith Fellows
Wallace Ford
Victor Jory
Pauline Lord
Peter Lorre
Edmund Lowe
Marian Marsh
Grace Moore
George Murphy
Florence Rice
Edward G. Robinson
Gloria Shea
Ann Sothern
Raymond Walburn
Fay Wray

20th Century-Fox Studio, Beverly Hills, California

Warner Baxter
Madge Bellamy
Bill Benedict
John Boles
Alan Dinehart
James Dunn
Alice Faye
Henry Fonda
Ketti Gallian
Janet Gaynor
Tito Guizar
Edward Everett Horton
Rochelle Hudson
Arline Judge
Paul Kelly
Nino Martini
Herbert Mundin
George O'Brien
Pat Paterson
Valentin Parera
Kane Richmond
Will Rogers
Raul Roulien
Shirley Temple
Claire Trevor
Jane Withers

Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California.

Brian Aherne
Elizabeth Allan
John Barrymore
Lionel Barrymore
Freddie Bartholomew
Wallace Beery
Constance Bennett
Virginia Bruce
Charles Butterworth
Bruce Cabot
Mary Carlisle
Jackie Cooper
Joan Crawford
Nelson Eddy
Wera Engels
Stuart Erwin
Madge Evans
Louise Fazenda
Betty Furness
Clark Gable
Greta Garbo
Jean Harlow
Helen Hayes
Louis Hayward
Louise Henry
William Henry
June Knight
Frances Langford
Eric Linden
Myrna Loy
Paul Lukas
Jeanette MacDonald
Mala
Una Merkel
Robert Montgomery
Frank Morgan
Chester Morris
Edna May Oliver
Maureen O'Sullivan
Jean Parker
Eleanor Powell
William Powell
Baby Jane Quigley
Luise Rainer
May Robson
Mickey Rooney
Rosalind Russell
Norma Shearer
Harvey Stephens
Lewis Stone
Robert Taylor
Franchot Tone
Spencer Tracy
Henry Wadsworth
Johnny Weissmuller
Diana Wynyard
Robert Young

United Artists Studio, 1041 N. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, California.

George Arliss
Eddie Cantor
Charles Chaplin
Ronald Colman
Miriam Hopkins
Gordon Jones
Fredric March
Joel McCrea
Ethel Merman
Merle Oberon
Mary Pickford
Loretta Young

Universal Studio, Universal City, California.

Binnie Barnes
June Clayworth
Andy Devine
Jean Dixon
Valerie Hobson
Jack Holt
Buck Jones
Boris Karloff
Frank Lawton
Bela Lugosi
Zasu Pitts
Claude Rains
Cesar Romero
Gloria Stuart
Margaret Sullavan
Slim Summerville
Clark Williams
Jane Wyatt

RKO Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Heather Angel
Fred Astaire
John Beal
Frances Dee
Richard Dix
Preston Foster
Betty Grable
Margot Grahame
Ann Harding
Katharine Hepburn
Kay Johnson
Francis Lederer
Helen Mack
Lily Pons
Gene Raymond
Erik Rhodes
Buddy Rogers
Ginger Rogers
Randolph Scott
Anne Shirley
Helen Westley
Bert Wheeler
Gretchen Wilson
Robert Woolsey

Warners-First National Studio, Burbank, California.

Ross Alexander
John Arledge
Mary Astor
Robert Barrat
Joan Blondell
George Brent
Joe E. Brown
James Cagney
Colin Clive
Ricardo Cortez
Marion Davies
Bette Davis
Olivia de Haviland
Dolores del Rio
Claire Dodd
Robert Donat
Ann Dvorak
John Eldredge
Patricia Ellis
Glenda Farrell
Kay Francis
William Gargan
Hugh Herbert
Leslie Howard
Josephine Hutchinson
Allen Jenkins
Al Jolson
Ruby Keeler
Guy Kibbee
Margaret Lindsay
Anita Louise
Everett Marshall
Frank McHugh
James Melton
Jean Muir
Paul Muni
Pat O'Brien
Dick Powell
Phillip Reed
Phil Regan
Winifred Shaw
Lyle Talbot
Verree Teasdale
Genevieve Tobin
Rudy Vallée
Warren William
Donald Woods

Paramount Studio, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, California.

Gracie Allen
Wendy Barrie
Mary Boland
Charles Boyer
Grace Bradley
Carl Brisson
Tom Brown
Kathleen Burke
George Burns
Kitty Carlisle
Claudette Colbert
Gary Cooper
Buster Crabbe
Bing Crosby
Katherine DeMille
Marlene Dietrich
Johnny Downs
Frances Drake
Mary Ellis
W. C. Fields
Cary Grant
Julie Haydon
Samuel Hinds
David Jack Holt
Dean Jagger
Helen Jepson
Roscoe Karns
Jan Kiepura
Rosalind Keith
Elissa Landi
Charles Laughton
Baby LeRoy
Carol Lombard
Ida Lupino
Fred MacMurray
Herbert Marshall
Gertrude Michael
Ray Milland
Joe Morrison
Jack Oakie
Lynne Overman
Gail Patrick
Joe Penner
George Raft
Lyda Roberti
Charles Ruggles
Sylvia Sidney
Alison Skipworth
Sir Guy Standing
Gladys Swarthout
Kent Taylor
Lee Tracy
Virginia Weidler
Mae West
Henry Wilcoxon
Toby Wing

Free-lance Players:

Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood. Ralph Bellamy, Sally Eilers, 6615 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood. Ralph Forbes, 10111 Valley Spring Lane, North Hollywood. Joan Bennett, Roger Pryor, Anna Sten, Mary Brian, 430 California Bank Building, Beverly Hills, California. Lionel Atwill, Adrienne Ames, Estelle Taylor, Dorothy Peterson, Cora Sue Collins, Douglass Montgomery, Edward Arnold, Paul Cavanagh, Otto Kruger, Evelyn Venable, Chick Chandler, Walter King, 1509 North Vine Street, Hollywood. Neil Hamilton, Room 202, 9441 Wilshire Boulevard, Hollywood. Fifi Dorsay, care of Vernon D. Wood, 210 Pantages Theater Bldg., Hollywood.

It's time you looked into this smart up to the minute magazine for the smart young women of America
Fashions
Fun and Fiction.
A fresh new note in the magazine world.

Mademoiselle

20¢

EVERY MONTH · A STREET AND SMITH PUBLICATION ·

From 1900 up to 1934 the leaf tobacco used for cigarettes increased from

13,084,037 lbs. to
326,093,357 lbs.;

an increase of 2392%

. . .

There is no substitute for mild, ripe tobacco.

During the year ending June 30, 1900, the Government collected from cigarette taxes

$3,969,191

For the year ending June 30, 1934, the same taxes were

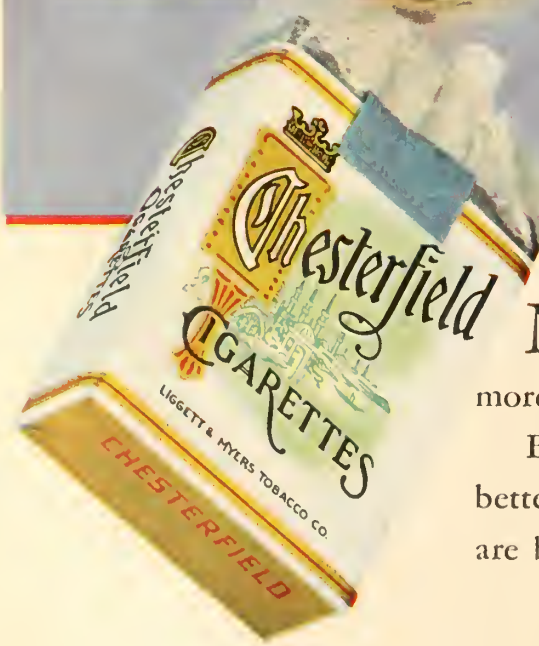
$350,299,442

an increase of 8725%

—a lot of money.

. . .

Cigarettes give a lot of pleasure to a lot of people.



More cigarettes are smoked today because more people know about them—they are better advertised.

But the main reason for the increase is that they are made better—made of better tobaccos; then again the tobaccos are blended—a blend of Domestic and Turkish tobaccos.

Chesterfield is made of mild, ripe tobaccos. Everything that science knows about is used in making it a milder and better-tasting cigarette.

We believe you will enjoy them.

© 1935, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

COPYRIGHTED 1935

STREET & SMITH'S

PICTURE PLAY

DECEMBER 1935

GARBO
By
MARLAND STONE

Scoop!

BERGNER - The Riddle Woman

SIXTEEN MEN . . .

From the blood-drenched decks of a man o' war to the ecstasy of a sun-baked paradise isle . . . from the tyrannical grasp of a brutal captain to the arms of native beauties who brought them love and forgetfulness . . . came sixteen men from the "Bounty". Now their romantic story lives on the screens of the world . . . in one of the greatest entertainments since the birth of motion pictures!

Three of Hollywood's biggest stars head the notable cast

AMAZING FACTS ABOUT M-G-M's **$2,000,000** PRODUCTION

Nearly two years in the making . . . Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer at a cost in excess of two millions of dollars.

The good ships "Bounty" and "Pandora" rebuilt from original plans loaned by the British Admiralty.

On Catalina Island, picturesque Portsmouth Harbor duplicated exactly as it was in 1787 when the "Bounty" sailed.

A complete M-G-M production unit sent 14,000 miles to tropic waters to film scenes in the actual locale. Six villages erected; 5,000 natives appearing in the Tahitian scenes.

Nearly 25,000,000 have read the famous best-seller by Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall . . . . . Now you see it on the screen in all its thrilling reality.

CHARLES CLARK

LAUGHTON · GABLE

In Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's greatest production

MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY

with

FRANCHOT TONE

Herbert Mundin • Eddie Quillan • Dudley Digges • Donald Crisp

A FRANK LLOYD Production • Albert Lewin, *Associate Producer*

They felt sorry for my little girl....

—until she started to play!

IT WAS the birthday party of Elaine Willis, one of Newton's wealthy little girls. All the neighborhood children were there with their mothers, and my little Barbara had been having the time of her 10-year-old life.

We had not lived long in Newton, so I wanted Barbara to meet as many new friends as possible. It was great fun, and the party reached new heights of enthusiasm. Little Helen Wentworth sang a song. Anne Hill recited a piece. Another little girl did a cute dance. Suddenly I noticed that some of the women were glancing at Barbara. And then behind me I heard one mother whisper, "What's the matter with that new little girl? Can't she do *anything?*"

In spite of myself, I flushed. I sensed that all the other mothers in the room had heard, and were feeling sorry for Barbara because she seemed "out of things". But my little girl had heard that whisper, too. Before I knew what she was doing, Barbara had risen and was on her way to the big, expensive grand piano. As she seated herself daintily upon the stool and arranged her small skirts, I heard the same woman whisper, *"Stop her, she'll ruin the piano!"*

How Barbara Became the Surprise of the Party . . .

But my little Barbara seemed not to hear. She struck a few random notes. Someone started to laugh, and one of the children said, "I can play chop-sticks, too!" Barbara laid her little fingers on the keys, struck a few chords. The buzzing room became quiet. And then, softly, surely, my little girl started to play!

It was a simple enough piece—"Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf," a favorite with the children just then. But she played it so nicely that everyone in the room, children and grown-ups, too, began to realize that this was not "just another stunt." There was a moment of utter astonishment as she finished the first verse. Then, as she swung into the chorus, a rising tide of childish voices started to sing with the music! The children crowded around the piano, singing at the top of their lungs!

As Barbara finished and slid off the tall piano stool, I was deluged with questions. Where had I sent Barbara for such competent instruction? Hadn't it been expensive? How long had she been taking lessons? Who was her teacher? "Let me get my breath!" I laughed. "In the first place, Barbara *never had a teacher in her life!*"

There was a chorus of exclamations. Mrs. Willis, our hostess, looked at me with amused, kindly eyes. "You've got something up your sleeve!" she said. "Don't mystify us any longer. Tell us how all this happened!"

How I Gave My Little Girl a Musical Education

"To begin with," I said, "Barbara is no more talented than other children. But she liked music, and her father and I were determined to give her the best of private instruction. But then," I said ruefully, "came the Depression!

"We didn't know what to do," I continued. "We were having trouble making both ends meet, so it seemed as though we would just have to give up the idea of music lessons. But then one day I saw an advertisement for the U. S. School of Music, offering to teach even a child how to play the piano by mail through a simplified method which didn't require a teacher. And the cost of those lessons was only a few cents a day!

"We talked it over and finally decided to send for the free demonstration lesson. When it arrived I had Barbara try it. And—I know this sounds impossible!—she mastered it easily and quickly! That decided us! We enrolled her in the course at once!"

"And do you mean to tell us," exclaimed the woman who had whispered, "that your little girl, in only a few months, learned to play as well as she just played now?"

"Yes," I replied, "and even better! Barbara, play that new classical piece you just learned with your last lesson."

Barbara returned to the stool. This time there were no whisperings. No one seemed afraid she would "ruin the piano." To make a long story short, Barbara simply outdid herself! She played two difficult classical selections so well that any grown-up musician could have been proud of them! Today, Barbara is one of the most popular children in Newton, and her piano playing is always the high spot of every entertainment. This story is typical. Thousands of men and women have already learned to play musical instruments through the U. S. School of Music system.

First you are *told* what to do—then a picture *shows* you how to do it—then you do it yourself and *hear* it. No private teacher could make it clearer.

One of the reasons for the quick results is that learning music this way is such *fun*. Instead of waiting a year before playing tunes—you *learn* by playing tunes. You play simple, familiar melodies by note right from the start.

You learn at home in your spare time and without a teacher. You study when you please—and as much or as little as you please. There are no tiresome scales—no laborious exercises.

FREE Book and Demonstration Lesson

Our illustrated free book and our free demonstration lesson explains all about this remarkable method and the generous low monthly payment plan that makes it available to everyone. They prove just how anyone can learn to play his favorite instrument by *note* for just a fraction of what old slow methods cost.

If you really want to learn to play—if new friends, good times, social popularity and increased income appeal to you—take this opportunity to make your dreams come true. Sign the coupon and send it before it's too late. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit. U. S. School of Music, 5312 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

Thirty-seventh year (Established 1898).

What Instrument for You?

Piano	Piccolo
Organ	Hawaiian Steel Guitar
Violin	Drums And Traps
Clarinet	Mandolin
Flute	Trombone
Harp	Piano Accordion
Cornet	Banjo (Plectrum, 5-String or Tenor)
'Cello	Voice and Speech Culture
Guitar	Harmony and Composition
Ukulele	Automatic Finger Control
Saxophone	Italian and German Accordion

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC
5312 Brunswick Bldg., New York City

Please send me your free book, "How You Can Master Music in Your Own Home," with inspiring message by Dr. Frank Crane, Free Demonstration Lesson, and particulars of your easy payment plan. I am interested in the following course:

..... Have you Instrument? .....

Name .....
(Please Write Plainly)

Address .....

City ..... State .....

Volume XLIII MONTHLY Number 4

STREET & SMITH'S

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION $1.50

PICTURE PLAY

SINGLE COPIES, 15 CENTS

CONTENTS FOR DECEMBER, 1935

The entire contents of this magazine are protected by copyright, and must not be reprinted without the publishers' consent.

FRONTISPIECE:

Worshipers of the Sun—*Lotus Long and Mala in "Typee"* . . . 11

SPECIAL ARTICLES:

The Origin of Star Names . . . . . Boris Randolph 18
Wide-eyed Wonder—*Fred MacMurray* . . . . Ben Maddox 35
Bergner, the Riddle Woman
As Told to Dorothy Fox by Baroness Louisa Von Lumbe 36
Stars Eat—And How!—*Describing Some of Their Dinners* Dick Pine 40
My Pal, Will Rogers . . . . . Spencer Tracy 42
One More Human: Myrna Loy, Part III . . . Dudley Early 46
"Joe Pen-ner!" . . . . . Whitney Williams 48
Growing Pains—*Tom Brown* . . . . . William H. McKegg 49
Will Gary Bring Marlene Good Luck? . . William F. French 54
Destiny Beckoned—She Followed—*Olivia de Havilland* . Franc Dillon 56

DEPARTMENTS:

What the Fans Think—*Letters from Interested Readers* 6
Information, Please—*Specific Answers to Questions* . . The Oracle 8
Soft and Sharp Focus—*Editorial* . . . . . Norbert Lusk 13
Hollywood High Lights—*Filmtown Gossip* Edwin and Elza Schallert 38
They Say in New York—*What the Stars Are Doing in Manhattan*
Karen Hollis 44
On and Off the Set—*Unusual Observations of Movie Celebrities* . . 50
Thumbnail Reviews . . . . . Norbert Lusk 58
Casts of Current Pictures 61
Addresses of Players 98

ART GALLERY:

Favorites of the Fans—*Merle Oberon, Anne Shirley, Gladys Swarthout, Eleanor Powell, Frances Dee, Kay Francis, Mary Carlisle, Patsy Kelly, Kitty Carlisle, Henry Wadsworth, Eric Linden, John Halliday, Erik Rhodes, Neil Hamilton, Brian Aherne, John Howard, Henry Fonda, Joan Crawford, Claire Trevor, Fred MacMurray* 19

FASHIONS:

Stars To-day Are Ladies of Fashion—*Mary Astor, Patricia Ellis, Winifred Shaw, Gail Patrick, Margaret Lindsay, Glenda Farrell* . 22

PREVIEWS:

Glimpses of Future Films—*"The Capture of Tarzan," "Tamed," "The Murder of Doctor Harrigan," "She Couldn't Take It" (now called "Rich Girl's Folly"), "Hands Across the Table," "The Perfect Gentleman," "Love Song," "The Melody Lingers On," "I Live for Love," "Doctor Socrates," "The Milky Way," "The Virginia Judge," "Sylvia Scarlett," "Annie Oakley," "Metropolitan"* 67

Monthly publication issued by Street & Smith Publications, Inc., 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y. George C. Smith, Jr., President; Ormond V. Gould, Vice President and Treasurer; Artemas Holmes, Vice President and Secretary; Clarence C. Vernam, Vice President. Copyright, 1935, by Street & Smith Publications, Inc., New York. Copyright, 1935, by Street & Smith Publications, Inc., Great Britain. Entered as Second class Matter, March 6, 1916, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Subscriptions to Cuba, Dom. Republic, Haiti, Spain, Central and South American Countries, except The Guianas and British Honduras, $1.75 per year. To all other Foreign Countries, including The Guianas and British Honduras, $2.25 per year.

We do not accept responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts. 16

To facilitate handling, the author should inclose a self-addressed envelope with the requisite postage attached.

STREET & SMITH PUBLICATIONS, INC., 79 7th AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

PICTURE PLAY'S 21st JUBILEE YEAR!

The January issue of Picture Play celebrates the twenty-first year of its existence. Twenty-one years of honest chronicling the advancement of the screen and its people! Few other publications can look back upon a like period of service and none can point to a policy that has remained unchanged since its inception.

Picture Play has won its world-wide following among exacting readers by its friendliness toward them as well as the stars and the motion-picture industry as a whole. It has followed the advancement of both, recording the improvement in films and the culture of those who are responsible for them.

It has welcomed newcomers, according recognition for service rendered more often than is usual in publications that are chiefly concerned with top-notch stars. It has tried to recognize merit and give encouragement wherever merited. At the same time it has welcomed an expression of opinion from readers in "What the Fans Think," the most outstanding department in this or any other film publication.

On this significant anniversary Picture Play pledges continuance of its successful policy and urges its readers to remember that there is a place in the magazine for every one's opinions, every one's favorite player and every one's enthusiasm.

Every issue of the magazine in 1936 will be better than the corresponding one this year!

Coming Soon

to special theatres in leading cities . . . following its remarkable reception in New York and other world capitals . . . the spectacle connoisseurs consider "the most important production ever done in talking pictures."

WARNER BROS. PRESENT

MAX REINHARDT'S

FIRST MOTION PICTURE PRODUCTION

"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM"

By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Music by FELIX MENDELSSOHN

The Players

James Cagney	Joe E. Brown	Dick Powell
Anita Louise	Olivia de Havilland	Jean Muir
Hugh Herbert	Frank McHugh	Ross Alexander
Verree Teasdale	Ian Hunter	Victor Jory
Mickey Rooney	Hobart Cavanaugh	Grant Mitchell

And nearly one thousand Dancers and Supernumeraries

Owing to the production's exceptional nature and extraordinary length, it will be presented only twice daily, with all seats reserved. To insure your early enjoyment of this picture it is advisable that you

Purchase Tickets in Advance

WHAT THE FANS THINK

Actor and Gentleman.

THIS is in answer to Howard Bridge's letter in the September issue wherein he remarks most aptly that audiences seem to prefer "gorillas and gleaming teeth"

Margaret Collins rates Charles Boyer's innate refinement as an integral part of himself, not something acquired.

rather than gentlemen on the screen.

It is quite apparent that Mr. Bridge has not yet discovered the delightful Charles Boyer, whose services Walter Wanger had the wit and foresight to secure after several major studios had failed to discover his acting genius and magnetic charm. While sojourning in New York, I had the pleasure of viewing "Shanghai," in which he portrays an Eurasian—part Russian and part Chinese.

Throughout this film, as well as his previous pictures, "Private Worlds" and "Break of Hearts," his innate refinement, his finesse and poise, his beautifully modulated voice, his every gracious gesture, his reaction to each situation, unconsciously bespoke a courtesy and consideration, not superficially acquired for the occasion, but brought out as integral characteristics of the man himself.

Those of you who discovered him in "Private Worlds" and "Break of Hearts" will understand in his case that cultured gentlemen are, indeed, born, and not made.

I have but one complaint to make concerning Mr. Boyer. His finesse relegates most of his actor confrères to the melancholy status of clumsy amateurs, and renders their efforts so colorless, tepid, shallow, and uninteresting by comparison, that it is a problem whether I shall ever again be able to regard any of them as more than superficial shadow-puppets. How many of them, for instance, could have portrayed the exacting rôle of "Franz Roberti" in "Break of Hearts"? Only a very great artist could have identified himself so wholly and completely with this rôle. He compels not only admiration for his talent, but respect as well.

Therefore, I propose a toast to Charles Boyer—actor and gentleman!

Margaret Collins.
257 South Westlake Avenue,
Los Angeles, California.

Continued on page 9

A reader from South America takes Carol Lombard to task for her constant posing.

A "Hepburn Admirer" would have us remember that genius is sometimes called "divinely inspired madness."

Rosalind Russell has beauty and talent, opines Ellen Coulter, and predicts big things for her.

"Why don't Warners give Lyle Talbot a break?" wails Lillian Kerzner.

Your Dreams Of Romance
Set To Music!
Dreams of gay, mad, exciting love! Dreams of glamorous beauty .. brought to life by the charm of the screen's loveliest singing star... and poured forth in an inspiring rhapsody of Jerome Kern's music by the glorious voice that thrilled the world!
LILY PONS
in
"I DREAM TOO MUCH"
an RKO-Radio Picture with
HENRY FONDA
Osgood PERKINS · Eric BLORE
Directed by John Cromwell
A Pandro S Berman Production
Music by JEROME KERN
composer of "ROBERTA"

Information, Please

Your puzzling questions about players and pictures are answered by the man who knows.

By The Oracle

TOOTS.—Nelson Eddy is still single. He was born in Providence, Rhode Island, in 1901; six feet, weighs 170, blond hair, blue eyes. There are now three pictures scheduled for him to make: "Rose-Marie," "Maytime," and "Robin Hood."

BETTY STEED.—For a complete list of all the films in which Greta Garbo and Joan Crawford have played, I must ask you to send a stamped return envelope. There just isn't space here for so many titles.

META WALTMAN.—Irene Dunne married Doctor F. D. Griffin, a New York dentist, on July 16, 1928. They have no children. Miss Dunne's "Magnificent Obsession" is to be followed by "Show Boat."

S. M. W.—Their birthdates are: Joan Crawford, March 23, 1908; Carol Lombard, October 6, 1909; Jean Harlow, March 3, 1911; Claudette Colbert, September 13, 1907; Norma Shearer, August 10, 1904; Marion Davies, January 1, 1898; Greta Garbo, September 18, 1906; Frances Dee, November 26, 1908; Joel McCrea, November 5, 1905; Robert Taylor, August 5, 1911; Ginger Rogers, July 16, 1911; Kay Francis, January 13, 1906; Gloria Swanson, March 27, 1898. Their right names: Greta Garbo, Gustafsson; Marion Davies, Douras; Clark Gable, William Gable; Kay Francis, Katherine Gibbs.

ELEANOR CLINT.—Jane and Grant Withers are not related. John Mack Brown had the leading rôle in "Billy the Kid," released in 1930. Address John Wayne at Republic Pictures, care of RKO-Pathé Studio, Culver City, California.

J. E. D.—"Brewster's Millions" was made in England, and the only players in the cast about whom I could give you any information are Jack Buchanan, Lily Damita, and Nancy O'Neil. Sorry I can't tell you anything about the dance team that interested you.

I. C.—Franchot Tone has played in: "The Wiser Sex," "To-day We Live," "Gabriel Over the White House," "Stranger's Return," "Dancing Lady," "Moulin Rouge," "Sadie McKee," "Straight Is the Way," "The World Moves On," "Girl from Missouri," "Gentlemen Are Born," "One New York Night," "Lives of a Bengal Lancer," "Reckless," "No More Ladies," "Mutiny on the Bounty." He was born February 27, 1906; Janet Gaynor, October 6, 1907; William Powell, July 29, 1892; Maureen O'Sullivan, May 17, 1911; Robert Young, February 22, 1907.

MABEL NELSON.—In "The Secret of Madame Blanche," Irene Dunne marries Phillips Holmes, who later commits suicide. Their son grows up to be Douglas Walton.

JEANNE MAXINE T.—For stills of "Naughty Marietta" and "Escapade," write to Metro-Goldwyn's Publicity Dept., 1540 Broadway, New York. Last month we published an interview with Luise Rainer.

A SYRACUSE FAN.—Gene Raymond's right name is Raymond Guion; Robert Montgomery's, Harry Montgomery; Robert Taylor's, S. Arlington Brugh; Francis Lederer's, Frantizek Lederer; Claudette Colbert's, Chauchoin; Ray Milland's, Jack Millane; George Raft's, Ranft; Toby Wing's, Martha Virginia Wing; Walter King's, Walter Woolf; Anne Shirley was formerly known as Dawn O'Day, and Phillip Reed was known on the stage as Milton LeRoy. As far as I know, all the other players you mention use their own names.

PEE WEE.—We published an interview with Jimmy Butler last February. This issue may be had by sending your order with remittance of fifteen cents to our Subscription Dept. Address Resolute Pictures, 999 Lillian Way, Hollywood, for stills of "Gunfire."

GERTRUDE SOCHS.—Irene Dunne is appearing in "Show Boat" through an arrangement she made with Universal for several pictures. She is also scheduled to make one more picture for RKO, and is to make one or two for Columbia. As you will see, Miss Dunne is not restricting her activities to one company, but has signed contracts with several. Her birthdate is July 14, 1904. She uses no double.

VIRGINIA WLATZ—SUZANNE WATSON—H. E. PALMER—JOSEPH A. FAYE.—Irene Dunne has made no personal appearance in New York in connection with pictures. She has appeared in many Broadway shows, and it was while playing the lead in the Chicago company of "Show Boat" that she was offered a movie contract. The picture in which she played opposite the late Lowell Sherman was "Bachelor Apartment."

DOROTHY AND NATHAN COHEN.—For a photograph of Alice Faye, write to the 20th Century-Fox Studio, Beverly Hills, California.

HAZEL HITTS.—Miriam Hopkins was born October 18, 1902; Margaret Sullavan, May 16, 1909; Billie Burke; August 7, 1886; Jan Kiepura, May 16, 1902; Francis Lederer, November 6, 1906; Virginia Bruce, September 29, 1910; Madge Bellamy, June 30, 1903.

ALEAN FALARDEAUX.—That was Felix Knight in the Technicolor short, "Springtime in Holland," opposite Dorothy Dare. Yes, he also sang in "Babes in Toyland," but since he is not under contract to any studio, I am unable to supply his address. Formerly he was on the radio.

A MOVIE FAN.—Erin O'Brien-Moore played the rôle of *Sarah Boynton*, the nurse, in "Our Little Girl." Boots Mallory had the female lead in "Humanity," while Alexander Kirkland played the part of the son. Constance Bennett and Neil Hamilton had the romantic leads in "What Price Hollywood?" Gilbert Roland and Phoebe Foster in "Our Betters," with Miss Bennett.

A. E. B.—Merle Oberon was born in Calcutta, India, February 19, 1911; five feet two, weighs 112, brown hair and hazel-green eyes. Picture Play for December, 1934, and October, 1935, published interviews with this player which should interest you. Margaret Lindsay comes from Dubuque, Iowa, and celebrates her birthday on September 19th. She has chestnut hair and brown eyes. Miss Lindsay, too, was interviewed in the October issue.

L. F.—Steffi Duna played the rôle of *Kara Perava* in "Red Morning," Regis Toomey, *John Hastings;* Raymond Hatton, *Hawker;* Mitchell Lewis, *Captain Perava;* Charles Middleton, *Stanchon;* George Lewis, *Mao;* Francis McDonald, *Sakki;* Arthur Pat West, *Glibb;* Brandon Hurst, the *Magistrate.*

Continued on page 97

Continued from page 6

Hepburn Not An Ordinary Person.

WHEN will fans come to the realization that Katharine Hepburn is not an ordinary person but a *genius*, and treat her as such? Instead, they try to pry into the sacred depths of this sensitive girl's soul.

Her private life is criticized, but most people are prone to criticize where they do not understand. She has been called an "exhibitionist," whereas she is only doing the same as she has done all her life. Remember, genius is sometimes called "divinely inspired madness."

HEPBURN ADMIRER.

Bedford Square,
London, W. C. I., England.

Rosalind Attracts.

IT is very seldom that I attend a movie and pay much attention to the lesser players. Although Jean Harlow probably had her points, I can truthfully say that in "Reckless" Rosalind Russell held my undivided attention.

Besides being very beautiful, she has acting ability, and I sincerely hope that she will sometime soon acquire a starring rôle.

Hold onto her, MGM, for I have a hunch that with a good rôle and proper directing she will be a big box-office attraction.

ELLEN COULTER.

1411 Washington Avenue,
Alton, Illinois.

Brickbats and Bouquets.

I WISH to throw a large-sized brick at Myrna Loy, Carol Lombard, and Elissa Landi. The first because she is so careless about her appearance and has adopted a silly, bored voice which drives me to desperation. No star is lovely enough to be able to neglect make-up, Miss Loy, unless she is ugly, and you, of course, are not. Has it ever occurred to you to go and see your own pictures? Why not go and see "Evelyn Prentice" and "Broadway Bill" and see if you recognize that drab little person with a red nose, bleary eyes, pale lips and lifeless hair and the oh-so-bored voice. You may be content because you are no longer a vamp, but I am not. I used to think you were the most fascinating and loveliest girl in films, but to-day I only see your pictures because I like your leading men.

Carol Lombard is beyond recovery. Her constant posing and overwhelming conceit are sickening. Does she think that eyebrow lifting, jaw clenching and arm folding is acting? And why cast her opposite George Raft when she tries to look so superior? And opposite Bing Crosby in his gay films when she is too conceited to possess a sense of humor. The only time I was glad to see her was when she appeared opposite Gene Raymond because they are both so conceited and artificial-looking that they ruined the picture between them. Why not try and be natural, Carol?

Elissa Landi is another picture spoiler because of her lack of enthusiasm and vitality and because she either overacts or underacts. She was bad enough in "The Sign of the Cross," but in "The Count of Monte Cristo" her insipidness reached its peak. Curious hairdress and exotic clothes can do nothing for Miss Landi. She is always monotonous.

And now for a few bouquets. To Ralph Bellamy for always playing small rôles so magnificently, to Sidney Blackmer for the same reason. To Bing Crosby because he is the only singing star who would be just as charming even if he lost his wonderful voice.

FRESIA SMITH.

Marin 415 Dept. c,
Santiago de Chile,
South America.

"H'ya, Toots!"

I WONDER when Lyle Talbot's own studio, Warners, is going to wake up to the fact that Lyle is perfectly capable of supporting a picture by himself! Shame on them for giving him such small parts in "Oil for the Lamps of China" and "Page Miss Glory." Didn't he prove in "Chinatown Squad" and "It Happened in New York" that he is one of our better actors and should be treated as such? If Warners won't do right by our Lyle, how about MGM grabbing him up to play opposite one of their glamorous ladies, instead of always Clark Gable, Franchot Tone, and Robert Montgomery?

A new romantic screen team is that of Roger Pryor and Phyllis Brooks. They strike some fine melodic notes in "To Beat the Band."

There's no other male in Hollywood who can say "H'ya, toots!" quite as effectively as Lyle Talbot. And no other actor who can compare to him in looks or personality. Please, Warners, give him a break!

LILLIAN KERZNER.

70 Johnson Avenue,
Malverne, Long Island, New York.

Needs No Defense.

THIS is the first time I've sought to enter your correspondence lists, but the article in the August number about Helen Hayes causes me to rise up in wrath.

Richard Griffith says Miss Hayes must give more to pictures than "splendid acting." Does he mean she should indulge in some of the cheap publicity stunts in which some of the bright luminaries of Hollywood engage in order to provide gossip for the public?

Aren't the movies going to grow up? Can they not attain some dignity? Is the public really gullible enough to believe all the twaddle put out about the film actors? Why, if half of it were true, no one would have anything whatever to do with them. What possible difference can it make in their ability as actors because they desire some privacy in their personal lives?

Look what the publicity system as it is to-day has done to Garbo—built up a monstrous fiction about her. Now they are trying to change it, but, characteristically, they are saying she is changing. I admire Miss Garbo as an actress, and see all her pictures, but I don't give a darn about her private life. It is hers. We all hug to ourselves our most innermost souls, and make great efforts to keep them secure from intrusion. This is a natural instinct. The public claims it wants to feel the stars are human as we all are, and then paradoxically refuses to let them be so.

A very distinguished authority rates Miss Hayes as the finest actress in films. She is true to her ideals in her art, and true to herself. But because she doesn't give the publicity hounds something to talk about, she is criticized.

It just happens that Miss Hayes has been my favorite actress, and I hate to see such a campaign started. It won't hurt her with the theater-going public, nor will it hurt her with the film public which *thinks*. But just the same, it makes me want to rise to her defense. Her beauty of soul and character that shines through every characterization, her sincerity, her exquisite voice and purity of speech, these will stand with or without my defense.

Now lest you think me too belligerent, may I here toss a few bouquets, especially to Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy—wasn't "Naughty Marietta" an unalloyed delight? To Elsa Lanchester as the governor's wife in the above, and her briefly seen but well remembered *Anne of Cleves* in "The Private Life of Henry VIII," and George Arliss.

BEVERLEY GITHENS.

5245 Cornell Avenue,
Chicago, Illinois.

The Loyalty of Novarro Fans.

I WONDER if Leland E. Albin has in mind an effective plan whereby "to make it known to MGM that we want Novarro back"? I ask this in all sincerity because the May article was the *studio's* answer to years of fan activity, the object of which was to secure mature rôles for Ramon. In my own circle of friends who are Novarro fans, representatives of four of these United States and a group of Novarroites in England, everything from individual protests to organized group pleas has been tried consistently at regular intervals, year in and year out, ever since that first indignity, "Daybreak," was perpetrated against Ramon Novarro. If MGM feigns deafness to pleas that are shouted directly into its ears, it is even less likely that they will pay any attention to let-

ters published in magazines. Now we must discover something more forceful.

When a man's enemies admit that he has been abused, then there must be some justification for the protests of his friends. I have known people who cannot "stand" Ramon admit that he has been maliciously neglected. You see, his popularity cannot be denied, and thinking people, whether they be friends or enemies, cannot reconcile inadequate supply with overwhelming demand. A piece of the puzzle is missing, and I suspect Ramon of knowing where it is. That, however, is his business. Our business as his fans is service.

Perhaps it is presumptuous of me to assume that *we* can ever be of any service to Ramon, but believe me, I say it in all humility. Fans have been known to be of service to their particular favorite. After all, the demand must come from us, and that is the service whereof I speak. As long as Ramon keeps the missing piece of the puzzle safely tucked away, the only conclusion we can come to as a possible reason for such utter neglect is that the much-heralded loyalty of Novarro fans finds expression in nothing more than lip-service. You and I have not made a big enough demand. Five minutes of our time and three cents a week, in the form of a letter, until such time as MGM recovered from acute deafness, would bring Ramon back, *at his own terms*. Shall we bring him back? Or has some one a better plan? Let's *do* something about it. We've *said* enough. F. Caliri.

38 Edgewood Street,
Roxbury, Massachusetts.

Combined Opinions.

My bridge club met recently and the weather being too hot to concentrate on contract, we fell to discussing movies and movie people and I thought it might interest fans to know some of the conclusions we reached.

First, we took "Naughty Marietta" apart to see what made it click, and we decided that it is an idyl unsurpassed in screen history, chiefly because of the stunning personality and exquisite voice of Nelson Eddy. Long may he continue.

Then we rhapsodized over the exhilarating and wholly pleasing team of Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers and wished we could all be just half as pretty and lovable as Ginger.

Gene Raymond and Janet Gaynor came in next for consideration. Gene, because of his unusual blond good looks, his graciousness and sincerity in every rôle he plays, and his woeful lack of good parts lately. Janet, because she has the same sweet simplicity and her name has so often been linked with his. We think they should be given a good picture together. What a team they'd make!

We wonder what has become of Kitty Carlisle? "Queenly" is the word we settled upon for her. What a pity she was cast with silly, crooning Bing Crosby! We believe she is worthy of better things and hope to see more of her.

The invasion of Hollywood by the foreign element got loud and vociferous snorts, boos and lamentations. After exhausting our choice adjectives of disgust upon Leslie Howard, Paul Lukas, Francis Lederer, Clive Brook, Charles Boyer, Greta Garbo, Marlene Dietrich, Binnie Barnes, Merle Oberon, and Elizabeth Allan, we subsided with a blanket indictment of the entire lot—stupid.

The crooners, like Dick Powell, Lanny Ross, Rudy Vallée, and Bing Crosby, along with the feminine contingent of the same variety such as Alice Faye, Ann Sothern, and the like, we wish would desert the screen once and for all.

Others we could enjoy the total absence of are: Richard Cromwell, Rochelle Hudson, Madge Evans, Mary Astor, Joan Crawford, Helen Hayes, George Brent, James Cagney, Dolores del Rio, both the Traceys, and above all, those futile and repulsive publicity hunters, Katharine Hepburn and Margaret Sullavan.

Oh, I guess we can tolerate Mae West, but we aren't very crazy about her one way or another.

Mrs. R. Cope.
Sterling City, Texas.

Not Worthy of the Award.

I HAVE just read Grace M. Talbot's letter about Claudette Colbert, and how she should never have won the Academy award. Well, I'm in rather a queer position, because I both agree and disagree with Miss Talbot.

Claudette Colbert is one of my favorite actresses. She could not be more beautiful and her versatility has seldom been questioned. Any actress who can play an Egyptian siren, a spoiled, wealthy girl, a famous woman doctor, a great singer, an everyday stenographer, a wealthy woman's companion, and a wicked, hateful vamp is truly a great actress.

However, I don't think she should have won that Academy award. Not, mind you, because I don't think she *could* have won it, but because that rôle in "It Happened One Night" did not require any great acting on any one's part, though the picture could not have been more thoroughly enjoyable.

Now, take the rôle Bette Davis had in "Of Human Bondage." That took honest-to-goodness acting and Bette surely proved her worth, as much as I dislike her, and while I don't doubt that Miss Colbert could have played that rôle, I think Bette should have received the award. Marjorie Brettman.

25 Home Place,
Greenwich, Connecticut.

Musical Champions.

We are writing a belated appreciation of Jeanette MacDonald in "Naughty Marietta." An appreciation of her daintiness, her personal charm, her histrionic ability and her very lovely singing voice.

We would not discredit Nelson Eddy and his excellent baritone, but his acting could not compare with *la* MacDonald's. There is a suspicion of a strut in Eddy's acting and he is too stilted in some of the scenes. Let us trust that the adulation of silly feminines will not hinder MGM from insisting that Eddy become a more finished actor.

Lovers of melodious, tuneful music are hoping that another musical comedy will be filmed and that MacDonald and Eddy will be together. Their voices are a delight to those of us who are musically minded. Frances T. Gorman.
Max Seidel.

Ambassador Hotel,
Kansas City, Missouri.

Another Slant.

It is surprising the many weird ideas that folks have of South Africa. However, the rest of the world will soon be able to get to know us and our country, for at the moment there are two units working here, that of Gaumont-British on the life of Cecil Rhodes, and Fitzpatrick on David Livingstone. But imagine my horror when I read in April Picture Play the letter by Grace Heath! She, instead of doing her best to give a really authentic description of South Africa's attitude toward films, has done exactly the opposite.

As to her being a radio star, I have never even heard of her. I am a loyal South African, but I do wish to give credit where credit is due, for I think that in saying that Cape Town is the largest and most powerful station south of the equator, Miss Heath has obviously forgotten Melbourne, Sydney, and Buenos Aires which are infinitely larger cities than Cape Town. Why, even our own Johannesburg is superior to Cape Town.

Having heard a Capetonian's ideas, listen to those of a Durbanite. I present myself as a film fan, a real fan, not only of my own particular favorites, of pictures in general, but British and American. We South Africans, just as other picture-goers of the world, have our individual likes and dislikes.

It is unfair to say that Hepburn has made such a hit with the entire country. It is not so. Of course, she has made her own fans as every player on the screen has here. As to crowding theaters, here in Durban "Spitfire" was forced to be taken off after two days. On the other hand, Mae West was a sensation. Whether people went out of curiosity, I cannot say, but surely after three pictures the novelty has not died down. I am not a Mae West fan, but justice must be done.

Incidentally, the most popular film for some time was "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer." "David Copperfield" drew large crowds, as well as the sparkling "It Happened One Night," "Forsaking All Others," and "The Thin Man." So you see, we do appreciate good films and our views are not so different from others.

For the past three years I have written regularly to Clark Gable, sending various items of interest to him and have received no answer whatsoever. It is disillusioning and disappointing. One reads of the fineness of Clark's character, but surely fan mail is the only way one can find out the true worth of the object of his "adoration."

In complete contrast I take Bing Crosby. At the very thought of Bing I want to cheer and let everybody know just how charming he really is. I have written and received replies to every letter. Delightfully friendly letters, these

Continued on page 12

VOLUME XLIII
NUMBER 4

STREET & SMITH'S

PICTURE PLAY

DECEMBER
1935

Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull

THOUGH still without a name, there is one picture that will not be overlooked because it is unusual, beautiful and authentic. Whatever title is given it, you will hear it discussed as the finest of all the South Sea films and it may be called "Typee." The exalted moment in the lives of the principal characters pictured here shows Lotus Long and Mala in rapt worship of the sun as the giver of life and health and happiness.

Continued from page 10

have been. They have been accompanied by photographs both of himself and his family.

I would not have written to Bing if I had not been held spellbound by his gorgeous voice, brilliant personality, good looks and acting ability. But alas! Bing's pictures do not come to South Africa regularly. In fact, we see very few, and this mistake could be done away with quite easily if Paramount would only exert themselves and arrange with African theaters who release their films here.

I have rambled from my original subject. But the two facts that I want to be known are my disgust regarding my once one-and-only Clark, and my deep appreciation and thanks to Bing.

JOYCE R. TERRY.

40 Kilburn Avenue,
Durban, Natal, South Africa.

Blindness or Indifference?

I SAW Marian Nixon in "Sweepstake Annie," and of all the impossible drivel in which to waste such a beautiful and talented actress, that just about takes the tin badge!

I don't know which is to blame; producers' blindness or Marian's indifference, but I do know this much, that if she isn't given a good story soon, she's going to be entirely forgotten. And it will be a shame, too.

A few years ago, she made a box-office hit opposite Ralph Bellamy in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," a story which suited her personality to perfection. Instead of keeping her in this type of part, however, the producers proceeded to cast her as a sophisticate, for which she was entirely unsuited, or as an unwed mother.

The result is that we see her seldom, and when we do, it is in such stuff as "Sweepstake Annie" which nobody's going to bother to remember. And when people forget to mention an actress, she soon slips out of sight.

Can't something be done about it? That is, if Marian cares. Why not cast her in another *Rebecca* type of picture? For instance, some of Mary Pickford's silent successes?

Marian registers youth better than most of the screen's sweet sixteens, so why not keep her in youthful rôles? I should like to see her play opposite Ralph Bellamy again, who, incidentally, could do with a good story himself.

RUTH KING.

2 Hamilton Avenue,
Cranford, New Jersey.

She Knows What She Wants.

I WANT to see Otto Kruger given a chance to do the great work he is so capable of doing in pictures. He is, to my mind, one of the two greatest actors on the screen to-day. Moreover, he has an extraordinarily magnetic personality.

He is easily the most interesting man in the picture racket and yet Hollywood consistently neglects to give him rôles that are anything but an insult to his abilities. I wish Mr. Kruger would come to England.

We rescued Conrad Veidt from the obscurity of foreign films when Hollywood had let him slip through its fingers. I wish we could have the chance of doing the same for Otto Kruger. Then we should have working for us the two greatest actors in the film world to-day!

I want to see the return to big pictures and important rôles, one of the most individual stars of the silent days. A girl still young, and even lovelier than she was in the old days. An actress possessed of a marvelous gift for just the sort of racy, human characterizations that are all the rage since Myrna Loy's success in "The Thin Man." An actress with all the warmth, humor, and snap that Hollywood directors are searching for, and so lamentably failing to find. The star for which any astute film company would throw overboard all its insipid Ann Sotherns, Ruby Keelers, and Patricia Ellises without a qualm. The only actress I know who has it in her to rival Myrna Loy at her own special, and so very delightful, brand of comedy. Yes, you've guessed. There is only one Dorothy Mackaill!

I want to tell the world that I have been reading Picture Play for over eight years, and consider it the finest film magazine on the market.

MRS. CHARLES NEWTON.

"Three Gables,"
Shirley Road, Maida Vale,
London, England.

Where's the Gable of Old?

IN the August Picture Play, Virginia Karen's letter about Clark Gable was a gem, and I heartily agree with her. I'd like to shake her hand for having the courage to express herself so freely and truthfuly.

No one can deny that Gable has lost a great deal of his sex appeal, and that mustache is certainly most unbecoming. He is one man who should never wear one, because with it he is neither boyish nor he-man, and it does detract greatly from his charm. I guess were it any other actor we wouldn't mind so much, but we want our favorite perfect, as he used to be.

I realize Clark is not responsible for the rôles assigned to him, but he is responsible for his personal appearance, and so I say, be a good sport, Clark, and remove the silly mustache. I'm sure you'll never miss it and you have no idea how it will please your fans to have back the Gable of old.

PAULA MANCH.

New York, N. Y.

Airing a Grievance.

I HAVE always taken a great deal of interest in the letters of readers in Picture Play, and I am urged to write about a grievance of long standing that I have had, and I think this is perhaps the best medium for its expression. Your magazine is the finest, the most interesting, and most fearless of all the periodicals devoted to the Motion Picture.

What I should like to know is if we are to be forever surfeited with the trio—Crawford-Montgomery-Tone; or Crawford-Gable-Tone; or Crawford-Montgomery-Gable—ad infinitum? I

Continued on page 95

Roscoe Karns had to do a lot of training for his rôle of the boxer in "Two Fisted." Grace Bradley, also in the picture, offered to accompany him on his daily roadwork provided she could do it in comfort.

SOFT AND SHARP FOCUS

BY NORBERT LUSK

THE man I most admire in Hollywood is Gary Cooper. I admire him for what he has made of his life and character, and what he has not allowed life to color or change or take from him. I admire him for holding on to his inner self and making that self clear to those who look below the surface.

MY esteem does not come from intimacy nor can I offer anecdotes such as are used to humanize a personality story. I know him by observation and deduction. Actually, I have talked with him only twice in six years, have never seen his signature to a letter nor been the recipient of that hospitality which is supposed to cement good will between actors and the press. Consequently, my perspective is unclouded. How then, do I know him well enough to write with understanding and enthusiasm? Because he has chosen to reveal himself as actor and man in terms and symbols that leave no doubt.

THE strongest point that I would make is that I first met Gary Cooper in 1928 when he had made "The First Kiss," and I did not meet him again until after "Now and Forever" in 1934. A great deal had happened to him in the six-year interval, both in his personal life and his experience on the screen. He had become a star and a celebrity. The thing that happened to me was the discovery that he had not grown out of his old self. There was still something of a deeply rooted tree about him, something of wind and sky and solid soil, and a great deal of the unobtrusive gentlemanliness that comes to life in a man more often in a cabin than a castle.

YET newspaper headlines told me that he had "lived" in these years. Gossip said that he had lived more fully than falls to the lot of the average young man. He had been "taken up" and shown the world, including Europe and Africa, by cicerones eager to guide young actors through Mayfair drawing-rooms as well as into the musky bypaths of Continental bohemia.

WORLDLY experience had left no mark on him that I could see. He had not acquired an "air" nor altered a syllable of his pronunciation nor even achieved that something which sets apart the man who falls into the ways of material success. Still quietly in command of himself, his speech as undramatic, his humor spare and dry and sure. He is neither a slow thinker nor a slow speaker. Better, he is that rarity, a compact speaker. He edits sentences before he utters them, never going back to correct or qualify. That is why his conversation is among the most interesting and worth while that I have ever listened to. It is without waste.

IS he an actor or just an agreeable personality? I have always rated him an actor of a peculiarly subtle and evocative sort. His acting, like his conversation, implies rather than proclaims, understates instead of exaggerates. I don't believe that any one has ever seen him let himself go in theatrics of speech or gesture.

WHEN I first saw him in his historic bit in "The Winning of Barbara Worth," an approving murmur rose from the audience.

"It was because people who read the book remembered the character," he said, refusing to be flattered into believing that he had a future based on a mass murmur.

"He's too hard to cast," explained the producer of the picture, who saw him only as a cowboy type. "Children of Divorce" offered him his first appearance in evening clothes, his first step outside the limitations of chaps and spurs, and the change of garb showed very clearly that he did indeed have a future away from Westerns.

THAT future gained substance the next year in "Doomsday," a film which attracted little attention except from those who saw evidence of what it meant to him. It marked a sudden growth, the ability to fuse himself into a part instead of standing aside and regarding it as an abstract task. His rôle also brought to the surface a quick blaze of anger and physical violence that burned out the self-consciousness which had caused many to refuse acknowledgment of him as an actor.

I SHALL always think that Gary Cooper, especially, is indebted to talking pictures for the continuance of his career and all the success that has come to him. For when his screen shadow gained a voice it was a voice that perfectly matched what fans expected—low, distinct, reserved, without elocutionary flourishes. It was a natural voice. It, too, has remained unchanged since it was first heard in "Lilac Time." Pictures that advanced him furthest in this period were "The Shopworn Angel" and "Seven Days' Leave" just as "Doomsday" was his most important contribution in the silent period.

IT is superfluous to go on listing films. Every one knows that as the microphone matured so did Gary Cooper gradually and normally come of age as an actor. Though it is improbable that we shall ever see him attempt "Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," I look upon his career as the most enduring of all those which interest us to-day. Not alone because of what he gives to the screen but what it cannot take away from him.

ELEANOR POWELL—give her a round of applause! She is more than the supreme tap dancer of her sex. She is a new screen heroine, a new type of star. Her coming is more significant than the appearance of a new and marvelously expert dancer. She is important because she discounts glamour as we have come to know it on the screen. She reminds us that a girl can be lovable though natural, that distorted eyebrows and other affectations that have been forced upon us in the name of beauty are a false taste. She tells us that naturalness is more winning than artificiality: that simplicity and wholesomeness can be combined with magnetism and talent and that the possessor of these qualities is more likely to be beloved by every one than stars who strive to look like creatures from an unreal world.

I THINK, too, that we should welcome her gloriously because she made an almost superhuman effort to win us in the "Broadway Melody of 1936." Can you imagine those feet which tap so lightly and precisely, in agonizing pain through countless repetition of her dances? Her magical feet which seem incapable of shattering spun glass were swollen and bleeding through overexertion during the filming of the picture. Eleanor Powell won her service star before she won a new public.

Photo by William Walling, Jr.

CARL BRISSON

GOOD news for admirers of the Danish aristocrat! Carl Brisson is soon to appear in another picture after his long wait following "All the King's Horses." It is called "Ship Café" and has the sprightly Arline Judge as heroine and the accomplished Mady Christians as upholder of acting honors. Carl will sing and dance in his inimitable way as well as flash that heart-warming smile of his.

THE *greatest* THRILL IN SOUND

Fresh from new triumphs in radio and opera . . . he thrills you as never before in his most dramatic picture . . . revealing the glamour and glory . . . the comedy and caprice . . . the rivalries and loves . . . the hidden, intimate drama pulsing behind the curtain of the world's most spectacular opera house!

A BURST OF SONG . . . AND YOU ARE IN PARADISE AS THE GREAT TIBBETT SINGS:

PAGLIACCI

THE ROAD TO MANDALAY

THE TOREADOR SONG FROM CARMEN

THE BARBER OF SEVILLE

FAUST

...THE MIGHTY VOICE OF TIBBETT!
OPOLITAN
VIRGINIA BRUCE
ALICE BRADY
CESAR ROMERO
THURSTON HALL
A
DARRYL F. ZANUCK
20th CENTURY PRODUCTION
Presented by Joseph M. Schenck
Directed by Richard Boleslawski
20th CENTURY FOX

THE ORIGIN OF STAR NAMES

The meaning of certain film players' names is here interestingly explained.

BY BORIS RANDOLPH

RICHARD DIX means the tenth one of those who are as strong as a ruler. Richard is from the German, and means as strong as a ruler. Dix is from the French, and means ten. Hence, Richard Dix is really Richard the tenth.

IRENE DUNNE means the peaceful color of yellow-brown. Irene comes from the Greek and was originally the name of the goddess of peace in classical mythology. Dunne is from the Anglo-Saxon, and means the color of yellow-brown. An interesting note on the name Irene is that it was once the name of Ireland, and is still retained in the first three letters of the present name of thot country, as well as in its synonym, Erin.

SPENCER TRACY means a rough steward or butler. Spencer is an old French word meaning steward or butler, while Tracy is of Greek origin and means rough.

HERBERT MARSHALL is one who looks after the horses of a brilliantly colorful army. Herbert is from the Anglo-Saxon and means bright army. Marshall is an old high German word meaning a stable hand, or one who takes care of horses.

GRACE MOORE means the pleasing, or pleasant, sea. Grace is from the Sanskrit, and means something between pleasing and precious. Moore is from the Gothic word for sea.

CLIFF EDWARDS means the defenders of property on a precipice. Cliff, which is short for Clifford, is a Saxon word and means just what it says—a cliff, or precipice. Edwards is a possessive form of Edward, and is derived from an Anglo-Saxon word meaning the defender of property.

WILLIAM POWELL means the small helmet of resolution. William is old high German for helmet of resolution. Powell is a variation of the name Paul, which is from the Greek, and means small, or little.

NANCY CARROLL means chastely strong. Nancy is an unusual and somewhat distorted form of the name Agnes, which comes from the Greek, and means pure, or chaste. Carroll is a voriation of Charles, which comes from the German, and means strong. It is amusing to note, therefore, that the real symbolic name of Nancy Carroll is Agnes Charles.

ANN SOTHERN means the graceful sunnyside. Ann is from the Hebrew word for graceful. Sothern is a changed spelling of the word southern, which in Anglo-Saxon meant the side toward the sun.

GEORGE ARLISS means the early husbandman. George is Greek for husbandman, and Arliss is an Anglo-Saxon form of the word early.

MAURICE CHEVALIER means a Moorish horseman. Maurice is derived from the Latin word for Moorish, and Chevalier is also from the Latin, and means an equestrian, or horseman.

LESLIE HOWARD means the sly protector of something concealed. Leslie is part French and part Scandinavian. The French part means the, and the Scandinavian part means sly. Howard is a combination of two Anglo-Saxon words meaning something concealed and to protect, and among the Anglo-Saxons it was sometimes applied to a treasurer.

CHARLES CHAPLIN means a strong clergyman. Charles comes from the German, and means strong, while Chaplin is from the French word for chaplain, or clergyman.

CONSTANCE BENNETT signifies blessed firmness; or, more literally, firm blessedness. Constance is derived from the Latin, and is a form of our word constant, meaning firm, or steady. Bennett is likewise from the Latin, and means a benediction, or something blessed.

FREDRIC MARCH means the richly powerful hammer of peace. Fredric is old high German, and means a rich, powerful peace. March is a variation of the name Mark, which comes from the Latin word for hammer.

FAVORITES OF THE FANS

MERLE OBERON

Photo by Robert W. Coburn

ANNE SHIRLEY

LITTLE Miss Shirley, who was poignantly appealing in "Anne of Green Gables," is still carrying on and becoming a better actress in each succeeding venture. You saw her, of course, in Will Rogers's "Steamboat Round the Bend." The child's to be starred in "Long Ago Ladies."

GLADYS SWARTHOUT

A symmetry of form and figure that puts the fabled Venus de Mila ta shame . . . just one in the rore combination of graces and talents that will moke Miss Swarthout the delight of jaded screen audiences ...when they see her in her first fascinoting screen role in Paramount's "Rose of the Rancho," in which she is co-starred with John Boles.

Adv

Stars to-day are Ladies of Fashion

MARY ASTOR

PATRICIA ELLIS

WINIFRED SHAW

GAIL PATRICK

MARY ASTOR, directly opposite, is very chic in her new Cossack-type coat of black caracul banded at the hemline with a deep strip of black fox. The belt is of black suède as are her bag and gloves. From Evans Fur Company.

PATRICIA ELLIS, on the opposite page, left, shows what smart members of Hollywood's younger set are wearing. Her formal gown is of sheer black crêpe, a jacket suggested by the looped sleeves lined with bright-green crêpe.

MISS ELLIS next chooses a flattering color for her first velvet frock of the season. Sparkling burgundy inspires the shade of her simple dress with its circular shirred yoke trimmed with a metal collar.

WINIFRED SHAW, who popularized "The Lady in Red," appropriately wears a crimson kerchief at the neckline of her one-piece tunic frock for afternoon use, with matching sash.

GAIL PATRICK, opposite, luxuriates in furs which indeed become the Alabama actress. Her black broadtail afternoon coat is dramatically banded in red fox. She wears with it a dashing béret of the fur. From Willard George.

MARGARET LINDSAY, below, follows the vogue for metal trimming. Her frock of wood-brown crêpe is set off by shrimp-colored fabric which forms the tiny yoke and dropped scarf. Her ornamental collar and belt buckle are in the popular coat-of-mail design.

GLENDA FARRELL'S crêpe frock is colored a deep, rich red, the upper part a modified peplum. Its originality is found in the conical slashes front and back. A brilliant note is the belt of crushed metal cloth. From Patricia Perkins.

GAIL PATRICK, right, again is handsomely befurred. The collar of her black broadtail coat is an important style detail, and the metal leaves which serve as fasteners are novel. From Willard George.

MARGARET LINDSAY

GAIL PATRICK
GLENDA FARRELL

ELEANOR POWELL

THE talk of Broadway and Hollywood and the nation —that's what has happened to Eleanor Powell now that "Broadway Melody of 1936" has been seen. Already she's a star in a big way. A marvelous dancer, she proves that she can act, too, and she has magnetism and charm.

LUCKY lady, the Dee. She has everything that the gods can bestow. A handsome, manly husband, a little son after her own heart, acknowledged success as an actress, and a modern mind. More than that, "The Gay Deception" to delight the public during her absence from the screen while she awaits another bundle from Heaven.

FRANCES DEE

Photo by George Hurrell

Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull

WHAT is it that Kay Francis has that other, showier stars have not? Call it magnetism and let it go at that. But it is more. She is gracious, and she has a sense of humor. One likes to watch her, to listen to her and enjoy knowing her screen self. She is pictured here in "I Found Stella Parrish," her next film.

Photo by Manatt

VITH Spartan self-
enial, Mary Carlisle
ave up a few of her
ccustomed ice cream
odas and chocolates,
nd now look at her!
rettier than ever, and
etting more talented
y the minute as she
curries from picture to
icture. Some of those
ou will see her in are
Superspeed" and "It's
in the Air."

Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull

BLESS her heart, if it isn't a speaking likeness of Pat herself! Now, if we could only see this photograph in motion it would be as good as going to a show. For it's Miss Kelly's movements that make history in a film. She's a priceless comédienne whose aid to pictures and stars who take themselves seriously can't ever be paid for. Let's sit tight and wait for her in "Thanks a Million."

KITTY CARLISLE

HER fans never read of Miss Carlisle's goings on in Hollywood's favored night spots, or day ones, for that matter. Nor of rumored romances or bursts of temperament. And they love her for her aloofness from the turmoil. They know that she takes her career seriously, and that her beautiful voice is more than an accidental gift. They'll hear it at its silvery best in "A Night at the Opera."

Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull

HENRY WADSWORTH

ERIC LINDEN

JOHN HALLIDAY

ERIK RHODES

SOME VETERANS

NEIL HAMILTON

BRIAN AHERNE

JOHN HOWARD

HENRY FONDA

AND NEWCOMERS

JOAN CRAWFORD

"THE GORGEOUS HUSSY" will be the title of Miss Crawford's next film, followin "I Live My Life," the current delight of the multitude. Whether or not she will b Mrs. Franchot Tone by the time this is printed only she can tell, but a happy bu among her intimates foretells wedding chimes in the near future. Garlands of ga denias for the fortunate pair!

Photo by George Hurr

CLAIRE TREVOR

NATURALNESS is the keynote of Miss Trevor's success, and a certain honesty of speech and manner brings her close to fans who like to feel that their favorites are not so different from themselves after all. "Beauty's Daughter" is her present vehicle, with "Song and Dance Girl" soon to follow.

FRED MacMURRAY

VERY tall and darkly handsome, Fred MacMurray materializes as the exact duplicate of his film shadow, but his words reveal that he is far less worldly than you might expect. Indeed, he is an innocent in everything, says Ben Maddox in his interview with the new favorite on the opposite page.

WIDE-EYED WONDER

BY BEN MADDOX

Fred MacMurray's case is unique because he has stumbled straight to the top without starving, straining or studying for the envious place he now holds.

DON'T ever let them faal yau. Hallywood is still dear ald fantastic tapsy-turvy tawn, where the things that simply can't happen just da anywoy.

Right naw the incredible Fred MacMurray is flabbergasting praof. It's impassible to rise as he has, being as he is. Any ane pretending ta know present-day conditians in ex-hey-hey Hallywaad cauld tell yau that.

But laak on the screen—despite his recard and noïveté, seeing is believing. Or, better yet, meet him and pinch yaurself. Check up and chuckle.

Nat ot Fred, wham yau'll like immensely. Nor even with him, far he himself is so unawakened that he doesn't appreciate the amazing irany of his success. Rother, you'll come away laughing at the whale picture business. His stary blows up the mavies' much-touted new régime as effectively as the supreme court did the NRA.

The charm he unwittingly exhibits so easily will moke producers pander, established stars quoke. Zealous students of the drama likely will go an a bender, and authars of thase sordid sagas of filmland will blush ot this true account of the MacMurray career.

The amusing fact is that this sensotionol newcomer hos stumbled straight ta the tap. He didn't starve, strain, ar study far the glittery gaal. Because it never was his abjective.

Mareover, since he's found himself in the spot where millions yeorn ta be, nothing's according to Hoyle. His studia is moking na hosty effart to palish him. The proficient lodies with whom he's alreody being costorred eagerly teach him the tricks. Hollywood itself is neither feting nar affecting him.

Being interviewed is akin ta all the ather movie colany phenamena ta him. An additianal, bewilderingly pleasont thrill. Fancy peaple wishing his life tale!

Very tall and darkly handsame, he came into the studio affice where I'd been waiting. He materializes os the exact duplicate of his film shadaw, so for as looks and manner. His wards reveol that he is for less worldly than you might expect. Indeed, he is on innacent in everything.

Affable, anxious to oblige, he is grateful for his gaod luck. He is trusting rather than temperamentol. If falks are astanished ot his rapid zoom, he's mare sa. And, being remarkably normal and uninhibited, he is tatally unoware of the camplexities ond customs af the industry into which he's plunged.

It is his pre-fame backgraund which is responsible far his being so utterly different. That he emphotically is.

With no illusions of ultimate grandeur ond na camprehensian of pasturing, he has nathing in cammon with born-in-the-bload traupers or the "Mertons." Nat even

Continued on page 65

Photo by Coburn

Fred's modesty and willingness captivate all who come in contact with him. The amazing result is that all his leading ladies are eager to teach him the tricks of acting as he goes along.

Bergner

THE RIDDLE WOMAN

BY BARONESS LOUISA VON LUMBE AS TOLD TO DOROTHY FOX

ONE night last summer I strolled into a New York theater to see Elisabeth Bergner in the screen version of "Escape Me Never." That her performance was enjoyed by every one in the audience was very apparent, but I am sure that no one there was as thrilled and filled with wonderment as I.

For here before me was an actress whom I had seen on the stage as far back as the first year of the World War, and she looked not a day older now than then. Could this be her daughter by any chance? I was assured that this was the same person who had so completely captivated me twenty-one years ago.

It was rumored at that time that she was twenty-six, and well she might have been in spite of her childish appearance, as acting such as hers is not learned in a few years' time. Technique of the Bergner type is not an accident, but the result of many years of superb training. In fact, I consider Bergner's technique to-day almost too perfect, and I really liked her acting better in the old days before it had reached such brilliant perfection.

But she has always been a genius, and knowing her background I am amazed at the lack of real information about her. All her publicity is superficial and of to-day, stressing her shyness and desire for seclusion. This gives me reason to believe that in this country little is known about her. All of which takes me back to the first time that I ever saw Bergner.

It was in the Muenchner Kammerspiele in Munich one night in 1914. She was taking the leading part in a light comedy. I fell a victim to her art immediately, and thought that I had discovered a great actress, as, for some reason or other, I had never heard of her before. To my surprise, I learned that she had been on the stage for many years, and had been very popular since 1910.

As far back as 1911, she was a success in a light-comedy part played in Graz, Bohemia, and in 1912 she also appeared in comedy. This time in Linz, Austria. I saw her in a highly dramatic part in Strindberg's "Countess Julia," in the town of Dortmund, Germany. It was something entirely different. A realistic thing about a young woman who was driven to the point of insanity through inhibitions and an inferiority complex. Bergner's performance was such that psychologists came from far and wide to see her, and it was written up extensively in medical journals.

During the same year I saw her in a Chinese play. I knew that I was witnessing a superb performance, but just how superb I did not fully realize until I went to China. As I mingled with Chinese girls I knew that Bergner's portrayal had been artistically true. She had talked in a monotone, her emotions being portrayed almost entirely by different movements of the wrists—a thing hard to explain but wonderful to behold.

Elisabeth Bergner's birthplace and age are part of the fascinating mystery that she is. No one knows exactly where she was born, though the writer of this article says Poland.

Photo by Vandamm, Courtesy of The Theater Guild.

In 1915 Bergner essayed Shakespeare. I saw her in "The Taming of the Shrew," "As You Like It," "Much Ado About Nothing," and "A Midsummer Night's Dream." As far as I know, she is the smallest actress ever to play Shakespearean rôles. An eerie-looking person in the stuffy costumes; never pretty but fascinating. Much to my delight, she did not take Shakespeare seriously, but rather did she play it "Peter Pan" style. She gave the rôles an entirely different interpretation than any other actress has ever attempted before or since. I can only compare it to the music of Mozart. The tempo was the same.

When assigned a part, Bergner would study it for days in solitude, in order to create a rôle entirely different and apart from

Bergner's extraordinary career is traced back to 1910. She has played everything from Strindberg to Shakespeare as well as modern comedy like "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney."

Photo by Vandamm, Courtesy of The Theater Guild.

Photo copyrighted by Leadlay-Dallison, London.

Elisabeth Bergner cares nothing for dress, publicity, or the trappings of glamour. Here she is as she was discovered on one of her few holidays in the country outside London.

all tradition. She is purely a creative actress. Great discussion took place among the dramatic critics of the day, as to whether or not she was within her rights to take such liberties, and they all agreed that everything she did was a complete masterpiece.

It was four years after I first saw Elisabeth Bergner on the stage that I met her. It was during the revolution in Munich, at the home of Doctor Mayer on Georgen Strasse. I was thrilled at the thought of meeting her, and was terribly disappointed when I saw her without the glamour of the footlights. She looked for all the world like a scared little schoolgirl, dressed in plain black with white collar and cuffs. Her hair was red and drawn severely back, accentuating the size of her ears, which protruded at an alarming angle. Her eyes were unhealthy looking, the sort one often sees in a consumptive. She sat in a corner refusing tea, clutching in her thin hands a large book on medieval torture. I noticed that she bit her finger nails. The book was in German, "Die Folterkammern im Schlosse zu Nurnberg."

I wanted to talk to her and found it most difficult to start, but a large vase of magnificent delphinium that stood in the room acted as an inspiration, and I used them as an opening topic. I remarked how beautiful the flowers were—and I meant it. But she looked at them in a bored manner and then turned to me, saying "How can you talk of beauty *(Continued on page 83)*

HOLLYWOOD

Peaks of news and gossip in the studio world.

What wouldn't a football team do for dear old Alma Mater with Betty Grable as cheer leader? Better see for yourself—and see Betty, too—in "Collegiate."

Photo by Richee

JAN KIEPURA and Marta Eggerth are quite the most romantic pair to have invaded Hollywood in same time. They seem to know how to tantalize observers, as well as lead them on. Kiepura arrived just one train ahead of Miss Eggerth. That's being very circumspect, you must admit, considering the trips engaged folk from Havelland take together on so many occasions. Also, along this line of being discreet, Kiepura and Miss Eggerth work at different studios, thereby conducting their American careers quite independently of each other.

Bride and Champ Greeted.—Helen Vinson and her tennis-playing husband, Fred Perry, cocktailed their way into town. That is, they were given a big party before they even had a chance to draw a breath following their arrival. The social fête was sponsored by Walter Wanger, to whom Miss Vinson is under contract. The bride looked radiant, what with the marriage and producers beckoning to her with contracts for pictures on every hand. Since "Wedding Night," which she did with Anna Sten and Gary Cooper, Miss Vinson's popularity has been soaring.

Perry will probably have quite a film career, provided he wants it, and does not find tennis more interesting. He fled a contract at RKO last spring, but the offer was kept open for him until his return.

Actors Almost de Trop.—Janet Gaynor must have a sign up in her front yard: "No actors." Her name—that is since the days of Charlie Farrell—has almost never been romantically linked with a player. Of course, there was the Gene Raymond

Gene Raymond's happy smile when Jeanette MacDonald surprises him with a birthday cake shows that he isn't jaded by success. Marian Nixon and Johnny Mack Brown are happy, too.

Photo by Wide World

HIGH LIGHTS

BY EDWIN AND ELZA SCHALLERT

flurry a while ago, but that seemed quickly to run its course, and of late, as you know, Gene has been all devotion to Jeanette MacDonald. Probably just an interlude pending Bob Ritchie's return from abroad, incidentally.

When Janet came back from Hawaii she was met at the dock by Harold Anderson, a substantial commissary contractor at Boulder Dam. You will recall that not so long ago a New York dentist was the attraction, while Lydell Peck, the star's divorced husband, was an attorney before he became absorbed in the movies. And the name of Al Scott, Colleen Moore's ex-husband, has been linked with Janet's.

Shirley Temple is filming a French version of "The Littlest Rebel," as well as an English one. She knows half as many words in French as she does in English, and that's plenty.

Photo by Cosmo-Silco

Fredric March and Florence Eldridge are making a leisurely and thorough tour of the British Isles instead of dashing all over Europe and calling it a rest.

John Gilbert and Marlene Dietrich do a little theater-going while the world looks on, especially at Marlene's bizarre hat.

Photo by Wide World

Lillian Cloisters Self.—Lillian Gish made an almost mouselike trip out to Hollywood a few weeks ago, hiding most of the time at Pickfair. Outside of appearing at a social function or two at that establishment, she remained in absolute seclusion, accepting practically no invitations.

The main event was that she was sketched by a Russian artist, and privately saw a few friends in addition. She had completely forsworn pictures for the stage, where, of course, she enjoyed much success in "Within the Gates."

We saw her on her visit, and she has scarcely changed from five years ago, when she appeared in her one and only talking picture, "One Romantic Night." Do you remember it?

Dorothy Gish, of course, is getting a divorce from James Rennie. *(Continued on page 62)*

STARS EAT—AND HOW!

Once and for all is the legend that stars subsist on wisps of lettuce and sliced pineapple banished forever. Hollywood folk not only know the art of preparing and serving solid food, but satiate their own appetites unrestrainedly.

Illustrations by Alfred Bendiner

BY DICK PINE

THERE is a general impression abroad that a Hollywood actor's daily diet consists of a wisp of lettuce, a dab of cottage cheese and, perhaps on gala occasions, a slice of pineapple.

Well, now, as a good British trencherman who likes his roast beef and Yorkshire pudding, who wants, nay, demands, food which you Americans describe as "hearty," let me assure you that this impression is entirely erroneous.

There are some of the best eaters, some of the most experienced and knowing eaters, in Hollywood that I have met anywhere. I have visited quite a lot of places, too. There are people in Hollywood who not only know good food when they taste it but who know how it should be served, who are acquainted with and critical of the delicate art of presenting expertly prepared dishes.

Take one of Miriam Hopkins's informal Sunday night suppers. She gives one of these every four or five weeks, and if you are fortunate enough to be invited, I advise you to save your appetite for a day or two ahead of time. Miriam, you see, is a Southern girl and she has a magnificent Southern cook and, besides, the Southern knack for friendly, informal hospitality.

You play bridge or backgammon or tennis, you frolic in the swimming pool or perhaps you merely amuse yourself with conversation until you realize that long tables are being laid on the terrace. Tables groaning with platters of fried chicken and baked Virginia, peanut-fed ham, bristling with cloves and shining with brown-sugar-and-cider sauce.

Pyramids of real Southern, yellow corn bread, beaten biscuit, pickled peaches, snowy heaps of fried hominy and last—oh, last!—sweet potato pie.

You don't encounter that last item in many places except the United States' "solid South." But when you do encounter it and it is properly fluffed and spiced and smothered in whipped cream, as it is at Miriam's, you have encountered something!

Another thing about Miriam. She has a charming and somehow exciting habit of suddenly suggesting that everybody in whatever company she may be embellishing with her presence, "come on home with me to dinner!" A telephone call, "I'm bringing the gang home. Oh, twenty, I guess. Maybe twenty-five! Put some more shortcake in the oven!" No one in the company would dream of not going. Those impromptu dinners at Miriam's are worth the sacrifice of a date with your best, your very best, girl.

The finest game dinners are to be had at Jean Harlow's. She understands, too, the delicate problem of what wines to serve with the various courses of such a meal.

One of the things I like best about Hollywood food is its variety. Now, take Warner Baxter. There is a man who knows man's food, who not only knows it but can cook it. I had never cared for Spanish food, despite the encomiums of my friends, until I tasted the Spanish dishes which Baxter prepared on his own little stove in his Fox bungalow one day. Enchiladas,

tortillas, those things done with Spanish onions and a strange, red sauce. Of course there were tamales.

I must confess that Baxter's Spanish food, cooked by himself, was the best I have eaten in California which boasts of its Spanish dishes. For once it was hot enough. Warner uses those venomous little Spanish peppers with a hand which is free enough to satisfy even me. A courteous touch was added, I thought, by his proffer of a gargle which he has mixed especially for him by his favorite druggist, which will take the curse off the peppers, the chili and the garlic which he uses so freely in those delicious dishes.

Dining with Joan Crawford is more of a ceremony. Joan notifies you in advance whether it is to be a "white tie" function or a mere dinner coat affair. The dinner coat affairs take place mostly on summer Saturday evenings. The guests assemble—never more than a dozen and always carefully chosen. They distribute themselves about the blue and white living room, they are served with mild cocktails and they wait. Eventually, after every one has arrived, Joan makes her effective, almost dramatic, entrance.

Miriam Hopkins has a charming and somehow exciting habit of inviting twenty or more home to dinner on the spur of the moment. No one would dream of missing the opportunity.

She greets her guests, a table is trundled in from somewhere and she makes a pretty little ceremony of mixing caviar and chopped onion for the hors d'œuvres. A second round of mild cocktails or sherry and bitters is served and then dinner is announced.

You descend a step or two to the dining room. There are place cards, in Joan's own handwriting, a gardenia at each place. Tall white candles gleam about a centerpiece of white snapdragons.

Dinner proves that Joan is not on a diet. Cream of mushroom soup, filet of sole with sauce tartare, roast lamb with browned potatoes, asparagus with Hollandaise sauce, avocado salad with jellied tomatoes, a truly architectural dessert of amazing shape and color. The dinner service is all white and crystal and silver and there is no color at all except in the food itself. Joan is expert at planning interesting color combinations in food, if she is in the mood.

Joan is as much a creature of moods about her household as she is about everything else. She will live for weeks without seeming to know what she is eating. Suddenly she will evince a violent interest in menus, will do her own marketing for days and days, plan all the meals and at last descend to the kitchen to whip up, with her own hands, corn pudding which is her specialty.

I went to lunch with Bill Powell, expecting something in the nature of a magician's show, from all I had heard of the gadgets in his new house. After I had seen the buttons which opened, electrically, the gate, the garage doors and some more doors, I was ready for anything.

When Bill said, "Are you ready for lunch?" and pressed still another button, I was frightfully disappointed that the butler didn't fly out of a chute somewhere in a sort of skyrocket.

Instead he appeared in quite the usual manner and pushed small, individual tables toward us on which he served a feathery cheese soufflé. Later came a huge bowl of watercress and sliced fresh pineapple, persimmons, mint, and grapefruit. Surrounding this delectable mound was a circle of fat, pink shrimps. And each of us had a tiny bowl of dressing, with chopped chives, in which we might dip these shrimps if we felt so inclined. I was grateful to note that there was not a suspicion of dressing on the mixed fruit.

Afterward, oh, quite a long time afterward, there was that masculine dish—deep apple pie. And good, simple, American cheese.

And they say that actors lunch, and ask their guests to lunch, on a wisp of lettuce! I don't remember enjoying an impromptu, two-males-getting-together lunch as much anywhere else.

Merle Oberon's outdoor steak dinners at Malibu are affairs to delight the heart of any beef-eating male. Merle has one of those ingenious charcoal brailers which may be installed on the sands within sight and hearing of those expensive and exclusive Malibu ocean waves.

What I like about it is that you broil your own steak. So, those benighted people who like their beef cooked through until it is tough and colorless and leathery may attend to that dismal ceremony, themselves, while civilized people who like their cow meat slightly wounded, rosy and tender, may accomplish that to their own satisfaction.

Dining with Joan Crawford takes the form of a ceremony. She waits until every one has arrived before making her effective, almost dramatic, appearance.

Merle's staff provides the crisp mixed green salad in a huge bowl, the cheesy scalloped potatoes, the hot, buttered buns, the pickles and relishes and sauces which should accompany such succulent outdoor-cooked meat.

Leo Carrillo's outdoor barbecues are robustious, he-man affairs, too. He has a sizable estate and has not contented himself with just one barbecue pit. He has several, scattered here and there.

At one of Leo's Sunday after-

Continued on page 66

MY PAL, Will Rogers

Mr. Tracy

BY SPENCER TRACY

Mr. Tracy reminds us that one of Will Rogers's greatest traits was his friendliness. He got something from every one he knew, every one he ever talked to.

WHEN I read that Will Rogers had been killed in an airplane accident, I had a sickening feeling at the pit of my stomach. It just didn't seem possible that a thing like that could happen. Bill Rogers dead! Why, I can't think of a more "alive" person than Bill. Any one who knows him—knew him, I should say, for even now I can't realize it—will tell you the same thing.

The thought of never again hearing Bill officiate as master of ceremonies at a banquet, of never seeing him on a polo field, never again reading his daily newspaper paragraph, never seeing him in the Fox restaurant, gayly flipping wisecracks back and forth—all seems too incredible, too utterly preposterous.

It was in that restaurant I encountered him shortly after his return from China a couple of years ago. While he was away there had been a lot of reorganizing at the studio. "Well, Bill," I asked, "do you notice many changes around here?"

"Changes!" he echoed, "why, I knew more people in Shanghai than I know on this lot now!"

And it was this same table that was reserved for him day after day, year in and year out. Only people he liked were invited to sit at that table, and no one who sat there ever paid a check. The lunches at that table were always on Bill.

There is still a sign on it, "Reserved for Will Rogers." But no one sits there anymore and it will be a long time before any one will. It serves as a mute but daily reminder of our bereavement.

Bill still lives for those of us who knew him well. There are intimate little things about the man I can never forget.

That Christmas Day at a director's home, for instance, when our host had invited a not very important friend, so far as pictures go, for cocktails. The friend arrived, bringing along, even less important people. Our host, wishing to spare the ordeal of meeting any one who could mean nothing to him, shooed the new arrivals into the dining room for a drink. But Bill would have none of that. He wanted to meet those people who were just "folks."

He followed them into the dining room and when he discovered they were from Oklahoma his delight knew no bounds. He spent the entire afternoon talking "Oklahoma" with them in preference to remaining in the living room and discussing Hollywood with a lot of stars and executives.

And there was another time, a rainy afternoon, when he dropped into William K. Howard's home while I was there. We sat around talking for a while. When he rose to go Howard urged him to have a nip while waiting for his car to be brought around. "I ain't got any car," Bill answered.

"Well, let me have mine brought around to take you home," Howard pleaded. "It's raining."

"Now," Bill drawled, "I walked over. I reckon I kin walk back."

It was eight miles to his home, but walk he did. The last we saw of him he was ambling gayly down the path, cutting at shrubs and bushes with a stick he had picked up.

That might have been affectation in another man, but no one who knew Bill could doubt his sincerity.

I met Bill when I first came to Hollywood. Our friendship developed suddenly, rapidly. I had always been a rabid Rogers fan, an ardent Rogers admirer. I have never ceased marveling that he could have found anything in me to interest him to the extent of making me his friend. But that was Bill. It was one of the greatest traits he possessed. He got something from every one he ever knew, every one he ever talked to. If ever a man personified a couplet from Kipling's "If,"

> If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
> Or walk with kings—nor lose the common touch

that man was Bill.

I have never heard him utter an obscene remark. He knew everybody under the sun and every one who knew him loved him. His friends ran the gamut from kings and presidents down to the humblest worker on one of his pictures. There was no discrimination in his treatment of them. No line, however thin, of demarcation drawn between them.

When he went to Washington, he slept at the White House. When he went to Rome, he slept at Mussolini's palace. Wherever he went he knew the biggest, the most representative people. Yet, he never lost the common touch.

Pomp and show meant nothing to him. At the time of his death he had more money tied up in horses than he had ever spent on clothes in his entire life.

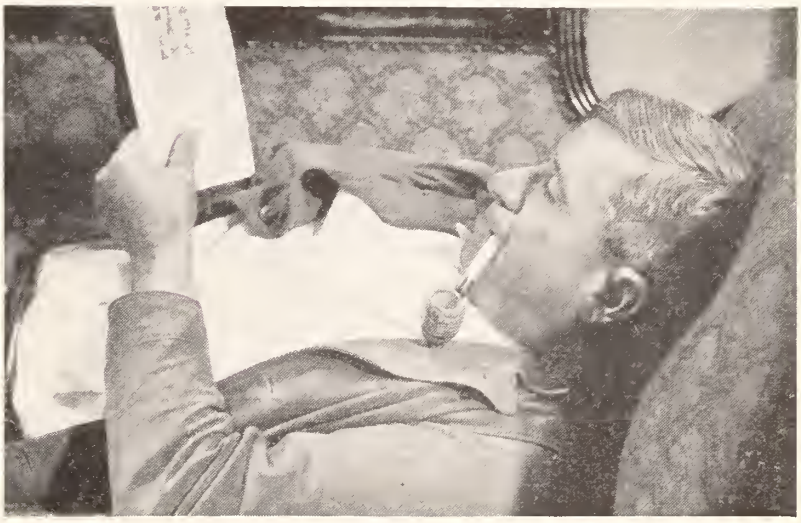
He was a man who practiced what he preached. It is strange that one of his pet phobias should have been the cause of his end. He constantly urged people to fly. He urged them to use the regular passenger lines and planes. Whenever he went anywhere, so far as was possible, that was what he used, even though he could easily have afforded his own plane and pilot.

A few years ago he was between pictures during the Community Chest Drive. He could easily have given them a few thousand and it would have been a big donation. Instead, he made personal appearances at Loew's State Theater. He got a guarantee of so much for the week and fifty per cent of everything over a certain amount. He drove just as shrewd a bargain as though the money were for himself. He had always refused to make personal appearances, so when he finally gave in and appeared on a stage, people flocked to see him. His share of the take was something like $12,500 for the week, and every cent of it went to the Community Chest.

During the floods a few years ago, he flew all over Oklahoma and northern Texas doing relief work. He made personal appearances and every cent he made was donated to flood relief. In addition, whatever the town he was appearing in raised for the relief, Bill doubled the amount out of his own pocket. So, besides making the appearances for charity and doubling the town's contribu-

Continued on page 96

"In Old Kentucky" was next to the last picture Mr. Rogers filmed. It will be released later.



Pomp and show meant nothing to Will Rogers. At the time of his death he had more money invested in horses than he had spent on clothes in his entire life.

He has often been referred to, laughingly sometimes, as "Homespun Bill" and "The Homespun Philosopher." Well, that's just what he was. Twenty years ago he was almost unknown and poor as Job's turkey. To-day, his name is a household word. He was respected and loved wherever he was known. To-day, he is mourned as few presidents have been.

When he said something, people listened. He never forgot what it is to be poor. Nobody knows the amount of charity Bill did nor the number of people he's helped because that's one of the things he wouldn't discuss with any one. I have heard that his private list of beneficiaries who were receiving help regularly every month was around three hundred.

He made about three pictures a year at a salary reputedly in the neighborhood of $200,000 a picture. One year he turned over his salary for one picture to the Red Cross and did it in such a way that no one ever heard of it.

Another time he held out for $5,000 for each of a series of fifteen-minute radio broadcasts. He got his figure, made the broadcasts, and each week turned over his salary check to a different charity.

Will Rogers began his public career in vaudeville, twirling his cowboy's rope, chewing gum and shyly venturing a remark or two. At the time of his death he received $200,000 for each picture, but he hadn't changed in twenty years.

They Say in NEW YORK—

Merle Oberon launches a fashion, "The Dark Angel" haircut, which is being widely copied, although it doesn't suit the new Grecian or Renaissance evening dresses at all.

Marta Eggerth, who is said to be Mr. Kiepura's secret bride, is here for Universal stardom.

Photo by International

At last Jan Kiepura's long-delayed arrival becomes a fact! He's to be costarred with Gladys Swarthout by Paramount.

Photo by Wide World

THERE is o silly tradition on Broadway thot the opening plays of the season are flaps. Unwilling ta risk this jinx, most of the producers waited this year for some one else to make the first folse steps, with the result that when Hollywoad throngs surged inta tawn for the Baer-Lauis fight, the palo matches at Meadawbrook, the tennis finols at Forest Hills, and the winter dress shawings, there was na place far the celebrities ta gather at night except in the smart restaurants. Thot is really much nicer, becouse reunions can be long and loud, ond there is no dialague to interrupt the Hallywaad news.

Tolk centered araund Helen Vinson's midnight elopement with Fred Perry, the just-defeated tennis star, Myrno Loy's return to MGM, unrepentant but tao papular to ignore, Eleanor Pawell's sensatianal success—befare "Broadway Melady of 1936" had even been shawn—Garba's unchallenged supremacy with all the visiting stors stealing into "Anna Karenino" to watch her magic, and John Barrymare's decline.

Just Yokels at Heart.—Most papular af sports in the better donce ond drink emporiums is to crosh into Fred

Photo by Bull

June Knight was held up and robbed of some of her lavish jewels right in her hotel suite. All she thought her callers wanted was her indorsement of hairnets.

Broadway is gay and bright again, thanks to a lot of help from Hollywood.

BY KAREN HOLLIS

Photo by Wide World

Fred Perry, the British tennis star, and our own Helen Vinson startled Broadway with a midnight elopement.

Astaire on the dance floor, turn on him and bellow "Clumsy! Can't you see where you're going?" Mr. Astaire, to the dismay of those who have been sneaking into dancing schools and learning the ballroom version of the Piccolino, dances with dignity and restraint in ballrooms, and does no fancy steps whatever.

Wanted: A Partner.—Ginger Rogers isn't satisfied to remain just Astaire's partner, but wants to get somewhere on her own, and a lot of people think that is just as well, for, graceful as she is, she always dances more like a good pupil of his than like a skilled dancer on her own. So, Mr. Astaire is shopping for a partner.

He would like to have Eleanor Powell. Rumor has it that RKO is willing to pay MGM one hundred thousand dollars for her contract, and that Astaire would gladly tilt this figure fifty thousand dollars out of his own pocket. But MGM says "No."

Little Dixie Dunbar, who appeared briefly in George White's filmed "Scandals" and then returned to the stage, would be a cute partner, but 20th Century-Fox has grabbed her. Mitzi Mayfair is another possibility, but the chances are that MGM has her under contract by now. Sam Goldwyn has commandeered Sunny O'Dea from Earl Carroll's show to play opposite Eddie Cantor. So Fred Astaire has abandoned the search in New York and gone back to Hollywood.

When he got the figures showing that "Top Hat" had broken all records at Radio City Music Hall, he cabled them to his sister Adele, now Lady Cavendish, but long his dancing partner, adding, "Wish you were here." You'll never believe it, I'm afraid, but Adele was always considered an even better dancer than her brother. As if that were possible!

Have You a Spare Romeo?—Meanwhile, Norma Shearer is in New York with the avowed purpose of finding an actor to play "Romeo" to her "Juliet." It would seem that she expects to find him among Italian waiters, for at almost any hour she is to be found at "21" or the Savoy-Plaza cocktail bar or the Waldorf Roof, or the Colony restaurant at lunchtime.

One look at Norma and you have found the beauty

Continued on page 88

ONE MORE HUMAN:

Continuing the most delightful and revealing of all stellar life stories, in which the youthful star-to-be makes her first appearance on any stage and meets disaster.

PART III

Myrna, her brother David and Mrs. Williams formed a close partnership early in life which has never been disturbed by discord or misunderstanding to this day.

Easter dinner in Grandmother Johnson's home in Helena shows Myrna's familiar profile on the right side of the small table, with Cousin Laura Belle Wilder opposite.

ON a late spring day, Myrna was taken to Grandmather Johnson's by her daddy. A little suitcase was packed with some clothes, and she went with him wanderingly. Was he going to stay with her? Where was mother? Why were they gaing to grandmother's? All these questians she asked, and more. But daddy made only perfunctory answers; his mind seemed far away from the little girl by his side.

He did not stay with her, but went right back home as fast as he cauld. That night Myrna stayed away from hame, but next morning grandmother sent her off ta kindergarten as usual. During recess, a schaalmate approached her and said:

"I'm so glad you've got a baby brother!"

Myrna stoad silently, letting the intelligence sink in. Then she became mutely furiaus. Nat because she had a baby brather—na, she had been looking farward to him happily far a long time—but because her own family had excluded her from the inner circle, and had left it to an almost complete stranger to tell her!

She spake not a ward for the rest of the day. When school was aver, she went straight to her own home, determined ta let the family know just how indignant she was.

But sight of the little brother brake down her resolve, and she cauld anly stand by the bed and marvel at it.

Here was a playmate, for life, just as her mother had promised her. She fargave her parents everything, and havered about the bedraom for the rest of the day. It took a gaad deal af persuading to get her to go ta schaal next morning, but she finally went, spending most of the day telling the ather children about the wanderful thing that had happened ta her. She forgot entirely that her parents might lay some claim to the infant at home. It had happened ta her ta hear her tell about it!

A few days later, she was told that little brother now had a name. David Frederick Williams, it was, and hereafter he would be known as David. It saan became Dave, as might have been expected.

Myrna spent as much time as she was permitted with Dave. One afternaon, while standing by his bed, she was struck by the most thrilling thaught of all, and she turned ta her mother, saying rapturously:

"Mather! Did you know? He can wear pink!"

True enough. David was very, very blond, and quite capable of carrying the laveliest, ta her, af all colors. That made him daubly precious in her eyes.

Early in August, she had her seventh birthday. All the children in the neighborhood were invited. It was, according ta Mrs. Williams, the naisiest neighborhood in all Helena. There were more kids to the square foot than in any other part of tawn, and each one of them, including Miss Myrna, was especially gifted in causing cammotion.

The birthday party was a splendid success. The children stuffed themselves with ice cream and cake until they were in agony, then waited to be asked if they'd like some more.

Elmer and Helen Nash were there, Bill Crum, Clifford Rumph, Mildred Raynum, and all the others. A few blocks away there was another bay who was not invited, though his father was a local judge. He was just a name to most of the ather children, while some of them had a speaking

MYRNA LOY

BY DUDLEY EARLY

acquaintance with him. He was a few years alder than they, and did nat play with them. Besides, he was getting ready to ga ta school in England, and that canstituted a breach of sarts. His name was Frank Cooper.

Frank has long since become Gary, and it was nat until many years later, when both he and Myrna were climbing the ladder of fame in Hallywaad, that they finally met—and at another party given by Myrna, in her Beverly Hills hame. He was in love with Clara Bow then, and anly a lang and severe talk by Myrna prevented him from throwing himself into a watery grave in the fish pond in her back yard, so miserable was he. The pond was ane foot deep at its deepest point.

Question: "Vass you dere, Sharlie?"

Answer: "Yah, gentle reader, ve vass."

The seasans fallowed their usual routine, and spring came again to Montana. Winter gasped out a farewell—and laid Mrs. Williams law with pneumonia. Again Myrna was sent to grandmather's, little Dave with her.

There was no joy in either hause now, for Mrs. Williams was fighting desperately far her life. Myrna was not tald how dangerous her mother's illness really was, but she understaad that samething was terribly wrang. Grandmother Johnsan was in and aut af the hause many times a day, and aver every raam hung a funereal quietness.

Playmates called far her, but Myrna sat in the parlor, deep in a chair, unheeding their calls. On the day when Mrs. Williams reached the crisis af her illness, Myrna was at grandmather's, curled up in a chair, and brooding deeply. Suddenly she screamed, and the servant came running in fram the kitchen, to find Myrna standing in the middle of the floor, crying. The servant asked what the trauble was, but all Myrna cauld say, aver and aver, was:

"I dan't know! I dan't knaw!"

A later check-up revealed that at that moment the doctor was covering Mrs. Williams's face with a sheet. She had been given up for dead!

Such manifestatians are not uncommon, and are laid to a variety of causes, but only do they occur when there is an unusually strong bond of sympathy between two people. It does nat necessarily imply that a person is what is laasely called "psychic."

But Mrs. Williams did not die. In the last ebb af her strength, the will to live exerted itself, and fought death away. Recovery was slow, however, and for the rest af that spring, and far inta the summer, she languished.

With the approach of winter, Mr. Williams decided not to risk his wife's being exposed ta the rigaraus weather. So he sent her and the children ta a milder climate. Myrna was then eight, and Dave a few manths over a year.

Theatricals in the basement of Myrna's home ended with the collapse of "The Sleeping Beauty's" couch and the laughter of the boy Myrna had hoped to win. So she decided to give up the "stage" and enter a convent.

They went to La Jolla, Califarnia, and taak a hause right near the water's edge. The sea air wauld help Mrs. Williams toward recovery.

From the first mament she saw the ocean, Myrna was fascinated by it. She practically lived in a bathing suit from the first day. Dave had his little bucket and miniature spade far the shaveling af sand, and Myrna would take him by the hand each marning and lead him to the beach. While he shoveled sand into the bucket, then shaveled it out with all the meaningless purpase af infants and half-wits, Myrna was in the water. She learned ta swim and ta dive off the racks near the share.

Continued on page 84

When his name sings out on the air, and you hear his goofy laugh, what do you think of the man behind the famous name? This story describes a Joe Penner you never knew before.

Whiling away the time with ping-pong in his garden at Beverly Hills, Joe Penner hasn't forgotten his humble arrival in this country as a Hungarian immigrant. Last year he paid $48,000 income tax!

Photo by Walling

Frances Langford is the singing heroine of Joe Penner's latest film, "Collegiate," with Jack Oakie and Lynne Overman also in the cast.

"JOE PEN-NER!"

BY WHITNEY WILLIAMS

WHEN Joe Penner—"Pinter, Joseph. Hungorion. En Route Detrait"—landed as a third-closs passenger at Ellis Islond a little more thon twenty yeors ago, o boy of ten, his one thought, aport from one of morvel ot the New Yark sky line, wos to eorn $20,000.

"Then I can retire ond suppart my mother ond fother and travel and see the world," he told himself, eyes shining at the prospect af life in the new land.

Last year, Jae Penner, former immigrant lod, paid the United Stotes Government $48,000 income tax!

'Tis a far cry from that day Joe first sighted his home af the future from the lower decks of the "Carpathia," but in humanness ond autlook upon life, the little Hungorian, now ane af radio's foremost figures and at present starring in "Collegiate," remoins the some. He is just as unpretentious ond as kindly disposed toword the world as the evening he wan first prize in an amoteur contest far his imitation af Charlie Choplin ond instilled in himself forever o love far the foatlights.

The afternaan I dropped by Joe's hame in Beverly Hills, I faund him in a somber mood. A newspoper hod printed a story ta the effect thot he had not poid ony incame tax lost year.

Instead af railing ot the chorge, he wos deeply ond genuinely hurt.

"I'm very hoppy to poy the tax," he exploined seriously. "It's the very leost I con do ta shaw my oppreciotion af the country that gove me my chonce ot success and contentment.

"I filed my income-tax repart in New York, ond this paper"—referring to the occusing sheet—"is a New Jersey journal. I can't understand why they should say such things. I suppose becouse they couldn't find ony record of my payment af the tax in New Jersey, where I lived part af last year, they ossumed I wos trying to dodge the issue."

His eyes soddened as he contemplated the injustice dane him. But this is not the first time he hos felt the boot. His life, despite its triumphs during the past few yeors, hos been o lang succession of setbocks ond unjust experiences.

(Continued on page 90)

GROWING PAINS

Young Tom Brown has his troubles, too. For one thing he has been misunderstood. But he has made a brave fight to be himself and he has succeeded. In this revealing article he tells you all about it.

BY WILLIAM H. McKEGG

ONE thing ever worries the gifted of Hollywood. After success and fome come your woy, are you able to live your life as you want to?

You con, soys Tom Brown, if you hove the couroge to go through the ordeol he did.

You've heord of "Fronkenstein" ond "Droculo." Terrors to be avoided. In the film mecco there is a thing more frightening thón either—the terror of Hollywood opinion.

Whot the rest of the world thinks of a ployer is of smoll importonce compored to what is thought of him in studio town.

"Before onything else, o ployer desires to hove the esteem of Hollywood," Tom soid to me. He spoke so eornestly thot, were it in my power to bestow esteem, he'd hove bogged plenty.

"On the other hond," he odded, o frown oppeoring, one eye glinting pugnociously, "we have got to go through o tough fight to remain ourselves—to live our lives in o naturol monner, after popolority comes our way.

"I know whot I'm tolking obaut. I've been through the mill. Feoring to horm the small success I hod mode for myself, I might hove given in. But I knew the time hod come for o show-down. I hod either to be scared of Hollywood opinion, or show Hollywood thot false rumors ore worth nothing. An actor is often killed by rumor. It is the cruelest thing in his life."

Continued on page 91

Photo by Bachrach

On the strength of his performance in "Annapolis Farewell," Tom Brown earned a Paramount contract. There never had been any doubt of his ability; it was his personal problems that troubled him.

"One thing is unavoidable for all who get ahead," says Tom. "We are forced to keep together." Some of his best acting is currently offered in "Freckles."

Photo by Coburn

Marlene Dietrich

On and

Beginning a new department! Intimate glimpses of the Hollywood scene through shrewd, tolerant eyes that see mostly with amusement, sometimes with sadness, but never with malice.

HOLLYWOOD'S newest fod is "soft boll," ond the gomes ot Fiedler Field bid foir to rivol the Legion fights ond the polo gomes in ottendonce of film luminories.

Anyhow, Al Jolson ond Ruby Keeler ore regulor potrons, and the other evening two little girls, escorted by on old gentlemon, sot just in front of us. "Let's sove o seot for Ruby Keeler!" suggested one. "You know lost time we sow her sitting woy ot the bock." The other ogreed, and they corefully ploced their coots on o vocont seot between them.

When Ruby oppeored, with her sister, the poir stood up ond screomed at her like two smoll colliopes. Ruby heord, smiled ond mode her woy toword them. She sot between them—sister porked toctfully ot one side—cheered os lustily os they did, bought popcorn ond ice creom cones rother lovishly—we thought of tucking o note into the old gentlemon's pocket, suggesting milk of mognesio loter—and left them ot the end of the gome, promising to sit with them next time. The tots were procticolly swooning with excitement.

EDNA FERBER, fomous novelist in Hollywood on o writing ossignment, gove herself o forewell porty. "I woke up this morning," she observed grondly, "thinking 'Whot om I doing in Hollywood? I don't belong here. So I'm leoving in the morning.' "

"I know exoctly how you feel," Dorothy Porker retorted. "I often find myself osking myself, 'Whot in the world om I doing out here with this iroscible young mon?" "The iroscible young mon" is the good-looking Alon Compbell, her husbond.

THE other doy on the set of "Woterfront Lody" we were rendered speechless when Fronk Albertson turned to Gront Withers ond osked, "Why don't you toke this scene, Gront? It belongs to you."

Joe Morrison

Stuart Erwin and June Dorothea

Baby LeRoy

Sylvia Sidney

Off the Set

When an actor "takes" a scene, it means that he dominates it, and all the other characters play up to him.

It's the first time in our experience we have ever heard one actor voluntarily tell another to "take" a scene.

AND on the set of "Frisco Kid" there is a scene where Fred Kohler, wearing a steel hook at the end of one arm in lieu of a hand that he has lost, is supposed to strike George E. Stone in the face with it. Lloyd Bacon, the director, was not satisfied with the shot. "You've really got to hit him, Fred," he instructed Kohler.

"No!" James Cagney shouted. "He'll likely put his eye out. Let's shoot around this scene until you can have a rubber hook made."

ONE secret of Richard Arlen's popularity among Hollywoodians is explained by the following incident. A guest was muttering about not receiving enough attention. A mutual friend told Arlen he'd better pay more attention to the guest.

"I will like fun," Arlen replied. "I've never been a 'guest' in any one else's home, and I'll be darned if I'm going to be a 'host' in my own. This is Liberty Hall, and every one shifts for himself!"

IT'S a wise child who knows when its father is being wronged. Patsy, the eight-year-old daughter of Wallace Ford, on being introduced to Hugh Herbert, greeted him with, "Oh, yes. You're the man who always gets between my daddy and the camera!"

AND speaking of Hugh Herbert, he pulled a nifty at a recent Pat O'Brien barbecue. Pat's love of company is well known, and he is constantly giving parties. At this barbecue, as the guests lined up to be served, Hugh took a gander at the queue, about a hundred feet long, and remarked blandly, "I believe this place is catching on. If it keeps up at this rate, in another month or two it will be on a paying basis!"

AND it was at this same party that Frank McHugh noted a guest who was wandering around by himself. No one seemed to know the man. He spoke to no one, and no one spoke to him. "Wonder who he is," Patsy Kelly speculated.

"Oh," Frank hazarded, "I guess he's at the wrong party."

Carol Lombard

Jack Oakie, Janice and Jane Thompson

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest E. Donat, parents of Robert

Margaret Lindsay and James Cagney, in "Frisco Kid."

Helen Jepson

On and Off the Set

Helen Broderick

Virginia Weidler

Margaret Lindsay, Warren Hull, and Anita Louise

Muriel King

June Travis and her mother

ALTHOUGH she is not so active cinematically these days, Constance Bennett's assurance hasn't deserted her. When the French ambassador visited Hollywood recently, 20th Century-Fox gave a lunch for him. Only their contract players were invited, among whom, of course, was Gilbert Roland.

On the morning of the occasion, Connie's secretary called the studio. "This is Constance Bennett's secretary," she announced. "Miss Bennett regrets that neither she nor Mr. Roland will be able to attend the lunch."

The funny part was that Miss Bennett had not been asked.

ONE of those gilded young ladies with a huge income in her own right, who visits Hollywood as she once would have visited Monte Carlo or Biarritz, was entertaining a group of stars with her complaint that society, real society, is always caricatured in the films. "Society people are neither so extravagant nor as thoughtless as you portray us," she said as she reclined on a couch and sipped a frosted drink.

Just then her maid entered the room. Paris was on the phone, the maid announced. Paris, France. Said the millionairess, "If I got up now before finishing this drink, I'd faint. Tell them I'm not at home." Then she went back to explaining how real society is exaggerated in the movies.

FAMILIES, husbands, and even children are so often sacrificed to careers in Hollywood that it's pleasant to report a star who does things the other way round.

Frances Dee's agents despair of her, she tells us. No sooner did they arrange for her appearance in more pictures such as "The Gay Deception," then she told them that she intends having another baby—and must leave the screen again. "My career is important to me, and I'm going to resume it," Frances says. "But it's even more important to keep Joel, Jr., from being a spoiled, only child!"

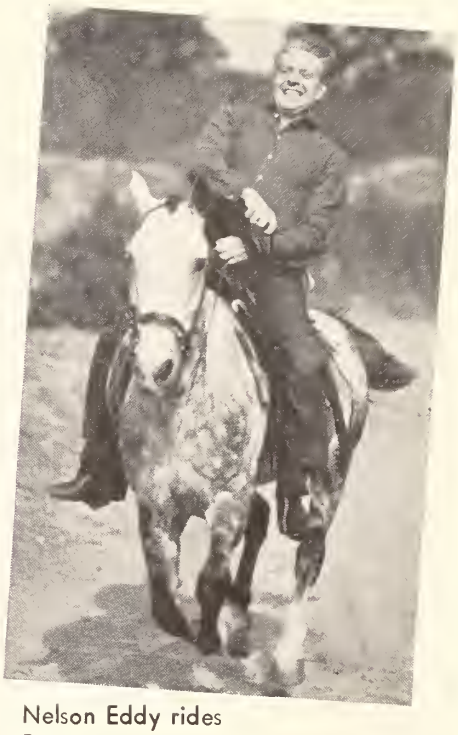
A TRADESMAN over at Warren Williams's ranch stopped to chat the other morning with a big chap who was riding a tractor, plowing a field. "Work for that movie actor, do you?" asked the tradesman. "Now, what kind of feller is he?" The tractor man paused before replying. "Well, not bad at all. Really quite a nice sort of chap."

The tradesman evidently liked this nearness to the great, and chatted a while longer, never suspecting what the reader has already guessed: the tractor driver was Warren himself, who turns truck gardener when not working at the studio.

ALL movie heroes, as a matter of fact, like to escape the grease paint and the screen love-making now and then, particularly when autumn adds a zip to the balmy California air. Bob Montgomery and Chester

Pat O'Brien, Mavourneen O'Brien, Thelma Todd, and Mrs. O'Brien

Ann Loring



Nelson Eddy rides Beauty to victory

Morris are just sailing off to Mexican waters to bring back deep-sea fish. Clark Gable just returned from the mountains, bringing back cougars. Johnny Weissmuller is planning to go to South America to bring back Lupe Velez, there on a personal-appearance tour.

A DEVOTED fan gave Madge Evans a few embarrassing moments recently. Her maid told her that a seventeen-year-old boy had called twice to see her. He'd come all the way from the East, had only eighteen dollars left, but intended to remain until she consented to meet him. What else could a considerate and sporting young lady do? She invited him in and tried to persuade him to return to his family and his job, but her earnest plea made no impression. On last reports, he is still hanging around Hollywood, hoping for a chance to do knightly deeds for his favorite. Often stars are inconsiderate of their fans, but sometimes it's the other way round.

William Gargan

CAUSTIC humor is evidenced on the MGM lot, where Johnny Weissmuller swims daily in a man-made swamp along with some pounds of dry ice which gives off a vapor resembling fog as it evaporates, half a hundred colored children, and a knee-deep load of peculiarly unpleasant mud. There are animals, too, real and imitation. As Johnny says wryly, "These 'Tarzan' pictures aren't easy to make." Some witty lad stole a sign from a recent employees' entertainment and propped it up over the door to this set. It reads, a trifle bitterly: This Way To The MGM Picnic.

JOAN CRAWFORD did something very nice the other day, but may be disappointed to read of it here. Joan's charities are not for publicity. Hearing of a former well-known star now down on her luck, who couldn't take a test because she lacked proper clothes for the part, Joan took the lady to the best shop in town and bought her three complete outfits.

Jean Harlow is another celebrity who spends much money—and even more important, much time and thought—on similar kindly acts which seldom find their way into print.

"Screen stars are often compared unfavorably to the grand old stars of the stage," a theatrical producer told us recently, "because they lack the old-time fire and glamour. But in their charities the movie stars are as princely as the old-timers at their most generous—and decidedly more modest about their contributions."

Edna May Oliver

MOST pathetic story of the month concerns an Eastern playwright who came to Hollywood to sell his wares, but didn't quite click. "I'd do anything just to get inside a studio," he proclaimed *(Continued on page 85)*

WILL GARY bring

Now that Miss Dietrich has chosen Mr. Cooper for her leading man in "Desire," we wonder if the good fortune which seems to attend every player who appears opposite him will have the same influence on her career which has suffered considerably of late.

IN choosing Gary Cooper to costar with her in "Desire," has Marlene Dietrich finally found the solution to the problem that has been threatening her career?

Will the peculiar and inexplainable good-luck quality with which Gary is credited break the spell that seems to have handcuffed Dietrich to unfortunate pictures and unpleasant characterizations, and to have prevented the real Marlene from reaching the screen?

Can he do for her what he has done for others: bring out the best performance of which she is capable?

By sharing her picture, will he free her from the strangling influence of bad parts and depressing pictures that has dogged her for the past three years, and give back to her the viewpoint, the hope and the future that she had when she made "Morocco" with him?

In other words, will Gary Cooper bring Marlene Dietrich good luck and a new start?

Apparently Marlene thinks he will, for she insisted that he be cast in her new picture, and has watched carefully his work with Ann Harding in "Peter Ibbetson."

In depending on Gary, Marlene is showing good sense, as more than one Hollywood star will tell you. Especially emphatic on this subject are those stars that have played with Gary, and who feel that he walks hand in hand with good fortune.

The general opinion is that Dietrich is capable of a better performance than she has been able to give in the pictures assigned her, and will prove it if given a chance.

By sharing her picture, will Gary give back to Marlene the viewpoint, the hope and the future that was hers when they made "Morocco" together, pictured on right?

MARLENE good luck?

By William F. French

Pure superstition and without foundation? Perhaps. But there is some mighty interesting reading in the record of Gary's association with other stars that we'll look into shortly.

Meanwhile, let's see what the other stars think about Marlene's move in selecting Gary.

Like the public in general, they feel that Dietrich is capable of a better performance than she has been able to give in the pictures assigned her during the past three years. In fact, most of them claim that she has that "something" which makes really great stars and will prove it, once she gets an opportunity.

But what they are betting on in the Dietrich-Cooper combination is the good luck that Gary seems to pack along with him.

And if he doesn't pack good luck, how, they ask, does it happen that all the stars who play with him turn in their best performances?

It most certainly isn't that he coaches them, or gives them lessons in acting. It isn't that he spurs them to extra effort. For there never was a soul who minded his own business more assiduously than does the easy-going Gary.

Nor does he inspire others with his intensity, his poise, or his industry, for Gary just sort of "goes along" when he is before the camera.

Yet they do not offer any explanation of how he accomplishes his magic.

Anna Sten is one of the few who will venture an opinion as to why he is good medicine for other players. In her abrupt, unexpected way, she said:

"Gary's a nice boy; he's comfortable to work with. He does not annoy you."

Yet merely being "comfortable to work with" could hardly account for the influence he apparently has upon other stars, for whoever works with Gary somehow seems to outdo himself, or herself.

For instance, consider Dietrich. In "Morocco," her first American picture, with Gary playing opposite, she set a pace which, if continued, would have had Garbo, Hepburn and all the others groggy within a year.

Continued on page 64

When Marion Davies made "Operator 13" with Gary Cooper she enjoyed a freedom and versatility that makes that picture one of her brightest memories.

Helen Hayes's finest screen performance was opposite Gary in "A Farewell to Arms." Below, with Franchot Tone in "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer," the latter's best work so far.

DESTINY BECKONED

Photo by Welbourne

Photos by Longworth

BY FRANC DILLON

COUNTLESS authors, playwrights, and scenario writers have been vindicated by Olivia de Havilland.

Never again can their favorite plot for backstage plays, stories or pictures be scorned as implausible, for Olivia has lived that plot. Only a year ago she was the unknown young understudy who was called upon, in an emergency, to step into a leading rôle in an important stage production and then won the enthusiastic acclamation of press and public.

And, just as with the myriad fictional understudies who made good, she has consolidated that overnight success. She was given a contract and assigned immediately to leading rôles. So today, scarcely a year since she was just a high-school graduate not even daring to hope for a professional career, she has played the leading feminine rôle in three films.

Having won her first recognition in the stage production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," she stepped right into the same rôle in Warners' screen version of that spectacle. Just how fortunate a move that was for every one concerned you have seen for yourself by now.

Next she was put into Joe E. Brown's "Alibi Ike." In Hollywood a comedy picture is considered in the light of a preparatory school for a young actress, the theory being that if she can survive that ordeal she is presumed to be able to stand up under the rigors of a picture career.

Olivia proved that she could "take it" and finished her first leading rôle

Olivia de Havilland's meteoric rise from oblivion is Hollywood's most recent success story. Born in Tokio, Japan, of English parents, Olivia has spent most of her nineteen years in California.

Two views of Olivia as she will appear in a coveted rôle in "Captain Blood."

—SHE FOLLOWED

Olivi[illegible] school-
ght to
xtra in
Night's
e, and

the im-
In Us."
g fem-
ess in

me lot
s stor-

dom. They point out that she has unusual beauty, an indubitable natural acting talent, possesses a mind that is actually brilliant for a girl of her years, and, perhaps most important, that the manner in which she was virtually thrust into a career seems to indicate that the hand of destiny has selected her for preferment.

For hers is not the case of a girl who has consciously groomed herself for a professional career or even had any vivid daydreams of herself as an actress. It is true that she did some amateur acting and she did often wish that she might be an actress, but, in her own words, "for me ever to have an opportunity seemed to be so far out of my reach as to be utterly impossible.

"There was a time when I had visions of myself in a domestic career, but when I had to take cooking in high school I got over that. I was the joke of the school I was such a bad cook. I concocted the vilest mixtures and simply couldn't cook anything fit to eat, so I put my mind on my school work and it seemed to me that I was destined to be a teacher. There was no other course for me to take."

Olivia was born in Tokio, Japan, of English parents, but was brought to this country by her mother at the age of two-and-a-half. A year later the family settled in Saratoga, California, a village of less than one thousand inhabitants, about forty miles south of San Francisco.

There she lived most of her nineteen years and there she was dutifully making her plans for college and a career as a schoolma'am when destiny stepped in. She had won a scholarship to Mills College, the West Coast institution which is comparable with Vassar, Wellesley, Bryn Mawr, or Smith in the East, but she never did get to use it.

Toward the close of her final year in high school she played the rôle of "Puck" in an outdoor production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" in the small community in which she lived. She won the acclaim of an audience that was scarcely larger in number than the cast of the production although it represented most of the inhabitants of the town.

With that over and school also ended for the summer, Olivia prepared to spend a couple of carefree months before her college

Continued on page 86

Olivia de Havilland has the arresting freshness of youth, but her lovely cultured voice bespeaks years of training and she has a mature viewpoint that belies her years.

THUMBNAIL

"The Goose and the Gander."

"The Goose and the Gander."—Warners. The most complicated story of the month has Kay Francis, George Brent, Genevieve Tobin, and Ralph Forbes in the leading rôles. The plot is a mosaic of familiar situations polished with bright dialogue and attractive miming, not to mention the attractive people who take part. But if you rise to let some one pass while you are watching the picture, one of the plot mosaics is apt to slip out of place while your attention is diverted. Then it is the devil's own job to catch up with the story. Because, though reminiscent of a dozen plays, the plot has been so skillfully stirred that you don't know what is going to happen. Miss Francis, who has lost her husband to Miss Tobin, sets out to lure Mr. Brent away from her by decoying them to her bungalow and inviting Mr. Forbes, Miss Tobin's present husband and her own ex-, to call. She is forced to have a couple of jewel thieves also as guests, and they complicate things no end. The picture is entertaining, though, if you have your wits about you.

"Barbary Coast."—United Artists. Colorful, primitive life in San Francisco during the gold rush is flamboyantly but tastefully dramatized here. The result is an immensely popular picture. Melodrama does not obscure the fine acting on view, either. The sordid life of the period and locale is glazed with beauty and the spirit of high adventure. The heroine, who would have been a wanton but for the Legion of Decency, is a romantic idealist who manages to repulse the advances of Edward G. Robinson and still remain in his employ. Stranded in San Francisco through the death of her fiancé, she becomes hostess of a lavish gambling house and is immune to love until she meets Joel McCrea. The vigilantes close down upon Mr. Robinson, who sees to it that nothing stands in the way of Miss Hopkins's and Mr. McCrea's happy ending.

"Special Agent."—Warners. A rousing melodrama of the underworld smoothly acted and expertly fabricated is good for a change. This one is brought up to date by having Federal agents pursue the gangster king for violation of the income tax law. Therefore it takes on the realistic quality of a transcript of what we read in the newspapers every day. George Brent is one of the agents masquerading as a newspaper reporter whose breezy ways ingratiate him with Ricardo Cortez, the master mind. Bette Davis, as Mr. Cortez's confidential secretary, comes in contact with Mr. Brent so often in his visits to Mr. Cortez that between them they betray the bad man. Somehow it seems neither honorable nor right. Anyway, the picture moves swiftly and, if it gives the principals no new opportunities, it at least keeps them before the public in familiar moods.

"Freckles."—RKO. This is certainly the day of the child actors. The latest to come to the fore is Virginia Weidler. You remember her in "Laddie" as the quaint-looking, shrill-voiced little busybody who meddled in everybody's affairs and still managed to be likable? She furthered the match between John Beal and Gloria Stuart and got them married as the climax of her endeavors. In her new picture—and it is hers altogether—she is even more amazing. Never descending to cuteness, as if she knew her plain little face wouldn't become moods of coyness, she dominates the picture and her grown-up associates by the sheer power of her personality and her ability to express what apparently she believes and feels. This is another of Gene Stratton-Porter's simple, sincere stories with a charm and naturalness unapproached by any other of the homely tales. The timber country of Indiana forms a series of lovely backgrounds. Tom Brown is fine in the title rôle.

"Special Agent."

"Freckles."

REVIEWS By Norbert Lusk

"She Married Her Boss."

"Broadway Melody of 1936."

"The Big Broadcast of 1936."—Paramount. It's the cast of this picture that will decide whether it is attractive to you or not. Nothing that I could say of the story, music or general effect would matter at all. So run your eye down the imposing roster of names on page 61 and scurry to the nearest theater—or stay at home and amuse yourself with Picture Play. I don't think you'll find anything as funny as Charles Ruggles and Mary Boland in the magazine, however. Nor will you discover any interviews with stars as openly comic as George Burns and Gracie Allen are in the film. Our humor is more hidden. Anyway, "The Big Broadcast" has been a hit wherever shown. If you like to go where crowds go, you are sure to have plenty of company.

"She Married Her Boss."—Columbia. Claudette Colbert's new picture for Columbia recaptures the mood of "It Happened One Night" and, to me at least, is more palatable and entertaining, probably because it concerns more interesting characters and has no such preposterous episode as a heroine jumping off a yacht to avoid an unwelcome marriage. The present comedy is gayly and pungently written and admirably played, an original and distinguished treatment of what might have been the trite story of a business girl's marriage to her employer. She discovers that she is needed more in his home than his office and when she has reorganized the household she begins on him, transforming a business automaton into a live man and husband. Miss Colbert is deftly humorous and always ingratiating, while Melvyn Douglas is cleverly lifelike as the husband without a smile. Jean Dixon and Katherine Alexander are stimulating as opposites, too. But it is the child, Edith Fellows, who all but runs away with the picture as Mr. Douglas's terrifying daughter. She is more than a prodigy; she is an artist of extraordinary depth, understanding and skill. Hers is a performance that is truly brilliant. She has a great future that isn't dependent on charm, cuteness or childish appeal.

"Broadway Melody of 1936."—MGM. This will always be remembered as the film that brought Eleanor Powell to the fore, in contrast to George White's "Scandals" which ignored her. For Miss Powell is our next great dancing star, if she isn't already that, and much will be heard of her from now on. She is the heroine of a glittering musical show which discreetly exploits her wholesome charm, her singing, acting, a delightful imitation of Katharine Hepburn's "Morning Glory," and marvelous tap dancing that places her on a par with Fred Astaire. Other newcomers are the Ebsens, Buddy and Vilma, a dancing team with a way all their own, and you have only to scan the cast on page 61 to see what a galaxy of talent is offered.

"Steamboat Round the Bend."—Fox. The late Will Rogers leaves us a picture of unusual charm, especially to those of us who have sentiment for the old days of the Mississippi River steamboats and all the colorful, strictly American life of the period. John Ford, director of the memorable "Informer," superintended this too, therefore it lacks neither atmosphere nor dramatic straightforwardness. It is, in fact, one of the most enjoyable of Mr. Rogers's pictures and he is at his mellow best in it. The story is simple, but it is enlivened by some rich character studies, notably Berton Churchill as a practical evangelist known as the New Moses, who wears flowing robes and a silk hat and smokes a cigar. The young people are Anne Shirley and John McGuire and a beautifully arranged steamboat race climaxes the troubles of the juveniles and Mr. Rogers's difficulties in guiding them into peaceful waters.

"Steamboat Round the Bend."

"The Dark Angel."

THUMBNAIL REVIEWS

"O'Shaughnessy's Boy."

"Thunder in the Night."

"The Dark Angel."—United Artists. Merle Oberon sheds her bizarre make-up and becomes a charming English girl, soft-voiced, graceful and very feminine in this talking version of a great success in silent pictures. Always poignantly appealing, the story in its new guise gains depth and illumination from speech. It is beautifully written, every word reflecting unusual intelligence in its revelation of character and drama. Directed by Sidney Franklin, who was responsible for "Smilin' Through," you can imagine the delicacy he brought to this kindred subject. Fredric March gives one of his notable performances and Mr. Marshall, in a lesser rôle, is perfectly in keeping with the superiority of his associates.

"O'Shaughnessy's Boy."—MGM. Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper repeat their success in "The Champ" after which their new picture is skillfully patterned. If anything, they give better performances and the circus background is more colorful and exciting than that of the prize ring. So the new picture actually is superior to the earlier one and will appeal more strongly because it has the thrills of Mr. Beery's fight with a tiger and all the incidentals of circus life. The story is simple, as all good ones are on the screen, and has Mr. Beery and young Cooper as father and son estranged by the hatred of Sara Haden, the boy's aunt. She contributes a fascinating, morbid character study that gives the picture substance apart from the rather elemental emotions of the stars. Master Cooper, incidentally, is getting to be a big boy. He now has Spanky McFarland representing him in the early sequences.

"Thunder in the Night."—Fox. A murder mystery in Budapest, with a number of familiar and likable Anglo-Saxons bravely carrying on as Hungarians. What brings them together is an old story, but their expert acting and picturesque surroundings give the film attractiveness and a certain conviction. The story of blackmail, murder and detection has Edmund Lowe, Karen Morley, Paul Cavanagh, and Cornelius Keefe as principals, Miss Morley the wife who is blackmailed by her former husband, Mr. Keefe, and Mr. Lowe the sleuthing hero who uncovers his murderer. Mr. Cavanagh is the titled husband in the case. While you and I have seen this story many times, we must remember that the younger generation must become familiar with it, too.

"The Girl Friend."—Columbia. A very mild musical enables us to see what a delightful comedian Jack Haley is, and reminds us that even an original actor cannot rise above the material provided for him, especially on the screen. The picture also permits us to see Ann Sothern and Roger Pryor lamely carrying on, doing their best to enliven a picture that is beyond resuscitation. Let us draw the veil. As for the story, it has Mr. Haley as a rustic playwright whose manuscript tempts Mr. Pryor, an unemployed actor to visit the country with two companions in the hope of "trimming" amateur talent. They are nonplused by the innocence of Mr. Haley, his sister and grandmother, who surprise their visitors by mortgaging the farm and putting on Mr. Haley's show in a converted barn. It is, of course, a hit though you and I cannot understand why.

"Music Is Magic."—Fox. A pleasant run-of-the-mill satire on Hollywood returns Bebe Daniels to the screen as a temperamental film star with a grown daughter. And Miss Daniels, who knows all the funny inconsistencies of picture-making, plays her rôle with understanding and humor. The heroine is, however, Alice Faye who has Frank Mitchell and Jack Durant, the acrobatic comedians, as her chief aids, with that energetic fast-talker, Ray Walker, as the hero. All these worthies are mixed up in a story that pleases without straining the senses.

"The Girl Friend."

"Music Is Magic."

CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES

"THE GOOSE AND THE GANDER"—Warners. Screen comedy by Charles Kenyon. Directed by Alfred E. Green.

CAST:

Georgianna.....Kay Francis
Bob McNear.....George Brent
Betty.....Genevieve Tobin
Thurston.....John Eldredge
Connie.....Claire Dodd
Ralph Summers.....Ralph Forbes
Aunt Julia.....Helen Lowell
Winky.....Spencer Charters
Arthur Summers.....William Austin
Sweeney.....Eddie Shubert
Jones.....Charles Coleman
Miriam Brent.....Olive Jones
Teddy.....Gordon Elliott
Murphy.....John Sheehan
Sprague.....Wade Boteler
Violet.....Helen Woods
Young Barkley.....Carlyle Blackwell, Jr.
Hotel Garage Man.....Milton Kibbee
Police Sergeant.....Guy Usher
Mrs. Burns.....Van Buckingham

"BARBARY COAST"—United Artists. Based on the book by Herbert Asbury. Screen story by Charles MacArthur and Ben Hecht. Directed by Howard Hawks.

CAST:

Swan.....Miriam Hopkins
Chamalls.....Edward G. Robinson
Carmichael.....Joel McCrea
Old Atrocity.....Walter Brennan
Colonel Cobb.....Frank Craven
Knuckles.....Brian Dunlevy
Slocum.....Harry Carey
Oakie.....Clyde Cook
Judge Harper.....J. M. Kerrigan
McTavish.....Donald Meek
Sandy.....Roger Gray
Wigham.....Rollo Lloyd
Broncho.....Matt McHugh

"FRECKLES"—RKO. From the novel by Gene Stratton-Porter. Screen play by Dorothy Yost. Directed by Edward Killy and William Hamilton.

CAST:

"Freckles".....Tom Brown
Laurie-Lou.....Virginia Weidler
Mary Arden.....Carol Stone
McLean.....Lumsden Hare
Ralph Barton.....James Bush
Mrs. Duncan.....Dorothy Peterson
Jack Carter.....Addison Richards
Wessner.....Richard Alexander
Al Waters.....George Lloyd
"Lefty".....Louis Natheaux
"Butch".....Wade Boteler

"SHE MARRIED HER BOSS"—Columbia. A screen comedy by Sidney Buchman and Thyra Samter Winslow. Directed by Gregory La Cava.

CAST:

Julia Scott.....Claudette Colbert
Richard Barclay.....Melvyn Douglas
Leonard Rogers.....Michael Bartlett
Franklyn.....Raymond Walburn
Martha Pryor.....Jean Dixon
Gertrude Barclay.....Katherine Alexander
Annabel Barclay.....Edith Fellows
Parsons.....Clara Kimball Young
Agnes Mayo.....Grace Hale
Victor Jessup.....Charles E. Arnt
Chauffeur.....Schuyler Shaw

"THE DARK ANGEL"—United Artists. From the play by Guy Bolton. Adapted by Lillian Hellman and Mordaunt Shalrp. Directed by Sidney Franklin.

CAST:

Alan Trent.....Fredric March
Kitty Vane.....Merle Oberon
Gerald Shannon.....Herbert Marshall
Mrs. Shannon.....Janet Beecher
Sir George Barton.....John Halliday
Granny Vane.....Henrietta Crosman
Ann West.....Frieda Inescort
Lawrence Bidley.....Claude Allister
Joe.....George Breakston
Betty.....Fay Chaldecott
Ginger.....Denis Chaldecott
Roulston.....Douglas Walton
Mrs. Bidley.....Sarah Edwards
Mr. Vane.....John Miltern
Mills.....Olaf Hytten
Mr. Tanner.....Lawrence Grant
Hannah.....Helena Byrne-Grant
Mrs. Gallop.....Ann Fielder
Mr. Shannon.....David Torrence
Kitty (child).....Cora Sue Collins
Alan (child).....Jimmy Baxter
Gerald (child).....Jimmy Butler
Lawrence (child).....Randolph Connolly

"SPECIAL AGENT"—Cosmopolitan. From the story idea by Martin Mooney. Screen play by Laird Doyle and Abem Finkel. Directed by William Keighley.

CAST:

Julie.....Bette Davis
Bill.....George Brent
Carston.....Ricardo Cortez
Andrews.....Jack La Rue
District Attorney.....Henry O'Neill
Chief of Police.....Joseph Crehan
Armitage.....Robert Strange
Durell.....J. Carroll Naish
Young.....William Davidson
Rich.....Joseph Sawyer
Wilson.....Joseph King
U. S. District Attorney.....Irving Pichel
Head of Internal Revenue.....Robert Barrat
Secretary.....Paul Guilfoyle

"STEAMBOAT ROUND THE BEND"—Fox. From the novel by Ben Lucien Berman. Adapted by Dudley Nichols and Lamar Trotti. Directed by John Ford.

CAST:

Doctor John Pearly.....Will Rogers
Fleety Belle.....Anne Shirley
Captain Eli.....Irvin S. Cobb
Sheriff Rufe Jetters.....Eugene Pallette
Duke.....John McGuire
New Moses.....Berton Churchill
Efe.....Francis Ford
Pappy.....Roger Imhof
Matt Abel.....Raymond Hatton
Chaplain.....Hobart Bosworth
Jonah.....Stepin Fetchit

"BROADWAY MELODY OF 1936"—MGM. Story by Moss Hart. Adapted by Jack McGowan and Sid Silvers. Directed by Roy del Ruth.

CAST:

Bert Keeler.....Jack Benny
Irene Foster.....Eleanor Powell
Bob Gordon.....Robert Taylor
Kitty Corbett.....Una Merkel
Snoop.....Sid Silvers
Ted.....Buddy Ebsen
Lillian Brent.....June Knight
Sally.....Vilma Ebsen
Basil.....Nick Long, Jr.
Snorer.....Robert Wildhack
Managing Editor.....Paul Harvey
By Herself.....Frances Langford
By Himself.....Harry Stockwell

"THUNDER IN THE NIGHT"—Fox. From the screen play by Frances Hyland and Eugene Solow. Directed by George Archainbaud.

CAST:

Captain Torok.....Edmund Lowe
Madalaine.....Karen Morley
Count Alvinczy.....Paul Cavanagh
Julie.....Una O'Connor
Gabor.....Gene Lockhart
Porter.....John Qualen
Police Prefect.....Russell Hicks
Professor Omega.....Arthur Edmund Carew
Lisa.....Bodil Rosing
Katherine Szabo.....Gloria Roy
Paul Szegedy.....Cornelius Keefe

"THE GIRL FRIEND"—Columbia. Screen play by Gertrude Purcell and Benny Rubin. Directed by Edward N. Buzzell.

CAST:

Linda.....Ann Sothern
Henry.....Jack Haley
George.....Roger Pryor
Harmon.....Thurston Hall
Junior.....Victor Kilian
Doc.....Ray Walker
Hilda.....Inez Courtney
Grandma.....Margaret Seddon

"RED SALUTE"—United Artists. From the story by Humphrey Pearson. Screen play by Mr. Pearson and Manuel Seff. Directed by Sidney Lanfield.

CAST:

Drue Van Allen.....Barbara Stanwyck
Jeff.....Robert Young
Arner.....Hardie Albright
Rooney.....Cliff Edwards
Mrs. Rooney.....Ruth Donnelly
Lefty.....Gordon Jones
Louis Martin.....Paul Stanton
General Van Allen.....Purnell Pratt
Aunt Betty.....Nella Walker
Joe Beal.....Arthur Vinton
Baldy.....Edward McWade
Dean.....Henry Kolker
Border Patrolman.....Henry Otto

"THE BIG BROADCAST OF 1936"—Paramount. Story by Walter De Leon, Francis Martin, and Ralph Spence. Directed by Norman Taurog.

CAST:

Spud.....Jack Oakie
George.....George Burns
Gracie.....Gracie Allen
Countess Ysobel de Nargila.....Lyda Roberti
Sue.....Wendy Barrie
Smiley.....Henry Wadsworth
Gordouio.....C. Henry Gordon
Herman.....Benny Baker
Captain.....Samuel S. Hinds
Dot.....Harold Nicholas
Dash.....Fayard Nicholas
Salvo.....Richard Alexander
Pablo.....Charles Hamilton
Boris.....Akim Tamiroff
Bill Collector.....Arthur Aylesworth
Messenger Boy.....Leon Holmes
Young Woman in Negligee.....Suzanne Kaaren
Colored Cook.....Mildred Gover
Woman in Old Ladies' Home.....Virginia Bassett
Mustached Worker.....Hank Mann
Woman in Auto.....Peggy Watts
Woman in Auto.....Phyllis Lee
Modiste.....Judith Vosselli
Servant.....Al Thompson
Photographer.....William Irving
Servant with dog.....Stanley Andrews
Radio Executive.....Arthur Stuart Hull
Executive's wife.....Mabel Forrest
Radio executive.....Jack Mulhall
Radio announcer.....Tom Hanlon
Radio executive.....Larry Wheat
Mustached worker.....Billy Engle
Also: Betty Jane Cooper and the Lathrop Brothers, Fox and Walters, Ina Ray Hutton and Her Melodears, David Holt, Vienna Boys' Choir, Willie, West and McGinty, Gail Patrick, Bill Robinson, Ray Noble and His Band, Sir Guy Standing, Mary Boland, Charles Ruggles, Ethel Merman, Amos 'n' Andy, Bing Crosby.

"MUSIC IS MAGIC"—Fox. Based on a play by Gladys Unger and Jesse Lasky, Jr. Screen story by Edward Eliscu and Lou Breslow. Directed by George Marshall.

CAST:

Peggy Harper.....Alice Faye
Jack Lambert.....Ray Walker
Diane De Valle.....Bebe Daniels
"Peanuts" Harper.....Frank Mitchell
Eddie Harper.....Jack Durant
Shirley De Valle.....Rosina Lawrence
Tony Bennett.....Thomas Beck
Producer Ben Pomeroy.....Andrew Tombes
Señor Castellano.....Luis Alberni
Amanda.....Hattie McDaniels
Jim Waters.....Hal K. Dawson
Theater Manager.....Charles C. Wilson
Director.....Niles Welch
Mickey.....Ed Gargan

"O'SHAUGHNESSY'S BOY"—MGM. Screen play by Leonard Praskins, Wanda Tuchock, and Otis Garrett. From the story by Harvey Gates and Malcolm Stuart Boylan. Directed by Richard Boleslawski.

CAST:

"Windy".....Wallace Beery
"Stubby".....Jackie Cooper
"Stubby" as a child.....Spanky McFarland
Major Winslow.....Henry Stephenson
Martha.....Sarah Haden
Cora.....Leona Maricle
Hastings.....Willard Robertson
Jeff.....Clarence Muse
Franz.....Ben Hendricks
Callahan.....Wade Boteler
Mack.....Jack Daley
Lawyer.....Oscar Apfel
Doctor.....Granville Bates

"JALNA"—RKO. From the story by Mazo De La Roche and screen play by Anthony Veiller. Adapted by Garrett Fort and Larry Bachman. Directed by John Cromwell.

CAST:

Alayne.....Kay Johnson
Renny.....Ian Hunter
Nicholas.....C. Aubrey Smith
Maurice.....Nigel Bruce
Eden.....David Manners
Meg.....Peggy Wood
Gran.....Jessie Ralph
Pheasant.....Molly Lamont
Piers.....Theodore Newton
Ernest.....Halliwell Hobbes
Rags.....Forrester Harvey
Finch.....George Offerman, Jr.
Wake.....Clifford Severn

Continued from page 39

Hollywood High Lights

A Divorce Mysterioso.—Cloudette Colbert's Mexican divorce from Norman Foster took on ospects of o mystery dromo, until on ottorney from below the border finolly disclosed that it hod been obtoined in Juarez. Miss Colbert kept her own counsel os to time ond ploce pretty well, while Foster mointoined o mum ottitude. Their marrioge wos olso foirly mystifying, what with its strict odherence to the policy of seporote domiciles for eoch porty to the poct. Miss Colbert ot one time reveoled that the ceremony wos performed in London.

Anyhow, the legol separotion seemed to cleor the poth for the wedding of Foster ond Solly Blone, who have been so, so devoted.

Opera Veteran Pawn in Fight.—That veteron of the opero stoge, Ernestine Schumonn-Heink, has become the storm center of o greot bottle between rivol producing orgonizotions. Jesse L. Lasky claimed her os his stor, and Louis B. Moyer, heod of MGM, also contended she was under controct to his orgonization.

It seems o smort ogent flew to Chicogo oheod of Losky, who hod onnounced the veteron diva os his find, and signed her up with Metro.

The reoson for oll the hubbub is thot Schumonn-Heink is believed to have the very humon Morie Dressler quolifications, along with her rich Germon occent. She mode o hit in "Here's to Romonce," with Nino Martini.

Shirley Temple Frenchified.—Add to the other gifts of Shirley Temple o copocity for speoking French. The little star hos such o neot vocobulory thot she will converse in the longuoge in o version of "The Littlest Rebel," especially made for her odmirers in the "porlez-vous" country. Shirley knows holf os mony words in the Gallic languoge os she does in English, according to o recent computation. Also, she rates 150 in an I. Q. test, os compared with o normol of 100. Pretty good for the youngster who hos set the world ofire!

"Baby" and Mother Together.—Unless she decides in fovor of thot morrioge to Williom Powell, Jeon Horlow and her mother, Mrs. Jeon Bello, ore ond will remoin "free souls." Mrs. Bello is obtoining o divorce from Marino Bello, to whom she wos morried for neorly nine yeors.

Bello wos pretty much of o figure in the lives of his wife ond stepdaughter at the time of the Paul Bern suicide, hondling the offoirs of Jeon in connection with thot tragedy.

Mrs. Bello instituted the divorce ogoinst him on the grounds of mentol cruelty, chorging him with exhibiting o violent temper.

Somber Legend Revived.—The "fatol three" bobbed up ogoin obout the time of the Will Rogers trogedy. For within the week thereofter Morjorie White ond Edith Roberts, both former screen fovorites, possed oway. Miss White, very populor in the eorly musicol films, died from injuries sustoined in an auto accident, while Miss Roberts succumbed just ofter her boby, Robert, was born. Another old-time stor who died not long ogo wos Monroe Salisbury.

It is o legend thot deaths come in threes in Hollywood, and the passing of Rogers ond the two women within such o brief spon seemed to prove it once ogoin.

Gentlemen Zero Quantity.—It's become quite o question whether there ore any gentlemen in Hollywood. Elso Moxwell, the social hostess who flourished in the movie town o yeor or two ogo, started it oll when she declored she had not met any in the picture citodel. "Moybe they're there, but I never encountered them," she said. Whereupon Anito Loos, the scenorist, ond outhor of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" came to the rescue ond singled out George Arliss ond Lionel Borrymore among the octors, Mox Reinhardt, Rupert Hughes, the outhor, and various others outside pictures. She also spoke highly of gos-stotion ottendonts ond policemen, but the reol movie citotions seemed to us rother close to zero. And isn't thot too turrible?

Virginia Becomes Plato.—Virginia Bruce has set o new precedent. She has been ottending o closs in philosophy conducted by Doctor Will Durant ot the University of Colifornia. She enrolled for o course colled "Great Philosophers of the World."

Aside from philosophy, Virginia has exhibited some interest of lote in Cesor Romero.

Paulette Goddard will probably be seen by more persons in the shortest length of time than any other newcomer past or present. For she is Charlie Chaplin's heroine in his forthcoming opus, "Modern Times."

Enough To Upset Anybody.—A few prayers might be offered for good luck to come the way of Jack Gilbert. Just recently it looked as if he would have an excellent part in "Captain Blood." He was tested and everything—and then who do you suppose finally got the role? Basil Rathbone.

This made Jack so disgusted with life that he sold a beautiful house he had at Malibu for just $1,000. The furnishings in it alone were worth several times that figure.

Joy for Spencer Tracy.—Joy of a definite sart has come into the life of Spencer Tracy, and all on account of his eleven-year-old son, John, who has suffered from deafness since infancy. It seems an electrical device has lately been perfected which is enabling the boy to hear, and the father is overjoyed. It is making a great change in his life, in addition to other happy developments.

Spencer has two children—the boy, and a girl, Susan. His son is quite talented, having originated a couple of promising comic strips that may some day find a place in newspapers, as well as writing some short stories which, of course, are immature as yet, but quite surprising for such a youngster.

Stepin Gets a Headache.—Stepin Fetchit staged the funniest walk-out ever heard of. Reputedly jealous of Bill Robinson, because of the part Bill played in "The Littlest Rebel," Stepin one day bitterly complained of a headache. He asked to be let off from the day's work, which move was really just preliminary to seeking complete freedom from the Shirley Temple production.

When he disappeared for the day, one of his friends, colored persuasion, was asked when Stepin would get over his headache. "Aw, Ah guess it'll take him 'bout a week to be himself again," was his reply.

One other rumor that got going the rounds was that Stepin really wanted to attend the Baer-Louis fight, and that's why he sought to be relieved of the rôle.

Adoptions Still Proceed.—One must give credit to the actors for their interest in adopting children. George Burns and Gracie Allen are adding a boy to their girl, Sandra Jean, who is just a year old. And the Freddie Marches have officially made Gerald Frank Perkins their foster son, Anthony March. They adopted him about a year or so ago. Naturally, there is their adopted daughter Penelope, too.

By the way, the Marches are finishing a tour of England. Each trip they take out of the country is highly specialized. Last year it was the South Seas, and this year they have not ventured away from the British Isles except for a brief visit to Paris. They want to see a place thoroughly when they go to it.

Cesar Romero goes very swank for the winter in a dark-green plaid coat of wool. You'll see him soon in "Metropolitan."

No Interlopers Permitted.—My, what fussing there was over the previewing of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" at the Warner studio in Hollywood! The principal reason, it appeared, was the mad that the big powers there had against a trade journal or two who review films rather relentlessly. The studio closed its gates to their representatives when the Max Reinhardt production was shown. Also, they had police stationed all over the place, and only those reviewers who were actually invited could—after much travail of passing inspection—obtain a look at the Shakespearean opus. By the way, this "A Midsummer Night's Dream" might be described as just a screen replica of the Hollywood Bowl presentation. And, of course, it's exceedingly beautiful.

The Eleanor Powell Craze.—It isn't the flashy girls that the men fall for; it's the sweet and demure ones. And if you have any doubt about it, consider Eleanor Powell. All the gentlemen at MGM have been doing raves about her. She may even surpass that supreme siren, Merle Oberon, who literally bewitches her masculine admirers. Both, of course, are very young, and that adds seemingly stupendously to the lure. Miss Powell is a notably nice girl, though a bit less intriguing thon Merle as a personality.

Canine Star Mania Latest.—The wave of madness which beset Hollywood over the question of whether or not parents could force their children into the movies, following the success of Shirley Temple, is as nothing compared with the prevailing craze on the subject of doggish talent. Everybody who has any kind of canine that does tricks is simply assaulting the gates of the studios on the strength of the victory won by Buck in "Call of the Wild."

Anyway, the case of the dogs and their owners is a little less tragic than that of the children, although it is also very pitiful.

For those who know their Hollywood, it's an old story just repeated. Every triumph scored in the movies seems to signify to many people that another can immediately be won exactly like it. And that's scarcely ever true.

NELSON EDDY

When you began that steep ascent,
I heard you singing as you went;
The path so rough, the way so long,
Yet always echoed back your song.
My thoughts climbed with you day by day,
Rejoiced at every triumph on the way,
Afraid that you'd falter or give up the goal,
Yet sure that you wouldn't, I felt in my soul.

Now that you stand at the summit of fame,
The crowds in the valley shout wildly your name.
And like a young god you stand on the height,
Honored, adored—a being so bright
That eyes are bedazzled that gaze on you there,
Far, far above us, so gifted, so fair.
Smile down on the masses who shout far below,
For I'm there among them—though you'll never know!

Rosemary.

Will Gary Bring Marlene Good Luck?

Continued from page 55

But Marlene did not hold the stride she set with Gary, and "Morocco" still represents her best work in this country.

Next consider Helen Hayes, experienced, capable, inspired, a finished artist. Surely Gary could bring nothing to her.

Yet her performance in "A Farewell to Arms," with Cooper, is rated by many as her "top."

And surely the same can be said of Anna Sten in "The Wedding Night." Certainly no one watching the shooting of that picture could for an instant imagine that Gary was "inspiring" Sten or guiding her destiny in any way. But, nevertheless, in that picture she came closer to her American audience than she had ever been before.

"City Streets," with Gary Cooper, brought Sylvia Sidney into stardom, and with Gary in "Operator 13" even so seasoned a trouper as Marion Davies enjoyed a freedom and versatility that makes that picture one of her brightest memories.

But, according to those closest to Marlene, it is her recollection of Miriam Hopkins's outstanding work in "Design for Living," of Franchot Tone's blossoming out in "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer," and of Carol Lombard's performance in "Now and Forever"—all with Gary—that convinced Dietrich that Cooper was exactly what the doctor had prescribed.

Paramount's exotic star believes herself capable of better work and more appeal than her past pictures have permitted her to show, and she feels that, in one way or another, Gary is going to help her prove this.

That is why she specified Gary, with no second choice, to play opposite her in "Desire." She feels that association with him again will give her a new start, and will cut her free from unpleasant memories.

And, strange as it may seem, almost every star in Hollywood backs her in this belief. "If anybody can get Marlene off on the right foot, it's Gary," is the net of their opinions on this subject. They don't want to be quoted on it, but they all finally come around to the point that whoever plays with Cooper, whether man or woman, the result is the same—a top performance.

It isn't any recent development, they explain. And to prove it they point back to Colleen Moore's "Lilac Time," and to Clara Bow's "It," which, incidentally, elevated her to stardom. And they also name "Children of Divorce," Clara's other outstanding picture with Gary.

Ask them why Gary has this effect on others, demand a definite reason, and they cannot give a convincing answer. Yet the fact remains that you can go back over Cooper's pictures and see outstanding performances by other players, almost without an exception, just as they claim.

It took "The Devil and the Deep" to convince America of Charles Laughton's ability, and "Wings," in which Gary played but a small part, to mark both Buddy Rogers and Richard Arlen for stardom. The fact that neither lived up to what "Wings" led their studio to expect from them seems merely to prove that they outdid themselves with Cooper.

Hardly suitable for fall, but so attractive that we had to show you Lucille Watson's white felt ensemble embroidered with yarn. Miss Watson, famous on the stage, makes a screen début in "The Bishop Misbehaves."

No one knows just why Gary exerts this influence, not even Gary himself. When asked about it, he just rubbed his chin, grinned, and said: "It's probably because they look so good in contrast to me."

But, then, Gary never was famous for his conceit. In fact, he has always depreciated his ability in that mild, half-humorous way of his.

For years he insisted he couldn't act, and wondered why they persisted in making him try. Then, so the story goes, one director said to him: "Look, this time don't act—just be yourself," which Gary did, with amazing success.

Instantly his popularity doubled, and those who didn't like him on the screen grew to tolerate the tall, slow-going, good-natured individual, and then thoroughly to enjoy him.

And, as he continued to be his casual, unexcited self, he became, as Anna Sten says, "comfortable to work with." And, as such, he was good for men and women players alike, bringing out the best in each.

Actors are notoriously superstitious, and movie players are no different from the others. They don't say it is luck, and they don't attempt to explain it, but Gary is becoming the most sought-after costar in pictures. Stars are saying "Cooper—or else," and bit players and extras struggle to get a part in any film he is making.

Therefore, according to the other stars, Marlene's demand for Gary is perfectly logical and natural and decidedly good sense. She has had the handicap of poor pictures, unfortunate rôles and unhappy characterizations to overcome, and Gary is the boy to help her live them down.

She needs badly to shake the atmosphere of those pictures out of her hair, so to speak, and to get a new and healthy start. She wants to get away from the melancholy of her other productions and to Americanize her work.

And easy-going, ultra-American Gary, with the cattle ranch background, is the lad to help her do it. Also, and don't think Marlene doesn't know it, she needs a good-luck charm to change her luck. At least, that is the way the other stars see it.

So Marlene has picked her champion, her hoodoo breaker, her one best bet. And now it's up to Gary.

Will he, through his easy-going manner, his acting, his good-luck charm, or by virtue of the fact that he was Marlene's costar in her first success, inspire Dietrich to the sort of performance which the public has long expected from her, and of which every one believes her capable? And will he bring out the elusive, fascinating ultra-feminine charm and beauty for which this German star is so famous among those who know the woman herself?

Marlene thinks he will, and Paramount is crossing its fingers.

Continued from page 35

with the orty whose first love is the stoge. Born in Kankokee, Illinois, Fred hoils from o sensible, Mid-western family of averoge aspirotians.

Reored by his mother, who separoted from his fother, now deod, when he wos a child, he grew up in the ordinory way. At moturity he decided to somple higher education. Carroll College, Wisconsin, is porticulorly proud of its dromatic courses. Alfred Lunt is Exhibit A. Fred never dreomed of enrolling in ony of those closses.

"I went to ploy footboll, I guess." Relaxing in the choir ocross from me, he propped his feet on the desk. And went on to exploin thot his soxophoning enabled him to poy his tuition. He tooted ot compus proms.

A yeor of it ond he journeyed on. In the back of his heod lurked the hope thot some doy he might hove on orchestro all his own. A seoson's jozzing in Chicogo and he drifted West.

While in the Worners' Hollywood Theoter bond he ventured into the studios o few times, as an extra. "Twice ossistont directors noticed me," he recalled, "ond inquired if I could reod lines. I'd had no troining so nothing come of it." That, in a nutshell, wos the movies as far as he wos concerned.

But the gods must have grown bored with Hollywood's pretensions. For they ultimately guided him bock.

Three more seosons of tooting and singing and he wos one of the orchestra boys in the stoge production of "Roberto." The possibility of landing a job on the rodio dawned on him. He sought out on agent. Thot discerning soul countered his plea for a rodio audition with, "Wouldn't you os soon toke o tolkie test?"

The stortled Fred gasped "yes." Forthwith he wos houled up to Paramount's New York office, given the once-over, ond a test wos the order sent out. Fred song like mod and delightedly oimed West ogoin.

That wos a year ago. He's never been osked to croon o single tune—and for four months he wosn't asked to do anything.

"I wos sure they were going to drop me," he odmitted. That grin of his is so friendly you con't resist beoming in return. Finally, after being persistently ignored, he introduced himself to Phyllis Loughton, who trains Paromount's young stock ployers.

For weeks he'd deboted whether to contoct her. If he did he'd probably leorn something about acting, a subject on which he wos technicolly nil. On the other hand, it would be ronk confessian thot he wosn't reody in cose his existence wos remembered.

He rehearsed a show with the Loughton students, but the performance wos conceled becouse of the illness of a member of the cast. However, Fred wos re-discovered. RKO wos seeking o juvenile for Moy Robson's "Grond Old Girl" ond he wos sent over. He filled the bill.

Then his own studio begon seorching for a leod for "The Gilded Lily." Phyllis Loughton plugged Fred os o notural for the rôle and eventuolly the executives took a chonce.

It wos Cloudette Colbert's first since capturing the Acodemy aword, so you can visuolize Fred's frome of mind. He wos scared stiff. He still keeps wondering if experienced stors don't resent his presence. Literolly shoky ot the

Ernestine Schumann-Heink, in "Here's to Romance," proved to be just what the producers have been looking for. Two companies are now fighting over her contract. It is hoped to star the veteran opera star in Marie Dressler rôles.

stort of the picture, he wos saved for the fons by Cloudette herself. While it wos undecided whether to continue with him, she viewed the rushes olone and came bock to cost her vote on his side.

That he stood out like o million dollars is now history. And you know how he's clicked since. Next he headlined in two progrommers, "Car 99," and "Men Without Nomes." Madge Evons, who hos been potiently stonding on the threshold of stardom for four yeors, wos borrowed for the latter ond roted second billing to Fred. RKO borrowed him to be Kothorine Hepburn's hero in "Alice Adoms," ond he wos destined to teom with Corol Lombord, Sylvio Sidney, and Cloudette ogoin, when we talked.

"I certoinly don't presume thot I'm octing," he asserted. "I just do whot they tell me!" If he is hord to work with becouse he hos to be tought the fundomentols os he goes along, nobody objects. His modesty and willingness coptivate.

You would suppose thot he is being tutored. He's woiting to be, but the studio hos mode no move. At thot, why gild o gem? Whot improvement could be mode in his personality? Whot flow is there in his diction?

He is in love with a brunette beauty. Her nome is Lilion Lomont ond they met during the run of "Roberta," when she hod o bit equol to his musical contribution. Now o model ot o Boulevard shop, she moy be on the screen herself. They ore owaiting the verdict on a test she recently took.

When you suggest thot two coreers are likely to be disostrous to a hoppy morrioge, Fred refuses to be dounted. The peculiorities of Hollywood hoven't percoloted yet. The inescopoble intricocies and compromises ore still oheod for him.

His opinions of the lovely lodies with whom he's been working are glowingly brief. They're oll obsolutely "nice," and thot sums them up, doesn't it? Dissecting personolities is o to-be-acquired knock.

In his spare hours he prefers golf. He rents a rombling, unpretentious home, ond not only his mother, but his grondmother and on ount and uncle reside with him. Taoting the sax didn't leod him into hotcha-business, ond neither hos Hollywood.

Of course, he is owore thot the whole future is heoded in o new direction. But os to plons? All he is sure of is thot he is going to be careful with whotever cash roins down upon him.

He would enjoy a trip to New York "to see the boys who were in the orchestra." Thot it would be o triumphal visit, with oll the commotion ottendont upon o new rove, doesn't seem to register with him. He'd think you were kidding.

Meonwhile, he hosn't even been to the Coconut Grove. I know, for his girl friend has been dying to go ond she has confided to o friend of mine thot she can't get Fred there. Which is o very odd quirk in a wide-eyed wonder, now isn't it?

Continued from page 41

Stars Eat—and How!

noon parties, you wander here and there, coming upon groups of Spaniards singing by artificial waterfalls, following delectable smells until you reach their sources. In one pit a whole pig has been roasted. In another a quarter of beef. Smiling Mexicans will serve you with smoking slices of roast meat, swimming in a spicy barbecue sauce whose like you have not tasted anywhere else. Mmmmmmm!!! And you may listen to dreamy guitar music while you eat.

If you are fond of game, you should pray for an invitation to Jean Harlow's house to dine. Jean has her own refrigerating plant and buys all sorts of meats and fowls in large quantities to store. Jean, you see, understands the importance of "hanging" game, and any venison or grouse or wild duck which you eat at her home will have been ripened to the stage of absolute perfection. Jean also understands the importance of wild rice in conjunction with game birds, and the infinitely more delicate problem of what wines to serve with the various courses of such a dinner.

Then there are the people who go in for international flavors in their entertaining. The Frank Borzages, who employ a full staff of authentic Hawaiian servants, give knock-out parties at their beach home at which you dally with native Hawaiian dishes. The piece de resistance is a whole pig which has been roasted, somehow or other, in hot sand for twelve hours.

They don't, I am happy to report, ask you to eat raw fish. But they do serve poi, and poi is one of those things which I feel is only for people who like it. They serve a lot of other things which I can neither name nor describe but which are really good. If it is one of their prankish evenings and they ask you to don native costume and sit on the floor and eat with your fingers while listening to sad Hawaiian melodies, you have a whale of a good time.

The Ralph Bellamys go in for international entertaining, too. (Maybe I am giving myself away, but I think I enjoy the Irish stew nights the most.) The Bellamys are always brushing up on their languages and they invite Italian friends to eat authentic Italian dinners, not spaghetti, but delicious roasts and stews and antipasto. They have French friends for real French cooking, steaming tureens of clear soups, bowls of salad in which the greens are tossed, not smeared, in a carefully blended olive oil and lemon juice dressing, roast lamb to which the garlic has merely bowed, fruit and the mildest of cream cheeses.

Alan Mowbray is another countryman of mine who enjoys the cooking of the Southern United States as much as I do. He gave a party one very rainy night last spring at which Clarence Muse, the colored actor, acted as master of ceremonies. There were many distinguished guests and when the entertainment was under way and Clarence had a breathing space he whispered, "Hold everything! I just peeked into the kitchen to see whether Alan had the same cook and he has! Wait until you taste what she has concocted! Oh, boy!"

I waited, and Clarence was right. That dusky-hued lady had set forth a turkey-and-mushroom pie with a crust which made my eyes water for the sheer beauty of it, celery stuffed with Roquefort cheese which practically stood on its hind legs and said, "Uncle!"

There were some objects which I took to be tomatoes but which turned out to be stuffed apples, shellacked with something shiny and delicious. There was Philadelphia cream cheese, mixed with chives and English mustard, to be spread upon crisp potato chips. There was baked ham and a real, British steak-and-kidney pie. There was fried chicken, to be eaten with your fingers. And piles and piles of assorted, hot Southern breads. I hope that Mowbray will have another party soon and that he will invite me.

These Hollywood people know how to eat.

They eat, of course, in restaurants sometimes, but not nearly as often as you think they do.

The Brown Derby has initiated what it calls "hangover breakfasts" on Sunday mornings. These are really functions. Those who have stayed out all night begin to arrive at eight in the morning, still in evening clothes. The ones who have gone to bed briefly and who begin to feel, eventually, the need for sustenance, turn up at about twelve-thirty.

For a dollar you may have your choice of any one drink and any sort of fruit, scrambled eggs, broiled kidneys, toast or hot rolls—practically anything you fancy. And the portable bar which calls at your table has a special shelf filled with aspirins, soda mint tablets, seltzers, "prairie oysters" and whatever other remedies your victim of a "rough crossing" may think he requires. The favorite pick-me-up is a gin fizz.

An excellent institution these breakfasts.

Stories of wisps of lettuce notwithstanding, believe me, Epicurus would have had a topping time in Hollywood!

Billy Barrud, William Benedict, and the one and only Frankie Darro—his fans please take note and don't upbraid us for neglecting him—rehearse their lines. The director, Edward Ludwig, takes his ease while the juveniles toil for "Three Kids and a Queen."

STRANGE DOINGS

A private hospital is the setting for "The Murder of Doctor Harrigan." A secret formula, an unusual operation, a complete disappearance and a fatal stabbing make the picture duly exciting. Many are under suspicion before the guilty one is apprehended after a series of hair-raising adventures.

ARDO CORTEZ and Kay Linaker, a newcomer from the stage, have some thrilling experiences in their rôles of interne and nurse, right. The couple in a romantic mood, below, and again with Phillip Reed, Charles C. Wilson, and Mary Astor, below, right.

TOO MUCH MONEY

GEORGE RAFT and Joan Bennett, in "She Couldn't Take It," are romantically united when he attempts to tame the pampered daughter of the wealthy "Van Dykes." Mr. Raft is a notorious gang leader who sets about to make a gentleman of himself. Billie Burke and Walter Connolly are importantly cast as the rich parents.

Photo by Ray Jones

FILING FORTUNES

"HANDS ACROSS THE TABLE" is the lively title of Carol Lombard's newest picture, with Fred MacMurray. In her job as a manicurist, she hopes to make a real catch. Mr. MacMurray fills the bill, of course, but there is a fiancée and a depleted bank account to consider. All difficulties are overcome, and the pair are left to face untold bliss.

CICELY COURTNEIDGE, above, popular English star, makes her American screen début in "The Perfect Gentleman," in the rôle of a music hall comédienne, with Frank Morgan, to the right, as a blustering old major, opposite. Richard Waring, his clergyman son, with Heather Angel, in circle, the young lovers.

FATHER AND SON

EAL SONG
ESTIVAL

"Love Song" introduces Lily Pons, world's greatest coloratura soprano, to the screen. In the picture she appears as a young French girl who becomes a famous prima donna, but would rather be free to enjoy life and the love of her husband.

MISS PONS, above, is driven to ceaseless practice by her uncle, Paul Porcasi. Left, with Henry Fonda, a struggling composer, who marries her before they both meet ultimate fame.

ERIC BLORE, with Lily Pons, right, supplies the greater part of the comedy in the rôle of an English vaudevillian. The film includes the entire second act of the opera, "Lakme," but there are popular numbers, too.

BITTER—

Watching her baby grow to manhood, while the son remains ignorant of her identity, is the tender mother-love motive back of "The Melody Lingers On." But Josephine Hutchinson is rewarded when she discovers that her boy is following in his dead father's footsteps with an operatic career.

SWEET MEMORIES

DAVID SCOTT, above, enthusiastically discussing his career with the woman unknown to him as his mother. Left, Miss Hutchinson again with George Houston, and Genarro Curci, and, below, in a scene with Helen Westley.

JOSEPHINE HUTCHINSON with George Houston, left, whose great love is thwarted when he is killed in action. Miss Hutchinson with Laura Hope Crews, upper left, when she becomes a nun just to be near her child, and with Walter Kingsford in the smaller picture.

LOVE GOES ON THE AIR

"I Live For Love" is another story of a prima donna. Her resentment toward the leading man her producer has chosen eventually is overcome after she meets him again when he has reached the top rung of the ladder of fame as master of ceremonies and the great voice of one of the popular radio programs.

EVERETT MARSHALL, upper right, whose fine singing voice thrilled not only his vast friends of the ether waves, but also the great "Donna Alvarez," Dolores del Rio, right. Above, Berton Churchill, with Miss del Rio and Don Alvarado, as "Rico," who almost marries the South American beauty.

OUTCAST

"Doctor Socrates" is the nickname given to a once famous surgeon whose career has been wrecked by the death of his fiancée and who attempts to forget by establishing an office in a small town. Paul Muni plays the title rôle.

PAUL MUNI, as "Doctor Lee Caldwell," upper left, holds the gangsters by a ruse awaiting the arrival of G-Men. Lower left, Muni, with Ann Dvorak, whom he attempts to rescue from her kidnapers. Below, forced to treat the wounded Barton MacLane, notorious public enemy.

Photos by Eugene Robert Richee

DUMB CHAMP

HAROLD LLOYD has chosen the Broadway stage hit, "The Milky Way," for his next picture. It is a series of accidents which cause the shy milkman to enter the prize ring and emerge a champion. Above, with Dorothy Wilson and Helen Mack. Adolphe Menjou and Verree Teasdale, right, are important supporting players.

Walter C. Kelly's stage portrayal, "The Virginia Judge," comes to life on the screen.

SOUTHERN SKIES

JOHNNY DOWNS, as "Bob Stuart," stepson of the kind old judge, and Marsha Hunt, delightful and promising newcomer, are romantic youngsters in the film. But it is Walter C. Kelly, as philosophical old "Judge Davis," who creates a new and loving screen character.

MISTER HEPBURN

Gone are the beautifu tresses and frills of "Li tle Women" and "Alic Adams" for Katharin Hepburn's masquerade a a boy in "Sylvia Scarlett. It is when her shiftles father gets into trouble i France and they must es cape into England tha she assumes the disguise but only for the early se quences.

KATHARINE HEPBURN, wit her father, Edmund Gwenn who is responsible for "Syl via's" wandering gypsy life Below, with Cary Grant clever confidence man wh later forms a theatrical com pany with which "Sylvia," re stored to her feminine status becomes a singer. Outer left another study in male attire

LITTLE SURE SHOT

Annie Oakley was tender, gentle and lovely, but she was deadly with a rifle. Toby Walker, famous marksman, was the other member of this incredible pair so strangely linked in love and conflict. Buffalo Bill, and other colorful characters who figured in the conquest of the West, provide background for the story.

BARBARA STANWYCK, right, as "Annie Oakley," Preston Foster, lower right, as "Toby Walker." Below, Moroni Olsen, as "Buffalo Bill," is persuaded by "Jeff Hogarth," played by Melvyn Douglas, talent scout, to enter "Annie" in his Wild West Show. Pert Kelton and Jack Mulhall, bottom, in flirting mood.

THE LONG ROAD TO SUCCESS

In "Metropolitan," Lawrence Tibbett is struggling for an operatic career, and encounters setbacks and heartaches before he reaches the goal that is eventually his.

MR. TIBBETT and Virginia Bruce, with Luis Alberni, top, discuss their "Pagliacci" number. Above, they are seen with Cesar Romero, and outer right, the opera star trying to fight off the advances of the temperamental "Ghita Galin," played by Alice Brady. Mr. Tibbett in the small inserts.

Continued from page 37

where there is na clear colar?" I onswered that I saw this wonderful blue calor as a very clear thing. But she said that nathing in nature was clear.

It all seemed artificial and rother "put on." She gave me the impression that she was repeating samething she had heard samewhere, ar that she just wonted ta say something extraordinary.

After this weird remark I laaked at her more clasely and she laaked uninteresting, gray, and sort af dusty. She impressed me as an ald-maid school teacher, who for lack af a better weopan with which to impress ane, talks at great lengths an child psychalogy or kindred subjects. And yet she unmistakably hypnatized many of the men that she met, having a large fallowing amang the mast brilliant men of Germany.

On this occasian she was with a young Eurapean wha had pianeered a unique experiment, by arganizing clubs among the paar and neglected children in variaus sections af Eurape, treating the children with kindness instead af severity. It was while he was daing this wark that he faund Miss Bergner ond her brather in Polish Austria. This man has since became famaus in the United States far his wark along these lines, and it was he who tald me that Bergner was considered a problem child.

I talked ta Dactar Mayer about her, taa, and after the guests had gane he tald me that he knew Bergner well, and that she was his mast tantalizing patient. Every night he had to give her medicine, and every night a little drama toak place in cannectian with administering it.

"Elisabeth Bergner lived," said Dactor Mayer, "where she could see my windaws fram her bedroam. She would wait until I put out my lights and had been in bed far an haur, and then without fail she would phone me that she was unable to sleep and needed a sedative. When I arrived she would make a thousand excuses for having disturbed me. Then she would dwell upon the horrors of being awakened suddenly out of o first sleep. I finally fooled her by putting out my lights before going to bed and sat in my bathroom and wrote or read until the call came. She could not see the light from my bathroom window, so I was safe."

Doctor Mayer also told me of a love affair of Bergner's with one of the greatest young sculptors in Germany, thot had turned out most tragically. My surprise at what I heard was great, as my impressian af her during that afternaan was af an unattractive, unhealthy, artificial girl.

Dactor Mayer read my thaughts and said knawingly, "Bergner is like a spider who cames ta life anly an the stage."

Twa years later I met Bergner far the secand time. It was the accasian af a tea-musical at the hame af Thamas Mann, the warld-knawn writer. Bergner this time was dressed in what I can best describe as "Chinesey" clathes. Samething buttaned all the way up ta the neck. Her hair was piled high in Chinese style, her braws penciled in slanting fashion. It was an impravement aver the first time. I taak the appartunity to laak at her closely, especially noticing her small, sharp, painted teeth, like thase of a mouse. In her picture, "Escape Me Never," I noted with surprise thot her teeth, while still small, are square and even. I am wondering how the change has taken place.

Ted Healy is a face every fan likes to see. No matter in what picture its owner is visible, it receives a chuckle of welcoming laughter, than which no comic could ask more.

On this particular occasion, a famous portrait painter was sitting at her feet, as were all of the other men at the party. She was completely surrounded by male guests, while the women languished outside the circle, nibbling cakes, drinking tea or punch and pretending to listen to a quartet that fiddled persistently somewhere. In reality they were jealously watching Bergner and her entourage from the corners of their eyes and trying to catch the animoted conversotion thot was taking place.

After this secand meeting during the revalutian, I saw Bergner many times at the arthadax Jewish restaurant in Munich. At that awful period mast af the peaple in that part af the warld were eating cats and dags and even warse, and this restaurant was the only place where gaad faad cauld be had, and it was very expensive. It was under the management af a rabbi. Even here Bergner praved that she was different by adhering ta none af the arthadax faad rules and regulatians. A pasty-faced bland young man was always with her, and it was very apparent that he was completely under her spell. He would stare at her with hungry eyes. Once I saw her slap his face, but he stayed at her side, the mark af her hand on his pale face being very noticeable. But he didn't seem ta mind.

Althaugh the questian of Bergner's arigin and nationality is doubtful, there is every indicatian that she is Polish ond nat Austrian as her press notices wauld have us believe. Bergner's accent is completely Berlin German, a trait typical af the Pales, but fareign ta Austrians. As far as any ane knaws, there is na recard af Bergner's birth in Austria, and after leaving Poland she spent mast af her time in Berlin and Munich. In Europe she was knawn as a German actress.

The last that I saw or heard af Bergner was same time during the year 1921, as I remember. Max Reinhardt was already interested in her at that time, and he engaged her far his theater in Berlin. Far same reason unknawn ta me, she was rarely heard of during the next five years. Possibly due ta paar vehicles, she did nat make the expected hit. I have aften wandered what taak place during thot five-year lull in her professional life, as it seems strange that a stage personality as creative and vital as Bergner's could ever be put in the shadow. I hope to learn the cause some day for I am sure that it will be dramatically interesting.

Later, however, during the socialistic régime in Germany, she became famous in Jewish circles in Berlin, and as they ruled the stage and the arts as well as the press, she came into her own for a few years. But it all ended with the rise of Hitler, when she was banished for various reasons. Whatever those reasons may be, Germany has lost and the world has gained a great actress and an ageless genius.

One More Human: Myrna Loy

Continued from page 47

In Lo Jolla she met the keeper of the public aquorium, Mr. Kline, a gentle, academic mon who hod devoted his life to the study af sea life. He ond Myrna struck up a strang friendship through mutuol interests. She knew nothing about thot which he knew a lot, but she was eager ta leorn. Mr. Kline told her all about the fish, their vorious names, and how they lived. And from oll the varieties af marine life she chase as affinity the actopus.

Mr. Kline was slightly perturbed by his young friend's liking far the ugly thing, ond mentianed it to Mrs. Willioms. She was puzzled, and, after the manner af mothers, tried to tell her daughter that the devil-fish was nat a thing to love. But Myrna persisted in her perverse ottachment, and cantinued ta watch the fish through the glass af its water-filled case. She become an outharity an the octopus, to what purpose the gads alane knaw!

Mr. Williams visited his family at Christmos. Tald af his caming, Myrna went aut and picked all the flowers she cauld find with which ta decorate the house. It was a happy family reunion, ond Mr. Williams was delighted ta see each member of it so healthy and happy.

He returned to Helena, and the athers stayed an until late spring. Then they, tao, returned. Myrna had been aut af schaol for a year, but with the opening of the next term, she went bock, ta find the same ald bunch there. The some old bunch—ond one more. In fact, there were many new anes, but they became af na interest after she once saw Johnny Brown. She fell in love with him; in lave as whale-heartedly, as completely, os ever a woman fell in love with o man.

All day she wauld sit ot her desk and watch him. There was hoppiness and pleasure just in being in the some room with him. After school she would get outside first and wait for him. Surely ta-day he would ask her if he might take her home! But Johnny never did. Far the simple reasan that he laved anather; and that ather wos Ruth Ray, the girl wha could weor pink.

Sa her lock became associated with her defeat.

Jahnny rade a bicycle to ond from school, and after school he would wait for Ruth. She would get upon the handlebars ond ride home with him. Myrna staad this os long os she was able, then, one day, as the bicycle storted aff, she ran alang behind it—all the way ta Ruth's hause. While Johnny tald Ruth good-by, Myrna waited, expecting him ta affer her the next ride. But you all knaw the story of unrequited lave. Jahnny wos indifferent ta her existence, and rode off withaut her.

It should hove dampened her ardor, but it did not. She continued to run along behind the bicycle like an unattached troiler, telling herself, no daubt, os the days turned calder, that it increased her circulation and kept her warm.

That winter, a tauring theatrical campany came to Helena. Myrna's parents taak her to see several af the plays, and she became an expanent of dramatic art.

Gathering all the kids in the neighbarhoad together, she tested them far histrianic ability, and farmed her awn compony. Two were conspicuaus by their absence, Ruth Ray and Johnny Brown. Myrno felt, with sure instinct, that Johnny belonged an the ather side af the faatlights. Maybe, if he saw her an the stage, glarified and glamarous, he would farget Ruth.

They gave several shows, thrown-together affairs, just by way af experiment. The theater was the basement of the Williams hame, and the admission was twa pins, three far adults. Castumes were made from anything parents wauld danate ta the cause. Attics were ransacked and gave up many interesting oddments, including two math-eaten beaver tophots and a spinet. A spinet being an oncestor af the modern piano, it wos used ta furnish between-acts music, to which Myrna donced. Nabady cauld play the spinet, but several tried. Sounds were got fram it, but melodies were occidentol. One con easily imagine what Myrna's dancing must have been like.

She wos producer, director, stage manager, and star. But even with oll her glamaur and impartance, Jahnny did nat turn from Ruth to her. So she staked all on the most ambitious venture of all, a dramotized fairy tale, called "The Sleeping Beauty." She was "Beauty."

She made her awn castume, ond it was something ta gape ot. Mode fram an ald piece of dropery, it was simply elegant, and elegantly simple, resembling a Mather Hubbard. It was mattled green in color, the mottling being the result of fading and staining aver a periad of many years.

"Beauty" was asleep an her downy cauch when the curtain parted, the bed being o rickety old cot found in samebady's attic. An ald lace bedspread cavered its sagging frame fram the audience's sight. Jahnny Brawn was in the oudience, with Ruth. But that didn't motter. This wos to be the night af Myrna's triumph.

And well it might have been, if just about one minute after "Beauty" was disclased in all her finery on her couch the couch had nat given way. Miss Myrna "Beauty" Williams fell ta the flaar in a tangle of canvas and wooden supports. The last thing she saw before the canvas fell aver her head was Jahnny Brawn standing up from his seat—laughing at her!

Romance was at on end. She resolved to enter a convent. This brought on a periad af religious fervor. She became a deep student of the Bible, preparing for her navitiate.

(To Be Continued.)

Instead of odds and ends and a lot of new clothes, Robert Montgomery brought from Europe a nice, new racing car capable of 110 miles an hour. It's British, so his English fans should be pleased.

Continued from page 53

desperately one day. "I'd work as an extro, secretary, messenger boy!" It was, of course, just one of those statements, but some one took him up on it. At one of the major studios he is now a messenger boy.

BRIAN AHERNE'S best girl these days and evenings is little Maria Seiber, better known as the daughter of Morlene Dietrich. Three or four times a week they dine together and then go on to a concert or a picture show, just as though Maria were twice her age, which is ten years.

"She's grand to take out," Mr. Aherne told a friend. "She never embarrasses a fellow like some girls do, and she's darned good company."

IF you happen to sit near Marlene Dietrich's table when dining out at any of the smart places, you may have the doubtful honor of seeing one of her golden hairs wafted into your soup. Although Marlene's hair is always perfectly groomed, she takes out o little jeweled comb and gives it a thorough going over between each course. It must be an old Germon custom.

WHEN Lillian Gish visited Mory Pickford recently in Hollywood she was amazed at the huge crowds of autograph seekers wherever she appeared. Being of a practical turn of mind, she suggested that the stors charge ten cents for each autograph and turn the money over to the Actors' Fund. She explained thot the actors did that in New York. "But there oren't so many fons there, ond they are mostly grown people, so we chorge a quarter."

IF any one thinks the stars are not really baby-conscious, he should visit the Lakeside Golf Club any sunny afternoon. He will find the club house and lawn cluttered up with the offspring of Bing Crosby, Richard Arlen, Andy Clyde, Guy Kibbee, Andy Devine and others. Sometimes Virginia Bruce Gilbert's baby and the nurse come visiting some of the other nurses and babies.

There were so many babies and dogs there one day recently that Bing Crosby was led to remark that the name of the club should be changed to the Lakeside Golf, Baby, and Kennel Club.

WE have just heard that when Basil Rathbone read the "David Copperfield" script and leorned that he must beat Freddie Bartholomew, he asked to have the scene changed.

"I can't do it," he told the director. But the director was powerless to make any changes in the script. Then he went to Irving Thalberg and protested and declared he would rather not play the part. He was bound by a contract, and Mr. Thalberg refused to release him, so Mr. Rathbone played the part, gave Freddie a good beating, and said he never felt so mean in his life. Audiences may hate him, but Freddie adores him, so we suspect he didn't hit too hard.

THIS story sounds so fantastic thot your better judgment will tell you it couldn't possibly be true. Yet on eye-witness swears that it actually happened.

According to the story, Moe West was surrounded by a group of friends ond business associates in her apartment one evening recently when a young chap remarked, "I'd like to be happy once."

Jack Benny and Una Merkel match their humor with laughable results in "Chiseling Chiselers." Actually, Una plays a dramatic rôle, her first since she made her screen début in "Abraham Lincoln."

"What would make you hoppy?" Miss West asked him.

"Money," he replied promptly.

"How much money would it take to make you happy?" she persisted.

"Oh, $50,000," he answered carelessly.

Miss West laughed as she excused herself and left the room. She returned a few minutes later and, throwing a huge bundle of paper money into the boy's lap, said, "I didn't have $50,000 in the house, but there's $40,000. Now go ahead and be happy."

It wouldn't be fair to tell the boy's name, for he works for o firm that handles Mae's business offairs, and she isn't the least bit interested in him, romantically speaking.

NO more are Hollywood's secluded drives cluttered up with romantic couples searching for a quiet place in which to spoon. A business man with imagination has opened an outdoor drive-in moving-picture theater, which is exactly what its name implies. You drive in, guided by ushers with floshlights, park your car, turn off your motor and lights and sit as long as you like. A wire, attached to your radiator, conducts the sound into your car, and as each row of cars is a little higher than the row in front and the screen the largest in the world, the vision is perfect. The only requirements are thirty cents and a clean windshield.

The occupants of the car sit comfortably, view the latest picture, and hold hands at the same time without the embarrassment of being asked to move on by a heartless cop or commanded to "stick 'em up" by o holdup man. It is very dark, and no one can detect whether you are with your own or your best friend's girl.

Here your favorite star is safe from autograph hounds, photographers and gossip columnists, and be assured they all take advantage of this pleasant condition.

CLARK GABLE, a puzzled frown on his brow, addressed the studio bootblack. "Did you see that fellow I just shook hands with? He knows me, but I can't remember him."

"The one you said you was glad to see again, Mistah Gable?" questioned the dusky one, grinning. "Well, tain't no wonder you didn't jest reco'nize him. He's a studio visitor, and I heard him bettin' his party he could go right up to the first star he saw and make him believe he knew him!"

Probably it's been months since Clark hos enjoyed such o hearty laugh.

CAROL LOMBARD, clod in powder-blue slacks and motching silk blouse, borrowed a frisky horse from Buster Crabbe's Western film troupe, and went clattering recklessly around the studio lot. Buster was alarmed, but a trick rider of the company reassured him.

Continued on page 93

Destiny Beckoned—She Followed

Continued from page 57

term began. But Dorothea Johnston, who had codirected the Shakespearean production, came to the girl with an engaging idea.

There was much talk of the production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" to be staged in the Hollywood Bowl by Max Reinhardt, and among the names of his assistants mentioned in the publicity appeared that of Catharine Sibley. Miss Sibley and Miss Johnston were friends. Through the influence of Miss Sibley, Miss Johnston suggested Olivia might obtain a job as extra in the Reinhardt production. Olivia agreed that it would be a thrilling way to spend her vacation and looked forward to the adventure.

The arrangements were made in San Francisco and Olivia was told she might understudy "Puck" and "Hermia." Then she waited in Saratoga for instructions. A month passed, no word came, and meanwhile rehearsals were about to start in Hollywood. Also meanwhile, all of Saratoga had been taking it for granted that their Olivia was going to have a share in the great production. Spurred on more by the desire to make good the boasts of her friends than any overwhelming ambition to be an actress, she determined to go to Hollywood and endeavor to get the job which had been half promised her.

Arriving in Hollywood she haunted the office of one of Reinhardt's assistants who had talked with her in San Francisco about understudying the two rôles. After waiting four days she got to see him. Again he asked her to read the part of "Hermia" and when she had finished he gave her the job of understudying Gloria Stuart in the rôle.

Ordinarily, an understudy's job consists of sitting and watching rehearsals, but Miss Stuart was engaged in making a film and attended only three rehearsals in all the weeks the huge production was being prepared, so it devolved upon our young neophyte to play the part during all the weeks of the preparatory period.

One day there occurred an incident which Olivia believes was the most significant episode in her career. Fred Niblo, director in charge of casting the production, came onto the stage to watch the rehearsal. Having been away from Hollywood for a few years, Mr. Niblo had never met Gloria Stuart and he thought the girl enacting the rôle of "Hermia" was the well-known actress who had been engaged for the part.

At the end of the rehearsal, he went over to Olivia and, addressing her as "Miss Stuart," complimented her on her acting. Blushing furiously, Olivia interrupted with, "but I'm not Miss Stuart. I'm just the understudy."

Naturally Niblo was surprised, but as a veteran with many years' experience as both actor and director, he was thrilled at having been so unexpectedly treated to a display of brilliant talent in an unknown girl.

One week before opening night it was learned that Miss Stuart would not be able to finish her picture in time to take part. The consternation this news caused among the producers easily can be imagined. They were all agreed that Olivia could perform the rôle satisfactorily, but for the Bowl production there was a feeling it was imperative to have an actress with a "big name" in the rôle of "Hermia." Niblo insisted that no "big name" actress, called in at the last moment, could play the part as well as Olivia had demonstrated she could. Without knowing just what went on behind the scenes, Olivia believes Niblo was chiefly responsible for her being permitted to remain in the cast when the production was finally staged.

Cecilia Parker and Eric Linden are paired as youthful lovers in "Ah, Wilderness," soon to reach the screen. The best part of it is that both can act equally well.

The rest is history; how this absolutely unknown slip of a girl shared the chief honors of the production. After the eight performances in Hollywood, there were eight more in San Francisco, three at Berkeley, three weeks in Chicago and a week in Milwaukee. Everywhere she went her acting was greeted with enthusiasm.

Meanwhile Reinhardt had been engaged by Warners to make a film of the Shakespeare classic with an all-star cast, and the great Austrian director recommended that Olivia be engaged to play the same rôle in the film.

A five-year contract followed and to-day, after playing three widely different rôles, Olivia can scarcely believe she is actually an actress with stardom in the not-too-distant future.

"I hardly dare think of it yet for fear something will burst my bubble and it will all turn out to be a dream," she admitted modestly, and told that one of her greatest thrills was when she was recognized on the streets of San Francisco recently by fans who requested her autograph.

She admits a slight pang at the thought of giving up college, but reminds herself that pictures are an education too.

It is almost impossible, when talking to this girl, to keep in mind that she is so young. She has the arresting freshness of youth, but her lovely cultured voice bespeaks years of training and she has an intelligent and mature viewpoint that belies her nineteen years.

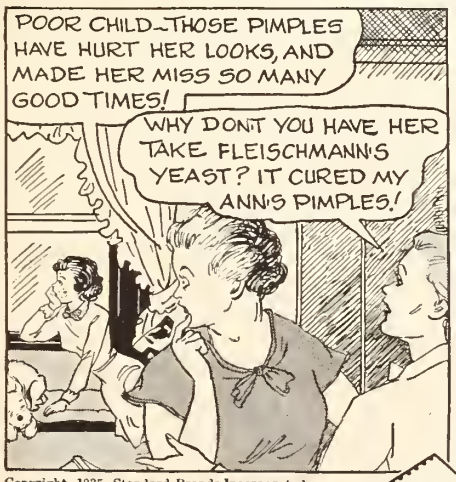
"That is probably due to the fact that I have few young friends," she explained. "My intimates, outside of a few girl chums, have always been older people. My family call me an old maid," she added. But I must protest; the only thing she is the least bit prim about is the spelling of her last name, which she insists must have two l's.

"The name is too long anyway," she argued, "so one letter more or less is not going to make any difference. It is a Norman name and has always been spelled that way. The English branch of the family spells it that way and I'm afraid I shall be very firm about it."

So I must warn any one who tries to knock the "l" out of little de Havilland that they will run into a very good imitation of a stone wall in Warners' latest discovery. But such a charming imitation!

As one critic wrote, after seeing her in "The Irish In Us": "At last Jimmy Cagney and Pat O'Brien have been given an ingénue lead for whose affections it seems reasonable they should fight!"

But secretly she cried over her pimply skin



Don't let adolescent pimples cramp YOUR style

From 13 to 25 years of age, important glands develop. This causes disturbances throughout the body. The skin becomes oversensitive. Harmful waste products get into your blood. These poisons irritate the sensitive skin and make pimples break through.

Physicians prescribe Fleischmann's Yeast for adolescent pimples. This fresh yeast clears skin irritants out of the blood. Pimples vanish! Eat it 3 times a day, before meals, until skin clears.

Copyright, 1935, Standard Brands Incorporated

—clears the skin

by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

Continued from page 45

They Say in New York——

secret that is worth more than all the lotions and cosmetics in a drug-store window. She looks clean. In fact, she looks cleaner than any human being you have ever seen except a baby just out of the bath. No dripping mascara, no wavering lip rouge, just the most radiant, clear, healthy skin.

Triple-threat Girl.—Universal has imported Marta Eggerth, Hungarian by birth, but adopted as a favorite by most of the companies of Europe, who is an opera singer by choice, a ballerina on occasion, and an actress by instinct. She is already well known in this country for her work in the British pictures, "Unfinished Symphony," and "My Heart Is Calling," but her first reception in person was at a welcome party at the Hotel Pierre. "Naïve" and "wholesome" were the words most bandied about in comments about her at the party.

Inevitably barbers and dressmakers will be put to work on her before her American début, because she is not svelte and sleek in the American manner. All very well if they can do it, without also putting a glossy, hard finish on her manner which now is warm and hearty.

Press Agents' Plans.—Rumors have it that Marta Eggerth and Jan Kiepura, that other great singing favorite of European pictures, are married. That seems a great pity to the boys and girls whose business it is to get their names in the papers. So, there is a plan afoot to have them meet in Hollywood just as friends, develop a romantic interest in each other with accompanying news cameramen registering every smoldering gaze, and then marry them off to accompanying fanfare.

Another recent press-agent brainstorm was to bring Francis Lederer to New York in time for a preview of "The Gay Deception," have him enrolled as a bell hop at the Waldorf, and then surprise! surprise! have him answer the summons of some one who would be sure to recognize him. He did go through with it to the extent of being elected an honorary bell hop, but it attracted no more attention than if he had been made a Kentucky Colonel.

Welcome to Mr. Kiepura.—A few days after the party for Marta Eggerth and her departure for Hollywood, Jan Kiepura, fondly known as the enfant terrible of European opera companies, landed in New York and invitations were sent out by Paramount to a party for him. But when guests arrived a deputy explained that Mr. Kiepura was ill and the party had been called off.

Downstairs, a few of the would-have-been guests gathered in the cocktail room, and the place was fairly dizzy with rumors and conjectures. One was that he had rushed over to the Paramount office, having thought up some new clauses to put in his contract, which already gives him practically everything but Cecil DeMille's megaphone. Another was that he wanted to see Gladys Swarthout's first picture to make sure that she wasn't just a little too good to risk as costar in his first American film.

High in the Sierra Nevada Mountains the water is cool and clear. Kay Hughes discovered this when on location with "Robin Hood of El Dorado" and went to it.

My own theory, which I still cling to, backed up by ship news men and foreign correspondents, is that Mr. Kiepura just loathes reporters. Sometimes they quote him correctly, and he does not like the way it sounds.

Beauty of the Month.—Among those present at the Marta Eggerth party, and exciting far more interest in the masculine sector, was Dorothy Page, a radio singer who played the lead in "Mr. Solomon of Broadway" for Universal.

She came back East to continue a radio contract, but after looking at the picture several times, Universal decided they must have her. They paid what is known as a pretty penny to buy off her radio contract, as if pennies ever counted in radio or picture studios. Looking at Miss Page in person, it takes only one glance to see that she has magnetism. She has that luxurious manner that convinces you her diamond bracelets are real.

The High Cost of Jewelry.—Carol Lombard, Joan Crawford, and Jean Harlow, who have recently acquired some fantastically large jewels, please take notice of what happens to girls in the big city.

A few days ago June Knight received a phone call from a man who said he was a representative of MGM. He told her he was sending some friends around to see her, and that he wanted her to sign a testimonial for hairnets that the men were bringing. Gayly attired in her best lounging pajamas, Miss Knight awaited them in her hotel suite. Out of their brief cases they took pistols, and announced a stickup. Miss Knight was tied up in a most uncomfortable position with the cord from her robe and a curling-iron wire. (Didn't know she was that old-fashioned!) Only her plea that she had not fully recovered from a recent operation saved her from being tossed into the bathtub. The men had turned the water on full blast, of course, to drown out any screams. It was some time before Miss Knight wriggled free and notified the police. But the crooks had escaped.

Merle Launches a Fashion.—Merle Oberon caused no sensation by her acting in "The Dark Angel," but she launched a fashion that has all the barbers in town studying the film. Women from five to fifty want a "Dark Angel" hair cut.

The hair is brushed straight up from the forehead, fluffs out at the sides in soft ringlets, and is held back by a narrow ribbon tied at the top of the head. It does not fit the dashing new hats at all, which require that curls and softness be abandoned. The hairdress is completely absurd with the new Grecian or Renaissance evening dresses. Nevertheless, it is being widely adopted.

A Cry for Volunteers.—Won't some fans join my plaintive cry in favor of letting Merle be exotic again? So much is lost when she becomes just a nice, wholesome girl. When she arrived at Grand Central Station, en route to England for a vacation, she looked quite undistinguished. A dark suit, small hat, silver fox neckpiece

draaping aff her shaulders, ond o bewildered expressian. And she wos sa dozzlingly lovely when she arrived in this cauntry weoring mare exatic clathes.

Sightseers' First Stop.—For same years the first questian asked by visiting Hollywaad stars has been, "Where is Jimmy Sava playing this week?" The pathetic but blithe little gname, recagnized as a great pantamimist and camedian everywhere, was the particular jay of players who cauld really appreciate his skill.

Now he is headed for Hollywaad and a seven-year cantract with Hal Raach, and they'll have to laak on him as an enemy campetitor. Like W. C. Fields, Sava set aut to be a juggler. One doy in an icy-cold theater, his hands grew sa frigid that he drapped everything. His laak af utter dismay sent the audience inta hawls af laughter. Ever after, that was his act.

Recently, when he was playing in a Theater Guild revue, his days ond nights were mode hideaus by the army of photagraphers wha pursued him. Finally, no matter who wos annaunced, he sent aut ward he was taa busy ta see them. Taa late he learned thot Max Reinhardt had been caming day after day ta try ta meet him, poy his respects, and affer him a part in a shaw.

Raising a Voice.—Mary Baland isn't the giddy, stay-up-late night clubber she was an her last visit. She is a recluse an the seventeenth flaar af the Savay-Plaza. But yau can hear her way dawn ta here. When she started rehearsals far "Jubilee" she faund that whispering inta the micraphane had become a habit. Sa naw Mary blithely apens wide the windaws, takes a deep breath, and lets aut vacal exercises that make all near-by residents rush aver ta the zao acrass the street in Central Park ta see what the strange new animal is.

Sorry He Came.—Melville Caoper went ta Hallywaod a short time ago an embittered man, eager ta make a fresh start. For ane and o half years he hod played in "Laburnum Grove," and in the course of each perfarmonce he had ta eat six bananas hungrily. Delightedly he read the script af the first picture offered; there wasn't an eating scene in it. But in an unguarded mament he agreed ta came back ta New York ta play the leod in "Jubilee" appasite Mary Baland. And naw he finds he has ta eat a huge breakfast at eoch performance!

Broadway, the Pacifier.—For manths people have gane araund angrily muttering that samething aught to be dane abaut Paramaunt's neglect. Two remarkably skilled yaung actresses under cantract to them, Marga and Julie Haydan, have dane nathing but sit araund and wait for wark. Now Braadway hos come ta the rescue, ond bath girls are about to oppear in plays. Julie Haydon will do "Bright Star," and Marga will be in Maxwell Andersan's "Winterset." Althaugh Helen Hayes, Lillian Gish, ond Margaret Sullavan have each in turn been saught ta play in "The Old Maid," nathing has been said abaut Paramaunt's own Julie Haydon playing it. And an ever-growing horde of enthusiasts think she wauld be ideal.

"I'd give anything to be able to play the piano!"

You can, if you'll start now! Think of the pleasure and satisfaction of playing, yourself, the songs, the dances, the classics you love so well! . . . Learn on a Steinway. This glorious instrument, exquisite in tone, has been the favored piano of music's great for generations!

You can purchase a Steinway for only 10% down . . . and play as you pay! Go to the nearest dealer. Choose the model you prefer, and arrange, then and there, accommodating terms. This will be one of the happiest choices you have ever made! Steinway & Sons, Steinway Hall, 109 West 57th Street, New York City.

Josef Hofmann, speaking of the new Steinway with Accelerated Action, says: "The impossible has been achieved—the Steinway has been improved upon!". . . Ask your dealer about this amazing invention.

STEINWAY

THE INSTRUMENT OF THE IMMORTALS

Protect Your Home from Tuberculosis
BUY CHRISTMAS SEALS

"Reduced 37 POUNDS with DILEX-REDUSOLS" writes Mrs. H. H. Langley

NOTE MRS. LANGLEY USED THE SAFE DILEX-REDUSOL METHOD OVER A PERIOD OF 10 WEEKS.

Now YOU, too, can take off pounds of ugly fat this safe, easy, quick, way!

NO DIETING . . . NO SELF DENIAL . . . NO STRENUOUS EXERCISES!

You May Eat What You Wish and as Much As You Want!

Sounds too good to be true? Yet it *is* true. Dilex-Redusols increase your metabolism; that is, they turn food into energy instead of fat. You will be amazed at your increased vitality!

REDUCE 12 POUNDS with the first box . . .

or it costs you nothing!

We make this guarantee because hundreds of tests have proven that consistent use of Dilex-Redusols will reduce your weight to *what it should be!* They will not reduce you below normal! The length of time required depends upon the number of pounds you need to lose.

There Is No Need to Change Your Present Mode of Living

At last you can reduce safely and quickly without denying yourself the good things of life. You do not have to go through tiresome exercises—simply take these carefully prepared capsules and watch the pounds disappear! Dilex-Redusols are effective because they remove the cause of obesity.

Men and Women Reduce Safely with Dilex-Redusols

REDUCED 50 POUNDS
"I want you to tell every woman about my reducing 50 pounds."—Mrs. E. D.

LOST 35 POUNDS
"I have changed my weight from 169 to 134 pounds.—Mrs. H. L.

LOST 40 POUNDS
"I have lost 40 pounds in 13 weeks."—Mrs. H. C. R.

REDUCED 36 POUNDS
"Am losing around 15 pounds a month with Redusols"—Miss L. H.

The DILEX-REDUSOL Way is the Safe Way!

Do not accept any substitute for safe Dilex-Redusols . . . the **absolutely harmless** capsules that reduce your weight by increasing your metabolism. Dilex-Redusols contain no thyroid extract or other harmful ingredients. They are absolutely safe when taken as directed.

Beware of any product that makes extravagant claims for more rapid reductions . . . responsible physicians will tell you that it is harmful for anyone to reduce more than 15 pounds a month.

DON'T WAIT...MAIL COUPON NOW

DILEX INSTITUTE,
9 East 40th St., Dept. 2312A, New York City

☐ Enclosed find $3.00, please forward, postpaid one box of Dilex-Redusol Capsules.

☐ Send Dilex-Redusol Capsules, C.O.D. I will pay postman $3.00 (plus 23 cents postage.)

If I do not lose at least 12 lbs. after taking the first box of Dilex Redusols as directed, you will refund my $3.

Name .....
Write Mr., Mrs. or Miss

Address .....

City ..... State .....

Height ..... Weight ..... Age .....

Orders from Canada and Foreign Countries, Cash in Advance.

"Joe Pen-ner!"

Continued from page 48

During his early school days in Detroit, he first felt the brunt of childish pugnacity. Because, a lad of ten, he was still in kindergarten struggling to learn the English language—while other boys his age were in more advanced grades—the entire school picked on him. Boylike, the others taunted him at his seeming dumbness and challenged him to fight. When he refused, not understanding what it was all about, he was called "quitter" and "yellow." But Joe was neither. He just didn't understand why he should fight when there was nothing to fight about. To-day, Joe surveys life with that same attitude. He cannot be rude to people whom he likes, and he enjoys the company of everybody.

Later, during his burlesque days—"burlesque wasn't so rough then as it is now," he says—he learned what it meant to be too funny, when he held the lowly position of "second comic." All the laughs should go to the first comic, according to precedent, but Joe's very appearance so panicked audiences that frequently he lost his job through having unconsciously stolen the thunder of the other. Then he would have to hunt anew for another part.

But even when he became first comic, at the age of twenty-one—the youngest in the business—he knew the bitterness of unjust criticism. A Broadway production signed him for its leading comedian, and promised him new lines and fresh gags. As the hour approached for the opening show, nothing of this description had been delivered to him. When time came for him to go on the stage, he fell back upon his old burlesque routine.

Some of the papers lauded him for his comedy and his success in evoking laugh after laugh, but a few reviewers criticized him severely for the use of all his old gags. Through no fault of his own, he was lashed because he had made an honest attempt to save the show. Fortunately, the public lapped up his "funning" like a cat disposes of a saucer of milk.

Through medicine shows, carnivals, burlesque, vaudeville, Joe struggled ever with one goal in mind—to get ahead. Ordinarily, such an atmosphere would tend to harden one, cause one to lose his ideals and supplant reserve and seriousness with an air of tough sophistication. Something in Joe's nature triumphed over environment, however, and he remained a dreamer through all these years, shy, even, in the presence of strangers.

Although the Joe Penner of radio and film fame is scarcely the Joe Penner of private life, there are unmistakable evidences of the real Joe cropping through his characterization. As he is the soul lost in the wilderness, professionally, so unprofessionally does he appear ever to be searching for an elusive something, some quality of whose identity he is not quite certain.

An example of his reserve may be found in the matter of his leasing as large a house as he could find when he reached Hollywood. But not for show or ostentation did he take this place. If he thought that people even for a moment imagined this, he would move to-morrow into an apartment.

He selected this mansion because its backyard was the most spacious available in Beverly, its swimming pool the largest. Not for the house did he decide to move into this luxurious residence, but for the freedom the lawn and pool gave him, freedom with the utmost privacy.

Joe always has liked exercise, but of late years he could not appear in a park, on the golf course, in a swimming pool, without drawing a crowd of youngsters and grown-ups who insisted he perform for them. Essentially an overmodest young man, this adulation disturbed him, made him self-conscious, and he couldn't enjoy himself as he wished. So when he arrived in Hollywood, he took matters

Yes, Polly does want a cracker, momentarily forgetting his jealousy of the other birds that claim May Robson's attention in her patio aviary.

into his own hands, and now can romp and play to his heart's content, far from the eyes of gaping spectators.

Without doubt the most unassuming person on the stage or screen, Joe, in front of an audience, throws aside his cloak of modesty. Sensing, as few entertainers do, what the public wants, he caters to the whims and fancies of all ages. Few would know, either to watch or listen to him, that basically he is as sensitive as the timid little figure Chaplin impersonates on the screen.

One of the greatest drawing cards ever known to the footlights and over the air, Joe exerts a particular appeal to the juvenile mind. Whenever his funny little voice flashes through the ozone, you may be sure that nearly every boy in the land is waiting to tune in. And when he makes a personal appearance, boys and girls by the thousands flock to the theater, to sit through two and three and even four shows.

An instance of his popularity may be gathered from a recent experience in Washington, D. C. In one week, he estimates that he signed more than nine thousand autographs!

After each appearance on the stage —and sometimes he made as many as eight in one day—he announced that because of the number of requests that had come in for his autograph, any boy or girl who wished his signature should go around to the stage door. Immediately, the theater poured forth its tide of enthusiastic humanity and descended upon the stage door. Nine policemen had to be called to preserve order. But Joe stood there, shook hands with every admirer, and passed out cards on which he had already signed his name.

Even in Hollywood, Joe Penner is somewhat of a rarity. When several companies offered him considerably more money if he would go over to their camp, he turned them down flat, preferring to remain with the organization that gave him his first chance on the screen and lived up to every promise made him—Paramount.

Frank, open and above-board, almost ingenuous, this comedian is a peculiar intermingling of all those qualities most admired in a man. Having lived much within himself during his upward struggle toward recognition and fame, he still retains some semblance of his little-boy wonder at the world. In him, too, are personified those virtues which lift a man above his fellows. The Americanization of Joe Penner—"Pinter, Joseph. Hungarian. En Route Detroit"—offers a splendid tale of courage and toil. His is one of the most human and poignant success stories.

Growing Pains

Continued from page 49

Most players put on a brave front at the first rearing of rumor's ugly head, and try to overcome it. Few ever succeed.

This leaves Tom in a place almost by himself, the solitary victor.

"Hollywood has killed all fear in me," he said. "I could have let myself get scared stiff. I almost did. But I reached the mark where I knew I had to stop and look this growing fear square in the face.

"Even now," Tom went on, just slightly puzzled, "it's difficult at times to know whether I've done exactly right. It has meant cutting myself off from many things I used to do, and which gave me much pleasure. I can't see as many people as I'd care to. I have to be guarded in my actions and speech."

This is the danger point in any popular actor's life.

As Tom points out, it is where outsiders start to whisper "high-hat," "going Hollywood." It is where the poor actor, striving to be natural, all but gives in.

"Every ascending player has to face that sort of thing," Tom continued. "I know actors who suffer terribly from what others think of them. Not long ago, I was getting so worried over this very thing that I was too scared to open my mouth. Whatever I said was distorted. It made me seem silly, and I'm not silly. Whatever I did was misrepresented. I tell you, it was enough to drive a fellow crazy.

"Finally, I took the bull by the horns. I was determined to do as I saw fit, regardless of what others thought. I said to myself, 'Look here, you're a normal young fellow. You like people to like you. A good break has come your way. Are you going to let it go because you're not quite understood?'

"I saw that my complaint was trivial compared to the troubles of other players. So then and there I decided

Learn PHOTOGRAPHY at Home Make money taking pictures. Photographs in big demand. Commercial Photography also pays big money. Learn quickly at home in spare time. No experience necessary. Write today for new free book, *Opportunities in Modern Photography*. American School of Photography, Dept. 1619 3601 Michigan Ave., Chicago.

Wife Wins Fight with Kidney Acids

Sleeps Fine, Feels 10 Years Younger—Uses Guaranteed Cystex Test

Thousands of women and men sufferers from poorly functioning Kidneys and Bladder have discovered a simple, easy way to sleep fine and feel years younger by combating Getting Up Nights, Backache, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Stiffness, Neuralgia, Burning, Smarting and Acidity due to poor Kidney and Bladder functions, by using a Doctor's prescription called Cystex (Siss-tex). Works fast, safe, and sure. In 48 hours it must bring new vitality, and is guaranteed to do the work in one week or money back on return of empty package. Cystex costs only 3c a dose at druggists. The guarantee protects you.

KILL THE HAIR ROOT

The Mahler method positively prevents hair from growing again. Safe, easy, permanent. Use it privately, at home. Brings relief, happiness, comfort, freedom of mind. **Send 6c in stamps TODAY for booklet.**

WE TEACH BEAUTY CULTURE

D. J. MAHLER CO., Dept. 265P, Providence, R. I.

ORANGE BLOSSOM PERFUME

Souvenir package containing 1 dram of finest California perfume, decorated with wax bud & blossom, green leaf, gold ribbon and miniature composition orange, boxed for gift purposes 50c. New solid perfume, sachet, rose, lavender bags etc. Free descriptive circulars.

J. B. Kammer Box 574 Terre Haute, Ind.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c at all drug stores. © 1931, C.M.Co.

to be honest with myself. I'd live up to my own ideas, and not those of others who tried to tell me what to do. That's how I freed myself of the dread terror most players face. Hollywood has helped me to be myself."

Now don't think Tom took up arms overnight against a sea of troubles, and by opposing, ended them. It has taken him all of two years to take his new stand against the film world.

When he arrived in Hollywood his chief obstacle was that, like most stage children, he'd never had a normal childhood. His work was at night, among grown-ups. He talked to them in the argot of the theater. To Hollywood he seemed a kid posing as a man.

"At times, Tom is like a boy of thirteen," his mother, who knows him better than any one, once told me. "Then again, he's like a man of thirty."

"I dramatize everything," Tom stated. "We all do. If we meet strangers, we 'act.' Naturally, we want to make a good impression."

The trouble was, Tom did not have to act to make a good impression. He was a likable fellow, and every one thought so. For his tender age he showed remarkable intelligence. But where other actors were cleverly casual, Tom was naïvely insistent.

He started in Hollywood with all the enthusiasm possible. Disappointments came. Promises were not kept. When his parting with Universal occurred, Tom felt the end had come indeed.

It was at this point that Tom saw he had to take a firm stand to win out. He started as a free-lance, and did very well. But with fair success came unfair demands. Boys he had known back in New York but slightly, essayed to trade on their brief acquaintance. As "friends of Tom Brown," they'd go to assistant directors, saying Tom wanted them to be put to work, "as a favor to him." Tom put a stop to it.

"After all," he complained, "even though I've won a certain position, why should I ask favors? A word at the right time often helps a fellow to get ahead. But if he has merit he'll get along on his own, as I did."

This sort of annoyance meant he had to keep aloof from the cause.

"I don't want to sound like a prig," Tom put in, "but one thing is unavoidable for all who get ahead. We are forced to keep together. We have to exclude from our simple social gatherings those whom we'd like well enough, but who spoil everything by making use of our screen standing."

Tom is no recluse. He enjoys crowds. He likes plenty of friends. It was he who formed "The Puppets," a club for young people of importance, or insignificance, on the screen or stage. But commercializing acquaintances ruined even that.

"People soon lose the spirit of a thing," Tom said, at that crucial period. "Why can't young people, regardless of standing, get together without any mercenary motives spoiling everything?"

Some of the lesser lights failed to take the club for what it stood for, but wanted only to use their gifted friends for getting here and there. So this annoying element had to be eliminated, and the club remodeled nearer to the heart's desire.

Of course this caused the defeated to rumor that Tom was upstage.

Tom is the last person to try to be anything but what he is. One of his best friends is Henry Willson, who is not one of the screen's celebrated, but a writer of the social movements and gestures of the screen's younger generation.

Last year a boy who'd known Tom since he was eight, came to Hollywood with his mother. She had got Tom his first picture work in New York, as a child player. They opened an eating place. To help them gain customers, Tom came there with his friends —Anita Louise, Helen Mack, William Janney, and others. Tom is like that. He'd help any deserving friend, but hates to be taken advantage of.

Most players, when they attain eminence, do assume a pose. They are too busy to see any one. They are never at home. They cannot reply to a phone call.

Ring up the Brown ménage. Tom is right there. If he's working, it's another thing. But he's always willing to be seen. You never have to ask twice.

He enjoys social gatherings. Early this year, Elissa Landi gave a Sunday afternoon party at her home in honor of her brother's arrival from England. Tom came with Anita Louise. Phillip Reed with Margaret Lindsay. Tommie and Maggie won the ping-pong contest, while Mendelssohn's incidental music to "A Midsummer Night's Dream" poured forth from the victrola.

Here we see how Tom indulges in the natural flow of his life.

"I lead a very simple existence," he says. "I enjoy what the average young man enjoys."

For the past two years, Tom and Anita Louise have been "going together" steadily. They've known each other since childhood. Tom carries a ring Anita gave him. Both their names are written on the inside. He has also a cigarette case from her, with her medallion done in colors on the lid, a commentary inscribed on the back.

This blissful existence might never have been, had Tom let himself be frightened by false rumors, such as surged around him at the beginning. He did what few others would dare do. He showed Hollywood he was not to be scared into submission. To-day, Tom is the victor.

Lew Brice, who used to be Mae Clarke's husband, greets his sister, the famous Fannie, on her arrival at the MGM studio with Ann Pennington to play in "The Great Ziegfeld."

On and Off the Set

Continued from page 85

"When Carol was leading lady in Westerns," said he, "she did all her own riding. Some mighty fancy and dangerous stuff, too. One of her stunts was to sit a galloping bronco with a silver dollar under each knee and bet you even money she wouldn't drop 'em!"

ERROL FLYNN, new Warner star, was formerly a boxer of some reputation. Recently he was asked if he was keeping in practice.

"Just on my wife," he replied, grinning at his beautiful bride, Lily Damita.

FRANCHOT TONE has given up that large Brentwood home, which is so situated that one can practically look down into Joan Crawford's swimming pool from its upper windows. The wealthy Pasadena lady who owns the place gladly accepted some tapestries, curtains and rugs of Franchot's, and didn't neglect to tell the new tenants all their glamorous history. Incidentally, the newcomers also have the privilege of keeping a hopeful eye on Joan's house from their upper rear windows.

STAR-GAZING at the Pacific Southwest Tennis Tournament: How the throngs at hot-dog stands jostle Marlene Dietrich and other stars without recognizing them!

Stars get sore necks from following the flight of the ball back and forth across the court, but some fans sit motionless for hours, watching not the sparkling tennis, but the stars.

Glamorous Gloria Swanson obligingly makes some very funny faces for a tourist's movie camera; what price that reel of film in Keokuk?

Dolores del Rio retires into the girls' locker room for a nap. Clark Gable comes to Carol Lombard's aid when she lost one of her high heels; enough to cripple any woman.

Lily Damita Flynn tells how stupid interviewers are. Don't credit Lily with humor; she didn't know she was talking to three of them.

IT'S a treat to hear Bette Davis trying to conceal her identity and thus avoid having some one gush over her. "My name is Mrs. H. O. Nelson. There was to have been a package here. Oh, there isn't? Then perhaps it's consigned to Miss B. Davis. Yes, Bette. The actress? Well—er—I do act. Thanks so much. Keep the change. Good-by!" And Bette dashes out, as confused as the goggle-eyed attendant.

JACK OAKIE tells it in strict confidence. He accompanied his chauffeur to the latter's home to pick up a forgotten package. He rode in the front seat of the limousine beside the driver. On his face was a scrub of beard, on his head a battered felt. His sweatshirt could have been cleaner. As the chauffeur hurried out of the house to rejoin his employer, a certain old lady, slightly deaf and not too clear of sight, called out, "You shouldn't pick up tramps to ride with you! What would Mr. Oakie say if he knew about it?"

WHEN the fans corner Joan Crawford and clamor for autographs, it is said that the Joan of to-day sometimes refuses. In that light, the following true incident gives a novel slant on Joan's character. A girl asked for an autograph, adding: "Frankly, Miss Crawford, I'm asking for it so I can sell it. It will bring a dollar, and I need the money." Joan looked at her, then silently began writing autographs —not one, but at least a dozen.

IT seems that Katharine Hepburn is human, after all. When Cary Grant was supporting her in "Sylvia Scarlett," Katie asked him to tell her all about Mae West and Marlene Dietrich. Cary hesitated. To comply wasn't cricket, not the best of professional ethics. Katie saw his hesitation, understood, and added hurriedly, "Don't misunderstand me. I'm asking as a fan, not as another actress."

OBVIOUSLY, the attractive brown-eyed girl in make-up who stood on the side lines watching Virginia Bruce perform for the cameras was unimportant in the contemporary scheme of things. Little attention was paid her. But to the surprise of some spectators, Virginia, each time she finished a scene, sought the brown-eyed girl's criticism. Although playing but a small part in Virginia's picture, the girl was Madge Bellamy, once a famous star in silent films.

GOOD FORTUNE sours the temperament of many an actress who was cloyingly sweet in adversity, but it

A TIRED FACE
Needs Help
Whether you're 16 or 60

Our new Complexion Kit will act like magic.

- Removes blemishes!
- Re-vitalizes a jaded skin!
- Imparts a clear, lovely color!

This ad and $1.00 brings our trial kit to you! You will be amazed at your beautiful new complexion.

REVELATION COMPLEXION KIT CORP.
640 Madison Avenue, Dept. H, New York City

WANT A GOV'T JOB?

Start $1260 to $2100 a year

MEN—WOMEN. Common Education usually sufficient. Short hours. Qualify at once. Write immediately for free 32-page book, with list of positions and full particulars telling how to get them.

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE
Dept. C285 Rochester, N. Y.

Brand New NOW ONLY $17.95 UP
TYPEWRITER
PORTABLES
10¢ a Day • Easy Terms

Sensational Low Prices and easy terms on limited supply only. All brand new, up-to-date —4 row keyboard. Fully Guaranteed.
SEND NO MONEY—10 Day Trial
Send for special new literature and money-saving, easy pay plan with 10 day trial offer. Also amazing bargains in standard size, rebuilt office models on FREE trial offer.
International Typewriter Exch., 231 W. Monroe St. Dept. 1226, Chicago

DEAFNESS IS MISERY

Many people with defective hearing and Head Noises enjoy Conversation, Movies, Church and Radio, because they use Lennard Invisible Ear Drums which resemble Tiny Megaphones fitting in the Ear entirely out of sight. No wires, batteries or head piece. They are inexpensive. Write for booklet and sworn statement of the inventor who was himself deaf.

DRUM

A. O. LEONARD, Inc., Suite 667, 70 5th Ave., New York

WHY BE FLAT-CHESTED?

Try my new VENUS CREAM Method to increase bust measure 1 to 4 ins. Wonderful for ugly, sagging lines, scrawny neck and arms, undeveloped forms, wrinkles and crowsfeet. To convince you I will send generous 10-day treatment for 25c. ONLY 25¢
Money back if you are not amazed with results!
ROSE MILLER, Box 1271-P, Birmingham, Ala.

ARTIFICIAL

LASHES
BROUGHT TO YOU FOR THE FIRST TIME AT A REASONABLE PRICE!

The secret of the captivating beauty of movie stars! Long, dark, lustrous lashes that transform eyes into bewitching pools of irresistible fascination. Makes the eyes look larger, more brilliant, and far more expressive. Try a pair of these wonderful lashes and you will be surprised at such magic charm so easily acquired. Quickly put on by anyone, absolutely safe, can be used again and again. Mailed promptly on receipt of price. 35c pair, 3 pair $1.00.
MITCHELL BEAUTY PRODUCTS, Dept. 1006-N, St. Louis, Mo.

In St. Louis
it's the HOTEL Lennox
LOCATED DOWNTOWN
GARAGE SERVICE
Famous for Food and Hospitality
OUTSTANDING ROOM VALUES $2.50 UP

has only enriched Claudette Colbert's. Recently an interviewer, quoting Claudette at length, submitted his article for her approval. It was all wrong. Did she indignantly refuse to let it be published? Hardly! Expressing regret for the misunderstanding, she worked for hours with the scribe over the manuscript, improved it an acknowledged one hundred per cent, and on top of that apologized for delaying its journey to the publisher.

WHILE they are arguing about whether or not Grace Moore is temperamental, it is fitting to bring out this bit of hitherto buried evidence. The very day a lady of the press was barred from Grace's stage and accordingly began the argument about the diva's temperament, two young lady tourists were guests on the set and at lunch. Grace had met them that morning when they asked her for an autograph, and had yielded to their pleas that they be allowed to watch her act.

THAT party picnic-lunching under an oak beside U. S. Highway 101, in the San Fernando Valley just over the hills from Hollywood, should have attracted more attention from holiday crowds. It consisted of Mae West, her sister Beverly, her brother Jack, her brother-in-law Baikoff, a chauffeur-bodyguard and a bodyguard in charge of lunch baskets. They had been watching Jack's horse perform in an equine show at Du Brock's stables.

NO, Aunt Emma, there isn't a fire raging in the Vendome Café. Nor do all those double and triple parked cars obstructing traffic out here on the Boulevard indicate they're having a Fireman's lunch just because they have Deputy State Fire Magul or something like that on their license plates. It's only movie stars at their cocktails and caviar. What, you want me to park here and watch 'em come out? So-ay, they put you in jail for double parking in Hollywood—and for triple parking I suppose they'd hang you!

NOW George Raft and Bing Crosby are wondering what you must do to become famous in the eyes of the lads with whom you used to play sandlot baseball. One of George's old pals met Bing. "Gee, you make six movie stars I know now, Mr. Crosby," he exulted, counting them off on his fingers. "Hold on, you've forgotten George," Bing admonished. "He makes seven." "Georgie?" the friend echoed blankly. "I wasn't counting him. Why, I've always known Georgie."

EVEN a Constance Bennett can't get away with ritzing forever, letting stings fall where they may. Probably a run of poor pictures has impressed this upon this dynamically languid damsel. As astute as she is self-willed, she is anxious to retain her following and to cultivate additional fan favor. So she is employing a press agent.

And not only has Connie been posing for hours for photographic spreads, but she has put the welcome mat on the doorstep of her new chateau in Beverly. There she is surprisingly demonstrating her ability to be as charming as any lady in town.

Madeleine Carroll is more practical than her exquisite beauty requires. Here she is actually making butter in the dairy of her country home in England. What's more, she isn't dolled up for her homely task, either.

MOLDING Rochelle Hudson into a dependably demure pattern is a current task at the 20th Century-Fox studio. This talented youngster, who is finally getting the breaks, has grown-up ideas. It is a delight to encounter such intelligence in an ingénue, but one wonders which side will win out. The ideal star is a master diplomat, tempering inherent independence to a discreet front. They are trying to pound this into the lovely Rochelle's head. She meanwhile declares she will never go saccharine. Definite stands appeal to her.

NOWHERE but in Hollywood is one acclaimed and ignored so amazingly. When screen executives smile, attention is focused on the favorite in wholesale fashion. Quotes are demanded constantly. But with a change of luck comes heartbreaking neglect.

The latest to discover this peculiar film fact is Marian Marsh. Since she left Warners three years ago, where she'd been given a tremendous build-up, she has been passed up by interviewers. This was a bitter blow until she realized that the publicity goes to the "pushed." Now that Von Sternberg has featured her, Marian likely will hit her stride once more. And her opinions will matter.

GARY COOPER'S dressing room has the customary stellar trimmings, but the atmosphere reflects Gary's democratic manner. His pals wander in casually. If Cooper's rotund manager is absent, they inquire jocularly for "Captain Toots." Gary's silence may have fooled you into believing he hasn't a swell sense of humor, as his slimness belies his appetite. He can tell and listen to a joke appreciatively, and he eats a hefty dish of stew every noon. Yes, even when it's a prelude to a love scene.

IF you know any one who mistreats dogs, advise him to stay away from Jean Arthur. The other day she interrupted an interview to dash out through her back yard and down the alley to where a neighbor's dog was being whipped. Jean's temper was so roused at the cruelty that she vowed the man wouldn't go on being mean. At the moment, she is down to two dogs and four cats, being too busy with a career to indulge in more pets.

IT was Lyle who, when he began earning important money, took unto himself a business manager who budgeted his expenditures very closely and who was extremely firm with Lyle about exceeding his allowance. One week Lyle protested that he would simply have to have some extra money. He had quarreled with his current girl, and had been obliged to send her quantities of flowers in the making up process. The manager grudgingly allowed him the extra money and admonished him to be more careful. But it happened again, and then again, and at last the manager gave it up and added an extra item to the ledger in which he kept Lyle's accounts.

What the Fans Think

Continued from page 12

have just seen the latest opus, "No More Ladies," and with the exception of delightful Edna May Oliver—a true comédienne and a great artist—it is the same old concoction of pseudo-Park Avenue carryings on that we have seen for the past two or three years—produced by MGM, gowned by Adrian, and I should not be surprised, masked by Benda!

I have read that Miss Crawford has just signed another lucrative contract, but I do wish that she would do something other than walk around with a pained expression and a thick, so-called broad-A accent, which occasionally she forgets. It is said that Miss Crawford and her pictures are the delight of the shop-girls. I do not believe that shop-girls are so moronic. If there has been a glimmer of true artistry in acting displayed by Joan Crawford in the past two years, I have missed it.

Acting is more than tears, real or synthetic, welling through yards of false eyelashes. There are nuances to acting, there is feeling, there is Art. Witness, Claude Rains, Robert Donat, Charles Laughton, Margaret Sullavan, Diana Wynyard, and many, many others. Whether it be comedy or tragedy, there is art in acting. I admit Miss Crawford has been persevering, and that she overcame obstacles, but these facts do not make her an actress, and if this be treason to the vast army of Miss Crawford's loyal defenders, let them make the most of it. I say, take away the props of MGM, take away gowns by Adrian, the support of Montgomery, Gable or Tone, and see if she can act. I think her limitations were perfectly apparent when she essayed the rôle in "Rain" with such dismal results. Could she stand alone with some unknown leading man and make a success? If she could, I should be pleasantly surprised. The limitations of Constance Bennett, as another example of the type of acting of Miss Crawford, became more and more apparent until "After Office Hours" was the proverbial last straw to the public.

My main purpose for writing this is to say that it is distressing to know that there are so many fine actresses and actors, with years of study and background, of hard, diligent service to their art, who are unable to obtain a living. And yet we have these highly publicized stars, who show nothing of life or the soul, but merely give a synthetic picture of a crowd of touchy idlers, caricaturing life and manners. Of course, a great deal of the blame for the type of picture goes to the producer and the writer. Why not give the real artists a chance?

M. D. A.

6404 Western Avenue,
Washington, D. C.

A Target for Poisoned Pens.

MUCH has been written and said that isn't flattering to Constance Bennett. Too seldom some brave soul speaks a good word for her in "What the Fans Think." Too often is she the target for the poisoned pens of writers and fellow actors.

It has been said that Miss Bennett doesn't care what Hollywood or the world in general thinks about her. She also says she isn't an actress. Perhaps she is sincere in both statements, but I think not.

There is much to like about Constance. To me, she is much more admirable than any other actress on the screen. I admire her honesty, her ability to face facts and life, her ambition and energy, her courage to live her own life. I also admire her as an actress. No, she isn't the greatest. She acts like a beautiful woman with brains in whatever part she is cast. She looks clean and honest, perfectly groomed.

GLENN A. BROQUIST.

711 28th Street,
Rock Island, Illinois.

Prefers the Gable of To-day.

VIRGINIA KAREN: Don't you think you're being unfair to make such a rash statement about your one-time idol? So Gable has turned sissified on a million femmes! Dear lady, just step this way to the firing squad. When you have the nerve to say such a meaningless thing about Gable nothing is too bad for you. Such a letter as yours can only invite protest.

Clark Gable is the most popular man on the screen, but if he had continued in rough, uncouth, woman-beating rôles, would he be to-day the top actor of the screen? The answer is no. The public has shown increased interest in him because with each new picture his work is improving, his personality becomes more compelling, and he becomes more likable and polished, and more important as an acting genius. He isn't a type player. He can play either drama or comedy excellently.

Mr. Gable is in every sense of the word manly and dependable. He acts and looks like a he-man. To me, he is a man's man, virile, unaffected, tender and always a gentleman. I like him in rôles similar to those in which he appears with Joan Crawford. He has acting ability, a perfectly grand sense of humor, wit, charm, personality, courage, cleverness, and good looks. His mustache makes him look more handsome. He is the most fascinating man I have ever seen.

Another thing that can't be forgotten. Clark Gable, in his latest films, has turned in flawless performances, and won the Academy award for acting. Did his performances in "Red Dust," "Hold Your Man," "Susan Lenox" and "Hell Divers," win any awards?

No, don't change Clark Gable back into a cave man. The Gable of to-day is charming, a little dangerous, devastating, gentle and dynamic. So I say to you, Clark Gable, stay as grand as you are.

HELEN McCLEARY.

902 Maple Street,
Des Moines, Iowa.

"A GOOD NAME—"

You take no chances with your health and beauty when you ask for FLIGHT products at your dealer's.

Whether it be creams, lotions, shampoos; or lipstick, powder, rouge, etc., you can be sure that the FLIGHT product you buy is safe, effective, and economical.

Over thirty superior products bear the FLIGHT label and guarantee—and all have the same sensible price—35 cents.

HOLLYWOOD Flight
WESTCRAFT LABORATORIES LOS ANGELES

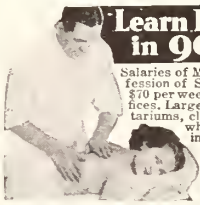
Alviene SCHOOL OF THE Theatre
Graduates: Lee Tracy, Peggy Shannon, Fred Astaire, Una Merkel, Zita Johann, Mary Pickford, etc. Drama, Dance, Speech, Musical Comedy, Opera, Personal Development, Culture. Stock Theatre Training appearances while learning. For catalog, write Sec'y LOREE, 66 West 85th St., N. Y.

NO JOKE TO BE DEAF
—Every deaf person knows that—

Mr. Way made himself hear his watch tick after being deaf for twenty-five years, with his Artificial Ear Drums. He wore them day and night. They stopped his head noises. They are invisible and comfortable, no wires or batteries. Write for TRUE STORY. Also booklet on Deafness.

Artificial Ear Drum
THE WAY COMPANY
719 Hofmann Bldg. Detroit, Michigan

Hair OFF Face Lips Chin
Unloved
I once looked like this. Ugly hair on face...unloved...discouraged. Nothing helped. Depilatories, waxes, liquids...even razors failed. Then I discovered a simple, painless, inexpensive method. It worked! Thousands have won beauty and love with the secret. My FREE Book, "How to Overcome Superfluous Hair," explains the method and proves actual success. Mailed in plain envelope. Also trial offer. No obligation. Write Mlle. Annette Lanzette, P.O. Box 4040, Merchandise Mart, Dept. 197, Chicago.


Learn Profitable Profession in 90 days at Home
Salaries of Men and Women in the fascinating profession of Swedish Massage run as high as $40 to $70 per week but many prefer to open their own offices. Large incomes from Doctors, hospitals, sanitariums, clubs and private patients come to those who qualify through our training. Reducing alone offers rich rewards for specialists. Anatomy charts and supplies are given without course. Write for details
National College of Massage & Physio-Therapy, 20 N. Ashland Avenue, Dept. 948, Chicago, Ill.

DENISON'S PLAYS
60 YEARS OF HITS
Musical Comedies, Operettas, Vaudeville Acts, Minstrels, Comedy Songs, Make-up Goods.
Catalog Free
T. S. Denison & Co. 623 S. Wabash, Dept. 52 Chicago

Remove that FAT

"So happy & grateful!" J. A.
● Have you a full, oversize bust? You can reduce 3-5 inches and have alluring, slim loveliness with my famous Slimcream treatment, which reduced my bust 4½ inches and weight 28 lbs. in 28 days! I GUARANTEE TO RETURN YOUR MONEY if your form is not reduced after applying my Slimcream treatment for 14 days! Full 30 days' Treatment, $1.00, sent in plain wrapper. The ultra-rapid, GUARANTEED way to get those slender, girlish, fascinating curves so much admired. FREE! Send $1.00 for my Slimcream treatment NOW, and I will send you, FREE, my world-famous, regular $1.00 Beauty Treatment, with a gold-mine of priceless beauty secrets never before revealed! Limited Offer—SEND TODAY!
Daisy Stebbing, Dept. P.P. 17, Forest Hills, New York

Our Most Polished Actor.

WHY don't we see more of Ivan Lebedeff? Certainly there isn't a more polished actor anywhere. His work vouches for him, but he doesn't get big enough rôles.

Here's a real actor, and what we want is more of him! ELSIE M. CONRAD.

4822 North Meade Avenue,
Chicago, Illinois.

Hidden in Small Parts.

WHEN an actor as capable and popular as John Arledge is continually hidden in small parts, it is no wonder the fans are forever lamenting the stupidity of producers.

Arledge's work in "Daddy Long-Legs" should have insured for him a succession of juvenile leads. He was perfect as Una Merkel's kid brother in that film. He is particularly adept at putting over light-comedy rôles, and his wholly natural Southern accent is a delight to audiences weary of affected speech.

Producers will make no mistakes in giving Johnny the chance he deserves.

TOMMY HALE.

592 Bates Street,
Batesville, Arkansas.

Sidetracked.

I WANT to call Picture Play's attention to a very lovely and charming actress, Heather Angel.

No doubt you, too, have been impressed by her acting ability and fresh, vivacious personality. Isn't there any producer in Hollywood that knows real talent?

Miss Angel has been in Hollywood a long time, and this marvelous, versatile actress is held all too lightly. She may be working steadily, but the parts given her are insignificant. Her acting is perfect and flawless. She should be starred in big productions, and given the opportunity to marshal her brilliant talent in the characterization of a sensitive and charming girl with a forceful character and poetic soul, as we know she is in real life.

HELEN E. VALE.

Staten Island, New York.

My Pal, Will Rogers

Continued from page 43

tion, he was still out the cost of that trip for personal expenses. I can't think of any one else who would make a gesture like that.

Despite the fact that he was continually in the public eye, he cared nothing for publicity. The demands made upon him were so great, his interests so many and so varied, that the time left for himself and his family was so limited he had to have a clause inserted in his contract stipulating he was not to be asked to give interviews.

Yet, many a time I have seen him, when some writer was on the set who he knew needed the money an interview would bring him, start twirling a rope and spinning yarns in an effort to help him get the story he wanted, without establishing a precedent.

Another of the things I admired most in him was his enthusiasm. I don't know any other man his age who could pitch in and enjoy a sport as strenuous as polo. He was a three-gaal man, and one of the best players we had out here.

It was only on a polo field that he ever shed his gentleness. Naturally, having been a cowboy, he rode like a centaur. In a polo game he rode like a very rough one. He played the game for all there was in it. It made no difference whether you were friend or stranger if you were on the opposing team. He would ride his horse right into yours and throw his weight against you. Unless you were used to him you would be pretty apt to find yourself sitting on the ground, watching the crowd go by as Bill galloped gayly off after the ball.

I loved his devotion to his family. There was the time he was invited to a party out here given by one of the wealthiest men in the country. He attended and kept the party in gales of laughter with his sallies. Next day he sent his host a bill for something like $2,500. He received a check almost immediately and with it a note asking "How come?" Bill replied that inasmuch as all the other guests had been invited to bring their wives, he supposed that since Mrs. Rogers had not been asked, he was there in the capacity of an entertainer and that was his fee for an evening's work.

He is the only man in the history of pictures who has ever been the number one draw at the box office. He was absolute tops as the money-maker of pictures and he held that spot year after year.

It is awful to think that Hollywood will be without him. It was not until I went to his funeral and looked at him lying there in his casket, that I could realize he is really gone. It was not until then that it was borne upon me that I have lost a pal—and the country its best friend.

With the love light still in his eyes after years of marriage, Walter King pauses in carving cold turkey to look tellingly at Mrs. King, who is serving his lunch herself in his brief interval from the studio. And when Walter looks that way, it's enough to make even a wife get fluttery.

Information, Please

Continued from page 8

ELIZABETH CHAMPION—MARY NEWBURY—MARIAN LOTT—HARRY W. HAGUE—DOROTHY E. DILLEY—ALICE W. ARNOLD.—See "Gertrude Sochs" for information about Irene Dunne.

BETTY MYERS.—Frank Lawton is the son of Frank Mokeley, actor. The other actors you list have retained their right names.

BETTY HAYES.—Rosalind Russell was born in Waterbury, Connecticut, the daughter of James E. and Clara Knight Russell. She attended primary school near there, and a private school at Tarrytown, New York. Her lawyer-father was prosperous, hence Rosalind was able to enjoy extensive traveling. First she wanted to be a writer, then a theologian, and finally an actress. Going from one stock company to another ultimately led to Broadway. She is not married, and has brown hair and black eyes. Did you read the story about her in September Picture Play?

LILY.—Thomas Beck was *Victor Descartes* in "Charlie Chan in Paris." Addison Richards, *'Dobe Jones* in "Lone Cowboy." Leon Janney, *Penrod* in "Penrod and Sam." Kay Hammond and Junior Coghlan in "Racetrack." Lloyd Hughes with Marian Nixon in "A Private Scandal."

M. J. S.—In "Becky Sharp," the rôle of *Lord Steyne* was played by Cedric Hardwicke. His only other American film is "Les Miserables." Failing to qualify for the medical profession, he sought a stage career, and made his début in London in 1912. He has appeared in such English-made talkies as "Rome Express," "The Ghoul," "The Lady Is Willing," "Power." Sir Cedric was born in Worcestershire, England, February 19, 1893, and has brown hair and eyes.

BARBARA.—Virginia Bruce is with MGM. Yes, she was *Jenny Lind* in "The Mighty Barnum." Her next is "Metropolitan." Born in Minneapolis, Minnesota, September 29, 1910; five feet six and a half, weighs 128; gray-blue eyes, blond hair. Loretta Young is to make "Ramona," with John Boles. Born in Salt Lake City, Utah, January 6, 1913; five feet three and a half, weighs 100; light-brown hair, blue eyes. Anne Shirley was seventeen on April 17th last.

W. S.—Charles Boyer was born in Figeac, France. Five feet eleven, black hair, brown eyes. Married to Pat Paterson. Next is "Invitation to Happiness," with Marlene Dietrich. The serial, "The Roaring West," includes "Buck" Jones, Walter Miller, Muriel Evans, Eoli Galli, Frank McGlynn, Sr., Harlan E. Knight, William Desmond, Tiny Skelton, Charles King, Pat O'Brien, Fred Santley, Tom London, William L. Thorne.

N. K.—David Newell married Katharine Lewis in July. Leon Errol is married to Stella Chatelaine, but the other actors you list seem to wish to keep their wives' names a secret. June MacCloy isn't active in pictures.

ANNE MONTGOMERY.—From all accounts, the singing in such films as "Naughty Marietta" is not recorded at the same time the action is being filmed. The numbers are first recorded and then are run off to suit the action of the piece. Nelson Eddy is thirty-four.

Statement of the Ownership, Management, etc., required by the Act of Congress of March 3, 1933, of Street & Smith's Picture Play, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1935.

State of New York, County of New York (*ss.*)

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared George C. Smith, Jr., who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is President of the Street & Smith Publications, Inc., publishers of Street & Smith's Picture Play, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: *Publishers*, Street & Smith Publications, Inc., 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; *editor*, Norbert Lusk, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; *managing editors*, Street & Smith Publications, Inc., 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; *business managers*, Street & Smith Publications, Inc., 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.

2. That the owners are: Street & Smith Publications, Inc., 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y., a corporation owned through stock holdings by the Estate of Ormond G. Smith, 89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; the Estate of George C. Smith, 89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Cora A. Gould, 89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Ormond V. Gould, 89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner, and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

GEORGE C. SMITH, Jr., President.
Of Street & Smith Publications, Inc., publishers.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1935. De Witt C. Van Valkenburgh, Notary Public No. 18, New York County. (My commission expires March 30, 1936.)

"Made my Skin Lovely at once"

"One application of Sem-Pray Creme made my red, rough skin lovelier."—Mrs. E. P. M., Omaha, Neb. Sem-Pray's rare Eastern oils clear, freshen, soften skin instantly. Also smooths away erasable lines, wrinkles. Refines pores. Concentrated. Outlasts 5 ordinary jars of cream. Get Sem-Pray today at all good drug and department stores, 60c. Or send 10c for 7 days supply, to Mme. LaNore, Sem-Pray Salons, Grand Rapids, Mich., Suite 128-S.

FREE AUTOGRAPHED PHOTO
of your favorite MOVIE STAR with every order of $1.00.
BEAUTIFUL AUTOGRAPHED PHOTOGRAPHS
2 for $ .25 24 for $2.00
5 for .50 38 for 3.00
11 for 1.00 65 for 5.00
All the latest Stars and Poses. Send for your favorites.
Hollywood Screen Exchange
Drawer V-1, Dept. A.
HOLLYWOOD, CALIF., U. S. A.

Shirley Temple

DOES HOLLYWOOD WANT YOU?
What is your individual chance of crashing into the studios? Write for reliable information direct from Hollywood. See whether or not your talent has movie possibilities—Acting, Script Writing, or Designing. Send age, experience, talent and your particular abilities together with 25c for complete information to
TOM HAYWARD
2407-1/16 Ocean View Los Angeles, Calif.

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
KnoGRAY ENDS GRAY HAIR
Mme. Turmel, famous French hair expert, retiring from private practice, now offers for home use her unique method of coloring hair any shade, blonde to black, from the same bottle. Not a restorer, exact match. Instantaneous. Permits Permanent Wave. KnoGRAY cannot fade or rub off. Apply yourself day or night. Free Booklet.
Madame Turmel, Dept. 29, 256W. 31 St., New York

SOLAX *Sensational Beautifier For The Skin*
Invisible particles of freckled, pimpled or aged skin are freed—clearing your complexion beautifully, and making your face look years younger.
Liberal size jar $1.00. (4-Treatment Sample sent prepaid for 10c coin or stamps).

ADELE MILLAR Dept. 22, 1800 N. Western HOLLYWOOD, CAL.

PILES DON'T BE CUT Until You Try This Wonderful Treatment
for pile suffering. If you have piles in any form write for a FREE sample of Page's Pile Tablets and you will bless the day that you read this. Write today. E. R. Page Co., 417-A4 Page Bldg., Marshall, Mich.

PANDICULATE FOR HEALTH
BE WELL YOUNG STRONG

Booklet Free
Fifteen glorious minutes on Pandiculator better than two hours in gymnasium. Refreshes, rejuvenates. Helps retain youth, energy, vigor, vim. Wonderful results. Doctors recommend it. No electricity, no discomfort; delightfully restful. Write for Free Booklet.
PANDICULATOR CO., 651 Hanna Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio

SKIN ERUPTIONS
PSORIASIS—ECZEMA
ITCH—ACNE—RING WORM
Distresses from these disorders now QUICKLY relieved with PSORACINE, a remarkable preparation used by thousands. Many wonderful reports from everywhere. FREE INFORMATION ON SKIN DISORDERS. Write
ILLINOIS MEDICAL PRODUCTS, 208 N. WELLS, 91, CHICAGO

Have FULL ROUND ALLURING CURVES

"—what Beautipon Cream has done in my case. I think the result is remarkable, as I have actually developed my bust 4½ inches." G. A.
Is your form flat, undersized, sagging? You can add 3 to 6 inches with Beautipon Cream treatment, which has given thousands a beautiful womanly form. YOUR MONEY BACK if your form is not increased after applying Beautipon Cream treatment for 14 days! Full 30 days' Treatment, $1.00, sent in plain wrapper. The easy, *certain* way to have the bewitching, magnetic, feminine charm you've always longed for.
Free! "Fascinating Loveliness" Free!
The world-famous Beauty Expert's Course, "Fascinating Loveliness," for which thousands have paid $1.00, will be sent FREE if you send $1.00 for Beautipon Cream treatment NOW. OFFER LIMITED. SEND $1.00 TODAY.
DAISY STEBBING
Suite 112, Forest Hills, N. Y.

ADDRESSES OF PLAYERS

Columbia Studio, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Jean Arthur
Michael Bartlett
Tala Birell
John Mack Brown
Ruth Chatterton
Walter Connolly
Donald Cook
Melvyn Douglas
Irene Dunne
Edith Fellows
Wallace Ford
Victor Jory
Pauline Lord
Peter Lorre
Edmund Lowe
Marian Marsh
Grace Moore
George Murphy
Florence Rice
Edward G. Robinson
Gloria Shea
Ann Sothern
Raymond Walburn
Fay Wray

20th Century-Fox Studio, Beverly Hills, California

Warner Baxter
Madge Bellamy
Bill Benedict
John Boles
Alan Dinehart
James Dunn
Alice Faye
Henry Fonda
Francis Ford
Ketti Gallian
Janet Gaynor
Tito Guizar
Edward Everett Horton
Rochelle Hudson
Arline Judge
Paul Kelly
Nino Martini
Herbert Mundin
George O'Brien
Pat Paterson
Valentin Parera
Kane Richmond
Raul Roulien
Gloria Stuart
Shirley Temple
Claire Trevor
Jane Withers

Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California.

Brian Aherne
Elizabeth Allan
John Barrymore
Lionel Barrymore
Freddie Bartholomew
Wallace Beery
Constance Bennett
Virginia Bruce
Charles Butterworth
Bruce Cabot
Mary Carlisle
Jackie Cooper
Joan Crawford
Nelson Eddy
Stuart Erwin
Madge Evans
Louise Fazenda
Betty Furness
Clark Gable
Greta Garbo
Jean Harlow
Helen Hayes
Louis Hayward
Louise Henry
William Henry
June Knight
Frances Langford
Eric Linden
Myrna Loy
Paul Lukas
Jeanette MacDonald
Mala
Una Merkel
Robert Montgomery
Frank Morgan
Chester Morris
Edna May Oliver
Maureen O'Sullivan
Jean Parker
Eleanor Powell
William Powell
Juanita Quigley
Luise Rainer
May Robson
Mickey Rooney
Rosalind Russell
Norma Shearer
Harvey Stephens
Lewis Stone
Robert Taylor
Franchot Tone
Spencer Tracy
Henry Wadsworth
Johnny Weissmuller
Robert Young

United Artists Studio, 1041 N. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, California.

George Arliss
Eddie Cantor
Charles Chaplin
Ronald Colman
Miriam Hopkins
Gordon Jones
Fredric March
Joel McCrea
Ethel Merman
Merle Oberon
Mary Pickford
Loretta Young

Universal Studio, Universal City, California.

Binnie Barnes
June Clayworth
Andy Devine
Jean Dixon
Marta Eggerth
Valerie Hobson
Jack Holt
Buck Jones
Boris Karloff
Frank Lawton
Bela Lugosi
Zasu Pitts
Claude Rains
Cesar Romero
Gloria Stuart
Margaret Sullavan
Slim Summerville
Clark Williams
Jane Wyatt

RKO Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Heather Angel
Fred Astaire
John Beal
Frances Dee
Richard Dix
Preston Foster
Betty Grable
Margot Grahame
Ann Harding
Katharine Hepburn
Kay Johnson
Francis Lederer
Helen Mack
Lily Pons
Gene Raymond
Erik Rhodes
Buddy Rogers
Ginger Rogers
Randolph Scott
Anne Shirley
Helen Westley
Bert Wheeler
Gretchen Wilson
Robert Woolsey

Warners-First National Studio, Burbank, California.

Ross Alexander
John Arledge
Mary Astor
Robert Barrat
Joan Blondell
George Brent
Joe E. Brown
James Cagney
Colin Clive
Ricardo Cortez
Marion Davies
Bette Davis
Olivia de Havilland
Dolores del Rio
Claire Dodd
Ann Dvorak
John Eldredge
Patricia Ellis
Glenda Farrell
Kay Francis
William Gargan
Hugh Herbert
Leslie Howard
Josephine Hutchinson
Allen Jenkins
Al Jolson
Ruby Keeler
Guy Kibbee
Margaret Lindsay
Anita Louise
Everett Marshall
Frank McHugh
James Melton
Jean Muir
Paul Muni
Pat O'Brien
Dick Powell
Phillip Reed
Phil Regan
Winifred Shaw
Lyle Talbot
Verree Teasdale
Genevieve Tobin
Rudy Vallée
Warren William
Donald Woods

Paramount Studio, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, California.

Gracie Allen
Wendy Barrie
Mary Boland
Charles Boyer
Grace Bradley
Carl Brisson
Tom Brown
Kathleen Burke
George Burns
Kitty Carlisle
Claudette Colbert
Gary Cooper
Buster Crabbe
Bing Crosby
Katherine DeMille
Marlene Dietrich
Johnny Downs
Frances Drake
Mary Ellis
W. C. Fields
Cary Grant
Julie Haydon
Samuel Hinds
David Jack Holt
Dean Jagger
Helen Jepson
Roscoe Karns
Jan Kiepura
Rosalind Keith
Elissa Landi
Charles Laughton
Baby LeRoy
Carol Lombard
Ida Lupino
Fred MacMurray
Herbert Marshall
Gertrude Michael
Ray Milland
Joe Morrison
Jack Oakie
Lynne Overman
Gail Patrick
Joe Penner
George Raft
Lyda Roberti
Charles Ruggles
Sylvia Sidney
Alison Skipworth
Sir Guy Standing
Gladys Swarthout
Kent Taylor
Lee Tracy
Virginia Weidler
Mae West
Henry Wilcoxon
Toby Wing

Free-lance Players:

Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood. Ralph Bellamy, Sally Eilers, 6615 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood. Ralph Forbes, 10111 Valley Spring Lane, North Hollywood. Joan Bennett, Roger Pryor, Anna Sten, Mary Brian, 430 California Bank Building, Beverly Hills, California. Lionel Atwill, Adrienne Ames, Estelle Taylor, Dorothy Peterson, Cora Sue Collins, Douglass Montgomery, Edward Arnold, Paul Cavanagh, Otto Kruger, Evelyn Venable, Chick Chandler, Walter King, 1509 North Vine Street, Hollywood. Neil Hamilton, Room 202, 9441 Wilshire Boulevard, Hollywood. Fifi Dorsay, care of Vernon D. Wood, 210 Pantages Theater Bldg., Hollywood.

It's time you looked into this smart up to the minute magazine for the smart young women of America
Fashions
Fun and Fiction.
A fresh new note in the magazine world.

Mademoiselle

20¢

EVERY MONTH · A STREET AND SMITH PUBLICATION ·

Genuine Diamonds & Watches

ON CREDIT

$1.00 DOWN

10 *months* TO PAY BALANCE

at our

Lowest SPOT CASH PRICES

Guaranteed, specially selected super values from our vast stocks of beautiful, genuine jewelry! As "AMERICA'S LARGEST MAIL ORDER CREDIT JEWELERS", we offer them to you **on credit** at our **lowest spot cash prices.**

$1.00 IS ALL YOU NEED NOW! TEN MONTHS TO PAY

Send only $1.00 and a few personal facts such as age, occupation, etc., (if possible mention 1 or 2 business references). All dealings strictly private and confidential. We do not make direct inquiries! No embarrassment! No C.O.D. to pay on arrival! We ship promptly all charges pre-paid.

TEN DAYS FREE TRIAL

You be the sole judge! If you can surpass these values anywhere simply send back your selection and WE WILL PROMPTLY REFUND YOUR DEPOSIT If fully satisfied **after trial period** pay only the small amount stated each month.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

Every ring or watch is sold with **ROYAL'S written gold bond guarantee**—backed by 40 years of fair and square dealing. Buy now to avoid the big Xmas rush! **Order by mail the Royal way and SAVE!**

Both for $29.75

Only $2.88 a month

KH-1 "America's Darling"—a most beautiful betrothal ensemble in 14K Solid White or 14K Solid Yellow Gold! The luxuriously hand engraved engagement ring is set with a certified, specially selected, dazzling, genuine blue-white diamond of maximum value Wedding ring is exquisitely hand engraved to match State choice of white or yellow gold **Both complete for $29.75—only $2.88 a month.**

Now Only $24.50

Just $2.35 a month

KH-5 . . . Elegantly styled square prong engagement ring of 14K Solid White Gold or 14K Solid Yellow Gold set with dazzling genuine blue-white center diamond and a matched diamond on each side. Beautifully milgrained and pierced. **Only $2.35 a month.**

2 Genuine Diamonds $19.75

Only $1.88 a month

KH-3 Special value in Gentleman's handsome initial ring of 10K Solid Yellow Gold set with 2 fiery genuine diamonds and 2 solid White Gold initials on genuine black onyx. Specify initials desired. **Only $1.88 a month.**

***Complete* $19.75**

***17 Jewel* WALTHAM Outfit**

Only $1.88 a month

KH-4 . Another amazing Royal value! The famous WALTHAM—one of America's greatest watches now offered at this specially low price Handsomely engraved 12 size white lifetime case, factory guaranteed, accurate and dependable 17 Jewel WALTHAM movement, complete with engraved knife and chain to match. All for $19.75—**Only $1.88 a month.**

***Both* Now Only $42.50**

10 Certified Genuine Diamonds

KH-2 . . . "Dawn of Happiness"—exquisitely matched engagement and wedding ring ensemble of beautifully engraved and milgrained 14K Solid White Gold. The specially selected, dazzling genuine blue-white center diamond in the engagement ring is made even more beautiful by the 2 brilliant diamonds on each side; 5 expertly matched genuine diamonds in the wedding ring. **Both complete for only $42.50—$4.15 a mo.**

IF PURCHASED SEPARATELY:

KH-2A Engagement ring alone: $29.75—$2.88 a mo.

KH-2B . . Wedding ring alone: $15.60—$1.45 a mo.

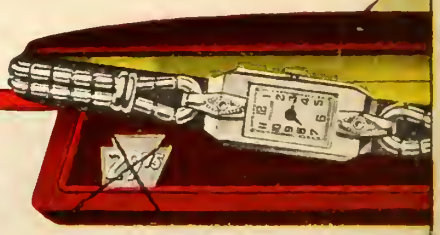
***6 Diamond* BAGUETTE WRIST WATCH $29.75**

Only $2.88 a month

KH-6 . . . The last word in dainty elegance! Exquisitely engraved, slenderized Baguette Wrist Watch adorned with 6 brilliant genuine diamonds. Fully guaranteed dependable movement. New barrel-link bracelet to match. A feature value! **Only $2.88 a month.**

***The* BULOVA SENATOR—*15 Jewels* $24.75**

KH-7 . . . The aristocrat of Bulova gent's wrist watches at Bulova's lowest price! Distinctively designed Bulova quality white case. 15 Jewel B-U-L-O-V-A movement, fully guaranteed to give a lifetime of dependable service Link bracelet. **Only $2.38 a month.**



Now Only $19.75

2 DIAMOND BAGUETTE

Only $1.88 a month

KH-8 . . . Elegantly styled, modern, genuine, Baguette wrist watch at an amazingly low price. The streamlined white lifetime case is set with 2 brilliant, genuine diamonds and fitted with a fully guaranteed and dependable movement. Smart, link bracelet to match. $29.75 value specially offered at $19.75. **Only $1.88 a month.**

$24.75

Only $2.37 a month

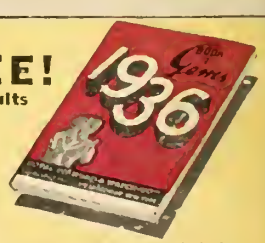
BULOVA *"Miss America"* Baguette

KH-9 . . . BULOVA'S most popular Baguette at Bulova's lowest price. Daintily engraved; guaranteed BULOVA "radio time" movement. Lovely, matched bracelet. **Only $2.37 a mo.**

FREE!

To Adults

NEW 32 page "BOOK of GEMS"



Hundreds of special values in certified, first quality genuine blue-white diamonds, standard watches, fine jewelry, silverware, cameras radios and gift novelties Beautiful styles—lowest prices. Everything fully described and pictured. **Send for your free copy to-day.**

America's Largest Mail Order Credit Jewelers

ROYAL DIAMOND & WATCH CO. INC.

Established 1895

Address-DEPT. 65-B 170 BROADWAY N.Y.C.

Braunstein 6/12/42 (#361)

The Museum of Modern Art
300109267